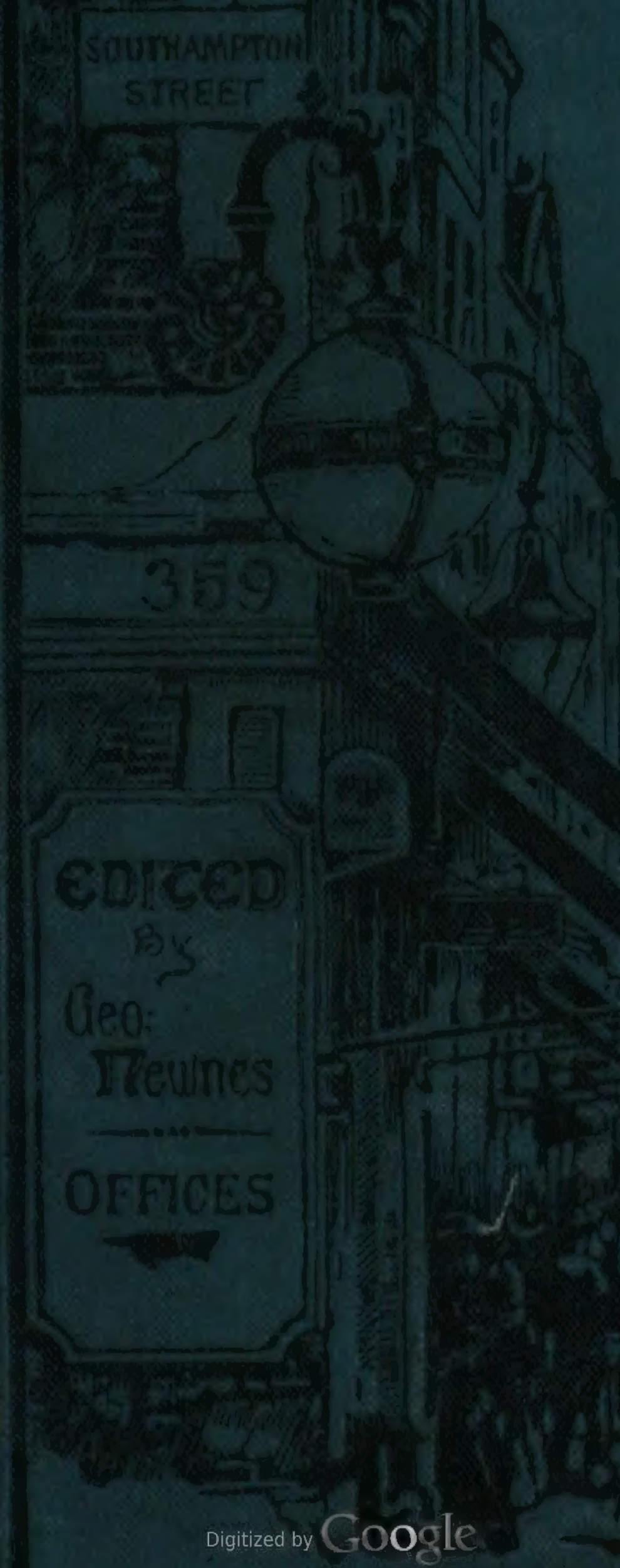
THE STRAND MAGAZINE

LIBRARY
ANNEX
2



Digitized by Google
Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

AP
4
S89
v.27

ANNEX
LIBRARY
B

025566

DATE DUE

The date shows when this volume was taken.

HOME USE RULES

LIBRARY ANNEX

All books subject to recall

All borrowers must register in the library to borrow books for home use.

All books must be returned at end of college year for inspection and repairs

Limited books must be returned within the four week limit and not renewed

Students must return all books before leaving town. Officers should arrange for the return of books wanted during their absence from town

Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible For special purposes they are given out for a limited time.

Borrowers should not use their library privileges for the benefit of other persons.

Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes it, are not allowed to circulate.

Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or mutilated.

Do not deface books by marks and writing.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 1924 066 342 472

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1904

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXVII.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London :

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1904

Digitized by Google

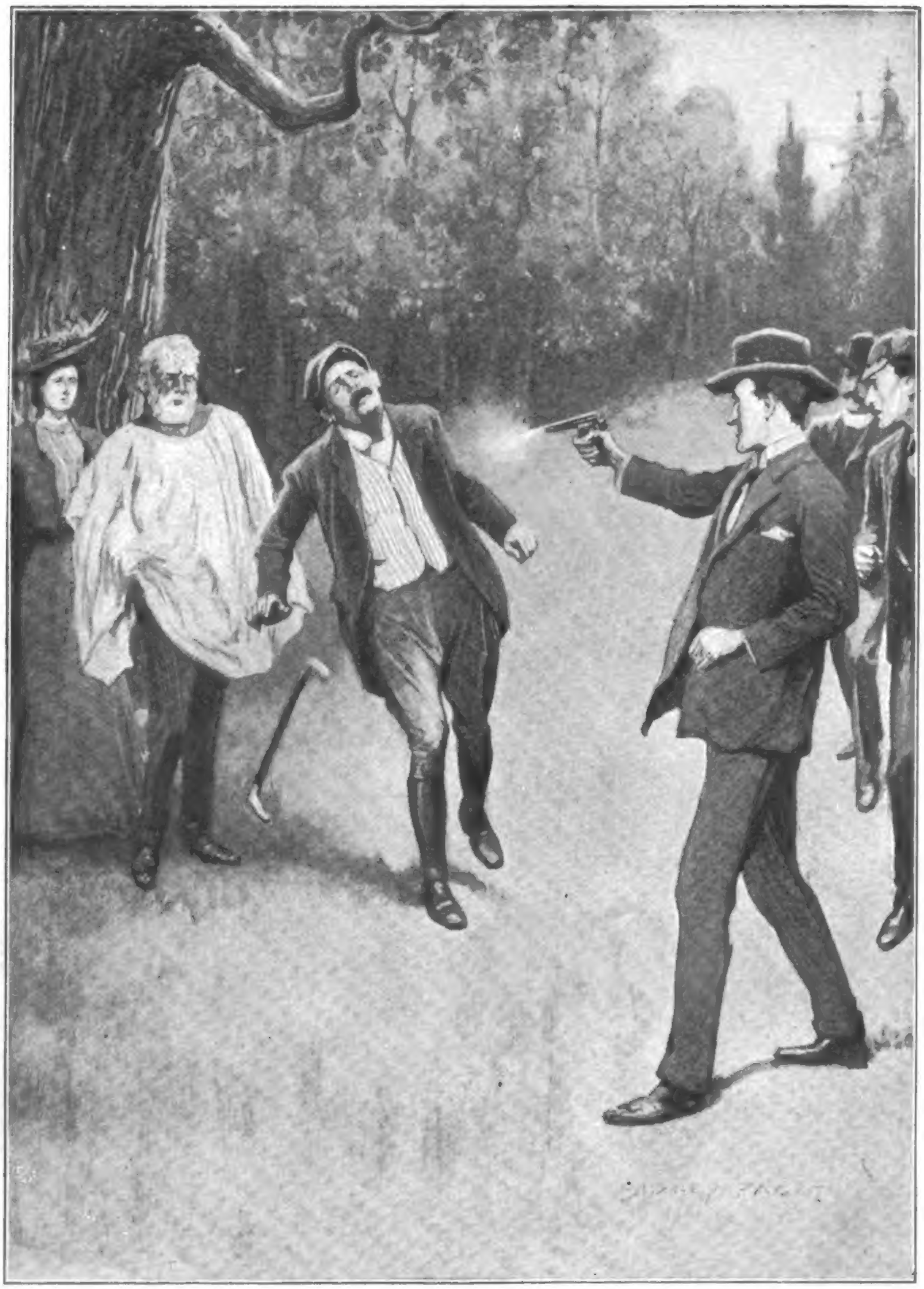
Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE SPUN ROUND WITH A SCREAM AND FELL UPON HIS BACK."

(*See page* 11.)

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. JANUARY, 1904. No. 157.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

IV.—The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist.

FROM the years 1894 to 1901 inclusive Mr. Sherlock Holmes was a very busy man. It is safe to say that there was no public case of any difficulty in which he was not consulted during those eight years, and there were hundreds of private cases, some of them of the most intricate and extraordinary character, in which he played a prominent part. Many startling successes and a few unavoidable failures were the outcome of this long period of continuous work. As I have preserved very full notes of all these cases, and was myself personally engaged in many of them, it may be imagined that it is no easy task to know which I should select to lay before the public. I shall, however, preserve my former rule, and give the preference to those cases which derive their interest not so much from the brutality of the crime as from the ingenuity and dramatic quality of the solution. For this reason I will now lay before the reader the facts connected with Miss Violet Smith, the solitary cyclist of Charlington, and the curious sequel of our investigation, which culminated in unexpected tragedy. It is true that the circumstances did not admit of any striking illustration of those powers for which my friend was famous, but there were some points about the case which made it stand out in those long records of crime from which I gather the material for these little narratives.

On referring to my note-book for the year 1895 I find that it was upon Saturday, the 23rd of April, that we first heard of Miss Violet Smith. Her visit was, I remember, extremely unwelcome to Holmes, for he was immersed at the moment in a very abstruse and complicated problem concerning the peculiar persecution to which John Vincent Harden, the well-known tobacco millionaire, had been subjected. My friend, who loved above all things precision and concentration of thought, resented anything which distracted his attention from the matter in hand. And yet without a harshness which was foreign to his nature it was impossible to refuse to listen to the story of the young and beautiful woman, tall, graceful, and queenly, who presented herself at Baker Street late in the evening and implored his assistance and advice. It was vain to urge that his time was already fully occupied, for the young lady had come with the determination to tell her story, and it was evident that nothing short of force could get her out of the room until she had done so. With a resigned air and a somewhat weary smile, Holmes begged the beautiful intruder to take a seat and to inform us what it was that was troubling her.

"At least it cannot be your health," said he, as his keen eyes darted over her; "so ardent a bicyclist must be full of energy."

She glanced down in surprise at her own feet, and I observed the slight roughening of the side of the sole caused by the friction of the edge of the pedal.

"Yes, I bicycle a good deal, Mr. Holmes, and that has something to do with my visit to you to-day."

My friend took the lady's ungloved hand and examined it with as close an attention and as little sentiment as a scientist would show to a specimen.

"You will excuse me, I am sure. It is my business," said he, as he dropped it. "I nearly fell into the error of supposing that you were typewriting. Of course, it is

Digitized by Google Copyright, 1903, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America. Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"MY FRIEND TOOK THE LADY'S UNGLOVED HAND AND EXAMINED IT."

obvious that it is music. You observe the spatulate finger-end, Watson, which is common to both professions? There is a spirituality about the face, however"—he gently turned it towards the light—"which the typewriter does not generate. This lady is a musician."

"Yes, Mr. Holmes, I teach music."

"In the country, I presume, from your complexion."

"Yes, sir; near Farnham, on the borders of Surrey."

"A beautiful neighbourhood and full of the most interesting associations. You remember, Watson, that it was near there that we took Archie Stamford, the forger. Now, Miss Violet, what has happened to you near Farnham, on the borders of Surrey?"

The young lady, with great clearness and composure, made the following curious statement:—

"My father is dead, Mr. Holmes. He was James Smith, who conducted the orchestra at the old Imperial Theatre. My mother and I were left without a relation in the world except one uncle, Ralph Smith, who went to Africa twenty-five years ago, and we have never had a word from him since. When father died we were left very poor, but one day we were told that there was an advertisement in the *Times* inquiring for our whereabouts. You can imagine how excited we were, for we thought that someone had left us a fortune. We went at once to the lawyer whose name was given in the paper. There we met two gentlemen, Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Woodley, who were home on a visit from South Africa. They said that my uncle was a friend of theirs, that he died some months before in great poverty in Johannesburg, and that he had asked them with his last breath to hunt up his relations and see that they were in no want. It seemed strange to us that Uncle Ralph, who took no notice of us when he was alive, should be so careful to look after us when he was dead; but Mr. Carruthers explained that the reason was that my uncle had just heard of the death of his brother, and so felt responsible for our fate."

"Excuse me," said Holmes; "when was this interview?"

"Last December—four months ago."

"Pray proceed."

"Mr. Woodley seemed to me to be a most odious person. He was for ever making eyes at me—a coarse, puffy-faced, red-moustached young man, with his hair plastered down on each side of his forehead. I thought that he was perfectly hateful- and I was sure that Cyril would not wish me to know such a person."

"Oh, Cyril is his name!" said Holmes, smiling.

The young lady blushed and laughed.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes; Cyril Morton, an electrical engineer, and we hope to be married at the end of the summer. Dear me, how *did* I get talking about him? What I wished to say was that Mr. Woodley was perfectly odious, but that Mr. Carruthers,

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

who was a much older man, was more agreeable. He was a dark, sallow, clean-shaven, silent person; but he had polite manners and a pleasant smile. He inquired how we were left, and on finding that we were very poor he suggested that I should come and teach music to his only daughter, aged ten. I said that I did not like to leave my mother, on which he suggested that I should go home to her every week-end, and he offered me a hundred a year, which was certainly splendid pay. So it ended by my accepting, and I went down to Chiltern Grange, about six miles from Farnham. Mr. Carruthers was a widower, but he had engaged a lady-housekeeper, a very respectable, elderly person, called Mrs. Dixon, to look after his establishment. The child was a dear, and everything promised well. Mr. Carruthers was very kind and very musical, and we had most pleasant evenings together. Every week-end I went home to my mother in town.

"The first flaw in my happiness was the arrival of the red-moustached Mr. Woodley. He came for a visit of a week, and oh, it seemed three months to me! He was a dreadful person, a bully to everyone else, but to me something infinitely worse. He made odious love to me, boasted of his wealth, said that if I married him I would have the finest diamonds in London, and finally, when I would have nothing to do with him, he seized me in his arms one day after dinner—he was hideously strong—and he swore that he would not let me go until I had kissed him. Mr. Carruthers came in and tore him off from me, on which he turned upon his own host, knocking him down and cutting his face open. That was the end of his visit, as you can imagine. Mr. Carruthers apologized to me next day, and assured me that I should never be exposed to such an insult again. I have not seen Mr. Woodley since.

"And now, Mr. Holmes, I come at last to the special thing which has caused me to ask your advice to-day. You must know that every Saturday forenoon I ride on my bicycle to Farnham Station in order to get the 12.22 to town. The road from Chiltern Grange is a lonely one, and at one spot it is particularly so, for it lies for over a mile between Charlington Heath upon one side and the woods which lie round Charlington Hall upon the other. You could not find a more lonely tract of road anywhere, and it is quite rare to meet so much as a cart, or a peasant, until you reach the high road near Crooksbury Hill. Two weeks ago I was passing this place when I chanced to look back over my shoulder, and about two hundred yards behind me I saw a man, also on a bicycle. He seemed to be a middle-aged man, with a short, dark beard. I looked back before I reached Farnham, but the man was gone, so I thought no more about it. But you can imagine how surprised I was, Mr. Holmes, when on my return on the Monday I saw the same man on the same stretch of road. My astonishment was increased when the incident occurred again, exactly as before, on the following Saturday and Monday. He always kept his distance and did not molest me in any way, but still it certainly was very odd. I mentioned it to Mr. Carruthers, who seemed interested in what I said, and told me that he had ordered a horse and trap, so that in future I should not pass over these lonely roads without some companion.

"The horse and trap were to have come this week, but for some reason they were not delivered, and again I had to cycle to the station. That was this morning. You can think that I looked out when I came to Charlington Heath, and there, sure enough, was the man, exactly as he had been the two weeks before. He always kept so far from me that I could not clearly see his face, but it was certainly someone whom I did not know. He was dressed in a dark suit with a cloth cap. The only thing about his face that I could clearly see was his dark beard. To-day I was not alarmed, but I was filled with curiosity, and I determined to find out who he was and what he wanted. I slowed down my machine, but he slowed down his. Then I stopped altogether, but he stopped also. Then I laid a trap for him. There is a sharp turning of the road, and I pedalled very quickly round this, and then I stopped and waited. I expected him to shoot round and pass me before he could stop. But he never appeared. Then I went back and looked round the corner. I could see a mile of road, but he was not on it. To make it the more extraordinary, there was no side road at this point down which he could have gone."

Holmes chuckled and rubbed his hands. "This case certainly presents some features of its own," said he. "How much time elapsed between your turning the corner and your discovery that the road was clear?"

"Two or three minutes."

"Then he could not have retreated down the road, and you say that there are no side roads?"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"I SLOWED DOWN MY MACHINE."

"None."

"Then he certainly took a footpath on one side or the other."

"It could not have been on the side of the heath or I should have seen him."

"So by the process of exclusion we arrive at the fact that he made his way towards Charlington Hall, which, as I understand, is situated in its own grounds on one side of the road. Anything else?"

"Nothing, Mr. Holmes, save that I was so perplexed that I felt I should not be happy until I had seen you and had your advice."

Holmes sat in silence for some little time.

"Where is the gentleman to whom you are engaged?" he asked, at last.

"He is in the Midland Electrical Company, at Coventry."

"He would not pay you a surprise visit?"

"Oh, Mr. Holmes! As if I should not know him!"

"Have you had any other admirers?"

"Several before I knew Cyril."

"And since?"

"There was this dreadful man, Woodley, if you can call him an admirer."

"No one else?"

Our fair client seemed a little confused.

"Who was he?" asked Holmes.

"Oh, it may be a mere fancy of mine; but it has seemed to me sometimes that my employer, Mr. Carruthers, takes a great deal of interest in me. We are thrown rather together. I play his accompaniments in the evening. He has never said anything. He is a perfect gentleman. But a girl always knows."

"Ha!" Holmes looked grave. "What does he do for a living?"

"He is a rich man."

"No carriages or horses?"

"Well, at least he is fairly well-to-do. But he goes into the City two or three times a week. He is deeply interested in South African gold shares."

"You will let me know any fresh development, Miss Smith. I am very busy just now, but I will find time to make some inquiries into your case. In the meantime take no step without letting me know. Good-bye, and I trust that we shall have nothing but good news from you."

"It is part of the settled order of Nature that such a girl should have followers," said Holmes, as he pulled at his meditative pipe, "but for choice not on bicycles in lonely country roads. Some secretive lover, beyond all doubt. But there are curious and suggestive details about the case, Watson."

"That he should appear only at that point?"

"Exactly. Our first effort must be to find who are the tenants of Charlington Hall. Then, again, how about the connection between Carruthers and Woodley, since they appear to be men of such a different type? How came they *both* to be so keen upon looking up Ralph Smith's relations? One more point. What sort of a *ménage* is it which pays double the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

market price for a governess, but does not keep a horse although six miles from the station? Odd, Watson—very odd!"

"You will go down?"

"No, my dear fellow, *you* will go down. This may be some trifling intrigue, and I cannot break my other important research for the sake of it. On Monday you will arrive early at Farnham; you will conceal yourself near Charlington Heath; you will observe these facts for yourself, and act as your own judgment advises. Then, having inquired as to the occupants of the Hall, you will come back to me and report. And now, Watson, not another word of the matter until we have a few solid stepping-stones on which we may hope to get across to our solution."

We had ascertained from the lady that she went down upon the Monday by the train which leaves Waterloo at 9.50, so I started early and caught the 9.13. At Farnham Station I had no difficulty in being directed to Charlington Heath. It was impossible to mistake the scene of the young lady's adventure, for the road runs between the open heath on one side and an old yew hedge upon the other, surrounding a park which is studded with magnificent trees. There was a main gateway of lichen-studded stone, each side pillar surmounted by mouldering heraldic emblems; but besides this central carriage drive I observed several points where there were gaps in the hedge and paths leading through them. The house was invisible from the road, but the surroundings all spoke of gloom and decay.

The heath was covered with golden patches of flowering gorse, gleaming magnificently in the light of the bright spring sunshine. Behind one of these clumps I took up my position, so as to command both the gateway of the Hall and a long stretch of the road upon either side. It had been deserted when I left it, but now I saw a cyclist riding down it from the opposite direction to that in which I had come. He was clad in a dark suit, and I saw that he had a black beard. On reaching the end of the Charlington grounds he sprang from his machine and led it through a gap in the hedge, disappearing from my view.

A quarter of an hour passed and then a second cyclist appeared. This time it was the young lady coming from the station. I saw her look about her as she came to the Charlington hedge. An instant later the man emerged from his hiding-place, sprang upon his cycle, and followed her. In all the broad landscape those were the only moving figures, the graceful girl sitting very straight upon her machine, and the man behind her bending low over his handle-bar, with a curiously furtive suggestion in every movement. She looked back at him and slowed her pace. He slowed also. She stopped. He at once stopped too, keeping two hundred yards behind her. Her next movement was as unexpected as it was spirited. She suddenly whisked her wheels round and dashed straight at him! He was as quick as she, however, and darted off in desperate flight. Presently she came back up the road again, her head haughtily in the air, not deigning to take any further notice of her silent attendant. He had turned also, and still kept his distance until the curve of the road hid them from my sight.

I remained in my hiding-place, and it was well that I did so, for presently the man reappeared cycling slowly back. He turned in at the Hall gates and dismounted from his machine. For some few minutes I could see him standing among the trees. His hands were raised and he seemed to be settling his necktie. Then he mounted his cycle and rode away from me down the drive towards the Hall. I ran across the heath and peered through the trees. Far away I could catch glimpses of the old grey building with its bristling Tudor chimneys, but the drive ran through a dense shrubbery, and I saw no more of my man.

However, it seemed to me that I had done a fairly good morning's work, and I walked back in high spirits to Farnham. The local house-agent could tell me nothing about Charlington Hall, and referred me to a well-known firm in Pall Mall. There I halted on my way home, and met with courtesy from the representative. No, I could not have Charlington Hall for the summer. I was just too late. It had been let about a month ago. Mr. William-son was the name of the tenant. He was a respectable elderly gentleman. The polite agent was afraid he could say no more, as the affairs of his clients were not matters which he could discuss.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes listened with attention to the long report which I was able to present to him that evening, but it did not elicit that word of curt praise which I had hoped for and should have valued. On the contrary, his austere face was even more severe than usual as he commented upon the things that I had done and the things that I had not.

"Your hiding-place, my dear Watson,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was very faulty. You should have been behind the hedge; then you would have had a close view of this interesting person. As it is you were some hundreds of yards away, and can tell me even less than Miss Smith. She thinks she does not know the man; I am convinced she does. Why, otherwise, should he be so desperately anxious that she should not get so near him as to see his features? You describe him as bending over the handle-bar. Concealment again, you see. You really have done remarkably badly. He returns to the house and you want to find out who he is. You come to a London house-agent!"

"What should I have done?" I cried, with some heat.

"Gone to the nearest public-house. That is the centre of country gossip. They would have told you every name, from the master to the scullery-maid. Williamson! It conveys nothing to my mind. If he is an elderly man he is not this active cyclist who sprints away from that athletic young lady's pursuit. What have we gained by your expedition? The knowledge that the girl's story is true. I never doubted it. That there is a connection between the cyclist and the Hall. I never doubted that either. That the Hall is tenanted by Williamson. Who's the better for that? Well, well, my dear sir, don't look so depressed. We can do little more until next Saturday, and in the meantime I may make one or two inquiries myself."

Next morning we had a note from Miss Smith, recounting shortly and accurately the very incidents which I had seen, but the pith of the letter lay in the postscript:—

"I am sure that you will respect my confidence, Mr. Holmes, when I tell you that my place here has become difficult owing to the fact that my employer has proposed marriage to me. I am convinced that his feelings are most deep and most honourable. At the same time my promise is, of course, given. He took my refusal very seriously, but also very gently. You can understand, however, that the situation is a little strained."

"Our young friend seems to be getting into deep waters," said Holmes, thoughtfully, as he finished the letter. "The case certainly presents more features of interest and more possibility of development than I had originally thought. I should be none the worse for a quiet, peaceful day in the country, and I am inclined to run down this afternoon and test one or two theories which I have formed."

Holmes's quiet day in the country had a singular termination, for he arrived at Baker Street late in the evening with a cut lip and a discoloured lump upon his forehead, besides a general air of dissipation which would have made his own person the fitting object of a Scotland Yard investigation. He was immensely tickled by his own adventures, and laughed heartily as he recounted them.

"I get so little active exercise that it is always a treat," said he. "You are aware that I have some proficiency in the good old British sport of boxing. Occasionally it is of service. To-day, for example, I should have come to very ignominious grief without it."

I begged him to tell me what had occurred.

"I found that country pub which I had already recommended to your notice, and there I made my discreet inquiries. I was in the bar, and a garrulous landlord was giving me all that I wanted. Williamson is a white-bearded man, and he lives alone with a small staff of servants at the Hall. There is some rumour that he is or has been a clergyman; but one or two incidents of his short residence at the Hall struck me as peculiarly unecclesiastical. I have already made some inquiries at a clerical agency, and they tell me that there *was* a man of that name in orders whose career has been a singularly dark one. The landlord further informed me that there are usually week-end visitors—'a warm lot, sir'—at the Hall, and especially one gentleman with a red moustache, Mr. Woodley by name, who was always there. We had got as far as this when who should walk in but the gentleman himself, who had been drinking his beer in the tap-room and had heard the whole conversation. Who was I? What did I want? What did I mean by asking questions? He had a fine flow of language, and his adjectives were very vigorous. He ended a string of abuse by a vicious back-hander which I failed to entirely avoid. The next few minutes were delicious. It was a straight left against a slogging ruffian. I emerged as you see me. Mr. Woodley went home in a cart. So ended my country trip, and it must be confessed that, however enjoyable, my day on the Surrey border has not been much more profitable than your own."

The Thursday brought us another letter from our client.

"You will not be surprised, Mr. Holmes," said she, "to hear that I am leaving Mr. Carruthers's employment. Even the high pay cannot reconcile me to the discomforts

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"A STRAIGHT LEFT AGAINST A SLOGGING RUFFIAN."

of my situation. On Saturday I come up to town and I do not intend to return. Mr. Carruthers has got a trap, and so the dangers of the lonely road, if there ever were any dangers, are now over.

"As to the special cause of my leaving, it is not merely the strained situation with Mr. Carruthers, but it is the reappearance of that odious man, Mr. Woodley. He was always hideous, but he looks more awful than ever now, for he appears to have had an accident and he is much disfigured. I saw him out of the window, but I am glad to say I did not meet him. He had a long talk with Mr. Carruthers, who seemed much excited afterwards. Woodley must be staying in the neighbourhood, for he did not sleep here, and yet I caught a glimpse of him again this morning slinking about in the shrubbery. I would sooner have a savage wild animal loose about the place. I loathe and fear him more than I can say. How *can* Mr. Carruthers endure such a creature for a moment? However, all my troubles will be over on Saturday."

"So I trust, Watson; so I trust," said Holmes, gravely. "There is some deep intrigue going on round that little woman, and it is our duty to see that no one molests her upon that last journey. I think, Watson, that we must spare time to run down together on Saturday morning, and make sure that this curious and inconclusive investigation has no untoward ending."

I confess that I had not up to now taken a very serious view of the case, which had seemed to me rather grotesque and bizarre than dangerous. That a man should lie in wait for and follow a very handsome woman is no unheard of thing, and if he had so little audacity that he not only dared not address her, but even fled from her approach, he was not a very formidable assailant. The ruffian Woodley was a very different person, but, except on the one occasion, he had not molested our client, and now he visited the house of Carruthers without intruding upon her presence. The man on the bicycle was doubtless a member of those week-end parties at the Hall of which the publican had spoken; but who he was or what he wanted was as obscure as ever. It was the severity of Holmes's manner and the fact that he slipped a revolver into his pocket before leaving our rooms which impressed me with the feeling that tragedy might prove to lurk behind this curious train of events.

A rainy night had been followed by a glorious morning, and the heath-covered country-side with the glowing clumps of flowering gorse seemed all the more beautiful to eyes which were weary of the duns and drabs and slate-greys of London. Holmes and I walked along the broad, sandy road

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

inhaling the fresh morning air, and rejoicing in the music of the birds and the fresh breath of the spring. From a rise of the road on the shoulder of Crooksbury Hill we could see the grim Hall bristling out from amidst the ancient oaks, which, old as they were, were still younger than the building which they surrounded. Holmes pointed down the long tract of road which wound, a reddish yellow band, between the brown of the heath and the budding green of the woods. Far away, a black dot, we could see a vehicle moving in our direction. Holmes gave an exclamation of impatience.

"I had given a margin of half an hour," said he. "If that is her trap she must be making for the earlier train. I fear, Watson, that she will be past Charlington before we can possibly meet her."

From the instant that we passed the rise we could no longer see the vehicle, but we hastened onwards at such a pace that my sedentary life began to tell upon me, and I was compelled to fall behind. Holmes, however, was always in training, for he had inexhaustible stores of nervous energy upon which to draw. His springy step never slowed until suddenly, when he was a hundred yards in front of me, he halted, and I saw him throw up his hand with a gesture of grief and despair At the same instant an empty dog-cart, the horse cantering, the reins trailing, appeared round the curve of the road and rattled swiftly towards us.

"Too late, Watson; too late!" cried Holmes, as I ran panting to his side. "Fool that I was not to allow for that earlier train! It's abduction, Watson—abduction! Murder! Heaven knows what! Block the road! Stop the horse! That's right. Now, jump in, and let us see if I can repair the consequences of my own blunder."

We had sprung into the dog-cart, and Holmes, after turning the horse gave it a sharp cut with the whip, and we flew back along the road. As we turned the curve the whole stretch of road between the Hall and the heath was opened up. I grasped Holmes's arm.

"That's the man!" I gasped.

A solitary cyclist was coming towards us. His head was down and his shoulders rounded as he put every ounce of energy that he possessed on to the pedals. He was flying like a racer. Suddenly he raised his bearded face, saw us close to him, and pulled up, springing from his machine. That coal-black beard was in singular contrast to the pallor of his face, and his eyes were as bright as if he had a fever. He stared at us and at the dog-cart. Then a look of amazement came over his face.

"Halloa! Stop there!" he shouted, holding his bicycle to block our road. "Where did you get that dog-cart? Pull up, man!" he yelled, drawing a pistol from his side pocket. "Pull up, I say, or, by George, I'll put a bullet into your horse."

Holmes threw the reins into my lap and sprang down from the cart.



"'TOO LATE, WATSON; TOO LATE!' CRIED HOLMES."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You're the man we want to see. Where is Miss Violet Smith?" he said, in his quick, clear way.

"That's what I am asking you. You're in her dog-cart. You ought to know where she is."

"We met the dog-cart on the road. There was no one in it. We drove back to help the young lady."

"Good Lord! Good Lord! what shall I do?" cried the stranger, in an ecstasy of despair. "They've got her, that hellhound Woodley and the blackguard parson. Come, man, come, if you really are her friend. Stand by me and we'll save her, if I have to leave my carcass in Charlington Wood."

He ran distractedly, his pistol in his hand, towards a gap in the hedge. Holmes followed him, and I, leaving the horse grazing beside the road, followed Holmes.

"This is where they came through," said he, pointing to the marks of several feet upon the muddy path. "Halloa! Stop a minute! Who's this in the bush?"

It was a young fellow about seventeen, dressed like an ostler, with leather cords and gaiters. He lay upon his back, his knees drawn up, a terrible cut upon his head. He was insensible, but alive. A glance at his wound told me that it had not penetrated the bone.

"That's Peter, the groom," cried the stranger. "He drove her. The beasts have pulled him off and clubbed him. Let him lie; we can't do him any good, but we may save her from the worst fate that can befall a woman."

We ran frantically down the path, which wound among the trees. We had reached the shrubbery which surrounded the house when Holmes pulled up.

"They didn't go to the house. Here are their marks on the left—here, beside the laurel bushes! Ah, I said so!"

As he spoke a woman's shrill scream—a scream which vibrated with a frenzy of horror—burst from the thick green clump of bushes in front of us. It ended suddenly on its highest note with a choke and a gurgle.

"This way! This way! They are in the bowling alley," cried the stranger, darting through the bushes. "Ah, the cowardly dogs! Follow me, gentlemen! Too late! too late! by the living Jingo!"

We had broken suddenly into a lovely glade of greensward surrounded by ancient trees. On the farther side of it, under the shadow of a mighty oak, there stood a singular group of three people. One was a woman, our client, drooping and faint, a handkerchief round her mouth. Opposite her stood a brutal, heavy-faced, red-moustached young man, his gaitered legs parted wide, one arm akimbo, the other waving a riding-crop, his whole attitude suggestive of triumphant bravado. Between them an elderly, grey-bearded man, wearing a short surplice over a light tweed suit, had evidently just completed the wedding service, for he pocketed his prayer-book as we appeared and slapped the sinister bridegroom upon the back in jovial congratulation.

"They're married!" I gasped.

"Come on!" cried our guide; "come on!" He rushed across the glade, Holmes and I at his heels. As we approached, the lady staggered against the trunk of the tree for support. Williamson, the ex-clergyman, bowed to us with mock politeness, and the bully Woodley advanced with a shout of brutal and exultant laughter.

"You can take your beard off, Bob," said he. "I know you right enough. Well, you and your pals have just come in time for me to be able to introduce you to Mrs. Woodley."

Our guide's answer was a singular one. He snatched off the dark beard which had disguised him and threw it on the ground, disclosing a long, sallow, clean-shaven face below it. Then he raised his revolver and covered the young ruffian, who was advancing upon him with his dangerous riding-crop swinging in his hand.

"Yes," said our ally, "I *am* Bob Carruthers, and I'll see this woman righted if I have to swing for it. I told you what I'd do if you molested her, and, by the Lord, I'll be as good as my word!"

"You're too late. She's my wife!"

"No, she's your widow."

His revolver cracked, and I saw the blood spurt from the front of Woodley's waistcoat. He spun round with a scream and fell upon his back, his hideous red face turning suddenly to a dreadful mottled pallor. The old man, still clad in his surplice, burst into such a string of foul oaths as I have never heard, and pulled out a revolver of his own, but before he could raise it he was looking down the barrel of Holmes's weapon.

"Enough of this," said my friend, coldly. "Drop that pistol! Watson, pick it up! Hold it to his head! Thank you. You, Carruthers, give me that revolver. We'll have no more violence. Come, hand it over!"

"Who are you, then?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"AS WE APPROACHED, THE LADY STAGGERED AGAINST THE TRUNK OF THE TREE."

"My name is Sherlock Holmes."

"Good Lord!"

"You have heard of me, I see. I will represent the official police until their arrival. Here, you!" he shouted to a frightened groom who had appeared at the edge of the glade. "Come here. Take this note as hard as you can ride to Farnham." He scribbled a few words upon a leaf from his note-book. "Give it to the superintendent at the police-station. Until he comes I must detain you all under my personal custody."

The strong, masterful personality of Holmes dominated the tragic scene, and all were equally puppets in his hands. Williamson and Carruthers found themselves carrying the wounded Woodley into the house, and I gave my arm to the frightened girl. The injured man was laid on his bed, and at Holmes's request I examined him. I carried my report to where he sat in the old tapestry-hung dining-room with his two prisoners before him.

"He will live," said I.

"What!" cried Carruthers, springing out of his chair. "I'll go upstairs and finish him first. Do you tell me that that girl, that angel, is to be tied to Roaring Jack Woodley for life?"

"You need not concern yourself about that," said Holmes. "There are two very good reasons why she should under no circumstances be his wife. In the first place, we are very safe in questioning Mr. Williamson's right to solemnize a marriage."

"I have been ordained," cried the old rascal.

"And also unfrocked."

"Once a clergyman, always a clergyman."

"I think not. How about the license?"

"We had a license for the marriage. I have it here in my pocket."

"Then you got it by a trick. But in any case a forced marriage is no marriage, but it is a very serious felony, as you will discover before you have finished. You'll have time to think the point out during the next ten years or so, unless I am mistaken. As to you, Carruthers, you would have done better to keep your pistol in your pocket."

"I begin to think so, Mr. Holmes; but when I thought of all the precaution I had taken to shield this girl—for I loved her, Mr. Holmes, and it is the only time that ever I knew what love was—it fairly drove me mad to think that she was in the power of the greatest brute and bully in South Africa, a man whose name is a holy terror from Kimberley to Johannesburg. Why, Mr. Holmes, you'll hardly believe it, but ever since that girl has been in my employment I never once let her go past this house, where I knew these rascals were lurking, without following her on my bicycle just to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

see that she came to no harm. I kept my distance from her, and I wore a beard so that she should not recognise me, for she is a good and high-spirited girl, and she wouldn't have stayed in my employment long if she had thought that I was following her about the country roads."

"Why didn't you tell her of her danger?"

"Because then, again, she would have left me, and I couldn't bear to face that. Even if she couldn't love me it was a great deal to me just to see her dainty form about the house, and to hear the sound of her voice."

"Well," said I, "you call that love, Mr. Carruthers, but I should call it selfishness."

"Maybe the two things go together. Anyhow, I couldn't let her go. Besides, with this crowd about, it was well that she should have someone near to look after her. Then when the cable came I knew they were bound to make a move."

"What cable?"

Carruthers took a telegram from his pocket.

"That's it," said he.

It was short and concise:

"The old man is dead."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "I think I see how things worked, and I can understand how this message would, as you say, bring them to a head. But while we wait you might tell me what you can."

The old reprobate with the surplice burst into a volley of bad language.

"By Heaven," said he, "if you squeal on us, Bob Carruthers, I'll serve you as you served Jack Woodley. You can bleat about the girl to your heart's content, for that's your own affair, but if you round on your pals to this plain-clothes copper it will be the worst day's work that ever you did."

"Your reverence need not be excited," said Holmes, lighting a cigarette. "The case is clear enough against you, and all I ask is a few details for my private curiosity. However, if there's any difficulty in your telling me I'll do the talking, and then you will see how far you have a chance of holding back your secrets. In the first place, three of you came from South Africa on this game —you Williamson, you Carruthers, and Woodley."

"Lie number one," said the old man; "I never saw either of them until two months ago, and I have never been in Africa in my life, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Busybody Holmes!"

"What he says is true," said Carruthers.

"Well, well, two of you came over. His reverence is our own home-made article. You had known Ralph Smith in South Africa. You had reason to believe he would not live long. You found out that his niece would inherit his fortune. How's that—eh?"

Carruthers nodded and Williamson swore.

"She was next-of-kin, no doubt, and you were aware that the old fellow would make no will."

"Couldn't read or write," said Carruthers.

"So you came over, the two of you, and hunted up the girl. The idea was that one of you was to marry her and the other have a share of the plunder. For some reason Woodley was chosen as the husband. Why was that?"

"We played cards for her on the voyage. He won."

"I see. You got the young lady into your service, and there Woodley was to do the courting. She recognised the drunken brute that he was, and would have nothing to do with him. Meanwhile, your arrangement was rather upset by the fact that you had yourself fallen in love with the lady. You could no longer bear the idea of this ruffian owning her."

"No, by George, I couldn't!"

"There was a quarrel between you. He left you in a rage, and began to make his own plans independently of you."

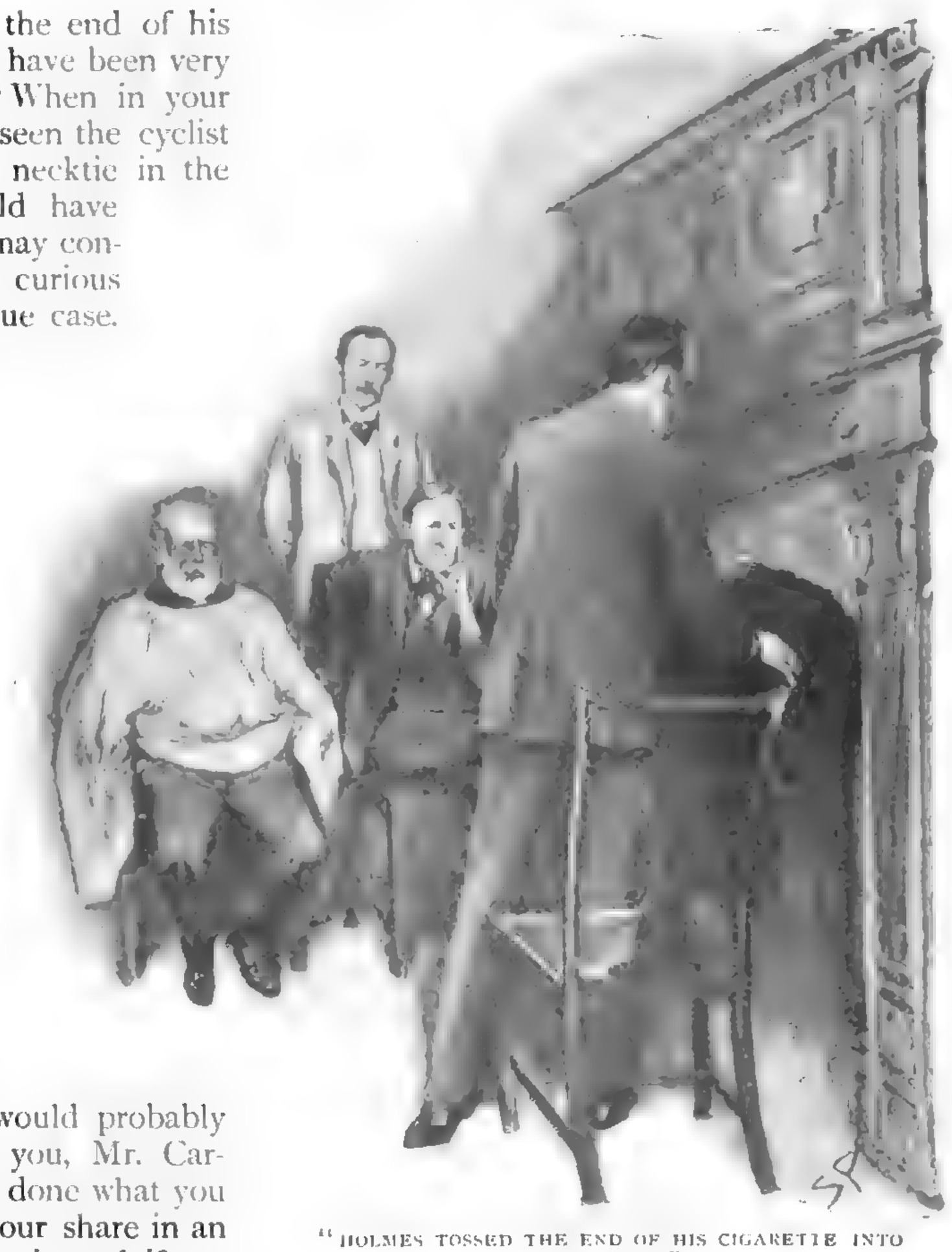
"It strikes me, Williamson, there isn't very much that we can tell this gentleman," cried Carruthers, with a bitter laugh. "Yes, we quarrelled, and he knocked me down. I am level with him on that, anyhow. Then I lost sight of him. That was when he picked up with this cast padre here. I found that they had set up housekeeping together at this place on the line that she had to pass for the station. I kept my eye on her after that, for I knew there was some devilry in the wind. I saw them from time to time, for I was anxious to know what they were after. Two days ago Woodley came up to my house with this cable, which showed that Ralph Smith was dead. He asked me if I would stand by the bargain. I said I would not. He asked me if I would marry the girl myself and give him a share. I said I would willingly do so, but that she would not have me. He said, 'Let us get her married first, and after a week or two she may see things a bit different.' I said I would have nothing to do with violence. So he went off cursing, like the foul-mouthed blackguard that he was, and swearing that he would have her yet. She was leaving me this week-end, and I had got a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

trap to take her to the station, but I was so uneasy in my mind that I followed her on my bicycle. She had got a start, however, and before I could catch her the mischief was done. The first thing I knew about it was when I saw you two gentlemen driving back in her dog-cart."

Holmes rose and tossed the end of his cigarette into the grate. "I have been very obtuse, Watson," said he. "When in your report you said that you had seen the cyclist as you thought arrange his necktie in the shrubbery, that alone should have told me all. However, we may congratulate ourselves upon a curious and in some respects a unique case. I perceive three of the county constabulary in the drive, and I am glad to see that the little ostler is able to keep pace with them; so it is likely that neither he nor the interesting bridegroom will be permanently damaged by their morning's adventures. I think, Watson, that in your medical capacity you might wait upon Miss Smith and tell her that if she is sufficiently recovered we shall be happy to escort her to her mother's home. If she is not quite convalescent you will find that a hint that we were about to telegraph to a young electrician in the Midlands would probably complete the cure. As to you, Mr. Carruthers, I think that you have done what you could to make amends for your share in an evil plot. There is my card, sir, and if my evidence can be of help to you in your trial it shall be at your disposal."

In the whirl of our incessant activity it has often been difficult for me, as the reader has probably observed, to round off my narratives, and to give those final details which the curious might expect. Each case has been the prelude to another, and the crisis once over the actors have passed for ever out of our busy lives. I find, however, a short note at the end of my manuscripts dealing with this case, in which I have put it upon record that Miss Violet Smith did indeed inherit a large fortune, and that she is now the wife of Cyril Morton, the senior partner of Morton and Kennedy, the famous



"HOLMES TOSSED THE END OF HIS CIGARETTE INTO THE GRATE."

Westminster electricians. Williamson and Woodley were both tried for abduction and assault, the former getting seven years and the latter ten. Of the fate of Carruthers I have no record, but I am sure that his assault was not viewed very gravely by the Court, since Woodley had the reputation of being a most dangerous ruffian, and I think that a few months were sufficient to satisfy the demands of justice.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"*Happy Evenings.*"

ORDINARILY the High Street fairly stewed with juvenile humanity. But to-night, for a wonder, the High Street, Plimsoll Lane, Byles's Rents, and all the adjacent squalid courts and avenues were deserted. Something more than a mild fog was needed to effect such a transformation out of school hours. Neither was there evidence, ocular or auricular, of any hand-organ, or a trained bear, or a free fight enlivening the neighbourhood. How was it possible to account for the peaceful condition of the streets? Surely the ordinary denizens of the gutter couldn't be at school? Well, not exactly at school, but at the school-house. A ragged little urchin of seven volunteered to be our pilot.

"'Appy evenin'? Yessir, I'm goin' there myself. I'll show you."

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Saunders, sir; but they allers calls me 'Magsie,' all along o' my twin-sister wot uz named Marguerite."

"And why isn't your little sister with you to-night?"

"'Cos she got scarlet fever."

"Scarlet fever? Good gracious, boy!"

"An' she died — more'n a year ago."

"Oh, I see."

"The lidy wot we calls the Countess 's goin' to be at the 'Appy Evenin' to-night. Look! That's 'er—see—with the 'at an' the little black fevvers."

We proved to be just in time. Several ladies and gentlemen had doffed their furs and overcoats, and stood smiling at one end of a large schoolroom, whilst in the middle some two or three hundred meanly-clad, but clean and happy-looking, children of all ages under twelve or thirteen trooped along merrily to the notes of a piano in the corner.

"This is our overture," explained the gentle-eyed lady with the "fevvers." "We always begin this way and they seem to enjoy it." She raised her jewelled finger and the music stopped. So did the promenaders.



A PRELIMINARY SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

There was a silence, punctuated by giggles, as the Countess observed, "And now for our games this evening. What girls for the quiet room?"

Twenty hands went up instantly.

"What boys?"

Half-a-dozen—not more—two of whom were cripples.

"And the noisy room? And the fairy-tale room? And the toy room? And the painting room? And the dolls' room?"

Thus were these denizens of the gutter in one of the most notorious slums of London granted their hearts' wishes for this evening. As they made a choice, so they were marched off under the wing of a lady or gentleman to a separate room, and the music struck up again for a Sir Roger de Coverley.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"There is no use," explains one of the ladies, "forcing a child to romp if it doesn't want to romp. Perhaps its tastes are in quite another direction — indeed, we know that there are thousands of wretched little mites in London who pine for quiet and seclusion. Then there are kiddies who are passionately fond of fairy stories. They could listen to them by the hour—perhaps by the day—yet possibly outside of a Happy Evening they never hear one that really interests them. Our girls' fairy-teller here, I may tell you, has a wonderful gift. She really mesmerizes the children. Would you like to be mesmerized, too?"

"With all the pleasure in life," we reply, and the handle of the fairy-tale room is slowly turned. We may mention it for a fact, and as a tribute to the lady's powers, that the noise of our entrance is absolutely without effect on this little audience. Oh, what would not a pulpit orator, a politician, a lecturer—yes, even a great actor—give to hold his auditors' minds thus in the hollow of his hand? They see nothing, hear nothing but the speaker.

"'So, so,' cried the Genie, in an angry voice; 'if that is the case then you must quickly step upon this strip of carpet.' And he laid a piece of red and yellow carpet on the ground.

"'What for?' asked the young Prince. You see, he didn't know about the magic in the carpet—nobody had ever told him.

"'What for?' replied the Genie. 'Why,



THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY—PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.
From a Photo. by Gillman, Oxford.



From a Photo. by] A FAIRY TALE *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo by] "'IT 'IM ON THE NOB, MAGSIE." *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

because ——' and he told him then and there. And he put on his hat and stepped upon the carpet, and like a flash——"

We stole out at this juncture, leaving the children open-mouthed and open-eyed, oblivious of our presence and retreat, and ascending a flight of steps found ourselves ushered into a totally different scene. The uproar was terrific, which was not surprising considering that a hundred and fifty boys were yelling at the top of their lungs.

"Punch 'im, 'Magsie'; 'it 'im on the nob!"

And "Magsie," suiting the action to the word, actually landed his opponent one on the "nob." It was a boxing match—presided over by a peer's son. Physically the combatants were most unequally matched, one lad being nearly thirteen and the other—my original cicerone of the evening—only seven. But they equalize these matters at the Happy Evenings, and "Pokey" was on his knees, while Billy was the possessor of much pugilistic science. With each fairly-planted blow the yelling was terrific, but nobody objected; they encouraged it, if anything. What's the good of being happy if you can't yell? And so the hundred and fifty yelled. They have a proper contempt for girls. Girls only giggle and scream.

But the chief event of the evening among the juvenile male section was the tug-of-war—the denizens of Thorpe's Mews *versus* Byles's Rents—a truly Homeric contest, as it would have appeared to Liliput. Powerfully-built tatterdemalions boasting fully three feet of stature were matched against a lesser number of giants of four feet six. The rope swayed now this side—now



From a Photo. by] THE GREAT CONTEST: THORPE'S MEWS *v.* BYLES'S RENTS. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] "PLEASE, LADY, MAY I 'AVE THE FAIRY DOLL NEXT TIME?" *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

that—of the chalked line. Was ever so much sinew built up of stale bread-crusts and fried fish before? But the Byles's Rents men—pale, perspiring, and panting—ultimately pulled their rivals across the line and on to their knees pell-mell, and the ceiling threatened to splinter and send down pounds of plaster upon the heads of the spectators at shouts over this triumph. It was thrice repeated, and then, lo! a few steps and the scene had changed and we were in the dolls' room.

Every year in November there is a brave show of dolls dressed for the Happy Evenings children at Bath House, Piccadilly, and some of these dolls were here now, tended, oh, so gently, almost worshipped, as they are taken out of their cupboard resting-places and dressed and undressed.

"Please, lady, may I 'ave the fairy doll next time?" pleaded a golden-haired little child, with an earnest, wistful look.

"Yes, if your hands are the cleanest.



From a Photo. by] A PEEP INTO THE NOISY ROOM. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] THE SACK RACE. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

The little girl with the very cleanest hands shall dress the fairy doll."

There is a buzz of pleased anticipation, and then a small voice is heard :—

"Oh, Kitie Jimes, will your mother lend my mother your kike o' smellin' soap next Tuesday evenin', an' you can 'ave our fryin'-pan?"

In the girls' noisy room they were playing "London Bridge" and "Kiss-in-the-Ring," but it was tame work in comparison with the uproarious diversions of the stern sex below. When the boys' boxing contest was over they had a sack race, but a small group of youngsters were observed making for the door.

"W'ere you goin', 'Arry?" asked a friend.

"Me? Oh, I'm goin' with Johnson."

"W'ere's Johnson goin'?"

"Darnstairs. Johnson's father's a 'ouse-painter, and 'e knows something, Johnson does. We promised to go an' see Millie White paint in the paintin' room. You orter see 'er dror a 'orse. I promised to 'old her cup an' Johnson's 'oldin' her paints. P'r'aps, if you come, she'll let you 'ave a brush to 'old."



A GROUP OF ADMIRERS.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

This is gallantry—and this is appreciation of art. Five minutes later, after seeing the champion of Byles's Rents again victorious in the sack race, we descend to the painting room to find Miss Millie White (ætat eight), the celebrated animal painter, daughter of Larry White, the well-known Shoreditch navvy, surrounded by her admirers. In another part of the same room we come upon quite an animated group of talented colourists. Some of the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE PAINTING ROOM.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

designs done by these children of the slums are most creditable, and at least their faces are radiant with happiness, which is the chief thing after all. The articles produced in the toy-making room are vastly ingenious. Out of the most unpromising materials—such as reels of cotton and match-boxes, fortified by cardboard and coloured paper—the most delectable toys are produced.

As the famous chef, Brillat-Savarin, could



ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS
MADE BY THE CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.



From a Photo. by] ARTICLES MADE BY THE CHILDREN. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

create an exquisite soup out of a kid glove and a pint of boiling water, so these tiny artisans manage to manufacture butchers' shops, chests of drawers, tables, sofas, Christmas crackers, and luxuriant flowers out of the meanest ingredients. One of the favourite diversions of the smaller children is cutting out and colouring fashion-plates, decapitating the heads and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



LADY NORTHCOTE.
As constructed by the children.



LADY MARGARET RICE.
As constructed by the children.

fitting on instead portraits of their favourite "great ladies" of the Happy Evenings Association which they have found in the newspapers. These are afterwards stiffened with cardboard and made to stand up in a group, which at a distance gives a very good idea of a swell reception amongst the "hupper suckles"—if it did not more nearly suggest a wax-work gathering at Madame Tussaud's. Two of these figures we photographed for THE STRAND—Lady Northcote and Lady Margaret Rice—both indefatigable workers of the Children's Happy Evenings Association.

And what—the reader may ask at this stage—what is the Happy Evenings Association? Well, it is a body of kind-hearted ladies and gentlemen — numbering some of the highest and noblest names that you will find in "Burke" or "Debrett"—who take a pleasure in going down amongst the slums of London and teaching the slum waifs how to play. For the London guttersnipe doesn't know how to play. As a rule, he or she can maunder about and fight and scream and exchange badinage and throw stones in the gutter, but of true games the gamin is as ignorant as his parents are of *entrées* or Euclid. Before the association was started in 1891 there was no one to teach them the mysteries of battledore and shuttlecock, sack races, kiss-in-the-ring, picture-books, dolls, and doll dressmaking. As their motto expressed it, the association, whose first efforts began at the Waterloo Road Schools, was "to put a thought beneath their rags to ennoble the heart's struggle."



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER FAMILY—THE PRINCESS IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

From a Photo. by Wilkinson & Co., Norwich. Published by the London Stereoscopic Co.

The gutters were full—the Board schools after school-hours were empty. Why not get permission to use these empty Board schools for the little ones to play in? And so in a modest fashion the first of the Happy Evenings was carried out by Miss Heather Bigg at Waterloo Road Schools in January, 1891. The association grew and workers came forward until now it is one of the most influential, as it is the "smartest," charity in London. It has for its president that mother of so many little children—the Princess of Wales; its chief of council is the Countess

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



MRS. BLAND-SUTTON—HON. SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION.
From a Photo. by E. W. Evans.

of Jersey, and among its helpers are the Marchioness of Zetland, Lady Ludlow, Lady Cadogan, Lady Iddesleigh, Mrs. Bland-Sutton, etc. Moreover, the children of the rich are brought to serve the children of the poor, the example being set by children no less highly placed than the little Princes and the little Princess at Marlborough House, whose dolls and toys find their way into the Happy Evenings gatherings. When little Prince Edward first heard of the Happy Evenings he turned to his Royal mamma and said:—

"Mayn't I give my helmet and breast-plate? It's such good fun to dress up as a soldier. I'm sure those little boys would like it." And so a little gamin was pointed out to us at a Happy Evening, prancing about in the martial and metallic raiment which had lately enclosed the person of another boy—the future King of England.

Some wag has called these gatherings "Juvenile Parties for Guttersnipes," and although the secretary naturally resents the terms of such description, yet perhaps, on the whole, it gives a fair idea to the average observer of what these gatherings really mean. "We do not, however, aim at making our Happy Evenings a juvenile party. We try and make the pastimes of the children approximate closely to those of a well-ordered nursery or school-room, and the children are encouraged to vary their amusements on their own initiative, and to choose by preference those games which involve co-operation."



PRINCE EDWARD'S ARMOUR.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Occasionally the elder children get together



EAST-END CHILDREN IN LADY JERSEY'S CHILD-DRAMA "ST. GEORGE."
From a Photo. by W. S. Bradshaw & Sons.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] A DAY IN THE COUNTRY. *[Lady Margaret Rice.*

and arrange rough-and-ready presentments of historic incidents, such as the Battle of Cressy, the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Indian Mutiny, Alfred and the Cakes, the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, etc. The *Mayflower*, in this last tableau, was represented by a large newspaper boat capable of holding the two feet of one child comfortably. The other Pilgrim Fathers apparently preferred to wade.

The picture on page 22 shows a party of East London children in Lady Jersey's play, "St. George of England," and in their brave costumes they certainly compare very favourably with any equal body of children from more fashionable regions.

But perhaps the greatest event of the whole year for the children of the Happy Evenings occurs in summer, when each branch president invites them for a merry day in the country. Somehow or other the girls manage to rake up cheap cotton frocks for the occasion of various tints and degrees of wear—and the boys are carefully washed, brushed, and patched; and then off to one of the stately homes of England, where they may romp in the grass or in the woods and pick wild flowers to their hearts' content. You would scarcely recognise these half-fed, prematurely old London children in the laughing faces and buoyant forms of this picture taken at Osterley Park.

One other picture taken has a special interest as showing that lessons of loyalty are inculcated at the Happy Evenings. It represents the conclusion of the sports and games; the boys are seen filing before a portrait of His Majesty and the Union Jack and saluting as they pass, while the piano plays "God Save the King."



A HAPPY EVENING CONCLUDED—SALUTING HIS MAJESTY.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE CONVERSION OF AUNT SARAH

By Archibald Marshall.

I.

WHEN young Lord Otterburn vowed before the altar of Grace Church, 114th Avenue, Chicago, to endow Miss Sadie M. Cutts with all his worldly goods, that fortunate young lady obtained a husband of attractive appearance, agreeable manners, and a sweet temper; a coronet, a beautiful but dilapidated castle in Northumberland, surrounded by an unproductive estate, and a share in the family attentions of Aunt Sarah. In exchange for these blessings she brought, as her contribution to the happiness of the married state, a warm appreciation of her husband's good qualities, a dowry which, when reckoned in dollars, touched seven figures, a frank and fearless character, and a total ignorance of the importance of Aunt Sarah in the domestic well-being of the noble house of Otterburn.

She was not left long in ignorance on this point. She had only had time to refurnish the whole of Castle Gide, to instal electric light, to rebuild the stables, adapting part of them to the requirements of a stud of motor-cars, to take the gardens in hand, and to relet most of the farms, when Aunt Sarah was upon the newly-married couple with a proposal for a visit.

"And who is Aunt Sarah, anyway?" inquired Lady Otterburn, when her husband handed her that lady's letter over the breakfast-table.

"Aunt Sarah," replied Otterburn, "is the bane of the existence of all the members of my family who can afford to keep their heads above water."

"Sounds kind of cheering," observed her ladyship. "How does she get her clutch in?"

"She proposes herself for short visits, and has never been known to leave any house where the cooking is decent and the beds comfortable under a month. She is my Uncle Otterburn's widow, and, having been left exceedingly poor, exercises the right of demanding bed and board from members of my family in rotation as often as it is convenient to her."

"If she's poor," said Lady Otterburn, "it won't harm us to give her a shake-down and a sandwich or two as often as she wants 'em. I apprehend she'll make herself agreeable in return."

"That's where you make a mistake," replied Otterburn. "Aunt Sarah has never been known to make herself agreeable in her life. In fact, she prides herself upon doing the reverse. She'll tell you before you have

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

known her two minutes that she always says what she thinks. And she won't be telling you a lie."

"Two can play at that game," said Lady Otterburn. "Most times I say what I think myself."

"But you only think pleasant things," replied her husband. "My flower of the prairie!"

Now, Chicago is not exactly a prairie, but the young Countess of Otterburn was pretty and graceful enough to deserve the most high-flown compliments, and appreciated them when they came from her husband. She therefore graciously accepted his latest flight of imagination, and told him to write to Aunt Sarah and invite her to come to Castle Gide and stay as long as she found it convenient.

Aunt Sarah came a week later with a considerable amount of luggage, but no maid. The motor-omnibus was sent to the station to meet her, in spite of her nephew's warnings.

"She'll arrive as cross as can be," he said. "She hates motors of every description, and I don't suppose has ever been on one in her life."

"Then it's time she tried it," said Lady Otterburn. "There isn't a horse in the place that could draw a buggy fourteen miles to the depôt and back and bring her here in time for dinner."

"Well, you'll see," said Otterburn. "She'll tell us what she thinks of us when she gets here."

She did. The powerful motor-omnibus drew up before the door of Castle Gide—at which Lord and Lady Otterburn were standing to receive their guest—having completed the seven-mile journey from the station in about five-and-twenty minutes. The driver and the footman beside him wore expressions of apprehensive discomfort, and the latter jumped down off his seat to open the door at the back of the vehicle with some alacrity.

There emerged a tall and formidable-looking old lady, with an aquiline nose and abundant, well-arranged grey hair. She wore an imposing bonnet and a dress not of the latest fashion, which rustled richly. There was a cloud on her magnificent brow, her mouth was firmly closed, and she showed no signs of agreeable feeling at arriving thus at her journey's end.

"How do you do, Aunt Sarah?" said Otterburn, hastening down the steps to greet her. "Very pleased to see you again. Hope the old 'bus brought you along comfortably."

"No, Edward," replied Aunt Sarah, rigidly, "the old 'bus, as you term it, did not bring me along comfortably. I had vowed never to trust myself to one of these detestable new inventions, and I am surprised at your sending such a contrivance to meet me. This, I suppose, is your wife. How do you do, my lady? I shall probably be able to tell better how I like your appearance when



"'HOW DO YOU DO, AUNT SARAH?' SAID OTTERBURN."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I have recovered from the perilous journey to which I have been subjected. I should like to be shown at once to my room. I am much too upset by my late experience to think of joining you downstairs to-night."

"Why, certainly," said Lady Otterburn. "I'll take you upstairs, and you shall have your supper just when and how you please—right here and now if you prefer it. I want that you should make yourself at home in this house."

Aunt Sarah transfixed her with a haughty glare.

"Considering that this house was my home for five-and-thirty years," she said, "I think I can promise to do that. Thank you, Lady Otterburn. I will not detain you any longer. This was the third best bachelor's room in my day; I know my way about it well. No doubt you have other more important guests for whom the better rooms are reserved. I will wish you good-night."

"My!" said the Countess of Otterburn, on the other side of a firmly-closed door. "She's a peach!"

II.

THE most consistently disagreeable people are not without their moments of relenting, and Aunt Sarah came downstairs about noon of the following day in a far better humour than she had carried to her room on her arrival at Castle Gide. In the first place she had discovered that the erstwhile bachelor rooms had been converted into a perfect little suite, with the appointments of which even a luxury-loving old lady determined to find fault with everything could hardly quarrel. During her voluntary seclusion she had been made as comfortable and waited on as well as if she were a rich woman in her own house, and the little dinner which had been served to her in the privacy of her own bijou salon was far superior to any meal that had ever been served to her before in Castle Gide, even when she had been mistress of it. Morning tea, therefore, found Aunt Sarah mollified, a dainty breakfast served to put her almost into an attitude of peace and goodwill towards mankind, and a glass of pale sherry and a dry biscuit after her toilet had been made and the morning papers read sent her downstairs with the definite intention of being civil to her nephew's wife, whom she had come to Castle Gide prepared cordially to hate.

This frame of mind lasted for several hours. Lady Otterburn devoted herself to the old lady's entertainment, and, to her husband's unconcealed astonishment, roused more than once a grim chuckle of amusement, as she rattled her clever Transatlantic tongue across the luncheon-table. Aunt Sarah pleased! Aunt Sarah laughing! Aunt Sarah allowing someone else to monopolize the conversation! He had known her all his life, but such a spectacle had hitherto been denied him.

"My dear, you're a marvel," he said to his American countess when luncheon was over and Aunt Sarah had retired to her own apartments, still in high good-humour. "You bowled me over the first time we met. That was nothing. But Aunt Sarah! I couldn't have believed it possible. I wish I had asked all my uncles and aunts and cousins to see it."

"You don't know enough to run when you're in a hurry," replied Lady Otterburn. "You'd find her a real beautiful woman if you all took her the right way."

"Well, we shall see," said Otterburn. "You've had a grand success so far, but the experience of years teaches me that seasons of calm in Aunt Sarah's life are not lasting. Much depends on the afternoon nap."

Alas! Aunt Sarah's afternoon nap was a troubled one. It may have been the lobster salad, of which she had eaten too largely; it may have been the iced hock-cup, of which she had drunk too freely, that disturbed her slumbers. Whatever it was she came down again what time the tea-table was spread in the hall with her usual inclination to make herself disagreeable strongly in the ascendant, and, if possible, augmented by the reaction from her previous state of amiability. The first audacious sally made by her hostess, which would have been received with tolerant amusement at the luncheon-table, only drew a scandalized glare from Aunt Sarah, and the ominous words: "I must ask you to remember in whose presence you find yourself, if you please."

Lady Otterburn may have been surprised at this sudden change of atmosphere, but she seemed entirely unconcerned, and took no notice of her husband's surreptitious kick underneath the tea-table, which said as plain as speech, "I told you so." She talked with gay wit, but gave no opportunity for a further rebuke. But Aunt Sarah's twisted temper was not to be softened by the most searching tact, and her next contribution to the sociability of the occasion was the remark, "This tea is positively not fit to drink. In my day Withers would not have dared to keep such stuff in his shop."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"He don't keep it now," answered her hostess. "I have it bought in China and shipped overland. It costs four dollars the pound."

"I have no doubt it is expensive," retorted Aunt Sarah, "although there is no occasion to poke your money down my throat. It is the way it is made. No servant can be trusted to make tea. I always have two teapots and make it myself. I find it is never fit to drink unless I do so."

"I'd just love to have you make some for yourself," said Lady Otterburn. "I'll ring the bell for two more teapots. It's too bad you shouldn't have it as you like it."



"I'LL RING THE BELL FOR TWO MORE TEAPOTS."

Aunt Sarah, who was secretly rather ashamed of having mistaken caravan-borne tea for that sold by the village grocer, suffered herself to be softened again, and became almost amiable when her hostess insisted upon drinking from the fresh brew which was presently made, and declared that it was a great improvement on the old.

"I think it *is* better," admitted Aunt Sarah. "I may say that I have never yet met anyone who could make tea as I can. You will excuse me for having commented on yours, but, as Edward knows, I always say what I think."

Edward did know it to his cost. But again he was astonished at the sight of Aunt Sarah charmed back to good-humour when apparently in one of her most relentless moods, and with further astonishment he reminded himself that his experience did not afford a precedent for her apologizing for any word of blame that may have fallen from her lips. But he had no time to ponder on these things. Developments were proceeding.

"You find it a good plan always to say what you think?" asked Lady Otterburn, sweetly.

"It is the only honest plan," replied Aunt Sarah. "If everybody would do it instead of telling lies on all occasions, great or small, there would be a good deal less hypocrisy in the world than there is now."

"Well, I guess you are right," said Lady Otterburn. "I guess I'll commence right away and follow your example. And so will Edward. Now, mind, Edward, don't you dare to say a single word that you don't mean, and just you tell your Aunt Sarah exactly what you think as long as she's with us. And so will I. And all the people who are coming this evening shall be told to do the same."

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Aunt Sarah.

III.

When Aunt Sarah came down into the great hall at twenty minutes to nine that evening she found it full of young men and women who had arrived about an hour before, and whom she had kept waiting ten minutes for their dinner. She did not apologize for her

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

late appearance. That was not her custom. She singled out a young man of the company and said, "How do you do, Henry? I am pleased to see you at Castle Gide again. You used to come here frequently in happier times."

"They were not happier times for me, Aunt Sarah," replied the young man, rather nervously. "My chief recollection of them is that I was generally sent to bed before dinner for getting into mischief."

"Ah!" said Aunt Sarah. "That is the way to treat mischievous boys. And you don't bear malice."

"I am afraid I do," said the young man. "I was treated most unjustly."

"By whom, pray?" inquired Aunt Sarah, beginning to bridle.

"Very occasionally by Uncle Otterburn," said the young man. "Invariably by you."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah. "That is a pretty way to talk!"

"He must say what he thinks, you know," said Lady Otterburn. "We are all going to play at that as long as we are together. Anybody who is convicted of an insincere speech is to pay half a crown to the hospital fund. Here is the box. It contains a contribution from Edward, who told Lady Griselda that she was not at all late when she came down five minutes ago. Edward, take Aunt Sarah in to dinner. She has kept us waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour."

"Have I got into a company of lunatics?" inquired Aunt Sarah, as she took her nephew's arm.

No member of the party with the exception of Aunt Sarah had reached middle-age. Most of the men were contemporaries of Otterburn's, the years of whose pilgrimage were thirty. Some of them were married and had their wives with them, but the majority were unattached, and there were several girls, some English and some American. Otterburn's grouse-moors were the ostensible excuse for their finding themselves collected at Castle Gide, but they were so well mixed that they would probably have succeeded in enjoying themselves even if there had been no shooting to occupy the days. There was a regular hubbub of conversation round the dinner-table on this first evening, and loud peals of laughter, rising above the din and clatter of twenty tongues all moving at once,



"THERE WAS A REGULAR HUBBUB OF CONVERSATION ROUND THE DINNER-TABLE."

seemed to indicate that Lady Otterburn's game was adding to the gaiety of the occasion.

"No," said a demure young lady, in answer to a request from her neighbour. "I will not play accompaniments for you after dinner. It is quite true, as you say, that I read music extraordinarily well. I have always politely denied it before, but I know I do. Your singing, however, is so distasteful to me that I am sorry I cannot oblige you."

"I have got a good voice," said her neighbour, "and I have studied under the best masters."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You have not profited by your studies," replied the lady; "and your voice, so far from being good, is very thin and of no quality whatsoever."

"I guess," said a fair American, surveying the company, "that we're a good-looking crowd round this table. And, among all the women, I have a conviction that I go up for the beauty prize. I have had to hug that conviction in secret for a very long time, and now it's out."

Thus and thus was the House of Truth built up stone by stone, and Aunt Sarah's position was pitiable. Hitherto she had made her mark in whatever society she found herself by sheer insistence on her right to be frankly and critically disagreeable. On any ordinary occasion she would have had the whole tableful of young people prostrate under the terror of her biting tongue, and not a whit would she have cared for consequent unpopularity so long as she had made herself acknowledged as the dominating spirit of the assembly. Now she was met and foiled by the dexterous use of the very weapons which she had wielded so long and so unmercifully, and no arrogant speech could she make but its sting was removed by an equally outspoken reply.

Thus, to her right-hand neighbour, a young man with smooth black hair and a preternaturally solemn face: "I don't know who you are, but by your long upper lip I should judge you to be a Mortimer."

"My name and appearance are both undoubtedly Mortimer," he replied, gravely. "My character, I am happy to say, is not."

"Perhaps you do not know," said Aunt Sarah, "that I am a Mortimer?"

"I am perfectly aware of it," was the answer. "It would cost me half a crown to congratulate you on the fact."

"And may I ask what fault you have to find with the family whose name you have the honour of bearing?"

"They are insufferably cantankerous and domineering."

"Not all of them," interrupted Otterburn, anxious above all desire for unsullied truth to avert the impending storm which was gathering around him. "You must not take his criticisms as personal, Aunt Sarah."

"Pass the box this way," said the solemn young man. "Otterburn will contribute another half-crown."



"'I WILL NOT STAND THIS INSOLENT BEHAVIOUR ANY LONGER,' SHE SAID."

Before dinner was half-way through Aunt Sarah was in as black a rage as had ever darkened even her Olympian brow. By the time the ladies left the room she had delivered herself of as many insulting speeches as it usually took her a day to achieve, and her average output was no small one. But it was all to no purpose. Her most ambitious efforts, instead of striking a chill of terror to the hearts of her listeners, were warmly applauded, with an air of the utmost politeness, and from every quarter she received as good as she gave. It took her some time to realize that she was affording considerable amusement to her nephew's guests, but when she did arrive at that state of knowledge she could hardly command herself sufficiently to leave the room without doing bodily hurt to someone.

"I will not stand this insolent behaviour any longer," she said to Lady Otterburn when the door of the dining-room had been closed behind them. "How dare you treat me in this way?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Why, bless me, Aunt Sarah," exclaimed Lady Otterburn, in well-feigned surprise, "you said yourself that if everyone spoke the truth always, as you pride yourself on doing, it would be a real lovely thing. We are all speaking the truth under a penalty, and you are speaking it so well that you haven't been fined once."

"Psshtschah!" is the nearest possible orthographic rendering of the exclamation of contempt and disgust that forced itself from Aunt Sarah's lips. "I have had enough of this insensate folly," she continued. "I shall go straight to my room, and if I do not receive more respectful treatment in this house, where I so long reigned as undisputed mistress, I shall leave it to-morrow. Do you understand me?"

"I understand you very well," said Lady Otterburn. "And I will ask you to try and understand me. The respect which you demanded as mistress of this house is now due to me, and I look to receive it from my guests. If you discover that it is not within your power to grant it I shall not press you to prolong your visit."

Aunt Sarah again gave vent to the exclamation indicated above, and sailed up the broad staircase to her own apartments with anger and disgust marked on every line and curve of her figure.

IV.

AUNT SARAH had never been so angry before in her life. She was an extraordinarily disagreeable old woman—disagreeable in a masterly, cold-blooded, incisive way, partly because disagreeable speech was a genuine expression of her nature, partly because she had discovered in the course of years that she gained more by being disagreeable, which came easy to her, than by being pleasant, which did not. One of the weapons of her armoury was the feigning of anger, and few could stand upright before her wrath. But for this very reason she had seldom been opposed in such a way as to make her really angry, and now that this had happened to her she was almost beside herself with rage.

When she reached the cosy little sitting-room which had been devoted to her special use, having closed the door with a bang which re-echoed along the corridors, she found herself surrounded by just that atmosphere of personal comfort in which her sybaritic old soul delighted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate. Before it was drawn up the easiest of easy chairs. At the side of the chair stood a table upon which was a tray containing those refreshments, solid and liquid, with which Aunt Sarah loved best to fortify herself for the hours of darkness, a collection of papers and magazines, and half-a-dozen new books. The gay chintz curtains were close-drawn, and the electric lights behind their rosy shades threw just the right amount of light upon this pleasant interior.

Aunt Sarah had often before left a company of people in displeasure and retired to her own apartment with a bang of the door behind her. But once shut in by herself the expression of her face had usually changed, and with a grim chuckle at her own astuteness, and the remembrance of her effective departure, she had settled herself down with a mind wiped clean of emotion to the enjoyment of her own society.

But to-night Aunt Sarah took no delight in her own society, nor did her angry old face change as she closed the door on the cosy warmth of her room. It is true that she sat down in the easy chair in front of the fire. Women do not pace the room in their rage as is the custom with men. All the same, a consuming rage held her. It had in it a tinge of helplessness, and it shook her wiry old frame like an ague. Aunt Sarah was beaten, and she had the sense to recognise it.

By-and-by she began to feel rather alarmed at her state of mind. Helpless anger is not a soothing emotion, and Aunt Sarah, in spite of her well-nourished vigour, was an old woman. It was very uncomfortable to be so angry, and it was still more uncomfortable to realize that her power of keeping her own personality in the ascendant had been wrested from her by "a chit of a low-born foreigner," as she expressed it to herself.

When her anger had tired her sufficiently the feeling of helplessness increased, and sorely against her will Aunt Sarah began to pity herself. She fought against the feeling of self-pity for some time—she was made of sterner stuff than those who cherish it as a mild luxury—but it overpowered her at last. She suddenly saw herself old and, for all her many relations and acquaintances, friendless—worse than friendless, feared and disliked. She was also, for the time being, homeless. She had let her little box of a house in London for the winter, and had intended to stay at Castle Gide for at least a month. If she carried out her threat of leaving the next morning she had nowhere to go to, and she was accustomed to run things so close that she actually had not the money to take her to some place suitable to her exalted

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

station and to keep herself there for four weeks.

Then she suddenly realized that in the depths of her queer, twisted heart she was fond of her nephew; also that her nephew's American bride had brought her both deference and entertainment as long as she had treated her with ordinary courtesy. She also discovered that she had a sentiment for Castle Gide, which had been her own home for thirty-five years, that was not wholly dependent upon its capabilities of affording her the degree of luxurious living which she most appreciated. At this point something happened which had not happened for fully half a century. Two large tears trickled down Aunt Sarah's face. She knew herself for a lonely, disagreeable old woman, very, very poor.



"SHE KNEW HERSELF FOR A LONELY, DISAGREEABLE OLD WOMAN."

When Otterburn came out of the dining-room with the rest of the men he drew his wife a little aside and said to her: "Look here, old lady, I don't think we can carry this on. I am afraid Aunt Sarah will have a fit if we bait her much more. Her eyes rolled most unpleasantly at dinner. Where is she, by-the-bye?"

"She has gone upstairs looking mighty ugly," replied her ladyship. "She is going to express her baggage home to-morrow."

"Oh, she mustn't do that," said Otterburn. "She has always gone on like that, and her bark is worse than her bite. You go and calm her down, and we'll stop this game."

"We've won," said Lady Otterburn. "But I don't feel very spry over the victory. She is an old lady, and I guess we'll just have to let her play by herself as long as she camps here. I'll go up to her right now."

So Lady Otterburn entered Aunt Sarah's room just in time to catch her drying the two tears aforesaid and a few more that had followed them. A wave of compunction passed over her, and she felt that she and her husband and their guests had all behaved with the most unmannerly brutality.

"Dear Aunt Sarah," she said, "I hate that you should be all alone up here while we are enjoying ourselves downstairs. Won't you come down and hear Mrs. Vanhooten sing? They call her the nightingale of Cincinnati in the States."

Now, if Lady Otterburn had followed the impulse that came to her to kneel by the side of the old woman and mix tears, she would almost certainly have been repulsed and would have found Aunt Sarah once more encased in a full suit of prickles; for, however much in a moment of weakness that redoubtable old lady may have pitied herself, she certainly would have permitted no one else to pity her. But Lady Otterburn was a young woman of considerable tact as well as generosity of feeling, and her method of approach proved to be the best she could have chosen.

"Not to-night," replied Aunt Sarah. "I confess to being slightly upset at what has occurred, and I do not feel equal to mixing with your guests at present."

"I guess we must have offended you with our little game," said Lady Otterburn. "But we didn't mean any harm, and we have left off playing it now."

"It has served its purpose," said Aunt Sarah, slowly. "I have been thinking matters over since I came upstairs. It is not easy for a woman of my age and character to confess herself in the wrong, but as far as you are concerned, my dear, I—I—really think that by showing mutual respect and consideration we may, perhaps, get on very well together."

The speech had not ended quite in the manner Aunt Sarah had intended when she

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

began it, but the habits of a lifetime are not changed in a moment, and its underlying meaning was, at any rate, clear. Aunt Sarah had come as near as she had ever done in her life to an unreserved apology for her behaviour.

Lady Otterburn was prepared to meet her a good deal more than half-way.

"Of course, you feel seeing me here in your place," she said. "I don't wonder. But both Edward and I want you to look upon Castle Gide as your home just the same as before." (This was not strictly true so far as Edward was concerned, but it must be admitted to have been generous.) "And I'm new to this country and to a position to which you were born. There are so many ways in which you could help, Aunt Sarah."

"My dear," said the old woman, "any help I can give you you shall have. But I think you are quite capable of holding your own anywhere, and—and of adorning any position."

So the treaty of peace was concluded, and the Countess and the Dowager Countess of Otterburn spent a pleasant hour together talking amicably of many things.

When Aunt Sarah came downstairs the next morning she found everybody very anxious to please her. The general attitude of the party was that of people who had committed a breach of courtesy and were ashamed of themselves. Probably this attitude drove compunction into Aunt Sarah's soul more completely than any other could have done. She met advances with amiability, and exercised her fearless tongue and her undoubtedly sharp intellect to the general amusement rather than to the general terrifying of the company. By the time that the house-party broke up she had discovered, possibly to her amazement, that ascendency could be maintained as completely and far more pleasantly by force of character combined with wit and good-humour than by force of character supported by aggressive arrogance alone.

And thus, fortified by experience of its efficacy, Aunt Sarah's conversion was permanent. This is not to say that from a most objectionable old woman she changed at a bound into an exceedingly attractive one. The simile of the leopard and the Ethiopian still holds good. But there was an all-round improvement in her attitude towards the world at large which, whenever she found herself at Castle Gide, was an improvement which seemed to approach the miraculous.

A year after the events of this story, when the two Ladies Otterburn had been worshipping together for an hour at a cradle shrine plentifully bedecked with lace, the younger of them said to her husband:—

"Dear Aunt Sarah! She has a real loving heart. I guess it was warped by her never having a baby of her own."



"THE TWO LADIES OTTERBURN WORSHIPPING TOGETHER AT A CRADLE SHRINE."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

How a Chromo-Lithograph is Printed.

By L. Gray-Gower.

MANY readers have no doubt wondered how the vivid and faithful reproductions of celebrated pictures, with which the public has latterly become so familiar, are reproduced. There is a vague idea that it is the result of some occult colour-process that involves several distinct printings, but exactly what that process is remains commonly a sealed book. But there must be many readers who know nothing whatever of lithographic stones and colour-printing. Let us briefly, then, explain the principle.

About a hundred years ago a struggling Bavarian printer, Alois Senefelder by name, having no paper at hand with which to indite his washing bill, used for the purpose a flat slab of peculiarly soft stone which he had in his workshop. The ink he used was a rude and greasy mixture. The appearance of the writing on the stone suggested to him the possibility of reproducing the writing. His experiments were crowned with success, and lithography naturally took its place amongst the great industrial arts of the world.

If you enter any great lithographer's workshop to-day, like that of the Dangerfield Company at St. Albans, you will notice huge slabs of stone, two or three inches thick, ranging in size from that of a large bedstead to that of a small book. All these stones may be said to come from one place—Solenhofen, in the district of Monheim.

At the Dangerfield Company's works the writer seemed to be passing through a miniature quarry, or through a tombstone warehouse. The stones arrive at the works in their rough condition. They are prepared for use by being ground face to face with sand and water.

The broad principles of lithography consist, of course, in the strong adhesion of greasy substances to calcareous stone, the affinity of one greasy body for another, and the antipathy of such bodies to water. When water is applied to the surface of the stone it remains only on such portions as are not covered with grease, so that, if a roller charged with greasy ink be passed over the stone, the ink will only adhere to the greasy portions, while the moist parts will resist the ink and remain clean. In consequence, when a sheet of paper is pressed upon the stone, it only receives an impression in ink from the greasy line. This is the whole theory of lithography.

And now comes in the task of the expert colour-master. There has been growing up of late years a class of experts in colour for whom the entire National Gallery is only a collection of tints on canvas more or less adroitly combined. These men are master-lithographers. For them the most divine creations of Raphael, Titian, Claude, and Turner are workmanlike colour-combinations, which it is their business to analyze and resolve into their separate constituents. To-day the dead walls and hoardings of the kingdom are covered with wonderful posters and the shop windows lined with gorgeous lithographs evolved by men whose chromatic perception is so acute that they can tell you at a glance what the great Turner himself did not know—how many colours go to the making of one of Turner's pictures.



THE ARTISTS' ROOM AT THE DANGERFIELD COMPANY'S WORKS, SHOWING THE LITHOGRAPHIC STONES.

From a Photo. by [*the Dangerfield Co.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



FIRST STONE—LIGHT YELLOW.



THIRD STONE—LIGHTEST BLUE.

There are very few artists who can say exactly how their colour-effects were produced, or precisely what pigments were employed to attain certain tones. They work away, slowly painting and repainting until the end desired is reached.

"We have master-lithographers in our employ," said Mr. Adolphe Tuck to the



SECOND STONE—DARK YELLOW.



FOURTH STONE—LIGHT FLESH TINT.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

writer, "who can tell almost at a glance how many colours and shades go to the making of any given picture, no matter how complex."

Take the case of one of the most successful reproductions of one of the old masters, "The Madonna Ansidei," which hangs in the National Gallery. The colour-master of whom we have spoken quickly resolved this picture into eighteen colours, involving the use of eighteen lithographic stones, each printing a separate tint and being of itself almost a separate picture, until by repeated printings the whole masterpiece was gradually built up. This is the example of which we present illustrations in this article, and is the work of Mr. Adolphe Tuck.



FIFTH STONE—DARK BROWN.

But what an eye for colour! What a gift for the realities and essentials of tone to be able, without any mixings of paint or other analytic experiments, to divine straight away just what colours are needed, and prepare stone after stone with the absolute certainty that the combination would produce such a result!

To illustrate the almost marvellous capability of the colour-expert in analyzing the colours of a picture submitted to him, one may mention that the late Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., once ventured to assert that



SIXTH STONE—LIGHT BROWN.

there were sixteen colours or shades visible in a picture by Van Dyck. The lithographic colour-expert declared there were only eleven.



SEVENTH STONE—LIGHT BLUE.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



EIGHTH STONE—PINK.



NINTH STONE—MEDIUM GREY.

Accordingly an accurate copy was painted at the National Gallery of the picture, so accurate that it was difficult to discern a difference between the copy and the original. This was duly analyzed and placed on the stones, eleven in number, and the eleventh printing disclosed an exact facsimile of the copy, and therefore of the original.

Sir Charles Eastlake acknowledged himself beaten, and readily paid tribute to the wonderful analytic powers of an artist, or, rather, of a scientist, who could not paint a picture but could tell just what a picture was made of.

In the case of the Ansidei Madonna, the canvas was copied at the National Gallery under the eye of the Director. The first stage of reproduction was to transfer upon the stone a sort of yellowish-grey base or silhouette of the whole picture (No. 1). It will be noticed that the high lights are upon portions of St. John's and Mary's garments and the mitre of St. Nicholas.



TENTH STONE—MEDIUM BLUE.

The picture on the next stone, which is to overlay the first, gives more detail.

Gradually these pictures, each done by a separate artist, under the eyes of the colour-expert or master-lithographer, assume greater perfection, as colour by colour is added, one from every stone, until in No. 9 one would fain think, as the artist himself may have thought, that the picture was finished, or at least approaching completion. But, as a matter of fact, it is only half completed. It is still lacking many neces-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sary qualities; the reds and the greens and the greys and the gold have yet to be added. What a quaint enigma is presented by Nos. 11, 12, 14, and 15! Taken by themselves they seem meaningless, but combined with their forerunners and successors they are seen to be essential to the finished picture.

In the very final stages the stones are devoted to greys, which by overlaying one another impart a roundness and solidity to the design which it would otherwise lack. It may be mentioned that this reproduction is, according to Mr. Tuck, the most successful, as it is the most elaborate, colour-lithograph ever attempted.



ELEVENTH STONE—MEDIUM YELLOW.

In the case of an ordinary colour-drawing the usual method is to prepare a keystone—that is to say, an outline of the picture, together with the black or grey portions. It is then marked off into colours, each colour requiring, as has been said, a separate stone. Of the uncoloured outline as many copies are printed as there are to be colours in the finished picture, and each of these serves as a key or guide in determining in what position on each stone the separate colour shall be. Each artist then sets to work on his own part of the picture, which is very often, as will be seen by our illustrations, a picture by itself. The



TWELFTH STONE—DARK RED.

master-lithographer knows just how many of these pictures will be necessary to achieve a facsimile. It may be that one colour will



THIRTEENTH STONE—DARK FLESH TINT.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

frequently have to be printed over another in order to produce the precise effect.

For colour-printing the stone is polished. Naturally the order in which the colours succeed each other is very important, and must be carefully considered. But perhaps the great object of the maker of pictures from stones, after the picture in its various phases has been prepared, is to see that each colour falls accurately into its proper place on the paper. Nothing is more common, in a badly done lithograph, than to find in the face of the human subject, say an attractive young lady, the flesh colour overlapping the collar or the hat, or even extruding itself out into space beyond the ear. All this implies bad "registering."



FOURTEENTH STONE—DARK BLUE.

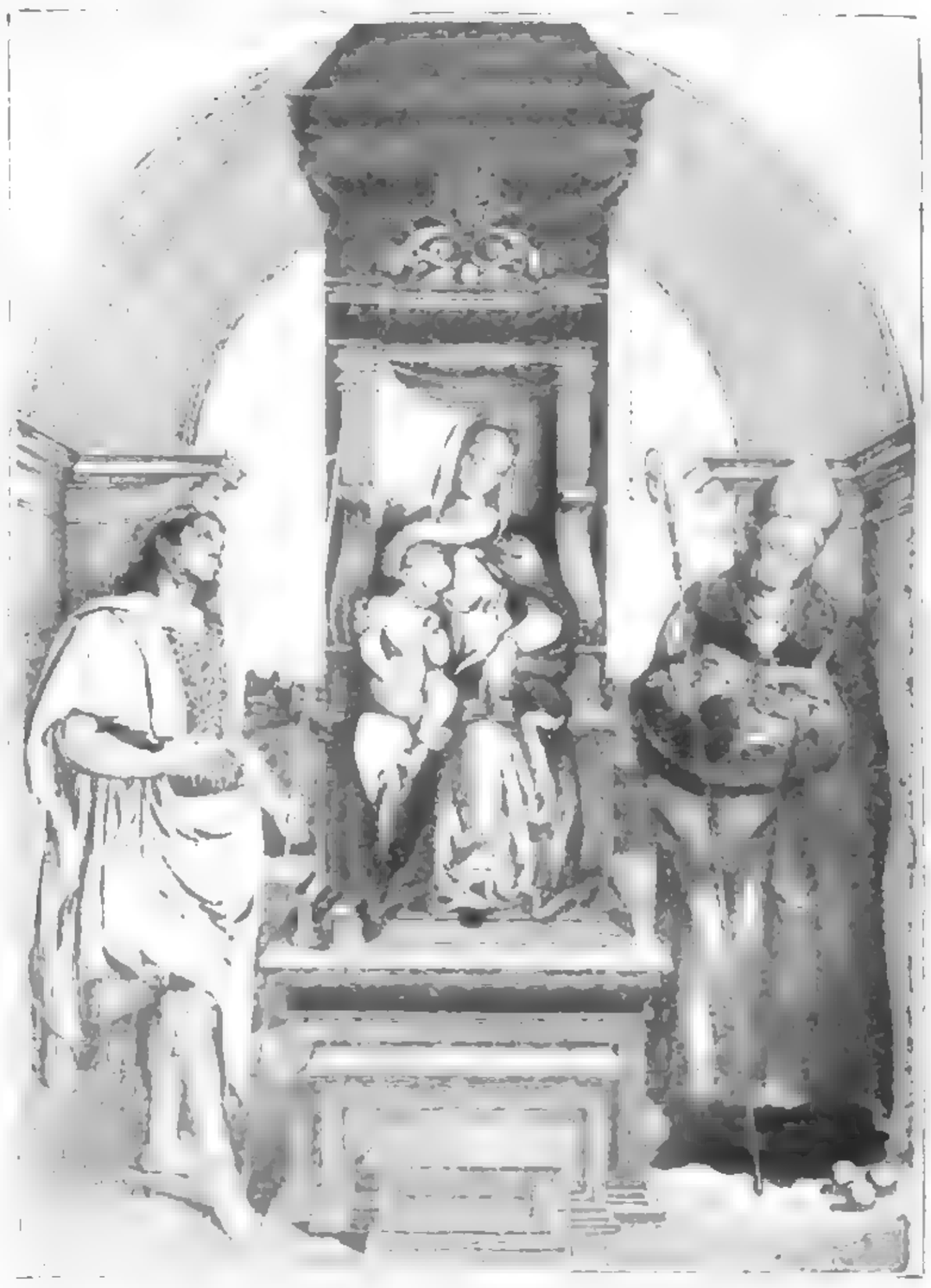
The drawing on each stone must be made to fit in, or register, with the preceding one, so that, as the paper is passed through the printing machine, the picture is built up colour on colour, each, however, being allowed to dry before the next is applied.

In preparing the stone to take the picture extreme care has to be exercised, for so great is its affinity for grease that even a finger-mark will become perpetuated. After a drawing on the stone is finished it is a precaution to coat it with a solution of gum-arabic and nitric acid, which fills up the pores of the stone in the unfilled parts and prevents the drawing from spreading.

Having described the manner in which



FIFTEENTH STONE—LIGHT RED.



SIXTEENTH STONE—DARK GREY.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



SEVENTEENTH STONE—GOLD.



EIGHTEENTH STONE—LIGHT GREY.

the picture on stone is prepared, we now come to the printing of it. To begin with, there is the "proving-press," which is employed in preparing the stones for the machine. The gummy solution is first washed off, but sufficient remains in the pores of the stones to offer a resisting influence to the ink when the time for printing comes. At this stage the stone is damped and a roller charged with printing ink is passed over its surface, every part of the design being brought in contact with the ink. Accidental grease spots are removed by scraping, polishing, or the application of acid, otherwise they would develop and spoil the result.

When the stone is thus rectified it is subjected to what is technically termed etching; that is, a weak solution of gum and nitric acid is applied, which causes the surface of the bare part of the stones to be gently eroded, and gives a stronger "tooth" to the design. Although the ink of the design itself may now be washed away and the picture be invisible, yet it is there, ready to receive any desired colour which forms the part of the picture. The stones have to be damped and inked before each impression is taken, but nevertheless the printing proceeds with great rapidity, ranging from six hundred to one thousand impressions per hour.



THE FINISHED CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH, "THE MADONNA ANSIDEI" (AFTER RAPHAEL).

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Sadi the Fiddler.

AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF STRASBURG.

By Max Pemberton.

SADI the fiddler, carrying the little black case under his arm, locked the door of his garret as carefully as though it had contained the wealth of the Cæsars. It was the night of Monday, the twenty-first day of September, in the year 1870. Sadi had not tasted food for twenty hours, and, though he well understood that there was very little to eat in the town of Strasburg, he went forth bravely in quest of it. After all, someone might throw him a bone, even though he were nothing more than a poor, crazy fiddler.

"Heaven knows they have music enough here," he said to himself, as he descended the narrow staircase and came out beneath the eaves of the old houses. This was the thirty-second night since the hated Prussians had come swarming down from Wörth and had invested the city like an army of human locusts. There was scarcely a minute by day or night when the great guns ceased to thunder, or the shots to play havoc with the ancient streets of gallant Strasburg. Even as the fiddler walked away from his own house that night a great shell, thrown from one of the batteries to the north-west, came singing and sighing above him, and then fell with a mighty crash upon the roof next to his own. It was an incendiary shell, Sadi hazarded, and presently a tongue of flame leaping up from the doomed building told him that he had guessed aright. He knew that his worldly possessions, such as they were, would soon be engulfed in that raging furnace of smoke and fire; and he reflected with a sigh, odd fellow that he was, on a picture which he would have given much to save. Sadi wondered now that he had not brought the picture with him. Standing there upon the narrow pavement, while the flames licked about the window of his attic, he remembered the day when Lucy, the daughter of Ludenmayer, the artist from Bad Nauheim, had given the portrait to him and had written the words "In grateful remembrance" upon one corner of it. "We shall never return to Strasburg—never meet again, dear friend," she had said. He knew that it was true, admitted that she could be nothing to him—and yet his eyes were dim when he turned from the burning house and set off to wander aimlessly through the terrible streets.

He had never been a rich man, but the outbreak of the war between France and Prussia robbed him in a day of his employment and left him a beggar. Nero had fiddled while Rome was burning, but no one in Strasburg desired to emulate that incomparable artist; and while there had been days when Sadi might have earned a good dinner by playing the Marseillaise to patriotic hosts, his pride forbade him and his violin was silent. The same sense of the dignity of his art kept him from the public distribution of food ordered by the Mayor and the brave General Uhrich. He, Sadi Descourcelles, had the blood of kings in his veins. A philosophic observer might have remarked that it ran thin and sluggish upon that twenty-first day of September, for he, Sadi, was famishing, ravenous, desperate with the gnawing hunger as of youth and strenuous life. He felt that he could commit any crime for bread. He searched the very gutters with his eyes for any scrap of food that fortune might have cast there. Such lighted windows as showed to him the tables spread for dinner or supper moved him to frenzies of desire. Why should some eat when others were starving? And the Prussians killed all indiscriminately, he said, rich or poor, old and young, mothers and children. What folly resisted the right of Bismarck and the Red Prince? Sadi prayed that the city might fall and bread be given to him; but with the next breath he was cursing the blue-coats and hoping in his heart that Strasburg might never surrender. For he was a patriot in spite of his poverty.

It was a warm night of September, with a starry sky to be seen here and there between the clouds of sulphurous smoke which floated above the ramparts. Few walked abroad, for there was danger in the streets, and scarcely any cessation of the flying shells which the Prussians hurled upon the doomed city. Sadi was accustomed to the awful sounds and sights which accompanied the siege, and they were powerless any longer to affright him. Even the dead in the gutters—

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the children who had not made the war but paid the price of it with their young blood—found him callous and without sympathy. As these had died, so he would die and be at rest. He envied them as they lay there—the flare of the burning houses showed him the white faces and they seemed to sleep. Sadi believed that when next he slept it would be as these — eternally and without pain.

He was indifferent to the danger; nevertheless some little measure of prudence remained to him, and he walked in the centre of the street to avoid the flying fragments and the falling timbers. Doleful cries from stricken houses fell upon deaf ears so far as Sadi the fiddler was concerned. The warnings of a friendly soldier, who told him that he was drawing perilously near the zone of fire, he received with a curt word of thanks. Had the man given him a crust he would have kissed him on both cheeks; but the fellow was hungry himself, and the two parted surlily—the one to a beer-shop, the other toward the ramparts.



"THE TWO PARTED SURLILY."

"You can play them a tune, old fellow," the soldier said.

Sadi answered, "Why so, friend, since the houses dance already?"

Yes; the houses danced indeed, and the mad music of the guns waxed more terrible as Sadi approached the ramparts and could see the cannon for himself. It was just like a display of fireworks in the gardens of the Tuileries, he said. From minute to minute the dark background of the sky would be cleaved by a line of fire, which marked the path of an incendiary shell as it soared above the quivering city and fell in a shower of flame upon house, or church, or citadel. The hither ground was a mighty waste of rubble, a desert of rubbish, where a few weeks ago houses had stood up proudly, and churches had invited worshippers, and children had found their homes. And all this misery, this untold and savage destruction, was the work of the hated Prussians over yonder, where the night was red and the darkness behind it shielded the assassins. Sadi, in the presence of those who were doing something for France, asked himself what he had done. The answer was, "Nothing." He reflected upon it a little bitterly and turned away toward the west, walking from the ramparts of that unhappy quarter of the city which the Prussians had destroyed ten days ago and now forgotten.

The path was desolate—none trod it but Sadi the fiddler, and he stumbled often as he went. So completely had the Prussians demolished the quarter that the very contour of the streets was lost and a dismal plain presented itself—an open field of rubbish, broken here and there by great abysses

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

which once had been the cellars of the houses. Sadi did not know why he walked in such a place or what hope of bread it could give him; but when he stumbled upon an open cellar he reflected that, after all, the house had been quitted in haste, and that some provision might have been left in its larders. The bare possibility appealing to his ravenous hunger sent him climbing down into the cellar like a schoolboy upon a forbidden venture. Impatiently, and with a strength he did not know that he possessed, he delved among the rubble, thrust at the great beams, and wormed his way toward the vault. None would interfere with him, he argued; there was no law, military or civil, which forbade a man to share a bone with the dogs. Sadi was like a miser seeking for his gold; and when at length he stood upright in that which undoubtedly had been the larder of a house, he felt all the joy of an explorer who has discovered an unknown city. Unhappily, such a transport endured for the briefest of moments. Sadi was just telling himself that he was a very lucky fellow when a great hand, thrust out of the darkness, clutched at his throat, and the rays of a lantern shining full in his face blinded him to any other sights.

"Well, my body-snatcher," cried a voice in guttural French, "and what may you be doing here?"

A German spoke; there was no doubt of it at all. Moreover, he was a huge fellow, probably a Prussian from the North; and although he wore the uniform of a French regiment of chasseurs, it was ridiculously small for him and showed its deficiencies when his cloak fell aside. Quick-witted and mentally alert, Sadi guessed the fellow's business there at the first hazard. He could be no one else than one of the many Prussian spies who then found their way in and out of Strasburg so readily. This desert waste of the city would harbour him surely – perchance he waited an opportunity to re-cross the lines, and was hiding meanwhile in this labyrinth like a fox that has gone to earth. All this passed through Sadi's mind in a moment, but it was accompanied by a cold shiver as though icy water were running down his back. For he perceived at once that the Prussian carried a revolver in his right hand and that the finger itched upon the trigger. A word, a step, might cost him his life. Sadi stood rigid as a statue, while the sweat gathered in heavy drops upon his brow.

"Come, no nonsense!" the Prussian repeated, menacingly. "You had better be honest with me. What is your business here? I will give you the half of a minute to tell me."

Sadi breathed heavily, but he spoke apparently without emotion.

"I have had nothing to eat for twenty hours," he said; "naturally I came here for food."

The Prussian interrupted him with a brutal laugh.

"Then you certainly live on vermin, my bag of bones," he retorted, with a jeer. "Come, your time is nearly up, and my fingers are impatient. You will really be very foolish if you are not candid with me."

He raised the pistol slowly, and deliberately touched Sadi's forehead with the cold barrel. The lantern's light showed a hard face and small eyes set above puffy cheeks. He wore a moustache in the French fashion and an uncouth imperial, which added to his grotesque appearance. Sadi knew that such a man would think it no greater crime to shoot a Frenchman than to drown a dog. Heroically as he had philosophized about death ten minutes ago, the nearer presence of it was very dreadful to him. He could imagine the sting of the bullet as it crashed through his forehead, the sudden giddiness, the voice which said, "Never again shall you speak, or breathe, or look up to the sun." A desperate desire of life came to him. He trembled violently, pressed his hand to his heart, but could not utter a single word. The Prussian watched him without compassion. He began to count ironically, "One, two, three," he said; "I will count ten, *canaille*," and he started off from the beginning again. He was at the number "five" when a second voice in the cellar caused him to turn sharply upon his heel and then to salute in the rigid German fashion.

"Ah, Herr Lieutenant, here is a job for you," he exclaimed, as though glad to be quit of the responsibility. "I found this rat in the hole here. Look at him for yourself and see what kind of a rogue he is."

The newcomer was quite a youth, a fair, freckled German lad, in little more than his twentieth year. He, too, wore a French uniform, but it was that of the artillery, and Sadi observed that it was a better fit than the loose clothes of the rough customer who had just been threatening him. Such trifling facts occupied the fiddler's mind to the exclusion of all else. He believed that he was about to die, and yet could count the buttons on the lieutenant's tunic, guess at

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE RAISED THE PISTOL SLOWLY."

the State he came from, and hazard the colour of his eyes. The lad was a Bavarian, he said, a merry, laughing youngster. Impossible to believe that he would sanction a brutal murder. Sadi breathed quickly—he appealed to the lad's sympathy in an earnest, manly voice.

"Herr Lieutenant, it is nothing of the kind," he protested; "I am a poor wretch of a fiddler, whose garret your people have just burned."

It was not a wise thing to have said, and the young soldier's interruption told Sadi as much.

"My people, sir!" he cried, sharply, and with feigned astonishment. "What people do you mean, then?"

"It is as I say," interrupted the trooper; "he is a spy who has tracked us to our hole, Herr Lieutenant. Better make an end of him while there is time."

"But not with a pistol, trooper," retorted the boy, with a little laugh. "At least, let us sup first."

Sadi breathed again, while the two Prussians discussed the pros and cons in a low voice. "If these men would but quarrel!" was his idea. They, however, had no intention of doing anything of the kind, for presently they ceased to wrangle, and the young soldier exclaimed, with some severity:—

"You say that you are a fiddler. What proofs of that can you give us?"

"My fiddle," answered Sadi, almost joyously; "you will find it on the stones upstairs, sir."

The answer surprised the men very much.

"Go and look for it, trooper," said the officer, quietly; "there is plenty of time before daylight to settle this fellow's affair. Besides, the captain is fond of a little music."

The trooper clambered up out of the cellar at the word of command, while the lieutenant calmly lighted a cigar and surveyed Sadi with an ironical glance.

"Poor business, yours, just now, is it not?" he asked.

"So poor that I am starving," said Sadi, with dignified simplicity.

"Ah! And you look for your supper on the dust-heaps. Just like a fiddler."

"I have walked to the ramparts and back every evening for three years," rejoined Sadi, whose self-possession remained to him. "The habit clings to me; besides, what is the harm?" he asked.

"The captain will teach you that; don't let me deceive you at all; he will certainly shoot you, old fellow. For myself, I am sensitive; it is my weakness to prefer live bodies to dead ones. I could not—no, I could not harm a fly, my Stradivarius. That is why you are now allowed to say your prayers."

His own humour amused him, and presently he continued:—

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"But perhaps you do not want to say your prayers, my Amati. Other people generally do that when Frenchmen are fiddling. Here is your violin, I see. Let us play it together."

The trooper returned while he spoke, carrying the frayed black leather case which stood for all that life could give to Sadi Descourcelles. When the lieutenant seized upon it with rough hands it was as though someone had struck Sadi a blow.

"Gently, for Heaven's sake, sir," he cried. "Do you know that my fiddle is worth five thousand francs?"

"To us possibly a good deal more," retorted the lieutenant, uncompassionately. "The captain shall read your music, my little Paganini. This way, if you please, and mind your precious neck if you prefer pistols."

It was the lieutenant's evident idea that the violin-case contained the private papers of a common spy, who had fallen by some lucky chance into the hands of the very men he would have betrayed to the French. Proud at the capture, and confident of applause from his superior officers, he now pushed Sadi across the cellar in which they stood to a door upon the far side of it, whence a flight of steps led downward to a second cellar, more spacious and less encumbered. Here candles burned upon a rude table, a fire flickered upon a tiled hearth, and burly figures moved about a copper, whence a fragrant smell diffused itself. Sadi perceived at once that he had been conducted into a very nest of Prussians. He had no doubt whatever that these were the men who had been carrying news of Strasburg to the Red Prince since the siege began; their startled exclamations when the door opened, the quick exchange of sign and counter-sign, left no other conclusion possible. And he understood what he had to hope from them—he, who knew their secret and could, by a word, bring a rabble there which would tear them limb from limb.

The trooper thrust Sadi forward toward the fire, while coarse, stubbly faces peered into his own, and more than one hand reached out for a candle to examine him more closely. To the hurried questions: "Whom have you here; what cattle is this?" the lieutenant answered, simply: "I must see the captain; please to wake him." In a tense interval, during which someone entered a lunette of the cellar and touched a sleeping figure upon the shoulder, the ruffian by the copper asked Sadi if he were hungry, and, being answered "Yes," he took a ladleful of the boiling soup and poured it over the prisoner's fingers. Sadi cried out sharply; but before the act could be repeated a burly man strode out of the alcove and gave the fellow a box on the ear which sounded like a pistol-shot.

"What do you mean by that, sergeant?" the new-comer asked.

"A spy from the ramparts. I was keeping him warm, Herr Captain," was the answer.

"But this is no spy; this is Sadi the fiddler."

Sadi turned with a cry of joy.

"Ludenmayer! You, my friend!" he exclaimed.

"Sadi! Old Sadi the fiddler! Impossible!"

"Indeed, it is possible. Old Sadi, as you say, and so hungry that he could eat the bones off your dishes."

"Then he shall sup with us. A hungry man makes friends with strange company, and we are that, as you guess, Maître Sadi. Come, sergeant, fill our friend a bowl of soup. Let him spy out that to begin with. Eh, Sadi, you will not refuse a bowl of soup even from the Prussians? Then let us see you fall to. We can talk of old friends afterwards."

There were some murmurs at this from the men about the table, but the sergeant obeyed the order sullenly, and a bowl of the hot soup was set before the astonished Sadi almost before he had realized that a lucky accident had saved his life—for the moment, at any rate. Ludenmayer, honestly glad to see an old acquaintance, even under such circumstances, began to assure the rest that they had nothing to fear from Sadi; but at this the fiddler put down his spoon and flatly contradicted his friend.

"Not so," he said, blandly; "if it were in my power I would hang the lot of you!"

They laughed at him now—laughed at him for a foolish crank, airing his absurd patriotism even at the pistol's mouth. While some of them said that he would soon have Prussians enough for his neighbours in Strasburg, others promised the city twenty, thirty, forty hours of her freedom.

"And we shall have you for our guest, friend Sadi," Ludenmayer said, affably. "We like you so much that we cannot part with you. No, we must certainly keep you until the Red Prince comes in; after that we will send you to Munich to fiddle at the opera. Eh, my boy, there's a career—to scrape this new Wagner stuff and hear the madmen say that you are a genius. Will you come to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Munich and see little Lucy again? I know that you will, Sadi."

Sadi sighed, but did not answer his friend. If the name of Lucy were a sweet remembrance to him, this promise of Strasburg's surrender and of the humiliation it must put upon France cut him to the quick. These men about him, jesting in the face of death, defiant of all risks—how much, perchance, they had done in the terrible weeks of the siege to bring about this inevitable cataclysm and the ruin and death which attended it! Their reward would be promotion and applause from those who had contrived France's misfortunes. None would punish them, none bring them to account, Sadi reflected bitterly; and, reflecting, he asked himself of a sudden if he were not the appointed agent—he, the humble fiddler, sent there by the chances of the night to discover and, it might be, to betray them.

The idea came to him quite unexpectedly while the Prussians were at their supper. In another he would have scoffed at it, but Sadi had long been fretting upon his own uselessness and the poor part he had played at the time of his country's need; and now it came to him as in a flash that this was the appointed hour. That he would lose his own life in the endeavour to give these men up to France he was quite convinced; but this contemplation of sacrifice pleased him, and there was but one regret—that he could do nothing which would not wound the father of her he had so greatly loved. Yes, if he could call Frenchmen to this hiding-place they would spare none, and Ludenmayer would perish with the others. Sadi said that



"IF IT WERE IN MY POWER I WOULD HANG THE LOT OF YOU."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

many a daughter mourned a father in Strasburg that day—why should little Lucy be spared? And yet he could not bring himself to harm his old friend. Did he not owe his life to him?

It was a strange scene—the big cellar lighted by guttering candles, the red fire flickering upon the hearth, and the sombre figures of the burly Prussians lolling over their dishes or their pipes. From time to time one or other would quit the place stealthily, returning anon with news from the ramparts or the streets. The young lieutenant disappeared altogether toward midnight, and Sadi knew that he had recrossed the lines while his friends were pledging him in giant bumpers of champagne. As the hours went on the hilarity became reckless and, as it seemed to Sadi, even dangerous. Ludenmayer called for silence more than once, but the men, warmed with the wine, obeyed him reluctantly, and were soon talking and laughing again. It was at the height of such an outburst that Sadi touched his friend upon the shoulder and bethought him of the very first lie he had told in all his life.

"Did you say good-bye to the Herr Lieutenant?" he asked, in a low voice; and then continued, "I hope so, for you will never see him again, friend Ludenmayer."

The captain, who had been squatting upon a heap of straw by Sadi's side, laughed a little incredulously, but his nervousness was evident when he asked:—



"I CAME HERE TO WARN YOU."

"And why should we not see him again, Sadi?"

"Because they know where he will recross to-night."

"They know! Who knows, then?"

"Levoire and the staff. It is rumoured that you are hiding in the ruins. I came here to warn you—you alone, mind, not the others."

He raised a finger as much as to say, "This is the compact between us." The Prussians round about were playing cards and dominoes, and quarrelling over their games. Ludenmayer, fallen serious in a moment, seemed to be turning over Sadi's words in his mind. Presently he said:—

"Levoire was a friend of yours, I think?"

"I had the honour to be instructor to his wife."

"Then she was your informant?"

He had put the idea into Sadi's head, and the fiddler seized upon it with avidity.

"We need not go into that. If you doubt her information, prove it for yourself. Your friends herearescarcely capable."

"That is true, the cattle. They think that their work is over. I must certainly go, Sadi—and take you with me."

"Not so, Ludenmayer; I must have nothing to do with it. Besides, I am very comfortable here."

"For the time being, yes. But if anything should happen to me, they would assuredly hang you, friend Sadi."

"I will take my chances, Ludenmayer. Remember, it is you alone that I wish to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

serve. They will at least respect your orders."

"Give them your word to be silent, and they will let you go away at once. There is nothing easier, Sadi."

"For a Prussian, perhaps—for me, no. We have been comrades—let that suffice, Ludenmayer. A wise man would go at once."

The eyes of the two met, and the Prussian seemed to read something of this odd fellow's purpose in his dilated pupils and the stern, set expression of his mouth. It came to Ludenmayer that he and the gregarious dozen of spies with him were already in a trap from which haste alone would save them. This simple old fiddler knew much more than he would tell. Ludenmayer, trained to selfishness by his occupation, cared nothing for that which happened to the others if he could save his own skin. He was grateful to Sadi, and he wrung his hand.

"Well," he said, in a louder voice, for all to hear, "I must certainly be off, but I shall not be away long. Do not spare the bottle, Sadi. And mind you treat him well," he added, turning to the company, "for he is my guest."

The men stood to the salute mechanically, and the sentry in the passage whispering that the road was clear, Ludenmayer left the cellar with a last word in Sadi's ear.

"Take care of yourself," he said; "they are in an ugly mood."

Sadi nodded his head confidently, but his heart beat quicker when the door was shut, and he looked a little eagerly into the faces of the crew as though he would learn their purpose now that the captain was gone. It could not be very long, he argued, before Ludenmayer discovered the trick which had been played upon him and returned to charge him with it. As to the Prussians about him, some were already steeped with wine, and they lay sprawling like animals in the straw; others, and the cook was among the number of these, eyed their captain's guest suspiciously and discussed him in low voices. Sadi knew that his life hung upon a thread; but when a great ruffian drew a revolver and loaded it deliberately the fiddler was not afraid. "They will not shoot me," he said to himself; "they would be afraid of the noise." What he feared was the rope and the hook in the beam above, but he did not confess it by his looks; and turning from them with a laugh he buried his head in the straw and pretended to sleep. Soon the others imitated him, and the heavy breathing of tired men echoed through the cellar.

Sadi lay for a long while without any other idea than that of his own danger and the fate which awaited him if Ludenmayer did not come back. He had caught up the precious fiddle which the captain returned to him, and he hugged it to him as the one possession left to him in the world. Silent as the place was, the broken roof admitted sounds of the later night, the blare of bugles, and the booming of the shells. Sadi wondered what those distant troops would say if a man should go to them and cry, "The cellars by the old church of St. Gervais are full of Prussian spies; you will find them sleeping there." Could he but send that message, at least one of the wrongs of those bitter days would be avenged. And yet how impotent he was! The desert waste of land above would be without one living soul at such an hour; and he knew that any attempt to quit the cellar would bring instant death upon him. Sadi, convinced of the hopelessness of his idea, lay very still and counted the dreary hours. For a time he slept; and when he awoke it was the sentry's voice which aroused him. The man had come down to warn his comrades. A regiment of the line marched out to the assistance of the gunners at Lunette 53—you could hear their heavy tramping as they crossed the old road, now lumbered over with stones and the rubble of the tumbled houses. There would be many, very many of them, the ear said. Sadi alone amongst those who listened to the footsteps did not tremble or turn pale. He was unloosing his fiddle in its case. None saw him or thought of him in that tragic moment. "For France!" he said, and he believed it was the last word he would ever utter.

The alarm cried softly in the cellar found stupid ears and men but half-awakened from a drunken sleep. Some of the Prussians sat up with hush words upon their lips; others simply lay and listened—a regiment was marching past certainly, but what of that? They had but to lie close and to douse the lights (which they were quick to do) and their safety was assured. This they believed when sudden music, loud and distinct, sent them leaping to their feet and crying for their swords. Someone played the "Wacht am Rhein" at their very elbows—a voice roared "Shoot the fiddler down"—another voice cried out for a light. It was the supreme moment in the life of Sadi the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fiddler. Never had he played so wildly or with such delight of his notes. And the darkness, he said, might yet save him. Dodging here, ducking there, he plunged into the passage and went on headlong toward the light. But he never ceased to play the "Wacht am Rhein" when he could stand a moment to breathe, and the bullets singing by him, the sword-thrusts aimed at him, did but make him play the louder.

Sadi gained the ruins above with a great gash upon his cheek and his precious fiddle cleaved in half by a cut from a Prussian sword. Up in the open his eyes beheld a glad sight. A regiment of infantry stood at the halt not twenty paces from him. Its officers were moving about as though in quest of some mystery, and when they perceived him they advanced a little curiously and bade the fiddler halt. He answered them in words which were almost incoherent. "The ruins are full of Prussians," he said, and pointed downwards to the cellars he had left. No other word was spoken or needed. Savagely, silently, as beasts of prey that have found quarry, the soldiers fixed their bayonets and began to go down. And Sadi stood entranced, listening to the cries of men in their death agony, to their prayers for mercy; and he said, "This wrong at least is avenged."



"HE NEVER CEASED TO PLAY THE 'WACHT AM RHEIN.'"

And so he turned from the scene, with his poor broken fiddle, and the long day of loneliness before him.

"I shall not play in Munich; I shall never see little Lucy again," he said. But he knew that he had done his duty, and his step was firmer when he set out again for the terrible streets of a city about to open its gates to the enemy.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Prince Henry's Beast Book.

THE many thousands who have laughed over the inimitable Artemus Ward's essays in natural history, such as "The elephant has four legs—one on each corner; he eats hay and cakes," might little suspect the analogy which exists between these humorous trifles and the serious works of the zoological pundits of the seventeenth century. If anything, far greater is the humour to be extracted from the older writers; especially when we recollect that their books and treatises on animal creation were regarded with infinite respect—veneration even—by young and old, wise and unwise, noble and plebeian, who diligently consulted them.

Unhappily, most of these productions are in Latin, and even Artemus Ward in Latin would probably lose the fine savour of merriment by which his good things are distinguished unless the translator relied upon puns, as they do in the Westminster plays. But the pictures in Aldrovandus, in Albertus Magnus, in Johannes Jonstonus, and in Conrad Gesner speak—shall we not rather say, shriek?—for themselves; and we were recently fortunate in coming across a large volume in which the best in all these books is gathered together, with English letterpress, for the benefit of a young English prince who lived and died early in the seventeenth century. It was in 1607 that Edward Topsell published his version of "Four-footed Beastes." Gesner's *chef d'œuvre* and those of the other writers named had been on the bookshelves for many years.

The volume in question belonged to the eldest son and heir of James I., and has his coat of arms on the cover. Next, it enjoys the distinction of having some of the plates coloured by the Royal hand, its owner being then in his thirteenth year. But, best of all, its pictures and letterpress describe for us beyond the possibility of error, and in the clearest and most perspicuous way, the wonderful quadrupeds which flourished on the face of the earth in Prince Henry's boyhood.

Beside this curious volume how tame are even the most interesting of modern natural history books! Let us begin with the king of beasts.

"Lyons bones have no marrow in them and are so hard that they will strike fire. Their neck is made of one stiffe bone, without any vertebras. They have five claws on the hinder feet and the balls of their eyes are black. Lyons eat but once in two days and drink in like manner. Formerly in England a Lyon could tell noble blood from base."



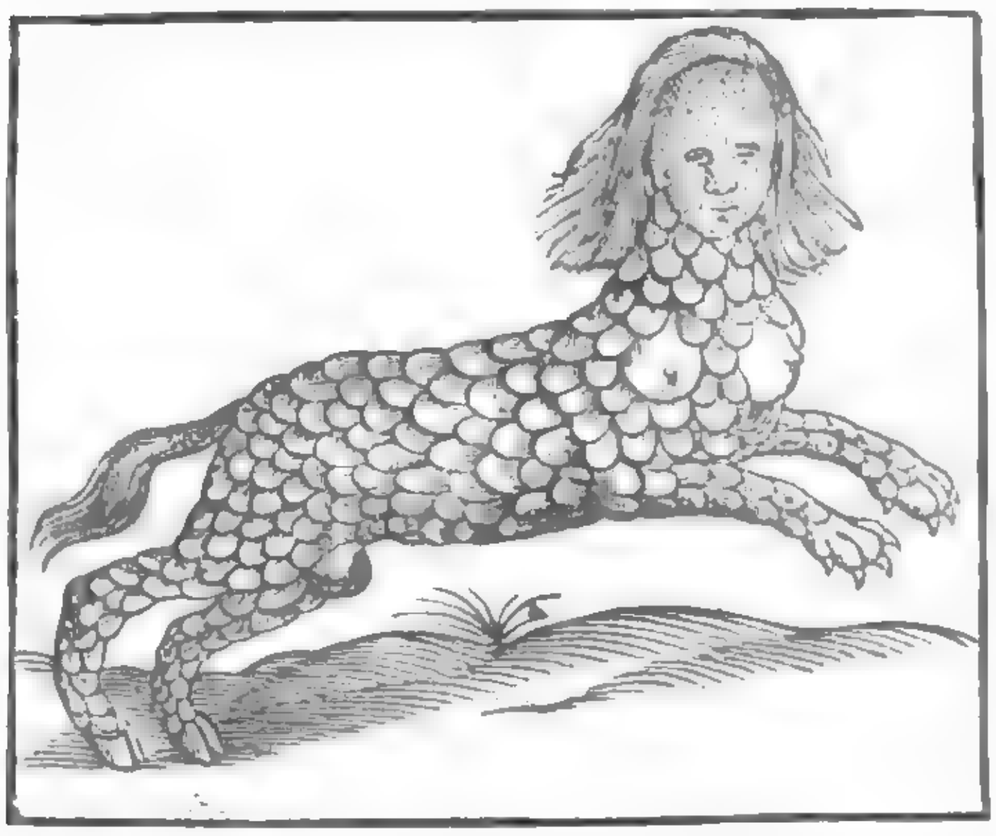
"THERE IS A VARIETY OF LYON WITH HUMAN FACES."

Can it be that this virtue was confined merely to the lions caged in the Heralds' College? Our Beast Booke goes on to inform us that in certain districts lions were killed, not with spears or cannon-balls, but "with the *powder of decayed fish.*" From whence may we not have a faint glimmering of the reason why Jamrach's was originally situated so much nearer to Billingsgate Market than to Piccadilly?

"There is a variety of Lyon with human faces. As for the rest, the taile of a Lyon is very long, which they shake oftentimes, and by beating their sides therewith they provoke themselves to fight. The nether part of this taile is full of hairs and gristles, and some are of opinion that there is therein a little sting wherewithall the Lyon pricketh itselfe."

"The Lamia is a wild Beast, having several parts outwardly resembling an Oxe and inwardly a mule. The Lamia has a woman's face and very beautifull, also very large and comely shapes such as cannot be imitated by the art of any painter, having a very excellent colour in their fore-parts without wings, and no other voice but hissing like Dragons; but they are the swiftest of foot of all earthly

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE LAMIA HAS A WOMAN'S FACE AND VERY BEAUTIFULL."

beasts, so as none can escape them by running."

The chief prey of the Lamia was, it appears, members of the human species, preferably males. By its passing beauty (or, to judge by the pictorial illustration, one would say rather by its amazing novelty) it would entice men, and when they had "come neare, devoure and kill them." In fact, these lamias were so inordinately fond of their favourite refreshment that in one district "a certain crooked place in Libia neare the Sea-shore full of sand was like to a sandy Sea and all the neighbor places thereunto are deserts." A painful and humiliating lack of men has often been noticed at our modern seaside resorts.



A TIGER.

"The hinder parts of this beast," concludes our author, "are like unto a goate, his forelegs like a Beares and his body scaled all over like a Dragon."

Next is a contemporary picture of a Tiger.

And now we come to the Wolf. His custom in those halcyon days of natural history was, as now, to go in troops. But we read: "Their necks are pressed together, so that they cannot stir it, to look about, but they must move their whole bodies. They fall upon their prey, devouring hair, bones and all. When they are to fight in great herds they fill their bellies with earth." But this is as nothing. "When they are to pass over Rivers, they joyn tails; loaded with that weight they are not easily thrown down and the floods can hardly carry them away, being joined together. The breath of a Wolf is so fiery, that it will melt and consume the hardest bone in his stomack."

We have all of us heard of the Harpy. Below is a likeness of one that speaks for itself.

Lizards are always interesting. "There was a lizzard 8 cubits long brought to Rome from Ætheopia by the command of a Cardinal of Lisbon and the mouth of it was so wide that a child might be put into it. . . . Put alive into a new earthen vessel and boyle'd with 3 Sextaryes of Wine and one Cyathus, it is excellent food for one sick of the Pthisick, if he drink of it in the morning fasting."

We must not suppose that this operation would kill the lizard; the difficulty would be how to procure a vessel to stew so large a lizard. Lizard-pots are made much smaller nowadays. We dare say that the worthy Mrs. Beeton, in her most ingenious moments, never dreamt of one above four, or at most six, cubits deep.

Writers of our own time who have never gone in for a course of logic rarely condescend to complete perspicuity. They take things too often for granted. This is not old Topsell's way. "The Arabian sheep have a very broad tail," he says, "and



A HARPY.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the fatter it is the thicker it will be." We learn, too, what we should never have suspected had the author not plainly stated it, that some tails "have been seen above 150lbs. in weight." Albertus Magnus saw "a Ram that had 4 great Horns growing on his head and two long ones on his legges, that were like to Goat's Horns."



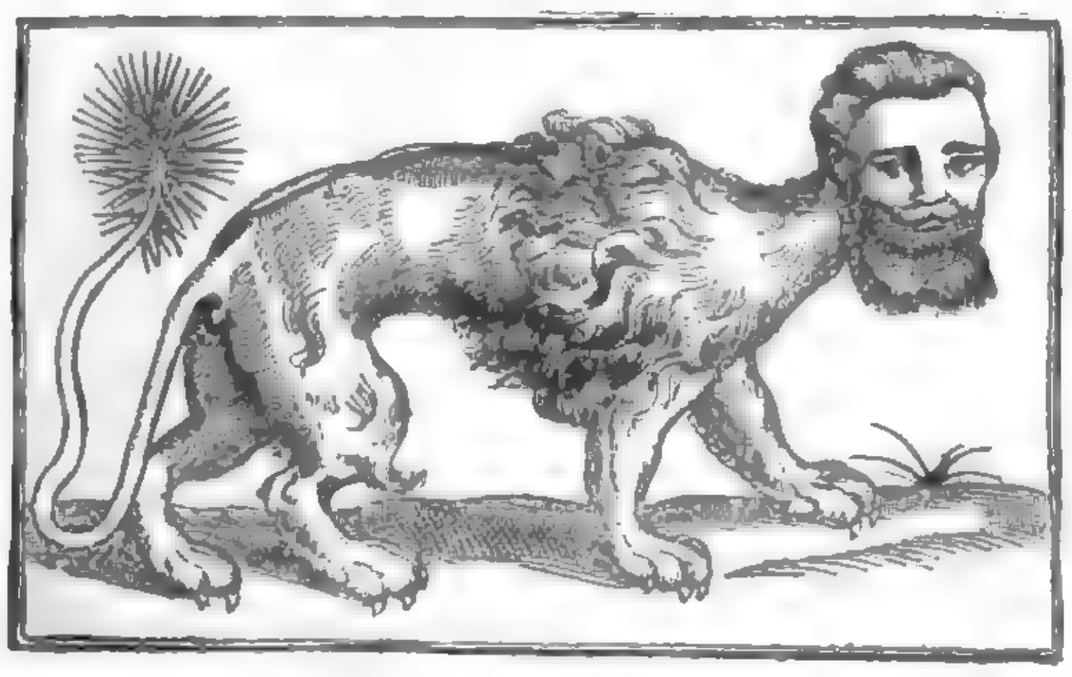
THE SPHINX OR SPHINGA.

Here are some other gems from our Beast Booke :—

"Subus is an amphibion, with two Horns: he follows shoals of fish swimming in the Sea, Lobsters, Pagri, and Oculatae, are fishes that love him; but he cares for none of their love, but makes them all his prey.

"The Sphinx or Sphinga is of the kinde of Apes, having his body rough like Apes, having the upper part like a woman and their visage much like them. The voice very like a man's, but not articular, sounding as if one did speak hastily or with sorrow. Their haire browne or swarthy colour. They are bred in India and Ethyopia. The true Sphinx is of a fierce though a tameable nature and if a man do first of all perceive or discerne of these natural *Sphinges*, before the beast discerne or perceive the man, he shall be safe; but if the beast first descrie the man, then is it mortal to the man.

"The Mantichora is bred among the Indians, having a treble row of teeth beneathe and above, whose greatnesse, roughnesse and feete are like a Lyons, his face and ears like unto a mans, his eyes grey and collour red, his taile like the taile of a scorpion of the earth, armed with a sting, casting forth sharp pointed quills, his voice like the voice of a small trumpet or pipe, being in course as swift as a Hart."



THE MANTICHORA.

Then follows further description of the Mantichora. This singular combination of lion, man, scorpion, and porcupine was implicitly believed in by all the natural history writers up to Goldsmith's day, and we are not sure that that pleasing but gullible scribe did not, privately at least, accord its existence full credence.

Leigh Hunt, in his Autobiography, describes the extraordinary effect which a sight of this beast had upon him when he encountered it in an old folio during his childhood. The Mantichora, he says, "unspeakably shocked me. It had the head of a man, grinning with rows of teeth, and the body of a wild beast, brandishing a tail armed with stings. It was sometimes called by the ancients Martichora. But I did not know that. I took the word to be a horrible compound of man and tiger. The beast figures in Pliny and the old travellers. Appolonius takes a fearful joy in describing him. 'Mantichora,' says old Morell—'bestia horrenda'—'a brute fit to give one the horrors.' The possibility of such creatures being pursued never occurred to me. Alexander, I thought, might have been encountered while crossing the Granicus, and elephants might be driven into the sea, but how could anyone face a beast with a man's head?" Leigh Hunt goes on to describe how the Mantichora impressed his whole childhood. Doubtless the sensations of the eighteenth-century child were the same felt by the early seventeenth-century Prince Henry. The Mantichora was the *bête noire* of the Royal nursery, we may depend upon it.

Scarcely less dreadful was the Collogruis, whose picture is given on the next page.

How many of us have heard of the Colus?

"There is," we read, "among the Scithians and Sarmatians a foure-footed wild beast

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

called Colus, being in quantitie and stature betwixt a Ramnie and a Hart and dusky white coloured, but the young ones yellow." The real peculiarity of the Colus, which makes every true lover of quadrupeds regret its extinction, is described as follows: "Her manner is to drinke by the holes in her nostrils, whereby she snuffeth up aboundance of water and carrieth it in her head, so that she will live in dry pastures remote from all moisture and great season, quenching her thirst by that cisterne in her head." Imagination conjures up a huge drove of Colii, blissfully encamped in the midst of the Sahara, astonishing the passing Bedouins by their sagacity and the amazing cisterns in their craniums. There was no use trying to capture them, so fleet and nimble were they, unless, indeed, the hunter had taken the precaution to arm himself with a flute or a timbrel. In that case he had only to strike up a few airs and it was all up with the poor Colus. He would fall down with weakness, and a simple blow with a staff sufficed to dispatch him. He made excellent eating; flavoured, we suppose, by the contents of the cranial cistern afore described.

"The Camelopard or Giraffe is a beaste full of spots. He hath two little hornes growing on his head the colour of iron, his eies rolling and growing, his mouth but small like a hart's; his tongue is neare three foot long. The pace of this beast differeth from all other in the world, for he doth not move his right and left foote one after another, but both together, and so likewise the other, whereby his whole body is removed at every step or straine."

We must perforce skip the descriptions of the three kinds of Apes — Ape Satyre, the Ape Norwegian, and the Ape Pan. Then there are such creatures as the Axis, the Alborach, the Cacus, the Allocamell, and the Tragelaphus.

And how shall we tell of the Dictyes, the Crucigeran, the Gulon, and the Gorgon? Then there are dissertations on those fearful quadrupeds the Orynx and the Tarbarine.



THE COLLOGRUIS.

But the Poephagus ought to detain the modern student a moment, as it must often have engrossed Prince Henry by the hour.

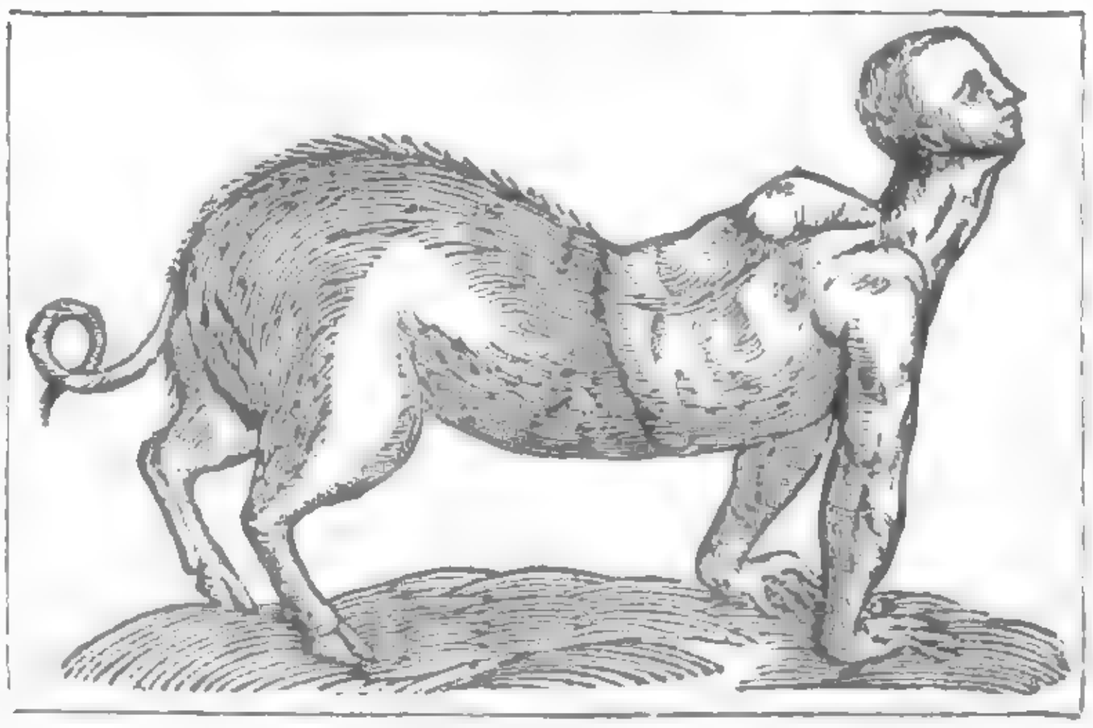
"This great beaste whose everie hair is two cubitts in length & yet finer than a man's, is one of the fearfullest creatures in the World: for if he perceive him to be but looked at by anybody he taketh to his heels as fast as he can goe."

The cause of his fright is his tail, which is much sought after by the natives to bind up their hair. When the hunted Poephagus can "no longer avoyde the hunter then doth he turne himselfe, hiding his taile, & looketh upon the face of the hunter with some confidence, gathering his wits together, as if to face out that he had no tayle, & that the residue of his body were not worth looking after."

Sly Poephagus! But his stratagem is in vain. For "they take off the skinne and the taile," perhaps not even killing him, and so leaving the luckless Poephagus to go roaming about the country skinless and tailless—a piteous sight. But stay. "Volateranus relateth this otherwise, that the beast biteth off his own taile and so delivereth himself from the hunter, knowing that he is not desired for any other cause." Can we not conjure up the scene for ourselves?

"Hunter: So sorry to trouble you, but your taile or your life!

"Poephagus: No trouble at all, I assure you. Allow me (*bites off his taile*). Pray accept it with my compliments (*hunter bows and retires*)."



THE POEPHAGUS.

"The Neades were certain beastes whose voice was so

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

terrible that they shook the earth therewith," but the Strepficeros, though endowed with a more resonant title, was a very simple, inoffensive quadruped after all.

"The Cepus was a four-footed beast having a face like a Lyon & some part of the body like a panther, being as big as a wild goat or Roe-buck, or as one of the dogs of *Erithrea* & a long taile, the which such of them as having tasted flesh will eat from their own bodies."

"The Calitrich had a long beard and a large taile." You perceive the early naturalists set great store by an animal's caudal appendage. It gave them scope for their descriptive powers.

And now let us learn something about the Cynocephale. "The Cynocephales are a kind of Apes, whose heads are like Dogges & their other part like a mans. Some there are which are able to write & naturally to discerne letters which kind the Priests bring into their Temples, & at their first entrance, the Priest bringeth him a writing Table, a pencil & Inke that so by seeing him write he may make by all whether he be of the right kind & the beast quickly sheweth his skill. The Nomades, people of Ethiopia & the nations of Mentimori live upon the milk of Cynocephals, keeping great heards of them, & killing all the males."

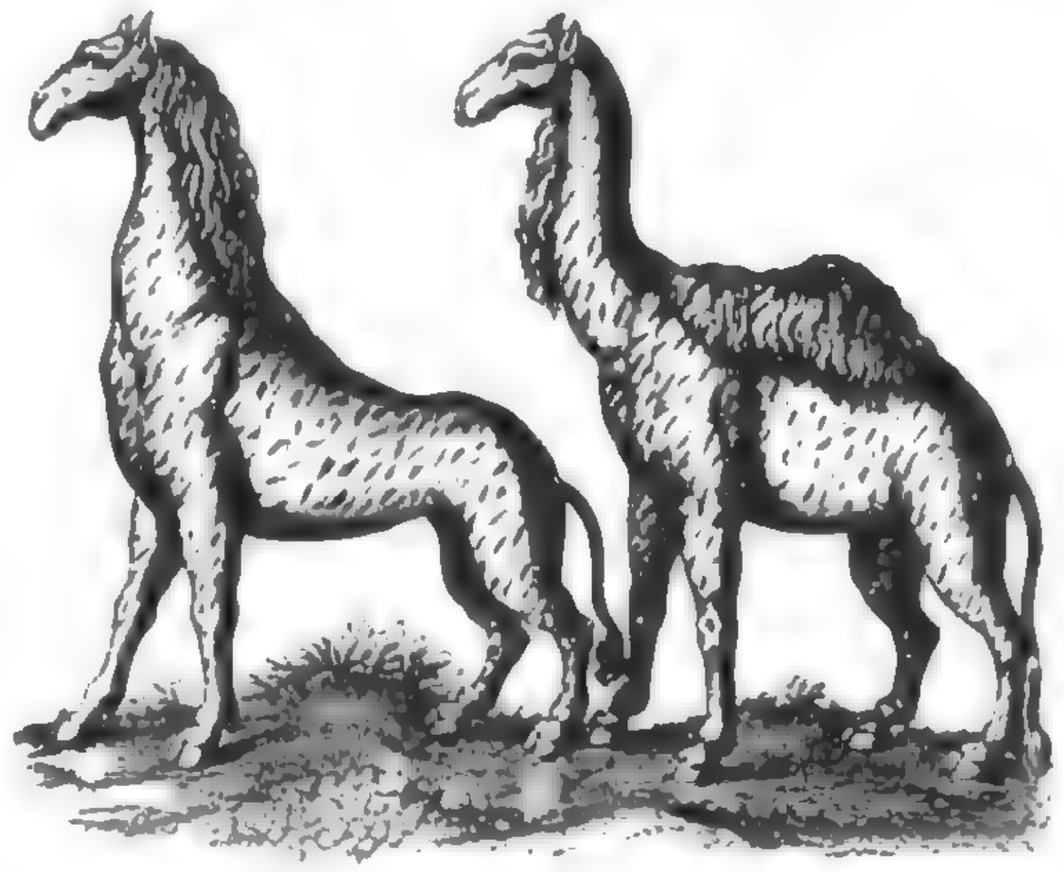
"The Elk is a four-footed beast commonly



A CYNOCEPHALE.

found in Scandinavia. His upper lip hangs out so long that he cannot eat but going backwards. He is subject to the falling sicknesse, the remedy he hath is to lift up the right claw of the hinder foot & put it to his left ear. It holds the same virtue if you cut it off."

Of the ram we are told that "for six winter months he sleeps on his right side; but after



CAMELS.

the vernal equinoctiall he rests on his right. Ælianus hath discovered this, but the butchers deny it."

"The Camel hath a manifold belly, either because he hath a great body: or, because he eats Thorny & Woody substances, God hath provided for the concoction. Puddle water is sweet to him, nor will he drink river water, till he hath troubled it with his foot. He lives a hundred years, unlesse the Ayre agree not with him. When they are on a journey they do not whip them forward: but they sing to them, whereby they run so fast that men can hardly follow them."

Modern zoologists must regret the extinction of the sixteenth-century She-goat, which, according to Prince Henry's natural history, "see as well by night as day, wherefore if those that are blind in the night eat a *Goats* liver they are granted sight. They breathe out of their eares and nostrils."

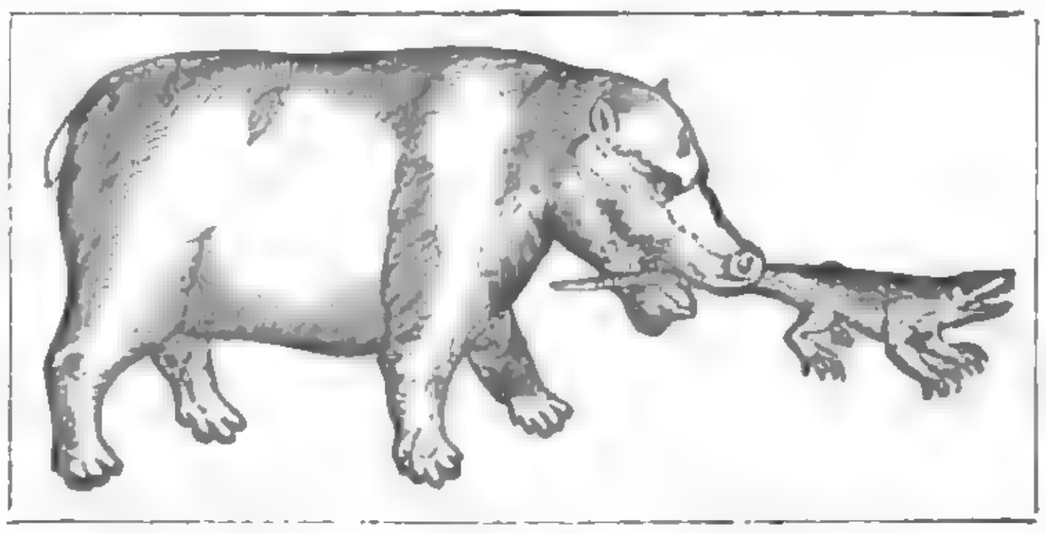
Farther along, the national animal of the greatest of British dominions beyond the seas is thus described:—

"The *Beaver* is a most strong creature to bite, he will never let go his teeth that meet, before he makes the bones crack. His hinder feet are like a Gooses and his fore-feet like an Apes. His fat tail is covered with a scaly skin, & he uses for a rudder when he pursues fish. He comes forth of his holes in the night: & biting off boughs of Trees about the Rivers, he makes his houses with an upper loft. When they are cut asunder they are very delightsome to see; for one lies on his back & hath the boughs

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

between his legges & others draw him by the tail to their cottage.

"A Baboon is a Creature with a head like a dog, but in shape like a man; he will fish cunningly, for he will dive all day, & bring forth abundance of fish."



A HIPPOPOTAMUS DEVOURING A CROCODILE.

Here is a picture of a Hippopotamus or Sea-Horse devouring a crocodile tail first.

"The Elephant is a stranger with us, but that the Indians & other places have them in common. The King of the Palibroti had 90,000 of them. Many strange things are spoken of them. It is certain that of old time they carried Castles of armed men into the Field. In his heart, says Aldrovandus, he hath a wonderful big bone. Aristotle maintains that he hath three Stomacks. It is most certain (continues the careful chronicler) that in the Kingdom of Malabar they talk together, & speak with man's voice. There was, saith Ocafta, in Cochin an Elephant, who carried things to the Haven & laboured in the sea-faring matters: when he was weary the Governor of the place did force him to draw a galley from the Haven which he had begun to draw, into the sea: the Elephant refused it the Governor gave him good words, & at the last entreated him to do it for the King of Portugal, thereupon (it is hardly credible) the elephant was moored, & repeated these two words clearly, *Hoo, Hoo*, which in the language of Malabar is, *I will, I will*, & he presently drew the ship into the Sea. . . . They learn things so eagerly that Pliny says that an Elephant that was something dull, & was often beat for not learning well, was found acting his part by moon-light, & some say that *Elephants* will learn to write & read. One of them learned to describe the Greek letters, & did write in the same tongue these words, *I myself writ this.*"

"But," concludes the zoologist, conscious of having clinched the matter by this last proof, "*I will say no more.*"



THE ICHNEUMON.

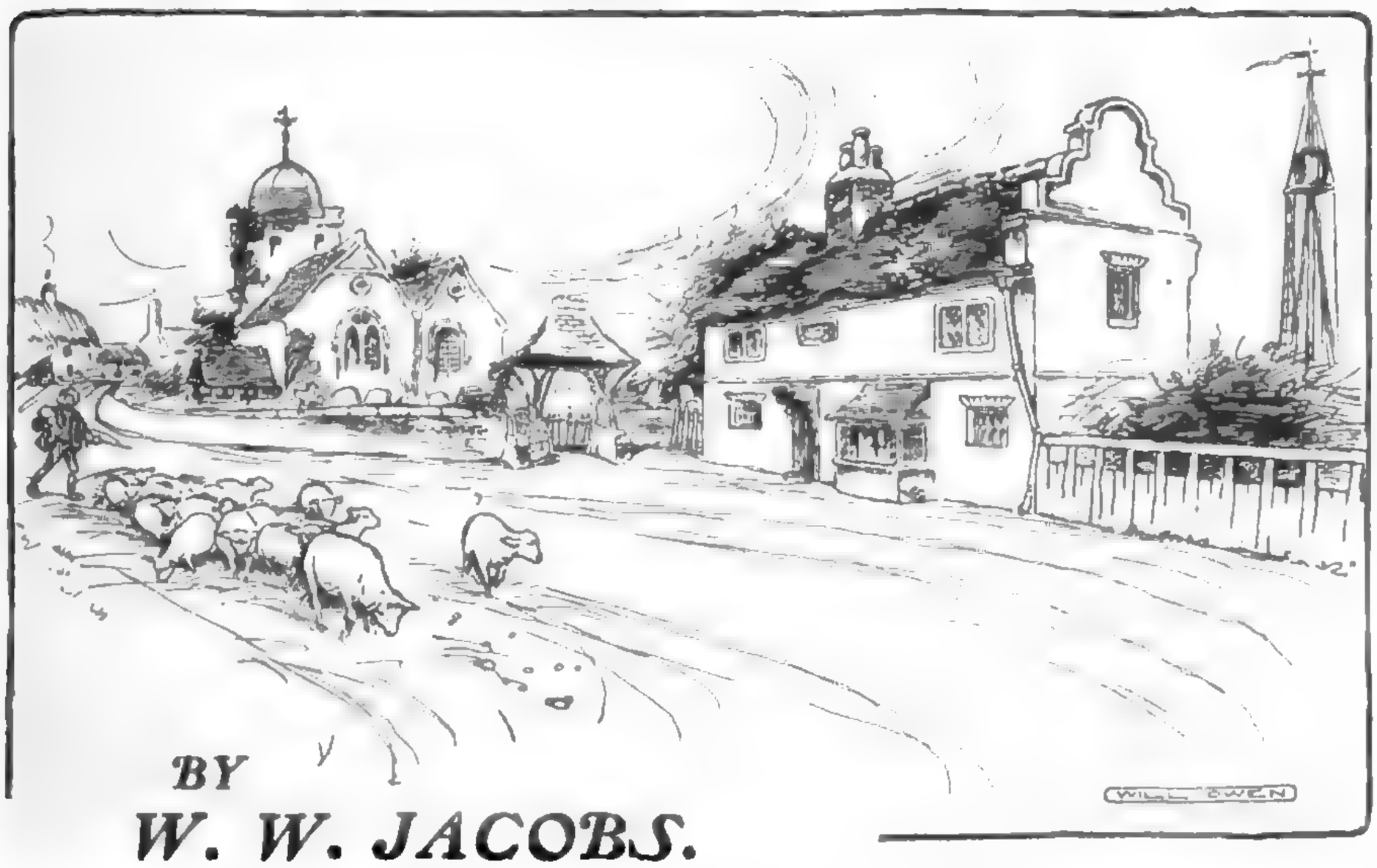
"The Ichneumon is a creature in Egypt with a long tail like a Serpents. He is an enemy to the Crocodile; for when he observes him sleeping he rolles himself in clay, & goes into his mouth, & so into his belly & eats his liver, & then leaps forth again."

Loaded with all his zoological learning we can understand how Prince Henry became a very bright little boy, far in advance of his years. We can also dimly perceive why he died so young.

It is not given to every youth—nor to every prince—to devour such marvels and live in peace and content at home or at Court, surrounded by the conventions of everyday English life. But had he survived this accumulation of wisdom, the realm would surely have boasted under King Henry IX. a "Zoo" compared with which our present establishment, excellent as it is, would have been paltry indeed. But it is too late to repine. The mantichora, the lamia, the gryphon, and the poephagus are presumably extinct, while as for our lions, bears, giraffes, and the rest of the "foure-footed beastes," these appear to have miserably abandoned all those curious traits which rendered them glorious in little Prince Henry's days, and which, we trust, will long reflect lustre on their past.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. EDWARD TREDGOLD sat in the private office of Tredgold and Son, land and estate agents, gazing through the prim wire blinds at the peaceful High Street of Binchester. Tredgold senior, who believed in work for the young, had left early. Tredgold junior, glad at an opportunity of sharing his father's views, had passed most of the work on to a clerk who had arrived in the world exactly three weeks after himself.

"Binchester gets duller and duller," said Mr. Tredgold to himself, wearily. "Two skittish octogenarians, one gloomy baby, one gloomier nursemaid, and three dogs in the last five minutes. If it wasn't for the dogs—— Halloa!"

He put down his pen and, rising, looked over the top of the blind at a girl who was glancing from side to side of the road as though in search of an address.

"A visitor," continued Mr. Tredgold, critically. "Girls like that only visit Binchester, and then take the first train back, never to return."

The girl turned at that moment and, encountering the forehead and eyes, gazed at them until they sank slowly behind the protection of the blind.

"She's coming here," said Mr. Tredgold, watching through the wire. "Wants to see our time-table, I expect."

He sat down at the table again, and taking up his pen took some papers from a pigeonhole and eyed them with severe thoughtfulness.

"A lady to see you, sir," said a clerk, opening the door.

Mr. Tredgold rose and placed a chair.

"I have called for the key of the cottage in Dialstone Lane," said the girl, still standing. "My uncle, Captain Bowers, has not arrived yet, and I am told that you are the landlord."

Mr. Tredgold bowed. "The next train is due at six," he observed, with a glance at the time-table hanging on the wall; "I expect he'll come by that. He was here on Monday seeing the last of the furniture in. Are you Miss Drewitt?"

"Yes," said the girl. "If you'll kindly give me the key, I can go in and wait for him."

Mr. Tredgold took it from a drawer. "If you will allow me, I will go down with you," he said, slowly; "the lock is rather awkward for anybody who doesn't understand it."

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The girl murmured something about not troubling him.

"It's no trouble," said Mr. Tredgold, taking up his hat. "It is our duty to do all we can for the comfort of our tenants. That lock——"

He held the door open and followed her into the street, pointing out various objects of interest as they went along.

"I'm afraid you'll find Binchester very quiet," he remarked.

"I like quiet," said his companion.

Mr. Tredgold glanced at her shrewdly, and, pausing only at the Jubilee horse-trough to point out beauties which might easily escape any but a trained observation, walked on in silence until they reached their destination.

Except in the matter of window-blinds, Dialstone Lane had not changed for generations, and Mr. Tredgold noted with pleasure the interest of his companion as she gazed at the crumbling roofs, the red-brick doorsteps, and the tiny lattice windows of the cottages. At the last house, a cottage larger than the rest, one side of which bordered the old churchyard, Mr. Tredgold paused and, inserting his key in the lock, turned it with thoughtless ease.

"The lock seems all right; I need not have bothered you," said Miss Drewitt, regarding him gravely.

"Ah, it seems easy," said Mr. Tredgold, shaking his head, "but it wants knack."

The girl closed the door smartly, and, turning the key, opened it again without any difficulty. To satisfy herself—on more points than one—she repeated the performance.

"You've *got* the knack," said Mr. Tredgold, meeting her gaze with great calmness. "It's extraordinary what a lot of character there is in locks; they let some people open them without any trouble, while others may fumble at them till they're tired."

The girl pushed the door open and stood just inside the room.

"Thank you," she said, and gave him a little bow of dismissal.

A vein of obstinacy in Mr. Tredgold's disposition, which its owner mistook for firmness, asserted itself. It was plain that the girl had estimated his services at their true value and was quite willing to apprise him of the fact. He tried the lock again, and with more bitterness than the occasion seemed to warrant said that somebody had been oiling it.

"I promised Captain Bowers to come in this afternoon and see that a few odd things had been done," he added. "May I come in now?"

The girl withdrew into the room, and, seating herself in a large arm-chair by the fireplace, watched his inspection of door-knobs and window-fastenings with an air of grave amusement, which he found somewhat trying.

"Captain Bowers had the walls panelled and these lockers made to make the room look as much like a ship's cabin as possible," he said, pausing in his labours. "He was quite pleased to find the staircase opening out of the room—he calls it the companion-ladder. And he calls the kitchen the pantry, which led to a lot of confusion with the workmen. Did he tell you of the crow's-nest in the garden?"

"No," said the girl.

"It's a fine piece of work," said Mr. Tredgold.

He opened the door leading into the kitchen and stepped out into the garden. Miss Drewitt, after a moment's hesitation, followed, and after one delighted glance at the trim old garden gazed curiously at a mast with a barrel fixed near the top, which stood at the end.

"There's a fine view from up there," said Mr. Tredgold. "With the captain's glass one can see the sea distinctly. I spent nearly all last Friday afternoon up there, keeping an eye on things. Do you like the garden? Do you think these old creepers ought to be torn down from the house?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Drewitt, with emphasis.

"Just what I said," remarked Mr. Tredgold. "Captain Bowers wanted to have them pulled down, but I dissuaded him. I advised him to consult you first."

"I don't suppose he really intended to," said the girl.

"He did," said the other, grimly; "said they were untidy. How do you like the way the house is furnished?"

The girl gazed at him for a few moments before replying. "I like it very much," she said, coldly.

"That's right," said Mr. Tredgold, with an air of relief. "You see, I advised the captain what to buy. I went with him to Tollminster and helped him choose. Your room gave me the most anxiety, I think."

"*My* room?" said the girl, starting.

"It's a dream in the best shades of pink and green," said Mr. Tredgold, modestly. "Pink on the walls, and carpets and hangings

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

green ; three or four bits of old furniture—the captain objected, but I stood firm ; and for pictures I had two or three little things out of an art journal framed."

"Is furnishing part of your business?" inquired the girl, eyeing him in bewilderment.

"Business?" said the other. "Oh, no. I did it for amusement. I chose and the captain paid. It was a delightful experience. The sordid question of price was waived ; for once expense was nothing to me. I wish you'd just step up to your room and see how you like it. It's the one over the kitchen."

Miss Drewitt hesitated, and then curiosity, combined with a cheerful idea of probably being able to disapprove of the lauded decorations, took her indoors and upstairs. In a few minutes she came down again.

"I suppose it's all right," she said, ungraciously, "but I don't understand why you should have selected it."

"I had to," said Mr. Tredgold, confidentially. "I happened to go to Tollminster the same day as the captain and went into a shop with him. If you could only see the things he wanted to buy, you would understand."

The girl was silent.

"The paper the captain selected for your room," continued Mr. Tredgold, severely, "was decorated with branches of an unknown flowering shrub, on the top twig of which a humming-bird sat eating a dragon-fly. A rough calculation showed me that every time you opened your eyes in the morning you would see fifty-seven humming-birds—all made in the same pattern—eating fifty-seven ditto dragon-flies. The captain said it was cheerful."

"I have no doubt that my uncle's selection would have satisfied me," said Miss Drewitt, coldly.

"The curtains he fancied were red, with small yellow tigers crouching all over them," pursued Mr. Tredgold. "The captain seemed fond of animals."

"I think that you were rather—venturesome," said the girl. "Suppose that I had not liked the things you selected?"

Mr. Tredgold deliberated. "I felt sure that you would like them," he said, at last. "It was a hard struggle not to keep some of the things for myself. I've had my eye on those two Chippendale chairs for years. They belonged to an old woman in Mint Street, but she always refused to part with them. I shouldn't have got them, only one of them let her down the other day."

"Let her down?" repeated Miss Drewitt, sharply. "Do you mean one of the chairs in my bedroom?"

Mr. Tredgold nodded. "Gave her rather a nasty fall," he said. "I struck while the iron was hot, and went and made her an offer while she was still laid up from the effects of it. It's the one standing against the wall; the other's all right, with proper care."

Miss Drewitt, after a somewhat long interval, thanked him.

"You must have been very useful to my uncle," she said, slowly. "I feel sure that he would never have bought chairs like those of his own accord."



"PRUDENCE."

"He has been at sea all his life," said Mr. Tredgold, in extenuation. "You haven't seen him for a long time, have you?"

"Ten years," was the reply.

"He is delightful company," said Mr. Tredgold. "His life has been one long series of adventures in every quarter of the globe. His stock of yarns is like the widow's cruse. And here he comes," he added, as a dilapidated fly drew up at the house and an elderly man, with a red, weather-beaten face, partly hidden in a cloud of grey beard, stepped out and stood in the doorway, regarding the girl with something almost akin to embarrassment.

"It's not—not Prudence?" he said, at

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

length, holding out his hand and staring at her.

"Yes, uncle," said the girl.

They shook hands, and Captain Bowers, reaching up for a cage containing a parrot, which had been noisily entreating the cabman for a kiss all the way from the station, handed that flustered person his fare and entered the house again.

"Glad to see you, my lad," he said, shaking hands with Mr. Tredgold and glancing covertly at his niece. "I hope you haven't been waiting long," he added, turning to the latter.

"No," said Miss Drewitt, regarding him with a puzzled air.

"I missed the train," said the captain. "We must try and manage better next time. I—I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Thank you," said the girl.

"You—you are very like your poor mother," said the captain.

"I hope so," said Prudence.

She stole up to the captain and, after a moment's hesitation, kissed his cheek. The next moment she was caught up and crushed in the arms of a powerful and affectionate bear.

"Blest if I hardly knew how to take you at first," said the captain, his red face shining with gratification. "Little girls are one thing, but when they grow up into"—he held her away and looked at her proudly—"into handsome and dignified-looking young women, a man doesn't quite know where he is."

He took her in his arms again and, kissing her forehead, winked delightedly in the direction of Mr. Tredgold, who was affecting to look out of the window.

"My man'll be in soon," he said, releasing the girl, "and then we'll see about some tea. He met me at the station and I sent him straight off for things to eat."

"Your man?" said Miss Drewitt.

"Yes; I thought a man would be easier to manage than a girl," said the captain, knowingly. "You can be freer with 'em in the matter of language, and then there's no followers or anything of that kind. I got him to sign articles ship-shape and proper. Mr. Tredgold recommended him."

"No, no," said that gentleman, hastily.

"I asked you before he signed on with me," said the captain, pointing a stumpy forefinger at him. "I made a point of it, and you told me that you had never heard anything against him."

"I don't call that a recommendation," said Mr. Tredgold.

"It's good enough in these days," retorted the captain, gloomily. "A man that has got a character like that is hard to find."

"He might be artful and keep his faults to himself," suggested Tredgold.

"So long as he does that, it's all right," said Captain Bowers. "I can't find fault if there's no faults to find fault with. The best steward I ever had, I found out afterwards, had escaped from gaol. He never wanted to go ashore, and when the ship was in port almost lived in his pantry."

"I never heard of Tasker having been in gaol," said Mr. Tredgold. "Anyhow, I'm certain that he never broke out of one; he's far too stupid."

As he paid this tribute the young man referred to entered laden with parcels, and, gazing awkwardly at the company, passed through the room on tip-toe and began to busy himself in the pantry. Mr. Tredgold, refusing the captain's invitation to stay for a cup of tea, took his departure.

"Very nice youngster that," said the captain, looking after him. "A little bit light-hearted in his ways, perhaps, but none the worse for that."

He sat down and looked round at his possessions. "The first real home I've had for nearly fifty years," he said, with great content. "I hope you'll be as happy here as I intend to be. It sha'n't be my fault if you're not."

Mr. Tredgold walked home deep in thought, and by the time he had arrived there had come to the conclusion that if Miss Drewitt favoured her mother, that lady must have been singularly unlike Captain Bowers in features.

CHAPTER II.

In less than a week Captain Bowers had settled down comfortably in his new command. A set of rules and regulations by which Mr. Joseph Tasker was to order his life was framed and hung in the pantry. He studied it with care, and, anxious that there should be no possible chance of a misunderstanding, questioned the spelling in three instances. The captain's explanation that he had spelt those words in the American style was an untruthful reflection upon a great and friendly nation.

Dialstone Lane was at first disposed to look askance at Mr. Tasker. Old-fashioned matrons clustered round to watch him cleaning the doorstep, and, surprised at its whiteness, withdrew discomfited. Rumour had it

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that he liked work, and scandal said that he had wept because he was not allowed to do the washing.

The captain attributed this satisfactory condition of affairs to the rules and regulations, though a slight indiscretion on the part of Mr. Tasker, necessitating the unframing of the document to add to the latter, caused him a little annoyance.



"OLD-FASHIONED MATRONS CLUSTERED ROUND TO WATCH HIM CLEANING THE DOORSTEP."

The first intimation he had of it was a loud knocking at the front door as he sat dozing one afternoon in his easy-chair. In response to his startled cry of "Come in!" the door opened and a small man, in a state of considerable agitation, burst into the room and confronted him.

"My name is Chalk," he said, breathlessly.

"A friend of Mr. Tredgold's?" said the captain. "I've heard of you, sir."

The visitor paid no heed.

"My wife wishes to know whether she has got to dress in the dark every afternoon for the rest of her life," he said, in fierce but trembling tones.

"Got to dress in the dark?" repeated the astonished captain.

"With the blind down," explained the other.

Captain Bowers looked him up and down. He saw a man of about fifty nervously fingering the little bits of fluffy red whisker which grew at the sides of his face, and trying to still the agitation of his tremulous mouth.

"How would you like it yourself?" demanded the visitor, whose manner was gradually becoming milder and milder. "How would *you* like a telescope a yard long pointing——"

He broke off abruptly as the captain, with a smothered oath, dashed out of his chair into the garden and stood shaking his fist at the crow's-nest at the bottom.

"Joseph!" he bawled.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Tasker, removing the telescope described by Mr. Chalk from his eye, and leaning over.

"What are you doing with that spy-glass?" demanded his master, beckoning to the visitor, who had drawn near. "How dare you stare in at people's windows?"

"I wasn't, sir," replied Mr. Tasker, in an injured voice. "I wouldn't think o' such a thing—I couldn't, not if I tried."

"You'd got it pointed straight at my bedroom window," cried Mr. Chalk, as he

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

accompanied the captain down the garden. "And it ain't the first time."

"I wasn't, sir," said the steward, addressing his master. "I was watching the martins under the eaves."

"You'd got it pointed at my window," persisted the visitor.

"That's where the nests are," said Mr. Tasker, "but I wasn't looking in at the window. Besides, I noticed you always pulled the blind down when you saw me looking, so I thought it didn't matter."

"We can't do anything without being followed about by that telescope," said Mr. Chalk, turning to the captain. "My wife had our house built where it is on purpose, so that we shouldn't be overlooked. We didn't bargain for a thing like that sprouting up in a back-garden."

"I'm very sorry," said the captain. "I wish you'd told me of it before. If I catch you up there again," he cried, shaking his fist at Mr. Tasker, "you'll remember it. Come down!"

Mr. Tasker, placing the glass under his arm, came slowly and reluctantly down the ratlines.

"I wasn't looking in at the window, Mr. Chalk," he said, earnestly. "I was watching the birds. O' course, I couldn't help seeing in a bit, but I always shifted the spy-glass at once if there was anything that I thought I oughtn't——"

"That'll do," broke in the captain, hastily. "Go in and get the tea ready. If I so much as see you looking at that glass again we part, my lad, mind that."

"I don't suppose he meant any harm," said the mollified Mr. Chalk, after the crest-fallen Joseph had gone into the house. "I hope I haven't been and said too much, but my wife insisted on me coming round and speaking about it."

"You did quite right," said the captain, "and I thank you for coming. I told him he might go up there occasionally, but I particularly warned him against giving any annoyance to the neighbours."

"I suppose," said Mr. Chalk, gazing at the erection with interest—"I suppose there's a good view from up there? It's like having a ship in the garden, and it seems to remind you of the North Pole, and whales, and Northern Lights."

Five minutes later Mr. Tasker, peering through the pantry window, was surprised to see Mr. Chalk ascending with infinite caution to the crow's-nest. His high hat was jammed firmly over his brows and the telescope was gripped tightly under his right arm. The journey was evidently regarded as one of extreme peril by the climber; but he held on gallantly and, arrived at the top, turned a tremulous telescope on to the horizon.

Mr. Tasker took a deep breath and resumed his labours. He set the table, and when the water boiled made the tea, and went down the garden to announce the fact. Mr. Chalk was still up aloft, and even at that height the pallor of his face was clearly discernible. It was evident to the couple below that the terrors of the descent were too much for him, but that he was too proud to say so.

"Nice view up there," called the captain.

"B—b—beautiful," cried Mr. Chalk, with an attempt at enthusiasm.

The captain paced up and down impatiently; his tea was getting cold, but the forlorn figure aloft made no sign. The captain waited a little longer, and then, laying hold of the shrouds, slowly mounted until his head was above the platform.

"Shall I take the glass for you?" he inquired.

Mr. Chalk, clutching the edge of the cask, leaned over and handed it down.

"My—my foot's gone to sleep," he stammered.

"Ho! Well, you must be careful how you get down," said the captain, climbing on to the platform. "Now, gently."

He put the telescope back into the cask, and, beckoning Mr. Tasker to ascend, took Mr. Chalk in a firm grasp and lowered him until he was able to reach Mr. Tasker's face with his foot. After that the descent was easy, and Mr. Chalk, reaching ground once more, spent two or three minutes in slapping and rubbing, and other remedies prescribed for sleepy feet.

"There's few gentlemen that would have come down at all with their foot asleep," remarked Mr. Tasker, pocketing a shilling, when the captain's back was turned.

Mr. Chalk, still pale and shaking somewhat, smiled feebly and followed the captain into the house. The latter offered a cup of tea, which the visitor, after a faint protest, accepted, and taking a seat at the table gazed in undisguised admiration at the nautical appearance of the room.

"I could fancy myself aboard ship," he declared.

"Are you fond of the sea?" inquired the captain.

"I love it," said Mr. Chalk, fervently. "It was always my idea from a boy to go to sea, but somehow I didn't. I went into my

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

father's business instead, but I never liked it. Some people are fond of a stay-at-home life, but I always had a hankering after adventures."

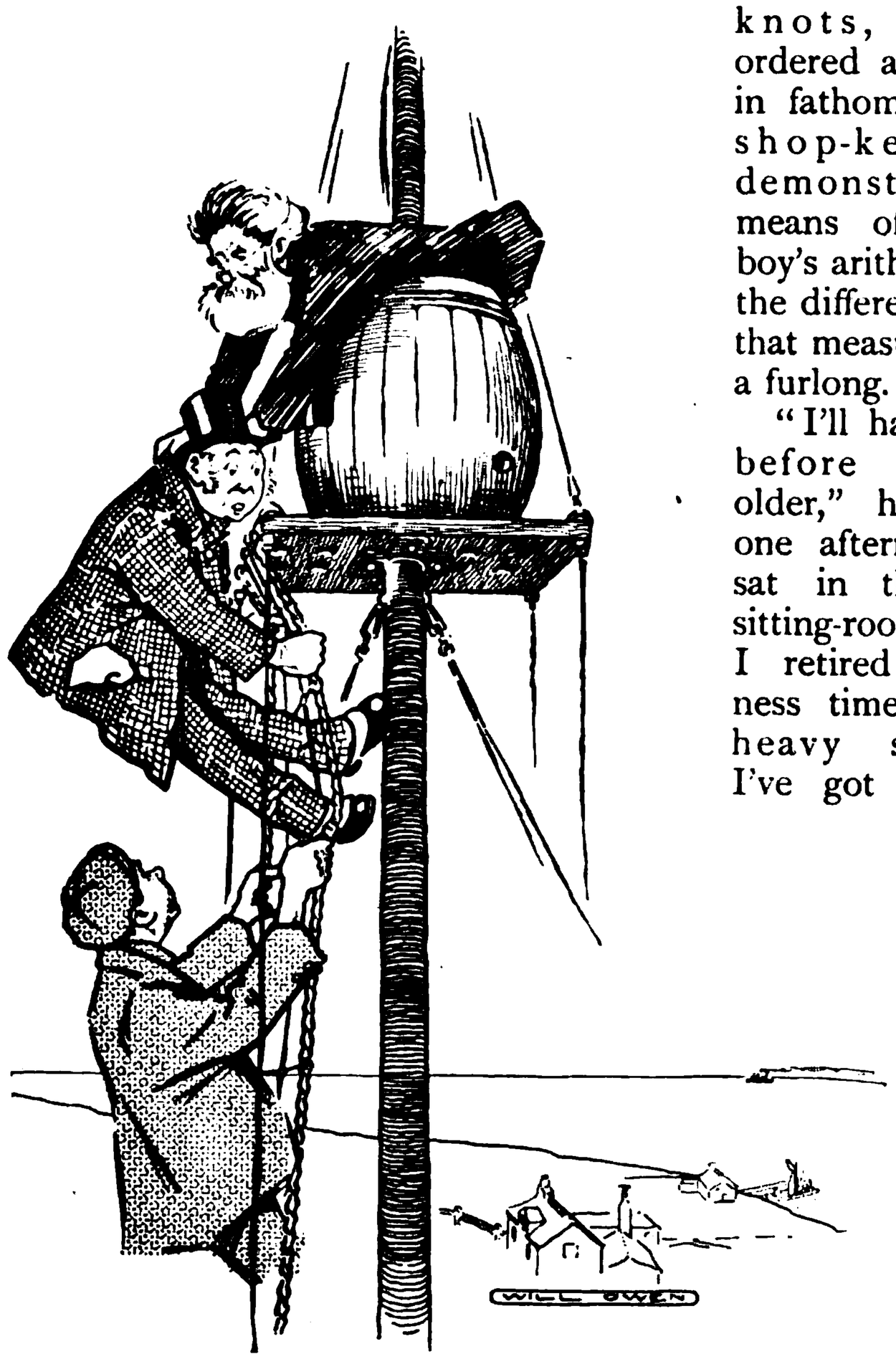
The captain shook his head. "Ha!" he said, impressively.

"You've had a few in your time," said Mr. Chalk, looking at him, grudgingly; "Edward Tredgold was telling me so."

"Man and boy, I was at sea forty-nine years," remarked the captain. "Naturally things happened in that time; it would have been odd if they hadn't. It's all in a lifetime."

"Some lifetimes," said Mr. Chalk, gloomily. "I'm fifty-one next year, and the only thing I ever had happen to me was seeing a man stop a runaway horse and cart."

He shook his head solemnly over his monotonous career and, gazing at a war-club from Samoa which hung over the fireplace, put a few leading questions to the captain concerning the manner in which it came into his possession. When Prudence came in half an hour later he was still sitting there, listening with rapt attention to his host's tales of distant seas.



"HE TOOK MR. CHALK IN A FIRM GRASP AND LOWERED HIM."

It was the first of many visits. Sometimes he brought Mr. Tredgold and sometimes Mr. Tredgold brought him. The terrors of the crow's-nest vanished before his persevering attacks, and perched there with the captain's glass he swept the landscape with the air of an explorer surveying a strange and hostile country.

It was a fitting prelude to the captain's tales afterwards, and Mr. Chalk, with the stem of his long pipe withdrawn from his open mouth, would sit enthralled as his host narrated picturesque incidents of hairbreadth escapes, or, drawing his chair to the table, made rough maps for his listener's clearer understanding. Sometimes the captain took him to palm-studded islands in the Southern Seas; sometimes to the ancient worlds of China and Japan. He became an expert in nautical terms. He walked in knots, and even ordered a new carpet in fathoms—after the shop-keeper had demonstrated, by means of his little boy's arithmetic book, the difference between that measurement and a furlong.

"I'll have a voyage before I'm much older," he remarked one afternoon, as he sat in the captain's sitting-room. "Since I retired from business time hangs very heavy sometimes. I've got a fancy for a small yacht, but I suppose I couldn't go a long voyage in a small one?"

"Smaller the better," said Edward Tredgold, who was sitting by the window watching Miss Drewitt sewing.

Mr. Chalk took his pipe from his mouth and eyed him inquiringly.

"Less to lose," explained Mr. Tredgold, with a scarcely perceptible glance at the captain. "Look at the dangers you'd be dragging your craft into, Chalk; there would be no satisfying you with a quiet cruise in the Mediterranean."

"I shouldn't run into unnecessary danger," said Mr. Chalk, seriously. "I'm a married man, and there's my wife to think of. What would become of her if anything happened to me?"

"Why, you've got plenty of money to leave, haven't you?" inquired Mr. Tredgold.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"SOMETIMES THE CAPTAIN TOOK HIM TO PALM-STUDDED ISLANDS IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS."

"I was thinking of her losing *me*," replied Mr. Chalk, with a touch of acerbity.

"Oh, I didn't think of that," said the other. "Yes, to be sure."

"Captain Bowers was telling me the other day of a woman who wore widow's weeds for thirty-five years," said Mr. Chalk, impressively. "And all the time her husband was married again and got a big family in Australia. There's nothing in the world so faithful as a woman's heart."

"Well, if you're lost on a cruise, I shall know where to look for you," said Mr. Tredgold. "But I don't think the captain ought to put such ideas into your head."

Mr. Chalk looked bewildered. Then he scratched his left whisker with the stem of his churchwarden pipe and looked severely over at Mr. Tredgold.

"I don't think you ought to talk that way before ladies," he said, primly. "Of course, I know you're only in joke, but there's some people can't see jokes as quick as others and they might get a wrong idea of you."

"What part did you think of going to for your cruise?" interposed Captain Bowers.

"There's nothing settled yet," said Mr. Chalk; "it's just an idea, that's all. I was talking to your father the other day," he added, turning to Mr. Tredgold; "just sounding him, so to speak."

"You take him," said that dutiful son, briskly. "It would do him a world of good; me, too."

"He said he couldn't afford either the time or the money," said Mr. Chalk. "The thing to do would be to combine business with pleasure—to take a yacht and find a sunken galleon loaded with gold pieces. I've heard of such things being done."

"I've heard of it," said the captain, nodding.

"Bottom of the ocean must be paved with them in places," said Mr. Tredgold, rising, and following Miss Drewitt, who had gone into the garden to plant seeds.

Mr. Chalk refilled his pipe and, accepting a match from the captain, smoked slowly. His gaze was fixed on the window, but instead of Dialstone Lane he saw tumbling blue seas and islets far away.

"That's something you've never come across, I suppose, Captain Bowers?" he remarked at last.

"No," said the other.

Mr. Chalk, with a vain attempt to conceal his disappointment, smoked on for some time in silence. The blue seas disappeared, and he saw instead the brass knocker of the house opposite.

"Nor any other kind of craft with treasure aboard, I suppose?" he suggested, at last.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The captain put his hands on his knees and stared at the floor. "No," he said, slowly, "I can't call to mind any craft; but it's odd that you should have got on this subject with me."

Mr. Chalk laid his pipe carefully on the table. "Why?" he inquired.

"Well," said the captain, with a short laugh, "it *is* odd, that's all."

Mr. Chalk fidgeted with the stem of his pipe. "You know of sunken treasure somewhere?" he said, eagerly.

The captain smiled and shook his head; the other watched him narrowly.

"You know of some treasure?" he said, with conviction.

"Not what you could call sunken," said the captain, driven to bay.

Mr. Chalk's pale-blue eyes opened to their fullest extent. "Ingots?" he queried.

The other shook his head. "It's a secret," he remarked; "we won't talk about it."

"Yes, of course, naturally, I don't expect you to tell me where it is," said Mr. Chalk, "but I thought it might be interesting to hear about, that's all."

"It's buried," said the captain, after a long pause. "I don't know that there's any harm in telling you that; buried in a small island in the South Pacific."

"Have you seen it?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

"I buried it," rejoined the other.

Mr. Chalk sank back in his chair and regarded him with awestruck attention; Captain Bowers, slowly ramming home a charge of tobacco with his thumb, smiled quietly.

"Buried it," he repeated, musingly, "with the blade of an oar for a spade. It was a long job, but it's six foot down and the dead man it belonged to atop of it."

The pipe fell from the listener's fingers and smashed unheeded on the floor.

"You ought to make a book of it," he said at last.

The captain shook his head. "I haven't got the gift of story-telling," he said, simply. "Besides, you can understand I don't want it noised about. People might bother me."

He leaned back in his chair and bunched his beard in his hand; the other, watching him closely, saw that his thoughts were busy with some scene in his stirring past.

"Not a friend of yours, I hope?" said Mr. Chalk, at last.

"Who?" inquired the captain, starting from his reverie.

"The dead man atop of the treasure," replied the other.

"No," said the captain, briefly.

"Is it worth much?" asked Mr. Chalk.

"Roughly speaking, about half a million," responded the captain, calmly.

Mr. Chalk rose and walked up and down the room. His eyes were bright and his face pinker than usual.

"Why don't you get it?" he demanded, at last, pausing in front of his host.

"Why, it ain't mine," said the captain, staring. "D'ye think I'm a thief?"

Mr. Chalk stared in his turn. "But who does it belong to, then?" he inquired.

"I don't know," replied the captain. "All I know is, it isn't mine, and that's enough for me. Whether it was rightly come by I don't know. There it is, and there it'll stay till the crack of doom."

"Don't you know any of his relations or friends?" persisted the other.

"I know nothing of him except his name," said the captain, "and I doubt if even that was his right one. Don Silvio he called himself—a Spaniard. It's over ten years ago since it happened. My ship had been bought by a firm in Sydney, and while I was waiting out there I went for a little run on a schooner among the islands. This Don Silvio was aboard of her as a passenger. She went to pieces in a gale, and we were the only two saved. The others were washed overboard, but we got ashore in the boat, and I thought from the trouble he was taking over his bag that the danger had turned his brain."

"Ah!" said the keenly-interested Mr. Chalk.

"He was a sick man aboard ship," continued the captain, "and I soon saw that he hadn't saved his life for long. He saw it, too, and before he died he made me promise that the bag should be buried with him and never disturbed. After I'd promised, he opened the bag and showed me what was in it. It was full of precious stones—diamonds, rubies, and the like; some of them as large as birds' eggs. I can see him now, propped up against the boat and playing with them in the sunlight. They blazed like stars. Half a million he put them at, or more."

"What good could they be to him when he was dead?" inquired the listener.

Captain Bowers shook his head. "That was his business, not mine," he replied. "It was nothing to do with me. When he died I dug a grave for him, as I told you, with a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

bit of a broken oar, and laid him and the bag together. A month afterwards I was taken off by a passing schooner and landed safe at Sydney."

Mr. Chalk stooped, and mechanically picking up the pieces of his pipe placed them on the table.

"Suppose that you had heard afterwards that the things had been stolen?" he remarked.

"If I had, then I should have given information, I think," said the other. "It all depends."

"Ah! but how could you have found them again?" inquired Mr. Chalk, with the air of one propounding a poser.

"With my map," said the captain, slowly. "Before I left I made a map of the island and got its position from the schooner that picked me up; but I never heard a word from that day to this."



"'HOW COULD YOU HAVE FOUND THEM AGAIN?' INQUIRED MR. CHALK, WITH THE AIR OF ONE PROPOUNDING A POSER."

"Could you find them now?" said Mr. Chalk.

"Why not?" said the captain, with a short laugh. "The island hasn't run away."

He rose as he spoke and, tossing the fragments of his visitor's pipe into the fireplace, invited him to take a turn in the garden. Mr. Chalk, after a feeble attempt to discuss the matter further, reluctantly obeyed.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXX.—M. CURIE, THE DISCOVERER OF RADIUM.

By Cleveland Moffett.

VERY well do I remember my first impression of M. Curie. It was in the Rue Cuvier, at the Sorbonne Laboratories in Paris, where he was lecturing that day in the big amphitheatre, while I waited in an adjoining room among the air-pumps and electrical apparatus. Suddenly a door opened and there came a burst of applause, a long clapping of hands, and at the same moment a tall, pale man, slightly bent, walked slowly across the room.

On this occasion I simply made an appointment to see M. Curie the next morning at the École de Physique; but I profited by the opportunity to ask his assistant, M. Danne, some preliminary questions about radium. Was it true, *could* it be true, that this strange substance gives forth heat and light ceaselessly and is really an inexhaustible source of energy? Of course, I had read all this, but I wanted to hear it from the mouth of one who knew.



M. AND MME. CURIE USING THEIR APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE INTENSITY OF RADIUM.
From a Photo.

"It is quite true," said M. Danne, "that pure radium gives out light and heat without any waste or diminution that can be detected by our most delicate instruments. That is all we can say."

"Is the light that it gives a bright light?"

"Reasonably bright. M. Curie will show you."

"Can he explain it? Can anyone explain it?"

"There are various theories, but they really explain very little."

M. Danne went on to indicate other properties of radium that are scarcely less startling than these. Besides heat and light this strange metal gives out constantly three kinds of invisible rays that move with the velocity of light, or thereabouts, and that have separate and well-marked attributes. These rays may be helpful or harmful, they may destroy life or stimulate it. They are capable not only of shortening life or prolonging it, but of modifying existing forms of life—that is, of actually creating new species. Finally, by destroying bacteria, they may be used to cure disease, notably the dread lupus, recently conquered by Finsen's lamps, and now apparently conquered again by a simpler means.

I listened in amazement; it was not one discovery, but a dozen, that we were contemplating.

"And—all this is M. Curie's discovery?"

"Radium is his discovery; that is, his and Mme. Curie's. You cannot give one more credit than the other. They did it together."

He told me a little about Mme. Curie, who, it appears, was a Polish student in the Latin Quarter, very poor, but possessed of rare talents. They say that her marriage with M. Curie was just such a union as *must* have produced some fine result. Without his scientific learning and vivid imagination it is doubtful if radium would ever have been dreamed of, and without her determination and patience against detail it is likely the dream would never have been realized.

The next day I found M. Curie in one of the rambling sheds of the École de Physique bending over a small porcelain dish, where a colourless liquid was simmering, perhaps half a teacupful, and he was watching it with concern, always fearful of some accident. He had lost nearly a decigramme (1·5 grains troy) of radium, he said, only a few weeks before in a curious way. He had placed some radium salts in a small tube, and this inside another tube, in which he created a vacuum. Then he began to heat both tubes over an electric furnace, when, suddenly, at about 2,000 degrees F., there came an explosion which shattered the tubes and scattered their precious contents. There

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was absolutely no explanation of this explosion; it was one of the tricks that radium is apt to play on you. Here his face lightened with quite a boyish smile.

M. Curie proceeded to explain what he was doing with the little dish; he was refining some radium dissolved in it—that is, freeing it from contaminating barium by repeated crystallization, this being the last and most delicate part of the process of obtaining the pure metal.

"We have our radium works outside Paris," he said, "where the crude ore goes through its early stages of separation and where the radium is brought to an intensity of 2,000, as we express it. After that the process requires such care and involves so much risk of waste that we keep the precious stuff in our own hands and treat it ourselves, my wife and I, as I am doing now, to bring it to the higher intensities, 50,000, 200,000, 500,000, and, finally, 1,500,000. What you see here is about 100,000. It will take many more crystallizations to bring it to the maximum."

"That is, to the state of pure radium?"

"To the state of pure chloride of radium. You know the metal exists only as a chloride or bromide. It has never yet been isolated, although it easily might be."

"Why has it never been isolated?"

"Because it would not be stable; it would immediately be oxidized by the air and destroyed, as happens with sodium, whereas it remains permanent as a bromide or chloride and suffers no change."

"Does radium change in appearance as it increases in intensity?" I asked.

"No; it keeps the form of small white crystals, which may be crushed into a white powder, and which look like ordinary salt. See, here are some."

He took from the table drawer a small glass tube, not much larger than a thick match. It was sealed at both ends and partly covered with a fold of lead. Inside the tube I could see a white powder.

"Why is the tube wrapped with lead?" I inquired.

"For the protection of those who handle it. Lead stops the harmful rays, that would otherwise make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yes; you see the radium in this tube is very active; it has an intensity of 1,500,000. and if I were to lay it against your hand or any part of your body, so"—he touched my hand with the bare tube—"and if I were to leave it there for a few minutes, you would certainly hear from it later."

"But I feel nothing."

"Of course not; neither did I feel anything when I touched some radium here," and pulling up his sleeve he showed me a forearm scarred and reddened from fresh-healed sores. "But you see what it did, and it was much less intense than this specimen."

He then mentioned an experience of his friend, Professor Becquerel, discoverer of the "Becquerel rays" of uranium, and in a way the parent-discoverer of radium, since the latter discovery grew out of the former. It seems that Professor Becquerel, in journeying to London, carried in his waistcoat pocket a small tube of radium to be used in a lecture there. Nothing happened at the time, but about a fortnight later the professor observed that the skin under his pocket was beginning to redden and fall away, and finally a deep and painful sore formed there and remained for weeks before healing. A peculiar feature of these radium sores is that they do not appear for some considerable time after exposure to the rays.

"Then radium is an element of destruction?" I remarked.

"Undoubtedly it has a power of destruction, but that power may be tempered or controlled, for instance, by this covering of lead. M. Danysz, at the Pasteur Institute, will give you the pathological facts better than I can."

This brought us back to physical facts, and I asked M. Curie if the radium before us was at that moment giving out heat and light, for I could perceive neither.

"Of course it is," he replied. "I will take you into a dark room presently and let you see the light for yourself. As for the heat, a thermometer would show that this tube of radium is 2·7 degrees F. warmer than the surrounding air."

"Is it always that much warmer?"

"Always—so far as we know. I may put it more simply by saying that a given quantity of radium will melt its own weight of ice every hour."

"For ever?"

He smiled. "So far as we know—for ever. Or, again, that a given quantity of radium throws out as much heat in eighty hours as an equal weight of coal would throw out if burned to complete combustion in one hour."

"Suppose you had a considerable quantity of radium," I suggested, "say twenty pounds, or a hundred pounds?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The law would be the same, whatever the quantity. If we had fifty kilos (110 pounds) of radium"—he gave a little wondering cluck at the thought—"I say *if* we had fifty kilos of radium it would give out as much heat *continuously* as a stove would give out that burned ten kilos (twenty-two pounds) of coal every twenty-four hours, and was filled up fresh every day."

"And the radium would *never* cease to give out this heat and would *never* be consumed?"

"Never is a hard word, but one of our professors has calculated that a given quantity of radium, after throwing out heat as I have stated for a thousand million years, would have lost only one-millionth part of its bulk. Others think the loss might be greater, say an ounce to a ton in ten thousand years, but in any case it is so infinitesimally small that we have no means of measuring it, and for practical purposes it does not exist."

After this M. Curie took me into a darkened room, where I *saw* quite plainly the light from the radium tube, a clear glow sufficient to read by if the tube were held near a printed page. And, of course, this was a very small quantity of radium, about six centigrammes (nine-tenths of a grain troy).

"We estimate," said he, "that a decigramme of radium will illuminate a square décimètre (fifteen square inches) of surface sufficient for reading."

"And a kilogramme (2·2 pounds) of radium?"

"A kilogramme of radium would illuminate a room thirty feet square with a mild radiance; and the light would be much brighter if screens of sulphide of zinc were placed near the radium, for these are thrown by the metal into a brilliant phosphorescence."



M. AND MME. CURIE FINISHING THE PREPARATION OF SOME RADIUM.

"Then radium may be the light of the future?"

M. Curie shook his head. "I am afraid that we should pay rather dearly for such a light. There is first the money cost to be considered, and then the likelihood that the people illuminated by radium would be also stricken with paralysis, blindness, and various nervous disorders. Possibly protective screens might be devised against these dangers, but it is too soon to think of that. For a long

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

time to come the radium light will be only a laboratory wonder."

After we had been in the darkness for some time M. Curie wrapped the radium tube in thick paper and put it in my hand.

"Now," said he, "shut your eyes and press this against your right eyelid."

I did as he bade me, and straightway had the sensation of a strange diffused light outside my eye. M. Curie assured me, however, that the light was not outside but *inside* the eye, the radium rays having the property of making the liquids of the eyeball self-luminous, a sort of internal phosphorescence being produced. He warned me that it would be dangerous to leave the radium against the eyelid very long, as a serious disturbance to the eyesight, or even blindness, might result.

Another experiment consisted in placing the radium against the bone at the side of the forehead, and even in this position, with the eyes closed, a light was perceptible, although fainter. Here the radium rays had acted upon the eyeball through the bones of the head.

"It is possible," said M. Curie, "that this property of radium may be utilized in certain diseases of the eye. Dr. Emile Javal, one of our distinguished physicians, who is blind himself, has given this matter particular attention, and he thinks that radium may offer a precious means of diagnosis in cases of cataract, by showing whether the retina is or is not intact, and whether an operation will succeed. If a person blind from cataract can see the radium light as you have just seen it, then the eyesight of that person may be restored by removing the cataract. Otherwise it cannot be restored."

As we returned to the laboratory I remarked that the quantity of radium in the various tubes I had seen was very small.

"Of course it is small," he sighed; "there is very little radium in the world. I mean very little that has been taken from the earth and purified."

"How much is there?"

He thought a moment. "We have about one gramme (one-third of an ounce) in France, Germany may have one gramme, America has less than one gramme, and the rest of the world may perhaps have half a gramme. Four grammes in all would be an outside estimate; you could heap it all in a tablespoon."

I suggested to M. Curie the possibility that some philanthropist might be inspired on reading his words to help the new cause. And I remarked that great things could doubtless be accomplished with some substantial quantity of radium, say a pound or two.

He gave me an amused look and asked if I had any idea what a pound or two of radium, say a kilogramme (two and one-fifth pounds), would cost.

"Why, no," said I, "no exact idea; but——"

"A kilogramme of radium would cost"—he figured rapidly on a sheet of paper—"with the very cheapest methods that we have of purifying the crude material it would cost about ten million francs (£400,000). Under existing conditions radium is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold."

"And yet there may be tons of it in the earth?"

M. Curie was not so sure of this. "It is doubtful," said he, "if there is very much radium in the earth, and what there is is so thinly scattered in the surrounding ore—mere traces of radium for tons of worthless rock—that the cost of extracting it is almost prohibitive. You will realize this when you visit our works at Ivry."

These works I visited the next day, and found myself outside the walls of Paris, near the old Ivry Cemetery, where some unpretentious sheds serve for this important business of radium extraction. One of the head men met me and explained, step by step, how they obtain this strange and elusive metal. First he showed me a lumpy reddish powder, sacks of it, brought from Bohemia by the ton, and constituting the raw material from which the radium is extracted. This powder is the refuse from uranium mines at Jachimsthal; that is, what remains of the original uranite ore, *pitchblende*, after the uranium has been removed. For years this refuse was regarded as worthless, and was left to accumulate in heaps, tons of it, quite at the disposal of whoever chose to cart it away. Now that it is known to contain the rarest and most precious substance in the world, it goes without saying that the owners have begun to put a price on it.

My informant referred with proper pride to the difficulties that had confronted them when they started these radium works in 1901. It was a new problem in practical chemistry to bring together infinitesimal traces of a metal lost in tons of *débris*. It was like searching for specks of dust hidden in a sand-heap, or for drops of perfume scattered in a river. Still, they went at it

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with good heart, for the end justified the effort. If it took a ton of uranite dust to yield as much radium as would half fill a doll's thimble, then the thing to do was to have many tons of this dust sent on from Bohemia, and patiently to accumulate, after months of handling, various pinches of radium, a few centigrammes, then a few decigrammes, and finally some day — who could tell?—they might get as much as a gramme. This was a distant prospect, to be sure, yet with infinite pains and all the resources of chemistry it might be attained. Well, now they had attained it, and at this time, he said, some eight tons of uranite detritus had passed through the caldrons and great glass jars and muddy barrels of the Ivry establishment, had been boiled and filtered and decanted and crystallized, with much fuming of acids and the steady glow of furnaces; and out of it all, for the twenty-four months' effort, there had come just about a gramme of practically pure chloride of radium—enough white powder to fill a salt-spoon.

When next I saw M. Curie he had just returned from London, where he had lectured before the Royal Institution. His hands were much peeled, and very sore from too much contact with radium, and for several days he had been unable to dress himself; but he took it good-naturedly, and proceeded to describe some of the experiments he had made before British scientists.

In order to demonstrate that radium throws off heat continually he took two glass vessels, one containing a thermometer and a tube of radium, the other containing a thermometer and no radium. Both vessels were closed with cotton, and it was presently seen that the thermometer in the vessel containing the radium registered constantly 5·4 degrees F. higher than the thermometer which was not so influenced.



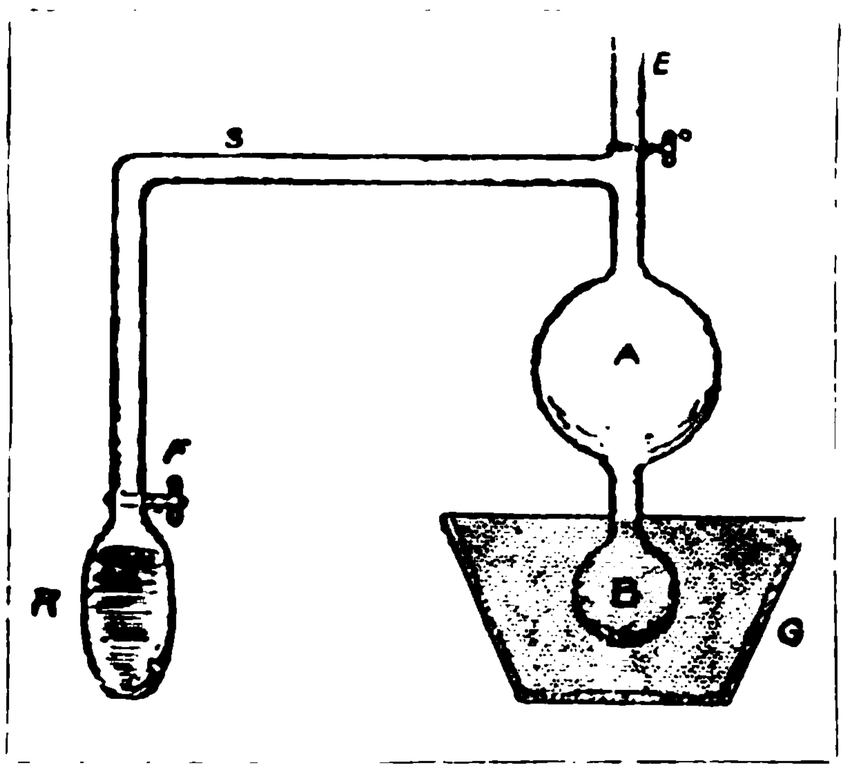
M. CURIE EXPLAINING THE WONDERS OF RADIUM AT THE SORBONNE. THIS EXPERIMENT WITH THE RADIUM LIGHT IS DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE.

The most striking experiment presented by M. Curie in his London lecture was one devised by him to prove the existence of radium emanations, a kind of gaseous product (quite different from the rays) which this extraordinary metal seems to throw off constantly as it throws off heat and light. These emanations may be regarded as an invisible vapour of radium, like water vapour, only infinitely more subtle, which settles upon all objects that it approaches and confers upon them, for a time at least, the mysterious

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

properties of radium itself. Thus the yellow powder sulphide of zinc bursts into a brilliant glow under the stimulus of radium emanations, and to make it clear that this effect is due to the emanations and not to the rays M. Curie constructed an apparatus in which a glass tube, R, containing a solution of radium is connected with two glass bulbs, A and B, containing sulphide of zinc.

The experiment is begun by exhausting the air from the two bulbs A and B, by means of air-pump connections through the tube E. The air is not exhausted, however, from the tube R, over which the stop-cock F is closed, and within which the emanations have been allowed to accumulate. The room is now darkened, and it is seen that so long as the stop cock F remains closed there is no glow in the bulbs A and B, but as soon as the stop-cock F is opened both bulbs shine brilliantly, so that the light is plainly visible at a distance of several hundred yards. Now, obviously, if this effect were due to the radium rays, it would be produced whether the stop-cock F were open or closed, since the radium rays pass freely through glass and need not follow the tube S in order to reach the bulbs A and B It is therefore clear that the sudden light in the bulbs is due to the passage of *something* out of the tube R, and through the tube S, that *something* being kept back by the glass of the bulb R until the stop-cock F is opened. So we conclude that the emanations of radium *cannot* pass through glass, and are a manifestation quite distinct from the rays of radium, which *can* pass through but do not influence the sulphide of zinc.



This point having been established, M. Curie proceeded to the most sensational part of his demonstration, by closing the stop-cock F and then placing the lower bulb B, still radiant, in a vessel G containing liquid air, the result being that the light in the bulb B gradually grew stronger while the light in the bulb A diminished, until, presently, *all* the light seemed concentrated in B and gone from A, the conclusion being that the intense cold of liquid air had produced some change in the emanations, had possibly reduced them from a gas to a liquid, thus withdrawing them from A to B and checking the one glow while increasing the other.

In talking with Sir William Crookes, M. Curie was interested to learn that the English scientist had just devised a curious little instrument which he has named the spinthariscope, and which allows one to actually *see* the emanations from radium and to realize as never before the extraordinary atomic disintegration that is going on ceaselessly in this strange metal. The spinthariscope is a small microscope that allows one to look at a tiny fragment of radium, about one-twentieth of a milligramme, supported on a little wire over a screen spread with sulphide of zinc.

The experiment must be made in a darkened room after the eye has gradually acquired its greatest sensitiveness to light. To the eye thus sensitive and looking intently through the lenses the screen appears like a heaven of flashing meteors, among which stars shine forth suddenly and die away. Near the central radium speck the fire shower is most brilliant, while towards the rim of the circle it grows fainter. And this goes on continuously as the metal throws off its emanations; these myriad bursting blazing stars *are* the emanations—at least, we may assume it — and become visible as the scattered radium dust or radium vapour impinges speck by speck upon the screen, which, for each tiny fragment, flashes back a responsive phosphorescence. M. Curie spoke of this vision, that was really contained within the area of a two-cent piece, as one of the most beautiful and impressive he had ever witnessed; it was as if he had been allowed to assist at the birth of a universe—or at the death of a molecule.

Dwelling upon the extreme attenuation of these radium emanations, M. Curie mentioned a recent experiment, in which he had used a platinum box pierced by two holes so extremely small that the box would retain a vacuum, yet not small enough to resist the passage of radium emanations.

In view of the extreme rarity and costliness of radium, it is evident that its emanations may be put to many important uses

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in and out of the laboratory, since they bestow upon indifferent objects—a plate, a piece of iron, an old shoe, anything—the very properties of radium itself. Thus a scientist or a doctor unable to procure the metal radium may easily experiment with a bit of wood or glass rendered radio-active—that is, charged by radium emanations, and capable of replacing the original metal as long as the charge keeps its potency. This period has been determined by the Curies after observations extending over weeks and months, and applied to all sorts of substances, copper, aluminium, lead, rubber, wax, celluloid, paraffin, no fewer than fifty in all, the resulting conclusions being formulated in a precise law as follows :—

(1) All substances may be rendered radio-active through the influence of radium emanations.

(2) Substances thus influenced retain their induced radio-activity very much longer when guarded in a small enclosure through which the emanations cannot pass (say a sealed glass tube) than when not so guarded. In the former case their radio-activity diminishes one-half every four days. In the latter case it diminishes one-half every twenty-eight minutes.

I must pass rapidly over various other wonders of radium that M. Curie laid before me. New matter is accumulating every week as the outcome of new investigations. Even in the chemistry of radium, which is practically an unexplored field, owing to the scarcity and costliness of the metal, there are various facts to be noted, as these: that radium changes the colour of phosphorus from yellow to red; that radium rays increase the production of ozone in certain cases; that a small quantity of radium dissolved in water throws off hydrogen constantly by causing a disintegration of the water, the oxygen released being absorbed in some unknown molecular combination. Also that a solution of radium gives a violet or brownish tint to a glass vessel containing it, this tint being permanent, unless the glass be heated red hot. Here, by the way, is an application of importance in the arts, for radium may thus be used to modify the colours of glass and crystals, possibly of gems. It is furthermore established that radium offers a ready means of distinguishing real from imitation diamonds, since it causes the real stones to burst into a brilliant phosphorescence when brought near them in a darkened room, while it has scarcely any such effect upon false stones. M. Curie made this experiment recently at a reception in Lille, to the great delight of the guests.

Coming now to what may be the most important properties of radium—that is, those which influence animal life—we may follow M. Curie's advice and visit the Pasteur Institute, where for some months now a remarkable series of radium tests has been in progress.

M. Danysz is convinced that all animals, probably all forms of life, would succumb to the destructive force of radium if employed in sufficient quantities.

"I have no doubt," said he, "that a kilogramme of radium would be sufficient to destroy the population of Paris, granting that they came within its influence. Men and women would be killed just as easily as mice. They would feel nothing during their exposure to the radium, nor realize that they were in any danger. And weeks would pass after their exposure before anything would happen. Then gradually the skin would begin to peel off and their bodies would become one great sore. Then they would become blind. Then they would die from paralysis and congestion of the spinal cord."

Despite this rather gloomy prospect, certain experiments at the Pasteur Institute may encourage us to believe that, for all its menace of destruction, radium is destined to bring substantial benefits to suffering humankind. The substance of these favourable experiments is that, while animal life may undoubtedly suffer great harm from radium when used in excess or wrongly used (the same is true of strychnine), it may also derive immense good from radium when used within proper bounds, these to be set when we have gained a fuller knowledge of the subject. Meantime it is worthy of note that some of M. Danysz's animals, when exposed to the radium for a short time, or to radium of lower intensity, or to radium at a greater distance, have not perished, but have seemed to thrive under the treatment.

But the most startling experiment performed thus far at the Pasteur Institute is one undertaken by M. Danysz, February 3rd, 1903, when he placed three or four dozen little worms that live in flour, the larvæ *Ephestia kuehniella*, in a glass flask, where they were exposed for a few hours to the rays of radium. He placed a like number of larvæ in a control flask where there was no radium, and he left enough flour in each flask for the larvæ to live upon. After several weeks it was found that most of the larvæ in the radium flask had been killed, but that a few of them had escaped the destructive action of the rays by crawling away to distant corners of the flask, where they were still living. But *they were living*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



M. CURIE TESTING DIAMONDS AT A RECEPTION AT LILLE.

as larvæ, not as moths, whereas in the natural course they should have become moths long before, as was seen by the control flask, where the larvæ had all changed into moths, and these had hatched their eggs into other larvæ, and these had produced other moths. All of which made it clear that the radium rays had arrested the development of these little worms.

More weeks passed and still three or four of the larvæ lived, and four full months after the original exposure I saw a larva alive and wriggling while its contemporary larvæ in the other jar had long since passed away as aged moths, leaving generations of moths' eggs and larvæ to witness this miracle, for here was a larva, venerable among his kind, a patriarch *Ephestia kuehniella*, that had actually lived through *three times the span of life accorded to his fellows*, and that still showed no sign of changing into a moth. It was very much as if a young man of twenty-one should keep the appearance of twenty-one for two hundred and fifty years!

Not less remarkable than these are some recent experiments made by M. Bohn at the biological laboratories of the Sorbonne, his conclusions being that radium may so far modify various lower forms of life as to actually produce "monsters," abnormal deviations from the original type of the species. Thus tadpole monsters have been formed from tadpoles exposed four days after birth to radium rays. Some of these monsters lived for twenty-three days, and would doubtless have lived longer had they been exposed to the rays for a shorter time. No changes occur in the tadpoles treated except at the transition points of growth, as on the eighth day, when the breathing tentacles are covered by gills in the normal tadpole, but are not so covered in the monsters formed after radium treatment. These monsters take on a new form, with an increasing atrophy of the tail and a curious wrinkling of the tissues at the back of the head; in fact, they may be said to develop a new breathing apparatus, quite different from that of ordinary tadpoles.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

M. Bohn has obtained similar results with eggs of the toad and eggs of the sea-urchin, monsters resulting in both cases and continuing to live for a number of days or weeks after exposure to the radium. Furthermore, he has been able to accomplish with radium what Professor Loeb did with saline solutions—that is, to cause the growth of unfecundated eggs of the sea-urchin, and to advance these through several stages of their development. In other words, he has used radium *to create life* where there would have been no life but for this strange stimulation.

M. Bohn assured me of his conviction that we may in the future be able to produce new species of insects, moths, butterflies, perhaps birds and fishes, by simply treating the eggs with radium rays, the result being that interesting changes will be effected in the colouring and adornment. He also believes that, with greater quantities of radium at our disposal and a fuller understanding of its properties, it may be possible to produce new species among larger creatures, mice, rabbits, guinea-pigs, etc. It is merely a question of degree, for if new types can be produced in one species why may they not be produced in another?

It remains to mention certain important services that radium may render in the cure of bodily ills, notably of lupus and other skin diseases. Here is a great new field full of promise, yet one that must be considered with guarded affirmation, lest false hopes be aroused. It is too soon as yet to say more than this, that distinguished doctors speak with confidence of excellent results that may be looked for from the radium treatment. Dr. Danlos, for instance, has used the radium rays on lupus patients at the St. Louis Hospital in Paris for over a year, and in several cases has accomplished apparent cures. The radium used is enclosed between two small discs of copper and aluminium, the whole being about the size of a silver dollar. The aluminium disc, which is very thin, is pressed against the affected part and left there for fifteen minutes; that is all there is in the treatment, except cleansing, bandaging, etc. Day after day, for weeks or months, this contact with the disc is continued, and after a period of irritation the sores heal, leaving healthy white scars. Some patients thus treated have gone for months without a relapse, but it is too soon to declare the cures absolute. They *look like* absolute cures, that is all Dr. Danlos will say, and if time proves that they *are* absolute cures, then radium will do for lupus patients all that Finsen's lamps do, and will do it more quickly, more simply, and with no cumbersome and costly apparatus. It may be objected that radium also is costly, but the answer is that radium will probably become cheaper as the supply increases and as the processes of extracting it are perfected. Furthermore, the effects of radium may be obtained, as already stated, by the use of indifferent bodies rendered radio-active, so that lupus patients may be treated with a piece of wood or a piece of glass possessed for the moment of the virtues of radium. And certain kinds of cancer may be similarly treated; indeed, a London physician has already reported a case of cancer cured by radium.

These are possibilities, *not* certainties, and there are others. It appears that radium has a bactericidal action in certain cases, and it would therefore seem reasonable that air rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from lung troubles if breathed into the lungs, or that water rendered radio-active may benefit sufferers from stomach troubles if taken into the stomach. It goes without saying that in all these cases the use of radium must be attended with extreme precautions, so that harmful effects may be avoided.

Just as I was leaving Paris I learned of an interesting and significant new fact about radium, one that greatly impressed M. Curie—namely, that the air from deep borings in the earth is found to be radio-active, and that the waters from mineral springs are radio-active. This would seem to indicate the presence of radium in the earth in considerable quantities, and that would mean more abundant and cheaper radium in the not distant future. One of the things to be hoped for now is the discovery of a single simple reaction by which radium may be easily separated from the dross that contains it, and any day the chemists may put their hands on such a reaction.

And then—well, it is best to avoid sweeping statements, but there is certainly reason to believe that we are entering upon a domain of new, strange knowledge and drawing near to some of Nature's most hallowed secrets.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Trousers in Sculpture.

By Ronald Graham.

"WHO will deliver us from the modern trouser?" once publicly asked a Royal Academician. It has been a question repeatedly propounded since the beginning of the last century, when this much-mooted garment came into fashionable vogue.

Trousers have at length passed permanently into Art. They have been depicted in glowing pigments and embodied in enduring bronze and marble. They have become classical. They have exacted the patience of the greatest painters and most talented sculptors for a full century in portraying them, as well as taxed the ingenuity of the noblest tailors in constructing them.

The time has arrived, we opine, for trousers to be considered as public and not merely as private embellishments. We shall leave other hands to write the history of the two long cylindrical bags which are at once the pride of the swell mobsman and, as we shall show, the dire despair of the sculptor, who can no longer emulate the example of Phidias, and represent his patrons in the superlatively light clothing of the annexed illustration—a corner in a well-known sculptor's studio.



ANCIENT VERSUS MODERN. THE LATE GEORGE PALMER AND PERSEUS.
From a] [*Photo.*

Assuming that the modern trouser is a necessity- and we believe it is regarded as such, at least primarily—the point arises, how is the modern trouser to be made picturesque in Art?

The tailor's notion of the ideal in trousers and that entertained by the sculptor are separated by a wide gulf, which very few of the latter fraternity show any disposition to bridge.

It will never be known how many exponents of the sartorial art, who have in their time fitted masterpieces to the limbs of Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Robert Peel, and other statesmen, have sighed to see their art transmitted at the sculptor's hands to posterity mutilated by folds, deformed by creases, gifted with impossible falls over the boot, and endowed with plies at the knee which not ten years of incessant wear could be supposed to produce.

"Trousers," remarked Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., "cannot be made artistic—at any rate in statuary. The painter is better equipped to grapple with the task than the sculptor. He has light, colour, and shade at his command, and may so subordinate these elements as to render the objectionable features of our modern costume less obtrusive. At no time have we been so little attractive from a picturesque standpoint as to-day. It is, therefore, eminently the desire of the sculptor to employ modern street costume as little as possible. It was formerly the custom in a full-length statue to drape the figure in a Roman toga or long cloak, which lent an heroic effect to the most prosaic theme. Costume of the last century was decidedly picturesque—as you may

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

observe in this model of the Robert Raikes statue erected on the Thames Embankment—where knee-breeches, stockings, and shoe-buckles replace trousers." An example of Mr. Brock's treatment of the modern trouser may be seen in his Colin Campbell herewith reproduced.

To illustrate the attitude taken by the sculptor generally it may be observed that as yet, notwithstanding the many recent additions of full-length statues in the northern nave, only a single pair of sculptured trousers have found their way into Westminster Abbey. But, as will be seen from a perusal of the views held by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., this condition of affairs will not be enduring.

"It is quite impossible," said Mr. Thornycroft, "to go back to the old style, as did the sculptors of less than a century ago, and clothe our heroes in antique draperies. One must follow the costume of the period. I have a hope that what appears conventional now will possess an interest and even a picturesqueness to our posterity. I have modelled Lord Granville in evening dress, which displays the trousers conspicuously, and my recent statue of Steurt Bayley is likewise apparelled in modern costume. Nevertheless, I do not believe any sculptor should slavishly adhere to the canons of form laid down by the tailor. The tailor is, of course, merely carrying out the whims of his fashionable patron, who is not always the most intellectual being extant. Although I am told that some statesmen like Mr. Chamberlain are scrupulous as to the perfect fit of their trousers, yet I should no more dream, if called upon to-morrow to make a statue of one of these eminent gentlemen, of modelling an upright pair of creaseless cylinders than I should paint in the shade of the cloth. No, I could never bring myself to model a pair of trousers such as are daily seen in Piccadilly. I have an ideal and I propose to carry it out. The folds, the creases, and the plies instil life into the work. An artist has a duty to perform in ennobling his work—even though that duty be no more than constructing trousers of marble. It does not lie in perpetuating the fleeting follies of fashion."



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, BY T. BROCK, R.A.
From a Photo.



JOHN BRIGHT, BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.
From a Photo.

Mr. Thornycroft has succeeded very well with the trousers of his John Bright statue. As trousers, and as characteristic trousers, we defy the most captious hypercritic to urge anything against them. They are precisely the sort of leg-covering the late eminent statesman ought to have worn, nor do we doubt that, had he been actuated by that due regard for sartorial proprieties which the artist seeks at the hands, or rather at the legs, of eminent persons, he would have worn them. But an intimate friend of Mr. Bright's, who has, at our request, minutely surveyed the bronze statue at Rochdale, readily pronounces his opinion that the trousers are not by any means his fellow-townsman's. "The material is too thin," he writes. "John Bright's trousers were of extra heavy West of England cloth. They bagged a lot at the knees, but fitted rather

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE GAMBETTA STATUE, PARIS.
From a Photo.

tightly at the calves. The boots are certainly not his," he adds; and then, as if to justify this oracular style of speech, "I know because there was no carpet on the floor of the room where Mr. Bright and myself habitually met; so I studied his lower extremities while he spoke to me instead."

In the course of a conversation with the French sculptor, M. Jean Carries, that artist once defined to the writer the whole position of the French school of to-day.

"Its aim is life—animation—drama. To leave anything dormant is to leave the stone as you found it, and to acknowledge the futility of your genius. All the characteristics of life might be imparted to even a modern street costume.

"Only a tailor or a person deficient in culture would criticise the trousers of the Gambetta statue. Such a person would say, 'But I have never seen them in the Boulevards or in the Palais Bourbon.' Of course he has not; and what then? Did Raphael ever see an angel, or Michael Angelo a faun? No. A pair of widely-cut trousers with a single crease or fold might answer very well for a tailor's dummy; but it would not do at all for a chiselled human figure, which must express potential life."

"Idealism? Sense of the picturesque? Fiddlesticks!" declared Mr. George Wade, an exceptionally talented English sculptor, pausing in his work of modelling a full-length statue of a recently-deceased statesman. "Unless art in portraiture possess a rigid fidelity it is not, in my humble judgment, worth the cost of the stone or bronze necessary to evolve it. Idealism!—that is the cry of the sculptor who is deficient—who is dependent rather upon the resources of a departed school than of himself. Why should a sculptor seek to be otherwise than faithful, even to the buttons on the waistcoat of his subject? To cite an instance, some time ago Sir Charles Tupper, viewing my first model for the MacDonald statue, observed: 'I see you have buttoned only a single button of Sir John's coat. I never remember seeing my friend's coat not entirely buttoned. It was one of his characteristics.' When my visitor left I destroyed the old and commenced a new model.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD, BY G. E. WADE.
From a Photo.

"If it is characteristic of the subject in hand to wear disreputable trousers—very good. I should so model them. If, on the contrary, they were worn faultlessly smooth, it would contribute nothing to my conception of the wearer's identity to invest them with bulges and creases which, if not absolutely and physically impossible, would only be so in Pongee silk and not in the heavy fabric usually employed in

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

trousering. I am not aware that public personages clothe their limbs in Pongee silk. Were this the case it would be so much the better for us. In practice I do not believe in that picturesque ruggedness about the knees which seems so attractive to the average sculptor. I am told that Sir Edward Burne-Jones spent many hours in the course of a single day in the study and device of new complex folds and sinuosities in the most delicate textile stuffs, and that it seems not altogether irrational to believe is the employment of many English and French sculptors when they set about making a pair of trousers.

"If you cannot be original," comments Mr. Wade, "be bizarre. Palm off meretricious effect for truth. Why not be content with the individuality which reveals itself in the limb's attitude as well as in its drapery? Mr. Smith did not stand as the Duke of Connaught does—Paderewski's posture is not that of Lord Roberts. No; you cannot create character by kneading your clay into all sorts of weird concavities and convexities. It is not true to life."

We do not deny character to perfect garments. They may each and all breathe a distinct individuality, and so far the requirements of Art are met. Compare those already mentioned with the rest — compare Colin Campbell's or Mr. Clarkson's legs with Mr.



A STABLEMAN, BY G. E. WADE.
From a Photo.



THE HON. DAVID CARMICHAEL, BY J. ADAMS-ACTON.
From a] [Photo.

Palmer's of biscuit fame —and the contrast tells it own tale. But to enforce our point, in spite even of the eloquent utterances of Mr. Wade, we, who were privileged to have seen Sir John MacDonald in the flesh, assert positively that we never saw that flesh draped in such trousers. The fact is, certain men never wore such trousers. With one or two exceptions the trousers presented in the course of this article — examples collated with no little care — are artistic trousers, trousers of Art, and never intended to be trousers of Reality, because the trousers of Reality either express too much or too little, or express something entirely in dissonance with the sculptor's idea of the character he is modelling. Nature, it has been observed, does not lend itself readily to the canons of Art. As it was long ago settled that carved statesmen must wear breeches of ultra length, when it appears that in life they are foolishly addicted to garments of unseemly brevity, it is only proper that this sad circumstance should be blotted out in the studio, and a veil, composed of a yard or two of extra trousering, be drawn over this painful deficiency in their several characters. Had they been stablemen they might have fared differently, although we can have little to object to in the nether garments of Mr. Adams-Acton's Hon. David Carmichael in the accompanying photograph.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



LORD ROSEBERY'S TROUSERS, BY DAVID WEEKES.
From a Photo.



JOHN BURNS'S TROUSERS, BY DAVID WEEKES.
From a Photo.

On the other hand, there have been sculptors who strive hard for sartorial realism. The trousers no more than the limbs of all our great men are faultless. At a glance we may appreciate shades of difference in the interesting studies by Mr. David Weekes of the trousers of Lord Rosebery and of Mr. John Burns. The former are the garments to the life, such as have long been familiar to the fortunate occupiers of the front rows at Liberal political meetings—redolent of the lonely furrow and on intimate terms with the historic spade—while as for the tumid and strenuous breeches of the member for Battersea, corduroy or otherwise, they are chiselled to the last crease of realism. But such is the perversity of Art that such interesting studies would in the finished statue be exchanged for far less convincing garments. The legs of the Palmerston and Peel statues in Parliament Square are clothed in what we might term a suave trouser—or, more properly speaking, pantaloons—of incredible length and irreproachable girth; whereas those whose eyes have rested upon these great statesmen's garments in the flesh will recall something eminently different. For example, if we do not too greatly err in our conception, Lord Palmerston, in his later years, was somewhat addicted to a style of trouser not often seen in sculpture. Happily, in the studio of Mr. Wade, we have been able to light upon an example of just the sort of trouser we mean, and in order more to accurately impress its proportions upon the reader we give an example of it. It is not the trouser of a statesman, however, but of a stableman, a personage in a lower station in life (page 77).



W. E. GLADSTONE, BY E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.
From a Photo.

A reference might here be made to the trousers of Mr. Gladstone, executed in bronze by the late Onslow Ford, R.A. The

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



W. S. COOKSON, BY T. BROCK, R.A.
From a Photo.

posing for this really admirable work, undertook, with an eye to the effects the consequence would have with posterity, to assume for the nonce an unusual and unprecedented pair of trousers, then, of course, Mr. Ford merits a complete exoneration. He, like posterity will be, was deceived. But we take it upon ourselves, while admiring their aggressiveness and individuality, to assert that such trousers would be much more befitting Mr. Balfour, whose "tailor's length," we are given to understand, is thirty-six inches, rather than the venerable Liberal statesman, whose nether adornments never exceeded twenty-eight.

Indeed, we shall not be at a loss if we seek for examples of the trouser which is manufactured exclusively in the studio of the sculptor. Mr. Brock is certainly a great sinner in this regard (we have only to turn to his statues of the late Mr. Cookson and artist in this piecedisplayed extraordinary qualities of merit, but as realists we must take issue with him on the question of the length of Mr. Gladstone's trousers. Albeit if Mr. Gladstone, in



THE HON. FREDERICK TOLLEMACHE, BY GEORGE SIMONDS.
From a] [Photo.

Colin Campbell), and Mr. Adams-Acton has shown in his statue of the late Professor Powell that he, too, does not always follow the fashion of the street. We think we can safely lay down the proposition once for all that no trousers can possess simultaneously both properties—length and bagginess. We have every confidence in the tailor as well as the greatest admiration for his art, and we do not wish to be considered as speaking lightly or at random when we say that long deliberation and consultation with the highest authorities have shown us that these two qualities are irreconcilable. We must, therefore, in all fairness condemn several pairs of chiselled trousers which seem to us to violate this law, as even the elegant continuations with which, thanks to Mr. Simonds, the late Hon. F. Tollemache stands for ever endowed, the inexpressibles of the late Mr. Palmer, and even Mr. Pinker's genteel specimens upon the legs of the late Professor Fawcett.

After all we have said, it is to Nottingham that we must attribute the unique distinction of possessing the worst pair of sculptured trousers in the kingdom. They adorn the legs of the late local worthy,



JOHN POWELL, BY J. ADAMS-ACTON.
From a Photo.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Sir Robert Juckes-Clifton; and, as the reader will see from the accompanying photograph, embody not inadequately the talented sculptor's dream. That they embody anything but a dream it is out of our power to believe, as we are reliably informed that it is not in the nature of our most flexible English tweeds to assume such grotesque folds, unless there are goods in the Midlands, for which the lamented Sir Robert Juckes-Clifton expressed a weakness, which surpass ordinary material in this respect. After all, they are not so bad as Gambetta's trousers in the statue opposite the Louvre in Paris, already alluded to and reproduced on page 76. The sculptor's aim was apparently to breech his subject æsthetically, and he has spared no pains to bring about this result. As a matter of truth, M. Alphonse Daudet has borne printed witness to the fact that Gambetta's trousers were invariably too short — not too long — and revealed some inches of white sock. But could a sculptor be expected to take cognizance of this?



SIR ROBERT JUCKES-CLIFTON—"THE WORST PAIR OF SCULPTURED TROUSERS IN THE KINGDOM."
From a] [*Photo.*

All our readers probably are familiar with the magic name of Poole—tailor by appointment to a score of Royalties. Poole is to men's attire what Worth is to women's. It would be strange if the artists of Savile Row did not have a good-natured grievance against their fellow-artists of the adjacent Burlington House.

"I shouldn't be surprised," stated the head of the firm, not without diffidence—for it is one of the traditional principles of Poole since Beau Brummel's time to evince a becoming reticence toward the public aspect of his craft, "if the uninitiated person who contemplates our public statues is forced to conclude that to wear shocking bad trousers is one of the first essentials to political distinction. Why, many of the statues which I have seen in London and the provinces are a standing reproach to us. I dare say, on the other hand, the sculptor who reconstructs our creations is convinced that he is improving upon us, but I think there can be but one mind between the sculptor and ourselves as to how a pair of trousers should hang in real life. And if real life, why not in sculpture?

"I may also observe that the classical fall of the sculptured trouser over the boot is absolutely the contrivance of the artist, and is impossible from the tailor's standpoint. Again, although many gentlemen in real life follow the fashion so far as to wear trousers which just touch the upper portion of the boot, the trouser of sculpture is always of superlative length, in spite of the multifarious folds and creases which one would think, according to common physical laws, would tend to diminish that length."

"An artist," writes Mr. E. F. Benson, in one of his novels, "Limitations," "must represent men and women as he sees them, and he doesn't see them nowadays either in the Greek style or the Dresden style. . . . To look at a well-made man going out shooting gives one a sense of satisfaction. What I want to do is to make statues like them, which will give you the same satisfaction. . . . I want to make trousers beautiful, and women's evening dress beautiful, and shirt-sleeves beautiful. I don't mean that I shall ever make them beautiful in the same way as the robes of the goddesses in the Parthenon pediments are beautiful, but I shall make them admirable somehow."

And that is the great problem for the sculptors of the twentieth century.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Coils of Fate.

By L. J. Beeston.

I.

"IF you ever kill a man, my friends—ah! but you may—take care to dispossess the mind of haunting fancies. Murder is a wrong against society, certainly. So is borrowing a sovereign which you do not intend to return. Both may be forgotten."

Vassilitch spoke across the dinner-table. His unconventional philosophy was meant for every ear there, though he addressed himself to his host—George Etheridge, of Hollowfield Court.

Gabrielle Rupinsky, the speaker's countrywoman, who was seated at his right side, turned her head to flash into his face one look from her calm eyes.

A silence followed the remark; not an uncomfortable period, but rather one of that satisfaction which we feel when a good talker ventures out from the ruts of conversation and trite opinion. Then Tweed, a round-faced, optimistic schoolboy of a man, said, cheerfully:—

"How comforting! Let us go and exterminate our enemies before they get wind of so pleasing an assurance and exterminate us. Alas, though, we have not altogether done with Leviticus yet; still the hangman takes care of our consciences."

In the first place they had been speaking about echoes. Several of the company had heard wonderful echoes in different parts of the world. George Etheridge had told of an echo in Bavaria which had startled him—as it startles all to whom it speaks. He said: "You row out to the middle of the lake. There is an immense rugged cliff on one hand, and on the other a dense wood of pines. You fire a pistol. The sound rolls from between precipice and forest, tossed from one to the other, gathering in intensity and power, until it breaks like a clap of thunder overhead. The effect is certainly terrifying. Shall I tell you of what it made me think? Of one of those imprudent acts, one of those small sins that we commit in an unconsidered moment, which is the trifling cause of growing and overwhelming effects that end in cataclysm."

The conversation having been given this serious turn, first one and then another of Etheridge's guests recalled stories of sins that had worked in lives as worms through a ship's planks. Tweed mocked. He was rarely grave, but his easy heart was valued by all who knew him. He said, "You will all give yourselves a nightmare at bedtime. Come, let us have a murder yarn to wind up with."

And so Vassilitch, who was no stranger to the fatalism of the Slav, and who on that account had listened with considerable interest to the dialogue, had suddenly roused himself to utter his views expressed above.

"I will repeat my advice," said he. "If you ever kill a man do not think about it afterwards. Ah! the fantasies that we invent to torment ourselves with!"

Gabrielle was compelled to look at the speaker once more. As the guests of Etheridge they had seen much of one another during the past three days. She liked to have him by her side because he was her countryman; also, to her eyes, he appeared to be the strongest man in the company. And he? Whenever Mademoiselle Rupinsky came in late he was silent to taciturnity; and when she took her place he thawed.

"You are not—you cannot be—in earnest?" said Gabrielle.

"Never more so, mademoiselle."

"It is your profession that has killed your sentiment," explained Etheridge.

"As you will."

Clearly they were all waiting for him to continue. He perceived that he was the centre of observation, of interest—Ivan Féodor Vassilitch, sometime captain of a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'YOU ARE NOT—YOU CANNOT BE—IN EARNEST?' SAID GABRIELLE."

Cossack regiment that had made a reputation for hardihood and valour unique even amongst those northern soldiers whose nerves have the iron coldness of their ice-plains. He raised his glass, emptied it, and went on:—

"I tell you, my friends, that if circumstance compels you to such an act as I have spoken of, then any future terrors must be entirely the product of a superstitious imagination. No spirit will haunt you save that which you yourself conjure by bending the mind continually to that idea. No worm of remorse will tear your peace unless you believe liars who tell you it exists."

That was all. None cared to argue the point. He was so quietly certain of his philosophy; so terribly sure.

An hour later Vassilitch was addressed by Gabrielle. "I should like five minutes' talk with you," she said.

He expressed both readiness and pleasure, and he spoke the truth. They passed out into the garden, after he had insisted that she should cover her shoulders with a wrap, for the dews of late autumn were condensing and falling imperceptibly on the still trees and flowers.

"Will you sit down?"

"I should prefer to walk slowly." He saw her bosom rise and fall in agitation, and he wondered what was coming.

"Monsieur, I have a story to tell you. Of all the men I know, you can best appreciate it. It may be that you will care to help me—ah! do not be too ready; my request, if I prefer it, is altogether an unusual one, and such as only you might understand, and I. These Englishmen have cold hearts; passion with them is slow to catch fire and easy to be extinguished."

"You speak of love, mademoiselle?" said Vassilitch, uneasily.

"No."

"Then it must be revenge. I am all attention."

"You have heard of that society that call themselves 'The Scourge'? Of their political opinions I know nothing. Three years ago the police broke into a Moscow cellar and captured fifteen of this confraternity. Of the ultimate fate of those fifteen I also know nothing, but the end that came to one has been told me. He, at any rate, was a man, and a true Russian."

Gabrielle caught her breath with a gasp, paused a moment, then continued:—

"He was deprived of civil rights, his property confiscated, and he himself sent into exile. He escaped from a convict station in the Trans-Baikal. He gained the woods, but it was winter, and you know what that means."

"Ah!" muttered Vassilitch, twisting his black moustache and watching the pale face of his beautiful companion.

"I have not seen those dreary forests, but I have heard and read of them; how packs of hungry wolves seek food and cannot find it; and how the *varnaks*—those wretches who have committed real crimes—infest the lonely pathways at evening to rob and murder. They say that the police kill them as dogs."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; you must not credit these wild tales."

"But I do believe them. Listen. This poor exile, after he had wandered for days in that dead land, was discovered by a band

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of Cossacks riding along a forest path. He was seized. Their officer cried out that he was a *varnak*, a *bradyaga*, and ordered that he should be shot. You start; perhaps this story has reached your ears?"

"No, no," said the other, quickly. "Pray go on."

"The exile protested that he was an escaped political prisoner. He was not believed. The officer again repeated his order. A soldier was about to obey, but the other threw the man from his horse. Instantly a dozen carbines were levelled, but the officer, convulsed with passion, cried out, 'You will tie this scoundrel to a tree, eight feet above the ground, and leave him to the wolves.' Ah! why do you recoil from me? Do you not believe this story? I tell you that it is absolutely true in every detail."

Gabrielle was trembling with emotion.

"It is quite cold out here; you will catch your death. Let us go indoors," said Vassilitch, harshly.

She continued unheedingly. "The command of that monster was obeyed by his men. The victim was lashed to the trunk of a pine tree, high above the ground. The Cossacks rode away, laughing, and left him there until the wolves should come to surround the tree, to bite it through with their sharp teeth, and then—and then——"

A gleam of lightning passed over the sky, and the rumble of thunder followed.

"Do you recollect the talk at the table?" said Gabrielle; "about echoes? This act is one of those that return to break in thunder upon the perpetrator."

The ex-captain of Cossacks shrugged his shoulders. "What is your request?" he demanded.

Gabrielle stopped in the garden path and faced him. A faint light from the windows of the mansion fell upon her form with its perfect lines, its loveliness. She was conscious of her beauty then, and she knew that he was conscious of it.

"Find the man who did this thing."

He was silent.

"You think me revengeful? I acknowledge it. Right or wrong, for three years I have prayed for this."

"Mademoiselle, I must ask you two questions: The name of your informant?"

"I am pledged not to give it. He was a trooper in the band who obeyed the orders of their officer."

"That is unfortunate, for I should much like to know his name. Let that pass. Question number two: What was this prisoner to you that his fate should awake these feelings of deep sorrow and revenge?"

For an instant Gabrielle hesitated, while his eyes appeared to be reading her inmost thoughts. Then she said, "He was a brother."

"Ah!"

Vassilitch was clearly relieved by the answer. He said, "This will, of course, necessitate a journey to Russia. Well, I will find this man."

"And you will challenge him?"

"I will challenge him."

"And you will kill him?"

"If by that time you still wish it—yes, I will kill him."

They looked into one another's eyes, adding no further word. A heavy clap of thunder broke and rolled overhead.

"You had better go in now," said Vassilitch.

He left her at the doors of the French windows, while he lighted a cigar and went again into the garden. Suddenly he turned. He perceived that she was yet standing, gazing after him. He could see her in the aureole of light, though she could not see him in the outer gloom.

"How beautiful she is!" muttered Vassilitch.

He flung down his cigar, put his foot upon it, and ground it into the earth.

II.

"EXPENSIVE? Rather. You cannot get diggings in Regent Street for a song." Tweed rose, threw up the window, sat down again, and added, "Especially over a jeweller's shop. They are so careful. There is nothing but a plank, my dear Boris, between us and thousands of pounds' worth of glittering things."

"It is very nice here," said Boris Stefanovitch, looking across to the Quadrant with wistful, melancholy eyes.

"'Twill serve. They are not bad for bachelors' quarters. My only fear is that one day I may get my head into the matrimonial noose. Do not laugh; it is too serious. There are many who feel in the same way. We are determined not to marry. We build a hedge, and dig a trench, and raise a tower; but — but——" Tweed shrugged his shoulders. "Halloa, it is beginning to snow," he added, abruptly. "Do you feel cold? I will close the window."

"Pray do not. I had an idea that it never snowed in England. This wind is most refreshing."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I am glad you think so," said Tweed, pushing back his chair as a rush of raw air swept into the apartment. "No doubt a cutting blast like this is a summer breeze to you after your——" He pulled himself up suddenly. That was a subject that he never cared to be the first to open.

There was the rattle of descending iron shutters. They were closing the shop on the ground floor. The white flakes were driving by in dizzying confusion. Almost every cab had an occupant. A hushed roar told of the traffic at Piccadilly Circus.

Stefanovitch said, quietly, "Well, I shall return to Russia."

"You will do nothing of the sort," was the equally quiet reply.

"There is a difference in our cases. You wish to live without love; and I—to me love is life. This silence is not to be endured. Why no response to my letters? I shall wait one more month, and then I shall go to Moscow."

"You dare not! Haven't you seen enough of Russian prisons?"

"More than three years since I set eyes on her," muttered the other; and his face, which bore the marks of much suffering, became all at once haggard with perplexity.

"Three years is a long time and a hard test," argued Tweed.

The other caught his meaning. He smiled as he said, simply, "My friend, you do not know this woman."

"But I know the Trans-Baikal, and the frozen horror of your northern swamps. And I have seen a gang of exiles, in their long, earth-coloured coats, women and men, chained together, living statues of despair, tramping, tramping, and the soldiers with their bayonets fixed——"

"Don't!" said Stefanovitch. But the other went on unheedingly.

"And I have seen your northern forests in winter, shrouded in snow, with an Arctic wind rattling down the pine needles, bending the cedars, and the fir trees making a sound that gives you the shivers. And I have seen the wolves there. They appear to rise out of the ground. Once they chased me for three leagues. We were in a tarantass, and were nearly caught, by Jove! What brutes! Every tooth looked like a dagger. And frequently a poor wretch will escape from a convict station and try to hide himself in these forests ——"



"HE PERCEIVED THAT SHE WAS YET STANDING, GAZING AFTER HIM."

"Will you stop?" cried Stefanovitch, covering his eyes.

"—— will endeavour to conceal himself in one of these forests; but either he starves to death or the wolves get him, or perhaps a party of soldiers, say Cossacks, come upon him and take him for a *varnak*. And I have known one instance in which the man, having resisted authority, was lashed to a tree to wait for the wolves. He succeeded in releasing himself, it is true; and ultimately he escaped from the country, but——"

"Enough, enough!" implored Stefanovitch, as if appalled by some memory that had seared heart and brain.

"—— but next time he will not meet with such fortune." Tweed rose and smashed down the window.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Why do you recall these things to me?" said the other, huskily.

"Why will you make a fool of yourself?" was the heated retort. "I tell you that you shall not go back to Moscow if I can prevent it. There's not a woman on this earth who is worth running so great a risk for. If she will not answer your letters, you must forget her, that is all."

"You suggest an impossibility."

"And you suggest a madness. What are you gazing at? Do you recognise anybody?"

The other was looking across the roadway to where a tall, broad figure, in a massive fur-trimmed coat, was leisurely pacing the thronged pavement. Tweed repeated his question.

"I—I don't know," replied Stefanovitch, indecisively. "The face of that tall fellow—I thought it was familiar—the light is so bad—and a cab came between——"

"What, that fellow in the coat? How strange! I seem to know him, too. Even his back is familiar. Let me think. Where on earth did I meet—ah!—no, it's slipped me again. Yet I'm sure—almost sure—that I—got it, by thunder! The man's Vassilitch—Ivan Féodor Vassilitch, a countryman of yours; not a bad sort, but cold and hard—hard as sheet-iron. You have met him, perhaps?"

"The name is not familiar to me."

"I met him at Etheridge's place in Cumberland. It was four months back." Tweed spoke cheerily, feeling glad that the subject was changed. "There were some nice people down there," he continued. "I should like you to know Etheridge. Ah, yes—there was also a countrywoman of yours staying at the place. She and Vassilitch were rather thick, we thought. A singularly beautiful creature. Her name was Gabrielle Rupinsky. She—— What on earth is the matter?"

"Gabrielle Rupinsky!" echoed Stefanovitch, springing so suddenly to his feet that his chair went flying.

"The same. Do——"

"The daughter of old Otto Rupinsky, General of Hussars?" The speaker was trembling with excitement.

"That is she," said the other, astonished.

Stefanovitch caught at his collar as if emotion were choking him. "Do you know what you are saying?" he cried. "Fool that I was not to have mentioned her name! This is the woman who is all—all the beauty of the world to me. Gabrielle in England! Now it is clear why my letters were not answered. Heaven bless you for this news. Her address—quick!"

Tweed, overjoyed and immensely relieved, was wringing the other's hands in his delight. "I'm afraid I can't give it you straight away," said he. "You see, she isn t in Cumberland now. But I will write at once to Etheridge, and you should have it within forty-eight hours. 'Pon my word, old fellow, this is great news. Are you going?"

"If you do not mind. A thousand thanks. I hope it is not a dream; it seems too good to be true," he added, with pathos. "What! I shall see Gabrielle within forty-eight hours? Shall hold her in my arms? Pardon me; these things may not appeal to you. But if you had waited and suffered——"

"I know, I know," said Tweed, sympathetically. They had descended the stairway and were at the open door. "Look here," he added, in parting, "we have supper together at my club to-morrow night; that engagement holds good, of course?"

"As you will; most certainly."

Stefanovitch pressed his friend's hand and was gone. At that moment Tweed perceived the tall form of Ivan Vassilitch repassing. He murmured, "I should like to renew my acquaintance with this man; he fascinated me, rather. I'll go out and meet him." And he bounded upstairs for his coat and hat.

III.

An electric bell hummed through the cottage.

Gabrielle put down her book in surprise. She had scarcely expected a visitor at that late hour. Yet it was not really late, but in this sleepy Hertfordshire village nine o'clock was considered an unusual time for anyone to be out.

She drew back the blind. A black night pressed against the window. The countryside, unillumined by moon or stars, was just a wall of darkness, as if reclaimed by "chaos and old night."

A servant entered with a card. Gabrielle glanced at the slip of pasteboard, and the observant maid noticed that a sudden rush of colour swept into her mistress's face.

"I will see him," said Gabrielle.

There entered Ivan Féodor Vassilitch. The lines of his face relaxed at sight of her, and a smile almost of sweetness raised his black moustache. "Why do you not light your English country roads?" he demanded, laughing. "I had only the light of your window to guide me for a mile."

"Pardon; they are not my roads," she

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

answered, in the same bright spirit of banter. "I am not yet naturalized. Where have you been?"

"To Russia." He spoke the truth.

"Ah!" Instantly she became serious. "And you returned——?"

"Yesterday."

"Will you sit down, monsieur?" She spoke with a palpable effort. Some emotion had robbed her of breath.

"Shall we go straight to our subject?" asked Vassilitch, perfectly controlled, as he always was.

"For what else are you here?"

"My first thought was that I should see you; my second was that I had a more definite errand."

He bore her sudden coldness so steadily that she was compelled to relent. "Well," she said, "I am very pleased to see you, monsieur."

"You are exceedingly kind. On the day following the evening on which I received your instructions I set about the business, and I was not long in finding the man who worked you and yours so great a wrong."

"Not long? Impossible that he was in England?"

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, he was in this country. Do not ask me how I discovered him. As an ex-officer of Cossacks you will understand that my inquiries were respected. The task was not difficult; in fact, it was ridiculously easy."

"Why do you laugh like that? You found this monster; what then?"

"He went to Russia. I went also."

"And you challenged him there?" cried Gabrielle, and the womanly softness fled from her eyes.

"I did not."

"Monsieur! monsieur!"



"THERE ENTERED IVAN FÉODOR VASSILITCH."

"Listen. He returned to England; and I, too, followed."

"What! You permitted him to escape? You lost this chance?"

"Mademoiselle, there is one thing which both of us overlooked—or, rather, of which we were in ignorance."

"That you were afraid?" said Gabrielle, rising to her feet, with a world of scorn and anger in her beautiful face.

Vassilitch regarded her with steadiness; he took the word as he would have taken a pistol ball, and again she relented. "Forgive me," she said. "I was hasty; I wronged you."

"Mademoiselle, the Queen can do no wrong." He took the hand she gave him, made as if he would have raised it to his lips, then released it with infinite gentleness. "The one important point that we overlooked," he continued, "is that this man—I wonder if you can guess?"

"No, no. Go on."

"——is that this man loves you, mademoiselle."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Loves—me?"

"So I discovered. You are his guiding star. To you his life points; round you it revolves. Parted from you by an infinite distance, he is yet bound to you by the strongest of laws, and can no more escape your sway than the earth the pole-star to which it looks, about which it rolls. And knowing this, I could not kill him—just yet."

"Why, what folly is this that you are talking?" exclaimed Gabrielle, a trifle awed in spite of herself. "You are not serious, monsieur? You cannot be."

Vassilitch did not answer.

"His name? Tell me his name," was the impatient command.

"I will tell you, but not now."

"You are very mysterious," said Gabrielle, watching him closely. "You must be aware that you are keeping me in suspense."

Vassilitch rose. "It is merely a fancy of mine," said he. "I ask you to believe that I have spoken the simple truth. I am still prepared to carry out your instructions; but I should like you to consider the assurance that I have given you. In a short time I hope to see you again. Perhaps—anyhow, you know that I am your servant; you have but to command me. I will wish you good-night, mademoiselle."

Gabrielle extended her hand. She was troubled by the bitterness of his smile. Certainly this man was mysterious to-night. "Where are you staying?" she asked, suddenly, willing to prolong the conversation.

"At the L—— Hotel."

"You will dine with me one night? This place is quiet, but it has its charm."

"Nothing would delight me more."

"To-morrow?"

"You are very good, but I have an engagement. Do you recollect the Englishman—I have his card here—George Tweed? That is it. He was in Cumberland when——"

"I remember him perfectly."

"Well, we met this evening in London. He extracted from me a promise to take supper with him to-morrow night. He wants me to meet a great friend of his, and a countryman of ours, whose conversation he vowed would interest me."

"Indeed? Did he mention the name?"

"Yes. It was—it was—no, it has slipped my memory. It scarcely matters."

A servant came at a touch of the bell. The visitor descended the stairs and left the cottage. Impelled by a sudden impulse Gabrielle ran to the window and pulled up the blind. He would see her standing there. What of that? The crunch of his heavy footfall sounded upon the gravel, and his voice came clearly—"Good-night!" She replied and felt glad.

Gabrielle drew down the blind again and retreated into the well-lighted room. She paused by the table and put to herself, aloud, a direct question: "Why did I tell him that—that he was my brother?" And she replied, in as direct a fashion: "I imagined that he—cared for me a little. If he had known the truth should I have been able so to command him? *I cannot think so.*"

The recollection of the time when she had met Ivan Vassilitch brought to her certain details of the occasion; and suddenly she remembered that conversation in which famous echoes that appear to gather sound and reverberate had been likened to actions that will not leave a life. She had compared that cruel wrong which had destroyed her peace with one of these deeds that come back to break in thunder. She recalled the reminiscence with a sense of uneasiness.

IV.

THERE were half-a-dozen men in the coffee-room at the club.

"What I like about this place," said Tweed, across the table, to Stefanovitch, "is that they feed you well. The big restaurants have spoilt most clubs in that respect. If ever ——" he stopped, and took his arms off the table as a uniformed waiter approached with a bottle of champagne. The man held the dusty neck with a serviette, drew the cork, and filled two glasses. Stefanovitch, lost in thought, did not observe the act. When he looked down he flushed slightly as he said, "Thank you, I do not care to drink before eating."

The other was visibly annoyed as he glanced at the clock. "Our man is behind time," said he. "A bad thing in a soldier. By the way, I wonder if you do know him? I should say that he is a man of iron—one of those fellows whom you couldn't drive nails into, to quote a picturesque expression, and the last man on earth of whom I should care to make an enemy."

"You said that, when you were all together in Cumberland," answered the other, speaking with apparent effort, "this Ivan Vassilitch, whom I am to meet to-night, appeared rather fond of Gabrielle. Of course——"

Tweed laughed outright. "Don't worry," said he. "Mademoiselle Rupinsky was to him as to most of us—a beautiful statue. Her cold reserve is now fully explained;

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

she believes that you are either dead or yet an exile. You will make her a happy woman to-morrow, Boris. Ah! an idea. Vassilitch may be wiser than I. He may have her address, in which case you will not have to wait for this letter from Etheridge. And that is a point which will soon be settled, for here comes our man."

The tall figure of Ivan Vassilitch appeared at the door of the spacious coffee-room. His hat and coat had been taken from him. He at once perceived Tweed, and dismissed with a nod the servant who had conducted him thither. Tweed gripped his hand with almost boyish fervour.

"So pleased to see you," said he. "Come along, I will introduce you to a fellow-countryman who—— Halloa! you know one anoth——" He broke off on the unfinished word.

Stefanovitch had risen to his feet. He faced Vassilitch. Into his eyes a wild expression leaped, a look of haunting fear, of cowering terror. Tweed, with astonishment, observed that piteous gaze, and thought instinctively of a half-tamed animal that turns upon its master. Stefanovitch recoiled a step, one hand grasping a chair-back, the other clutching the table-cloth, and with all the strength of his spirit he strove to beat down the straight look of this man who, by an hour of horror, had well-nigh broken that spirit.

Vassilitch was the first to break the silence. He said, unflinchingly, "Monsieur Stefanovitch appears to recognise me. He has a good memory for faces. Yes; we have met before."

At the words, or the callous tone in which they were spoken, a sudden frenzy of passion convulsed Stefanovitch. Uttering a stifled cry of "Scoundrel!" he snatched up his untasted glass of wine and flung the contents in the face of Vassilitch.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed Tweed, grasping the outstretched arm.



"HE SNATCHED UP HIS UNTASTED GLASS OF WINE AND FLUNG THE CONTENTS IN THE FACE OF VASSILITCH."

A waiter who had observed the action took a step forward, then hesitated, ready for developments.

The ex-officer of Cossacks wiped the liquid from his face and coat. He was very pale. He turned to Tweed.

"I compliment you on the manners of your friends," said he; "they are delightful. I have the honour to wish you good evening." He bowed slightly, twice—the second time to Stefanovitch, who had sunk into a chair; then he quitted the room.

V.

THE fatalistic idea that he was being carried onward in spite of himself would occur insistently; he felt that he was no longer master of circumstance.

It was hardly to be wondered at, since it was largely a matter of nerves. Vassilitch

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

had returned to his hotel after the scene at the club, and spent half the night writing a letter to Gabrielle; slept badly, breakfasted on four cups of black coffee, spent the best part of the day in pacing the narrow dimensions of his sitting-room, and was now—as the afternoon waned—as undecided as ever.

He told himself that the only clear part of the business was that he could not do without her—no, nor would he; that he was guiltless of the crime that had awakened her abhorrence and fierce desire for justice. For her brother had escaped death, it appeared, and had come back. But that brother would denounce him, would have to be reckoned with. It was certainly awkward. The difference in their names did not puzzle him. Doubtless the name of Stefanovitch had been assumed from political reasons of prudence.

But, then, he told himself, brother and sister must have met in England, perhaps weeks, even months past. In that case Gabrielle must have learned the truth, and so might very well be playing with him. This thought was terrible. Yet when he called to mind the obvious surprise and discomfiture of Stefanovitch he felt relieved. Then another suspicion arose: what if that meeting had been a prearranged thing? It was a little unusual that the Englishman, George Tweed, should accost him—a mere acquaintance—in Regent Street, and invite him to supper. Yes, it really did appear as if he were the dupe of Gabrielle and Stefanovitch, that they were indeed amusing themselves at his expense. If not, how strange that she should have said to him, of all men on earth, "Kill the man who killed my brother."

This frightful suspicion was not to be endured. He combated it, since it was for his life. He strove to remember one soft look that she might have given him. He had imagined at times that she trusted a little in him.

A firm resolve to act came at last to him. He tore into small pieces the letter that he had written. He would see Gabrielle—would end this torment.

He examined a time-table and started to leave the hotel. Half-way down the stairs he paused, returned quickly, and slipped into his pocket a Derringer pistol, which he took, without exactly knowing why, from a drawer. A minute later he was bowling towards King's Cross Station.

On the platform he saw Stefanovitch, and guessed rightly that the latter was bound for the same destination as himself. If Vassilitch had been sure of this he would have abandoned his intention; as it was he resolved to go on without losing sight of the other.

The train sped from the Metropolis, rushing with piercing cries through the winter-laden country. The short day was passing from fields and sky; already the tops of the leafless trees mingled with the grey of evening.

When Ivan Vassilitch alighted at his station he perceived that Stefanovitch was before him, that he was *just quitting* the platform, moving with *sharp strides, as if* he were in a hurry. Vassilitch had half a mind to turn back, but, not caring to wait for perhaps a long time till an up-train came in, he almost mechanically followed the other at a safe distance.

Stefanovitch stopped once or twice, and appeared to make inquiries as to his way. This mystified Vassilitch. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Gabrielle had not met her brother; that the latter had but just set foot in England? The consideration was comforting.

Stefanovitch walked on with great strides, not looking behind, or scarcely to right and left. Gabrielle's cottage was isolated from other habitations. It was built on an eminence that was sheltered on three sides by poplar trees, while the gravelled drive that led to the front of the house was bordered by elms, whose branches met overhead and formed an avenue.

Stefanovitch was approaching the head of this avenue when he perceived, coming toward him, the figure of a woman. His heart almost stopped beating, then continued with great thumps of excitement. The waning, pallid twilight obscured the form, but something in the poise of that figure, in the walk, brought back to him a flood of dear remembrance. With fingers that shook he lifted the latch of the gate and continued down the avenue, that was covered with dead leaves of autumn. And then he saw that it was indeed she.

He cried out in stifled tones:—

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!"

She stopped; the quick panting of her breath reached his ears.

"It is I—Boris! I have come back to you, Gabrielle—come back, after all these years! My heart! Why do you look at me like that? No word of welcome, Gabrielle? Ah! you thought that I was dead? My selfishness has made me too abrupt." Stefanovitch had caught the white hands and was drawing her towards him.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Yes, I—I—thought that you were—dead," answered Gabrielle. The sound of his voice, its infinite tenderness, the joy that glowed in his eyes, moved her so that she broke out into sobs—sobs that startled him.

"My love! my dear love! I have frightened you. Oh, you must not cry like that. Look at me, Gabrielle! How I have lived for you! Not one hour in which I have not thought of you. And this, God's mercy, is greater than His trial." Stefanovitch raised the drooping head and covered her face with his passionate kisses. "My love! My love!" he said.

And Gabrielle at that moment seemed to wake from a dream. Here was the heart that she could rest upon. What other thoughts were those which she had permitted to linger for awhile? They were fading already, were passing with her tears.

She put her arms about his neck; and so they were silent for a time, standing motionless beneath the trees. Stefanovitch said at last:—

"Who told you that I was dead, little one? Who caused you such pain?"

"It is so terrible a story. I heard that you escaped——"

"And so I did."

"That in the forest you were caught by a regiment of Cossacks, and that——"

Stefanovitch interrupted her. "What!" he cried out, "you heard of that? Yes, it was true; but, Gabrielle, at a moment like this, when my cup is overflowing, I can forgive even Ivan Vassilitch——"

Gabrielle sprang from him as if he had struck her. In an instant she saw the whole truth. The cry she would have uttered died on her parted lips. She remained mute, bewildered, paralyzed with astonishment.



"SHE PUT HER ARMS ABOUT HIS NECK."

"Ah, you know the man," said Stefanovitch. "I had forgotten that. Well, let him pass, Gabrielle. Come, you are shivering. It is so cold out here. May I come indoors for an hour?"

The ex-captain of Cossacks closed the gate as he left the avenue. He had heard every word. And he had let them go. Why, he might have pistolled Stefanovitch as he stood there!

He remained in the snow-covered road, staring at the darkened fields, pallid with grief and rage.

Suddenly he snatched the Derringer from his pocket. The barrel into which he looked was but a tiny orifice, yet wide and deep as the pit of death. He lifted his arm. A pressure of the finger, that was all that was needed——

"Bah! for a woman? She is not worth it!"

Vassilitch fired into the air. The report echoed and re-echoed—a note of thunder in the quiet night!

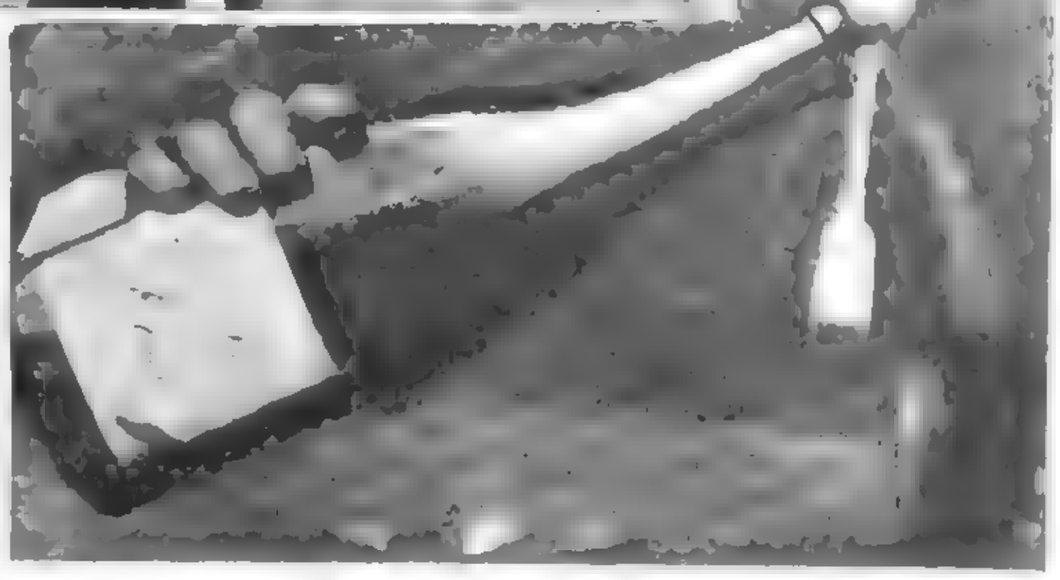
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Eccentricities of Equilibrium.

By Louis Nikola. With Illustrations by the Author.

AS a preliminary to the practical reproduction of the experiments herein described, it is necessary to invade the kitchen and to carry off the following articles, viz. : four forks, a plate, a tea-cup, a bottle, some corks, the cook's basting-ladle and strainer, and a few other odd things which will be found enumerated from time to time in connection with the experiments in which they become necessary.

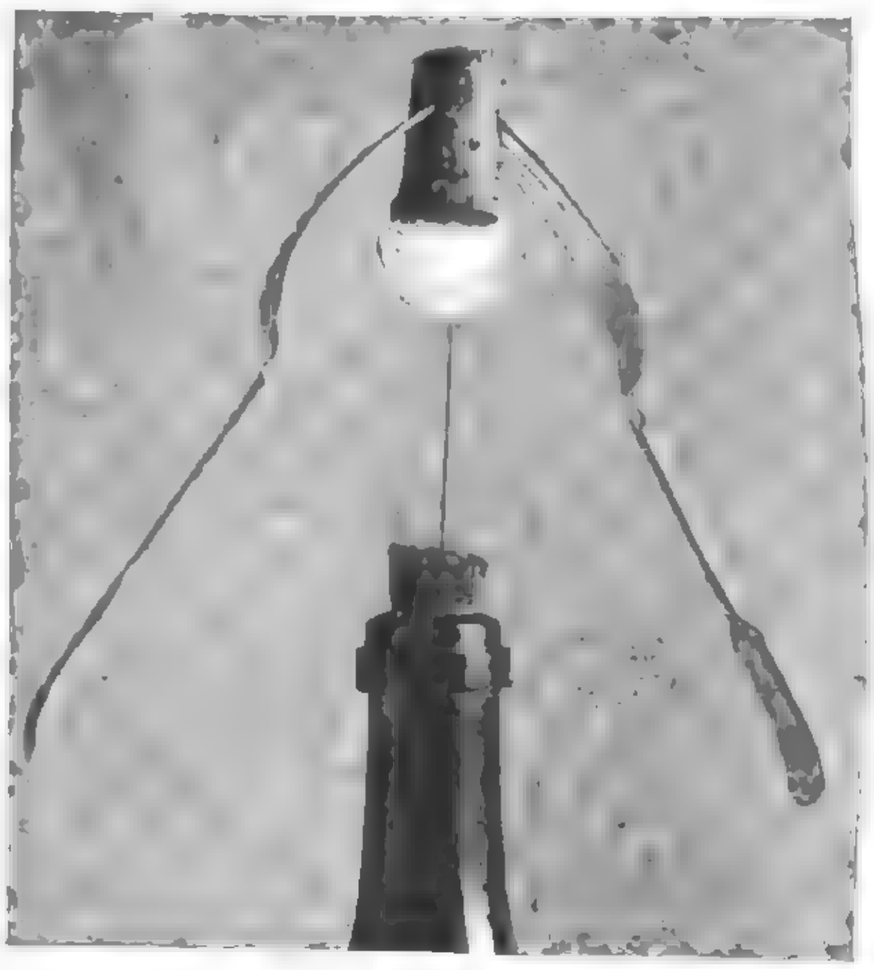




1.—TO BALANCE A COIN ON THE EDGE OF A BOTTLE.

The first experiment is a very simple one. Partly fill the bottle with water ; then take one of the corks, make a slit in one end in the direction of its length, into which insert a coin. Next stick two forks into the cork, on opposite sides and near the other end, at angles of about 30deg. With the forks so placed, as balance-weights, it is an easy matter to balance the coin upon one edge of the mouth of the bottle, as in Fig. 1. With a steady hand it is also possible to execute the effective termination shown in the lower portion of the same illustration—*i.e.*, to slope the bottle gradually so as to pour out a glass of the contents, retaining the while the coin in equilibrium upon the neck of the bottle.

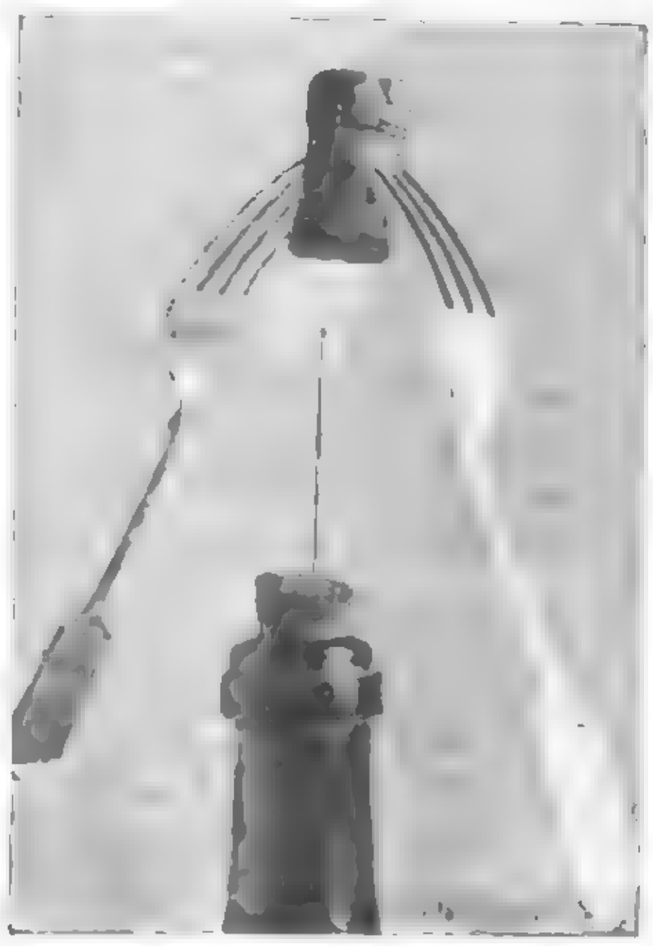
2.—A COIN BALANCED ON A NEEDLE.



By a slight variation of the previous arrangements the coin may be balanced edgeways upon a needle-point and made to rapidly revolve thereupon. Fig. 2 shows the experiment in operation.

3.—THE BALANCED PIN.

To balance a pin upon a needle would seem rather a formidable undertaking; but by an application of the same principle no considerable difficulty is encountered. Stick the pin into another cork in position corresponding to that of the coin in the first experiment, into which also fix two forks as in the previous examples. With a little care it is then quite practicable to rest the head of the pin upon the point of the needle, where it will remain balanced as in Fig. 3.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



4.—A PIN OR NEEDLE BALANCED HORIZONTALLY.

By another variation of the conditions it is possible to balance the pin upon the needle-point in a horizontal position and to make it revolve thereon in that situation. The only alteration necessary to the preparations already made is to substitute for the two forks two ordinary pocket-knives. By bending the handles of the knives at an angle to the blade, the pin may be sustained in a horizontal position. Or, by the substitution of a long needle for the pin, the forks may be retained as balance-weights, as in the previous example and as shown in the present illustration. The pin may be rested upon the needle-point as in the figure, and by a gentle touch of the finger may be set revolving. In time, by reason of the relative differences in hardness of the two metals, the commencement of a tiny hole will be drilled by the sharp steel point of the needle in the softer brass of the pin, and if the motion be continued for a sufficient length of time a hole will ultimately be an accomplished fact.

5.—THE SPINNING PLATE.

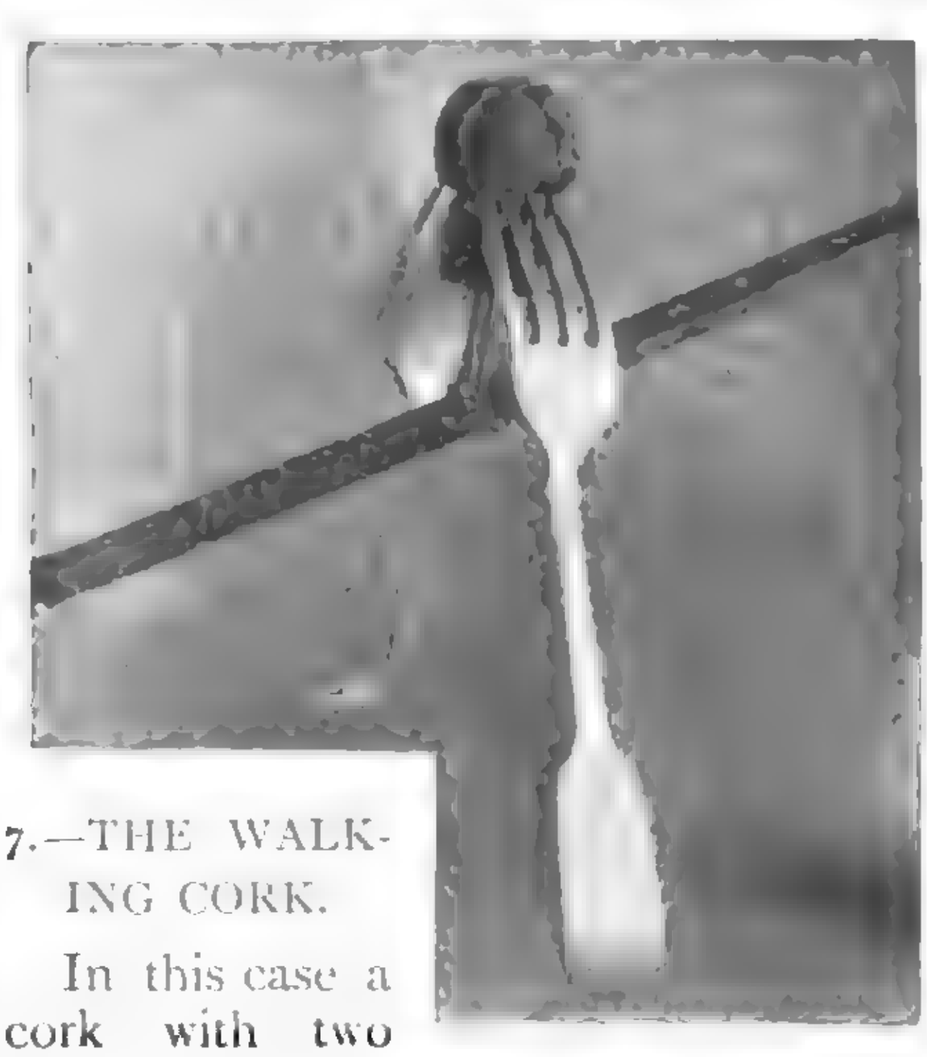
A further application of similar principles, and a plate may be balanced and spun upon the needle-point. The corked bottle with the needle in position remains as before. Two other corks are taken and split into two by a vertical cut. Into one end of each half-cork, upon the flat side, are stuck the prongs of a fork, and thus the four forks are hung at equal distances around the edge of the plate. Then, with a little care, the plate will be held in perfect equilibrium, as in Fig. 5.



6.—THE BALANCED EGG.

Next cut a slight concavity in one end of one of the corks, so as to adapt it as exactly as possible to one end of an egg. Then insert two forks, as before, into the sides of the cork, letting the hollowed-out end be the lower. Then rest the cork with the forks as counter-weights upon the end of the egg to which the concavity has been adapted. So aided, the egg may be balanced upon the mouth of the bottle, as in Fig. 6.

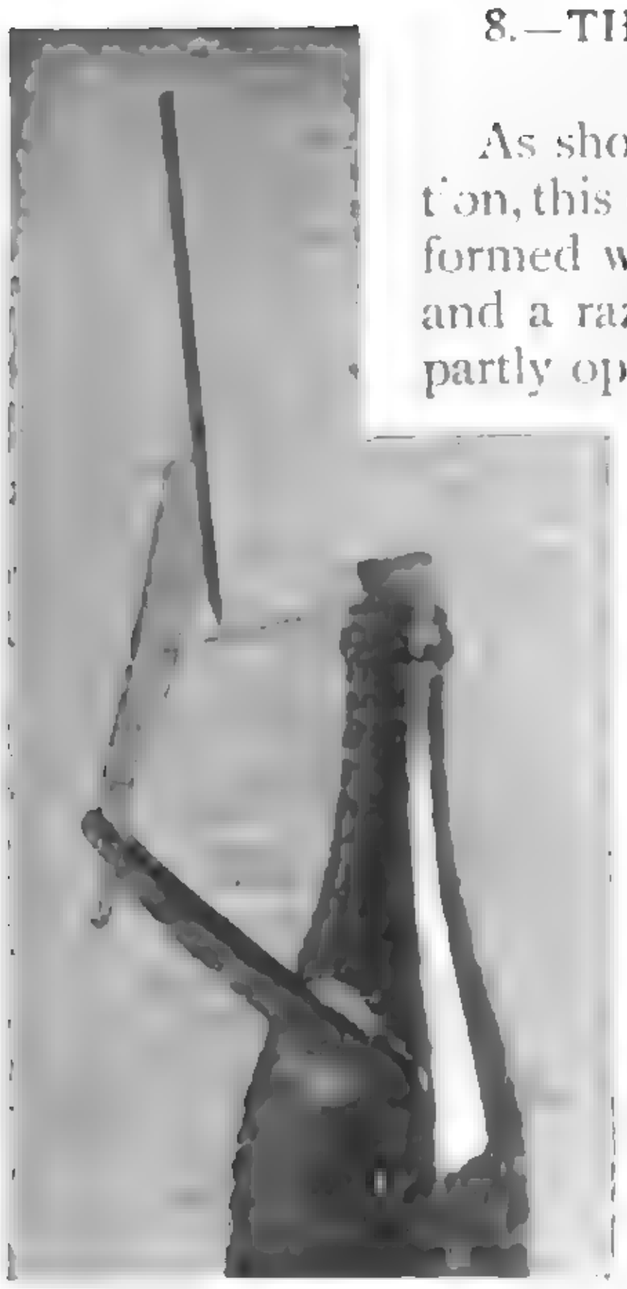




7.—THE WALKING CORK.

In this case a cork with two balance-weights attached, in the shape of forks as previously employed, is provided in addition with a pair of legs, formed by the insertion of a couple of stout pins or small round-headed nails into the bottom of the cork, as in Fig. 7. The figure is placed upon an inclined narrow slip of wood at the highest point of the incline and set gently oscillating, so that the weight is thrown alternately on one side and then on the other, which will cause the figure to make the descent of the incline in a series of jerks.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



8.—THE BALANCED PENCIL.

As shown in the illustration, this experiment is performed with a lead pencil and a razor. The razor is partly opened and the end of the blade fixed into the wood of the pencil about an inch or two above the point, in the position and at about the angles shown in the illustration, Fig. 8, when the pencil may be readily balanced upon its point on the extremity of a stout needle thrust horizontally into the bottle cork, as shown.



9.—THE BALANCED LADLE.

A development of the last experiment may be made with a basting-ladle and a razor or folding pocket-knife. Open the knife to an angle of a little over 45deg., and engage the hook of the ladle with the outside angle at the junction of handle and blade, as in Fig. 9, which permits of the whole being placed in self-supporting position upon the edge of the table, as shown. The junction of knife and ladle may be made firm, if necessary, by a slice of cork wedged in beneath the hook of the ladle handle.

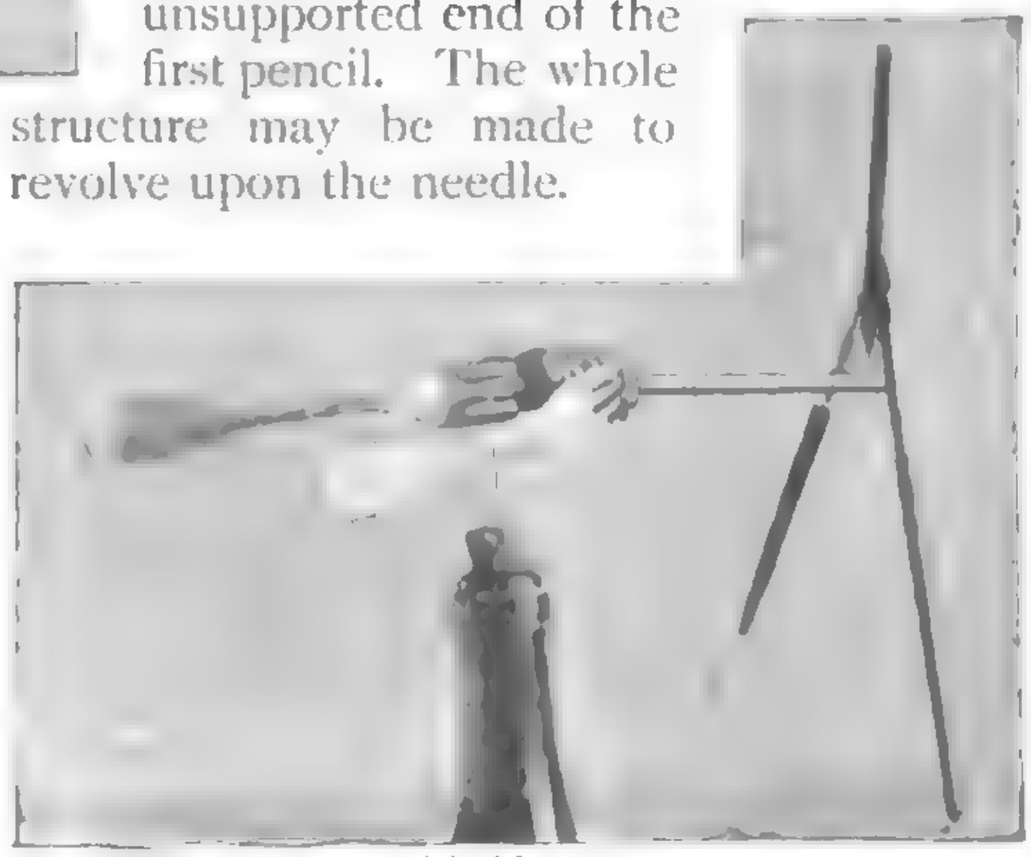


10.—THE BALANCED PAIL OF WATER.

Fig. 10 looks a little startling! There is, however, no risk if the experiment is properly conducted. The requirements are: a kitchen table, a pail of water, a stout, flat stick three or four feet long on which to hang the pail, and another and slighter piece of stick. The larger stick is first laid upon the table with about one-third of its length projecting over the edge. The pail—empty—is next hung upon the projecting end of the stick. The smaller stick is then placed with one end against the inside angle of the bottom of the pail at the point nearest the table, and the other end cut away at such a length as will permit it to wedge tightly against the under side of the main stick, at which point a notch may be cut in the latter to prevent slipping. The whole bears a structural resemblance to the balanced ladle of Fig. 9. The pail may then be partly filled with water, when it should remain balanced as in Fig. 10.

11.—THE BALANCED PENCILS.

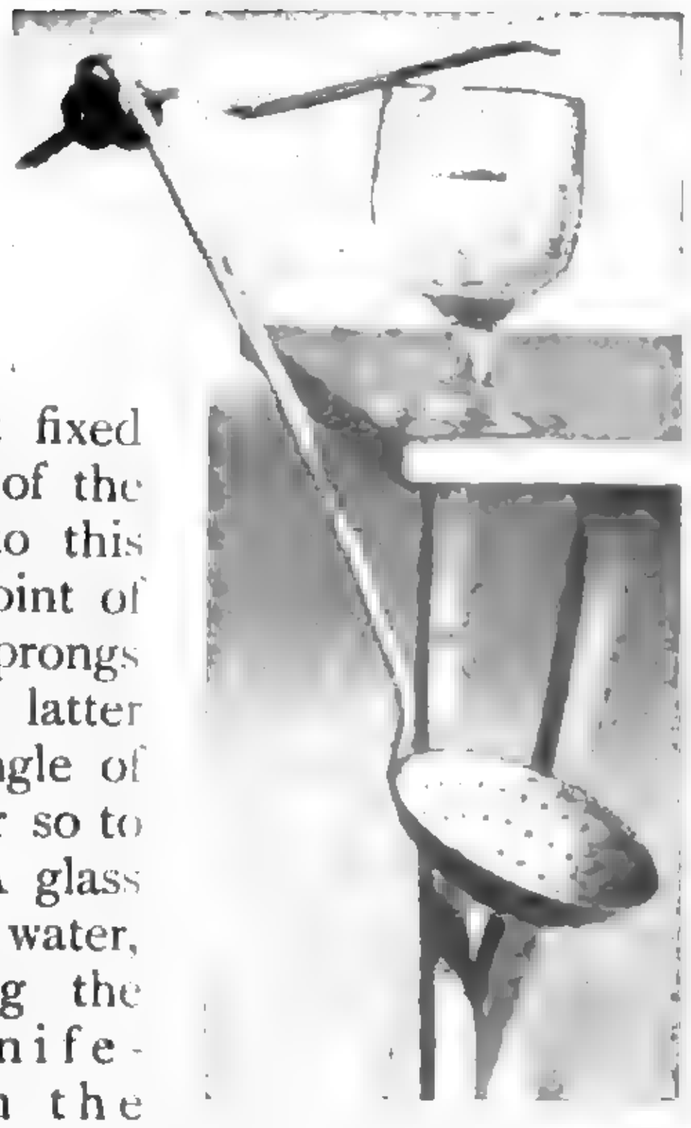
This is an elaboration of the experiment described in paragraph 4. A pencil is first thrust through the centre of a cork and two forks into the sides of the cork. This will permit of the pencil being balanced horizontally, as in Fig. 11. A second pencil is balanced by the insertion of two pen-holders in positions relatively similar to those which the forks bear to the balanced object in Experiments 1, 2, and 3, and so arranged it may be balanced upon the unsupported end of the first pencil. The whole structure may be made to revolve upon the needle.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

12.—THE LADLE AND WINE-GLASS.



Making use again of the basting-ladle, a cork is first fixed into the hook of the handle, and into this is thrust the point of a knife or the prongs of a fork, the latter being at an angle of about 45deg. or so to the former. A glass is filled with water, and by placing the fork or knife-handle upon the edge of the glass the ladle will balance as in Fig. 12.



15.—THE REVOLVING PLATE.

A similar experiment may be performed on a larger scale by bending up a longer and proportionately stouter piece of wire, and substituting for the coin a small plate and for the ring a bunch of keys—Fig. 15—or a larger plate and a tea-cup. In the latter case the weight of the tea-cup may be built up to counter-balance the plate by dropping a number of coins one by one into the cup until the required weight is obtained.

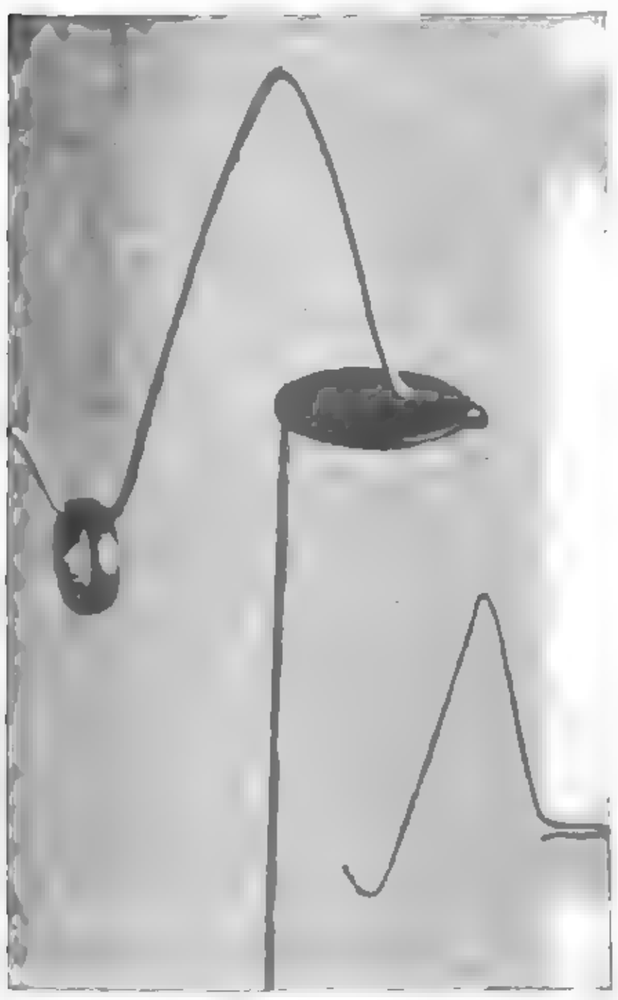
13.—THE BALANCED BOTTLE.

By still another application of the basting-ladle, or a walking-stick or umbrella, a bottle may be balanced upon a slack cord. All that is necessary is to insert the hook of the ladle-handle or the handle of the stick into the neck of the bottle and support upon the cord, as shown.



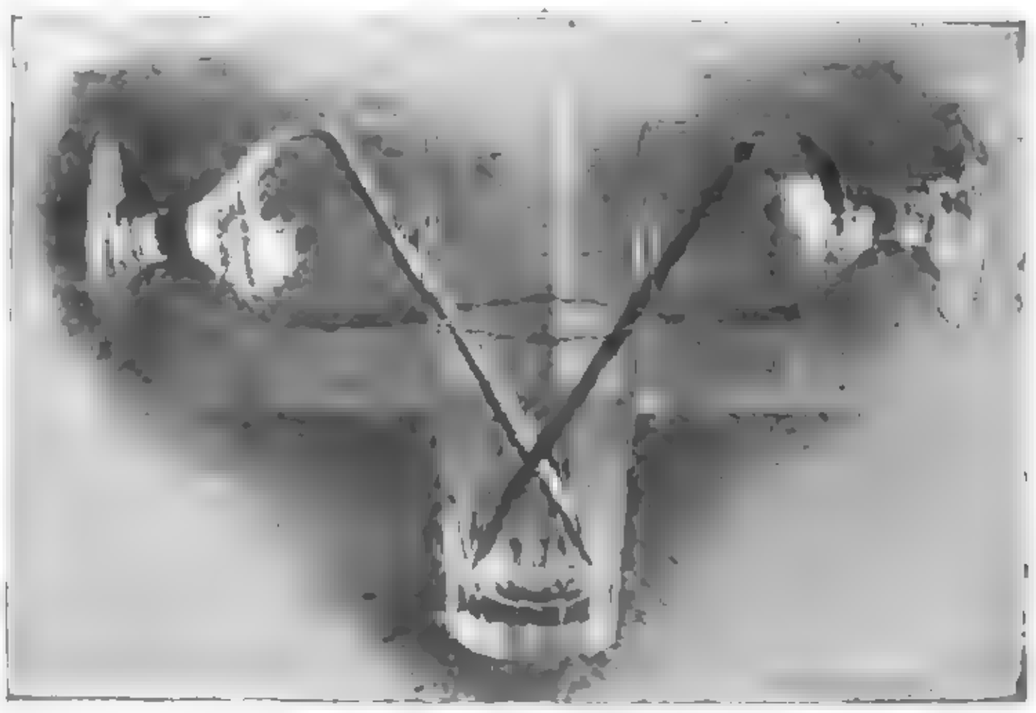
14.—THE REVOLVING COIN.

Bend up a piece of stiff wire, such as a hairpin, into the shape shown in the lower right-hand corner of Fig. 14, with a hook at one end and a clip at the other, the latter adjusted to grip a coin tightly. By hanging a fairly heavy finger-ring upon the hook as a counter-weight, the whole may be balanced with the penny upon the point of a needle, and made to revolve on it.



16.—THE BALANCED WINE-GLASSES.

This experiment is not a case of pure balancing, but depends principally upon the nice adjustment of the two pieces of stick by means of which the position of the two glasses is maintained. A couple of slender pen-holders may be used, and must be trimmed down at the ends until the right length is obtained. The position of the sticks and the manner in which the glasses are supported can best be gathered by a study of the illustration below.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

17. — BALANCING CUPS.

Simple methods of balancing a milk-jug and tea-cup respectively are shown in Figs. 17, A and B. In the first illustration the cork is placed inside the handle of the vessel, in which position it should fit with moderate firmness, so as not to slip, and then two knives are thrust in, one from each side of the handle, between the cork and the cup itself, when the cup may be balanced upon any fixed point. In the second a cork is fixed into the handle, as before, and into the cork the prongs of a fork are fastened, holding the fork in such a position as to bring the centre of gravity below the point of suspension. The cup may then be balanced as before



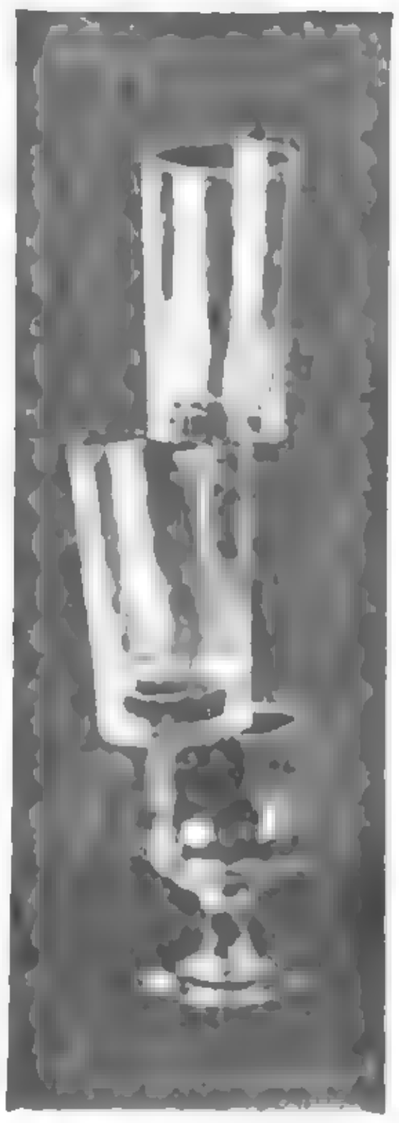


18.—THE BALANCED PLATE.

This is a rather more elaborate experiment and one of the most effective of the whole series. The requirements are: a plate, the basting-ladle used in previous experiments, and, in addition, a "skimmer." The handle of the ladle is hooked over the edge of the plate and made secure by a wedge cut from a bottle cork. The opposite edge of the plate is then rested upon the edge of a bottle in the position shown in Fig. 18, and the handle of the skimmer is finally hooked into the bowl of the ladle, making the structure shown.

19.—THE BALANCED TUMBLERS.

Here is a little after-dinner experiment requiring some delicacy of manipulation. The end in view is to balance three tumblers one upon the edge of the other as in Fig. 19. With two tumblers the experiment is comparatively easy; with the third it becomes a genuine test of skill.



20.—THE BALANCED SHOVEL AND TONGS.

A delicate test of balancing may be attempted with the shovel and tongs. The position of the two implements is shown in the illustration—Fig. 20. The extremity of one arm of the tongs is rested against the inside of the shovel, and the other extremity is placed in the angle formed by the junction of the shovel with the handle. By delicate poising the two may be induced to remain in equilibrium in the position illustrated. A formation which permits of the tongs being engaged with the shovel after the manner shown is an important factor.

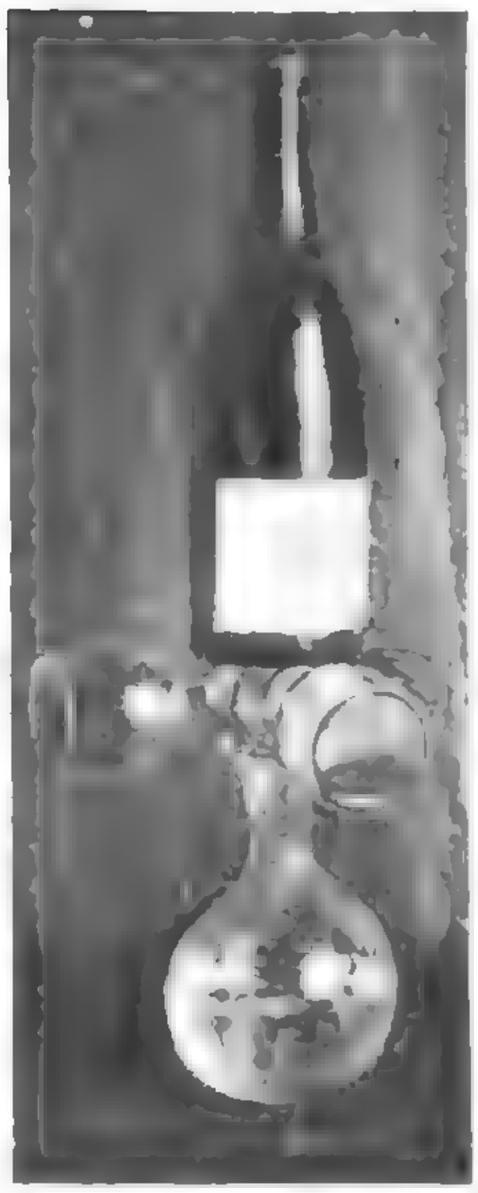


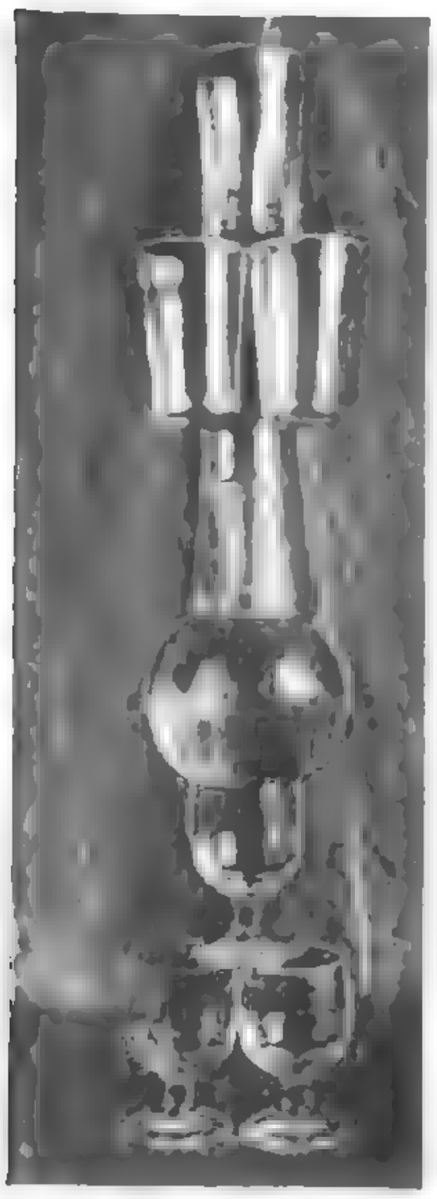
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

21.—A TOWER OF GLASS.

An effective combination is shown in Fig. 21. A carafe, partly filled with water to give stability, forms the basis of the structure. Upon this a trio of wine-glasses, lying horizontally, are arranged, and so held while the bottle, half filled with water, is





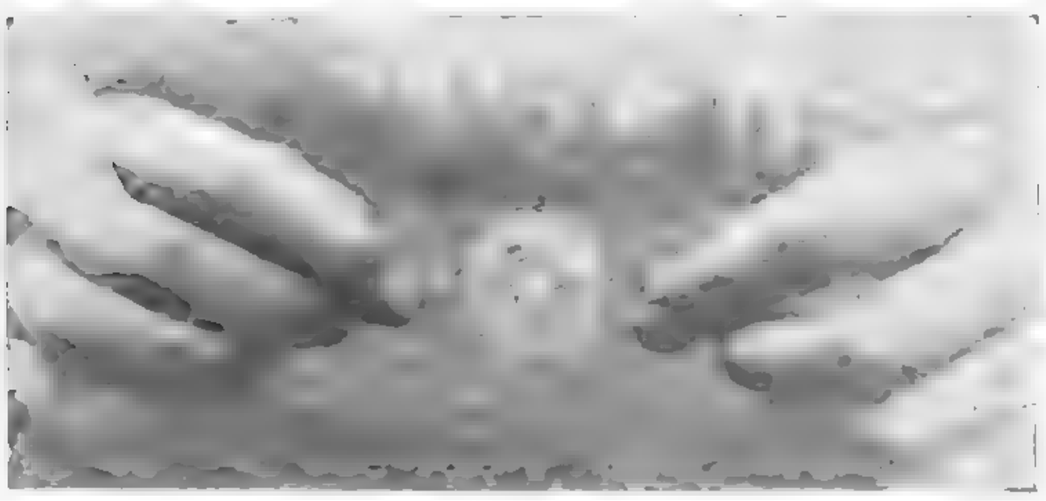
placed in position above them. A little careful adjustment will secure an accurate reproduction of the experiment as illustrated.

22.—ANOTHER ARRANGEMENT.

A similar structure, formed with seven glasses and a carafe, is shown in Fig. 22, which is self-explanatory.

23.—THE REVOLVING COIN.

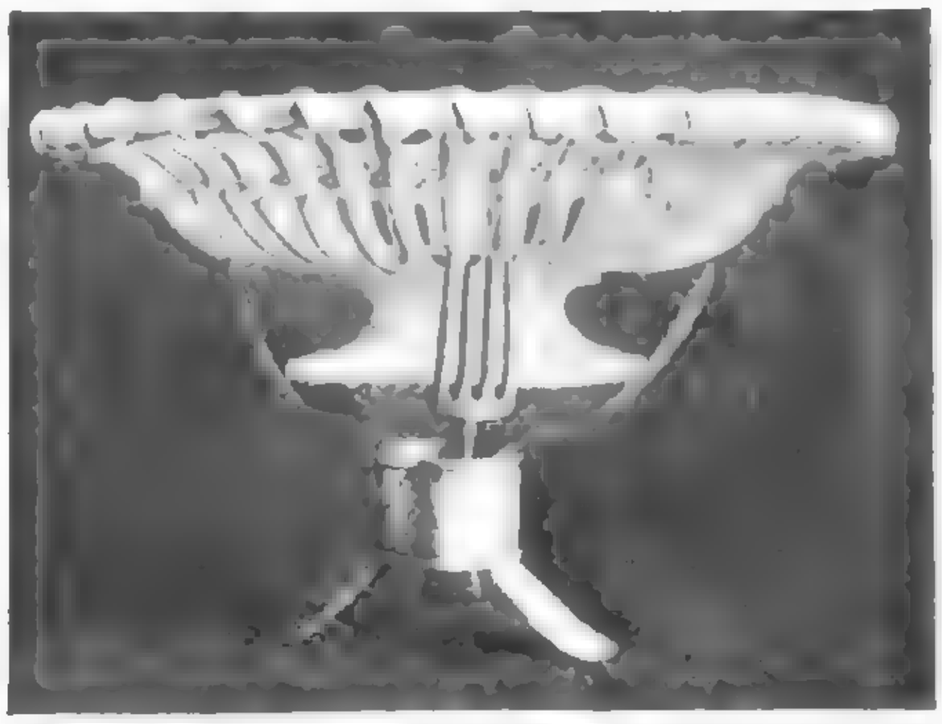
A simple experiment for impromptu performance at the table can be made with a couple of pins and a coin. The accomplishment consists of picking up the coin by two opposite edges between the points of the



two pins, as in Fig. 23, in which position it may, with steady hands, safely be held. By blowing smartly upon one edge of the coin it may be made to rapidly revolve between two points. The feat has the appearance of an exhibition of considerable skill, but, as a trial will show, it is in no way difficult of execution. The selection of a milled-edged coin will facilitate the matter.

24.—AN EXTEMPORIZED TRIPOD.

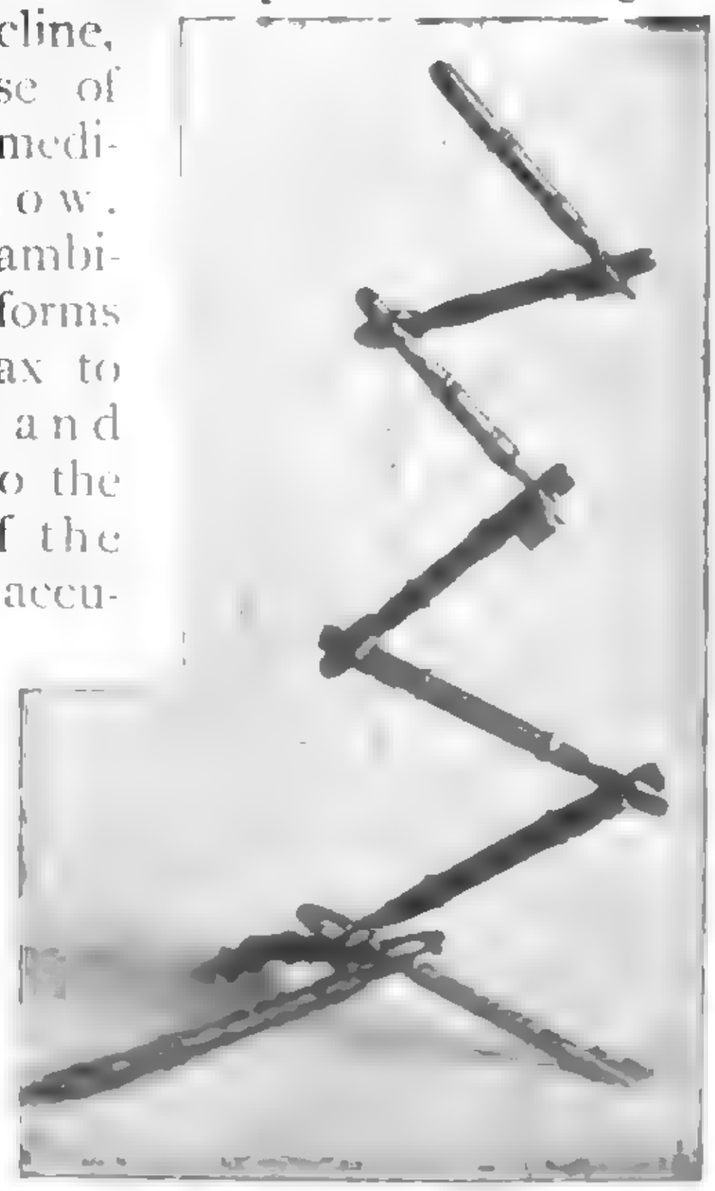
With three forks, a serviette ring, and a plate, one may improvise a stand for a soup tureen or water carafe. The forks are merely passed through the ring and spread into



the form of a tripod, the handles resting upon the table. A plate placed upon the prongs of the fork locks the whole and provides the necessary rest for the article to be supported. The fruit dish in the illustration happens to be of just the right size to rest in the support formed by the extremities of the forks, the plate being in this case unnecessary.

25.—KEYS TO EMINENCE.

In our last example we have a succession of keys built up by interlocking the wards and bows one within the other, upon the summit of which may, by special care, be balanced a bottle or similar object. Where the bottle is added to the pile, it takes the place of the uppermost key shown in our illustration, and rests upon one taking a more gentle incline, as in the case of the one immediately below. This rather ambitious structure forms a fitting climax to our series, and may be left to the ingenuity of the reader, whose accumulated experience should by this time be good equipment for the negotiation of the difficulties to be surmounted.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Miss Cairn's Cough-Drops.

By Winifred Graham.

I.

LITTLE Hal Court knew nothing of towns; he had been brought up in the solitude and beauty of Northern Ireland. The country had given to this small boy something of its own peculiar charm, a wildness wedded mysteriously to peace. He could be so still and thoughtful, or so full of life and movement, he might have borrowed his child's personality from the waves of the great blue sea.

Nature made a bold nurse—a teacher who whispered to Hal of things intense, of stories wonderful, bringing him the funds of her vast wisdom, the fairy tales of a countryside teeming with romance.

"I live with my grandmother," he told his new governess, "because I have a different kind of mamma to other boys. She isn't the ordinary sort that stays at home; she—she's a celebrity!" He paused before alighting upon the correct word, bringing it out with so grave an air that Miss Ainsworth could hardly repress a smile.

"Yes," he continued, hugging his knee and gazing through the window at the turbid waves of the Lough, a lovely inland sea, sending its green waters brimming to the verge of Castle Stewart's old garden. "She sings, you know! She sings—well, just like an angel, people say; but the angels don't have to travel about and leave their little boys at home. Mother makes heaps of money when she sings a song. They send for her right across the world, and she travels like a Princess; the people crowd to see her get into the train. It's always that way if you can sing. Don't you wish you had a voice like an angel, Miss Ainsworth?"

"Yes, indeed."

A sudden, almost painful, longing rang in the reply, as the dazzling picture of a world-famed artiste was conjured up by the simple description of a child.

"I expect," added Miss Ainsworth, "you miss your mother?"

"Why, of course. I wear this picture of her round my neck, and I love her so much I don't mind when other boys call it girlish; one doesn't mind being girlish for her!"



"I HAVE A DIFFERENT KIND OF MAMMA TO OTHER BOYS."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A throb as of martyrdom crept into the child's voice—an almost passionate hunger for the mother-love denied him.

"She said," he continued, "she would be back for the New Year. She can't get here in time for Christmas, because the boat from Australia won't bring her fast enough, but she promised to come for certain on New Year's Eve. I am to write to her in London. I always begin my letters now, 'Don't forget about the New Year,' because she has so much to remember. Then she answers back, 'Dear little boy, I'm safe for the New Year,' or something of that kind. The winter seems very long here, and one rather wants a mother. In the summer I don't mind her being away so much."

His wistful eyes saw in fancy the smiling summertime, which sped on lightning wings. For him the warm days spelt gladness, giving beautiful little bays for playgrounds and creeks with wooded shores, while winter presented unlighted rocks and shoals lashed by one of the strongest tides in the kingdom. He had grown to love and reverence the castles of old Kings which faced each other across the tide, and to know intimately those wonderful islands which dotted the sea. But to Miss Ainsworth, freshly arrived from a busy city, Castle Stewart in mid-winter held something of terror with its watery wastes, guarding the little village of Slaneyford.

She liked hearing her small charge talk of his mother: it brought a human note into all the dreariness and desolation of this storm-swept country. Since her arrival she had been forced to associate Slaneyford with a driving whirlwind of ceaseless rain.

"We sha'n't mind the weather when mother comes," said Hal, cheerfully. "Everything is different then; she's so jolly, you know. She will bring me lots of toys in her box, but I don't want them when I've got her to play with, and her cheek is so much softer to kiss than grandmamma's."

Miss Ainsworth noticed that the thought of his mother's coming predominated Hal's mind. Everything reminded him of some past action or saying of hers—what she liked or disliked. When he became silent and dreamy, his watchful companion knew well that the child-soul wandered to a mother's knee, through the bright mazes of imagination.

In restless moments his energies ever centred in arranging some surprise for the fair lady of song—shells he had collected for her in the summer were to be hidden under her pillow, and long dried ribbons of white seaweed found their way to the guest-chamber prepared for Mrs. Court.



"A SURPRISE FOR THE FAIR LADY OF SONG."

Miss Ainsworth herself caught his feverish excitement—the coming of the famous singer held the charm of novelty.

As yet she had met none of the celebrated people of the world, but founded her social creed upon the daily lives of the middle classes.

Even little Hal, with the strain of his mother's genius running in his blood, came as a revelation of something peculiar and mystifying.

"I sha'n't notice Christmas at all," he told Miss Ainsworth, as the festive season drew near; "I shall just wait for mother and the New Year and open all my presents then. She will like to be the first to see them." So the Yuletide drifted by uneventfully, save for a thrill of expectation heralding the arrival of a beloved traveller—that child-like

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

counting of days and hours in which the oldest may share, when the heart pines and the spirit yearns for the touch of an absent hand.

The days were drawing near to New Year's Eve when Mrs. Court wrote announcing her safe arrival in London. Hal's grandmother read the letter aloud, and Miss Ainsworth watched the rapt expression on his face with a strange intuition of coming sorrow, a fear lest disappointment, black-winged and ugly, should mar the seraphic beauty of the child's features. The little mouth, slightly inclined by Nature to droop, smiled softly as the older woman read, and a flush crept over the boy's cheek, while his whole attitude denoted breathless excitement. So keen was the tension that, as the letter closed, Miss Ainsworth felt she could hardly bear the concluding words :—

"It is just possible, tell Hal, that, after all, I may not get to Slaneyford for the New Year. Your account of the weather is not encouraging, and, dearly as I long to be with you, I am bound to be cautious and not run any risks. I have a slight cold in my throat, and the thought of the floods round Castle Stewart holds terrors, with their suggestion of dampness. My doctor advises me to give up all thought of visiting Ireland while these stormy days of deluge last. Ask my sweet boy to write to me."

Grandmamma laid the letter down with quite a matter-of-fact air, remarking, "Cristina was very wise!"

Miss Ainsworth took a sidelong glance at Hal. He had not moved, but his lip trembled and he stared very hard at the floor.

"I shall be writing to-day," said grandmamma, "so you had better put in a line, Hal, and she will get it in London to-morrow morning."

Hal nodded. His voice sounded odd and strangled as he replied :—

"Please, I would rather send my letter quite alone in an envelope by itself."

"Very well."

The boy walked slowly to the door. The pathetic droop of his shoulders spoke more eloquently than words, telling of a spirit crushed by hope deferred, of a little heart breaking under a childish tunic of blue serge.

"The day after to-morrow will be New Year's Eve," he thought; "and she—she is afraid of the weather, because of her voice!"

Perhaps he had always been unconsciously jealous of that wonderful gift which took her away from him, though to the child's pure nature all hurtful emotions came as aliens, tarrying but for a moment on forbidden ground.

He crept to the far corner of the schoolroom, and, hiding the tiresome tears that made writing difficult, scribbled hastily in his new drawing-book.

"She shall have the first sheet as a letter," he said, tearing it out, and re-reading the words, clearly written in a bold, childish hand. "Perhaps she will come after all, when she gets this."

Miss Ainsworth saw with relief Hal looked happier as the post-boy trudged with a bag of correspondence down the soaking drive.

The following morning there was a certain watchfulness about Hal. He could settle down to nothing, and appeared to be constantly listening; every bell sent him running to the hall door.

At last his energy met with reward, for he was the first to bring in a telegram addressed to his grandmother. He waited by her knee with glistening eyes, his pulses throbbing painfully as she read the flimsy paper: "Shall be with you to-morrow; crossing to-night.—Cristina."

It seemed to the boy that his heart stopped beating and would never go on again as he heard the wonderful intelligence. He struggled for breath as he gasped out the good news to Miss Ainsworth, who had just appeared to take him for a walk.

"She will be here for New Year's Eve! She rests in Dublin, you know, and gets to us late in the afternoon," he cried, his face like a sunbeam. "She changed her mind when she got our letters; I expect she saw we wanted her very, very badly."

The hours flew quickly with so much gladness in store, and Hal was quite ready to go to bed early, that to-morrow might come the sooner—to-morrow, the day of days, long waited for, through weary months of watching. Miss Ainsworth came to the boy's bedside fearing he would never sleep—with his brain in such a whirl of feverish expectation.

She found him open-eyed and flushed. Immediately he began speaking of his mother.

"To-morrow night—she will come in, shading the candle with her hand," he said. "She will wear a lovely dress she calls a tea-gown, all soft and lacey, and she doesn't mind how much I crumple it." He smiled at the thought and hugged his pillows.

"I wonder why she suddenly changed her

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mind?" murmured Miss Ainsworth. Hal sat bolt upright, his eyes very alert.

"It was all through my letter," he answered, triumphantly.

"What did you say?" Miss Ainsworth felt very curious as she put the question; she had never before dealt with a child of uncommon character.

"I begged her to come," he replied, his tone vibrating with the energy of a youthful passion. "I said I would like her to lose her voice on the way and never find it again; then she would stay with me always, like other mothers, who live at home with their children. I put: 'Never mind about the old voice, dearest; it's always a bother, taking you away,' and lots of things like that, just to show her how much I cared. Oh! and I dropped some tears on the letter, so it all went crinkly."

An expression of intense longing lit his face as he paused, clutching Miss Ainsworth's sleeve. "Do you think she will lose her voice on the journey?" he gasped, hopefully. "It would be lovely if she did!"

Miss Ainsworth listened horrified; righteous indignation surged within her well-meaning breast as she pictured the mother, torn by natural affection, driven to risk her glorious gift of song for the whim of an exacting child.

"Oh!" cried Miss Ainsworth, shaking him off angrily, "I had no idea you were such a wicked little boy. I thought you really loved your mother, and now I see you don't at all; you are thoroughly selfish and horrid. Your letter must have hurt her very deeply. Of course, she values her voice above everything. God gave it to her as a wonderful inheritance, a divine talent, and you—you *hope* she will lose it, never to find it again! I don't want to talk to you any more, but if ill befalls your mother it will be a judgment on you! Naturally she ought not to travel against the advice of her doctor, but she is sacrificing her health for the sake of granting an unkind and inconsiderate request!"



"'IT WAS ALL THROUGH MY LETTER,' HE ANSWERED."

With these scathing words of rebuke Miss Ainsworth snatched up the candle and strode from the room, shutting the door firmly behind her without saying "good-night."

Hal remained very still. All in a moment the room had become peopled with dark fancies and ugly forms. Dread stole like a human presence to the disconsolate little soul. Hal shivered and, shrinking down, hid his head in the sheets. The lecture, with its awful truths, returned like a heavy blow, causing physical pain to the sensitive temperament of the highly-strung boy. He had meant no harm by the ignorant words,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

whose child-like pathos touched the deepest chord in the heart of the famous singer. Not for the world would she have had one syllable of Hal's letter altered by the tutoring hand of a shocked Miss Ainsworth, while tears and smiles together answered the appeal of that quaint, unstudied expression of the boy's mind.

But Hal knew nothing of this as the darkness gathered round him. He heard only the condemning phrases: "You are thoroughly selfish and horrid! I thought you really loved your mother! If ill befalls her it will be a judgment upon you!" He set his lips and pressed his knuckles firmly to his eyes. What was this dreadful thing he had done—all unconsciously—to the mother for whom he would willingly have given his life? She was on the sea now, against her doctor's advice, and the wind was beating on his window-pane and moaning round the house. He felt he could hardly bear the thought, and the sound of the pitiless rain tortured him.

Of course, Miss Ainsworth was right; he had been inconsiderate and unkind. If mother lost her voice God would be very angry, because Miss Ainsworth said it was a "divine talent." Whatever happened, the precious voice must be preserved, even if it took the one he loved away from him to the end of the chapter. As he mused a sudden thought came, bringing with it one bright ray of hope through the terrifying gloom.

Away across the mile-wide tideway, in the small town of Ferryport, a certain Miss Cairn, an old, wrinkled spinster, kept a wondrous sweet-shop, renowned for its good wares. When last Hal paid her a visit one calm autumn day she had shown him a large glass jar of cough-drops, bidding him remember when the winter came that for loss of voice, or sore throat, she knew no equal in all the wide world. Miss Cairn confided to him she had once assisted in a chemist's shop, and knew the dark secrets of medicine. These drops were her own manufacture, and held the magic of deep knowledge acquired in the past.

Her words came back now with a force and power which made the great flood surging between him and the desired goal as nothing compared with the thought of saving mother's voice! The very difficulties in the way made the staunch little heart resolve to let no human power stay him from the task ahead.

What matter that the ferry could not traverse the foaming waters? Old Micky (known as Mad Micky, for risking his life in the wildest weather) crossed every morning in his worn boat with the regularity of a postman!

The inhabitants on either side were glad enough to make use of his fearless enterprise, for to be cut off from communication often proved highly inconvenient. So they paid him to carry their wares, and traded with each other, while they shrugged their shoulders at the danger entailed.

"Poor craythur!" they would say; "shure, and he's bound to go under some day, but there's none at home to mourn him, and he's set his mind on a watery grave!"

To Hal that night Mad Micky appeared as the one bright spot on the dark horizon of his childish sorrow.

If only he had Miss Cairn's cough-drops safely at Castle Stewart when Mrs. Court arrived, all anxiety could be at an end. The lost voice must needs return under the influence of such wonderful round, coloured lozenges, with purple or pink stripes for choice. He fancied mother would like the pink stripes best, because they were prettier.

Lulled by the glad notion of repairing his sinful past, little Hal let his heavy, tear-stained eyes close, and dreamt of a beauteous lady in a tea-gown, of Mad Micky, and sweets in a huge glass jar away across the tide.

II.

When Hal, after many difficulties, escaped the watchful eyes of Miss Ainsworth, and running through torrents of rain hid himself under a drenched tarpaulin at the bottom of Micky's boat, the supreme moment of his life had been reached.

He suspected that on such a morning of storm even Mad Micky might possibly refuse to pilot human cargo across the rough water, for New Year's Eve outvied the previous days of tempest.

The boat, moored at the Castle Stewart end of Slaneyford Lough, lay in sight of the roaring sea, whose billows broke upon innumerable creeks made alive by the hurrying presence of foam-crested waves.

Hal had collected all the money he possessed in his small pockets—silver for Miss Cairn, and three big pennies for Mad Micky when the moment should arrive to reveal his hidden presence.

No wonder the boy's heart beat furiously, for of all his life's adventures this appeared the most thrilling and terrifying.

It was one thing to play at shipwrecked mariners and to storm castles in which no

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ogres dwelt—it proved a different matter to lie calmly concealed while Micky, who "had set his mind on a watery grave," let his frail barque tear across the Lough under a single head-sail.

The boy knew enough of the treacherous current and the strength of the tide to realize fully the perils of his passage.

Peeping from under his covering he could see the reckless face of his unconscious guide, fully aware that no man valuing his safety would sail as Mad Micky sailed that morning.

The child's sensitive nature would have been tortured by fears but for the encouraging influence of a great unselfish love.

"It's for mother's sake!" he said, hiding his eyes from the swift, deep body of water, whipped into fury by the wind as it viciously lashed the sail.

"It's for mother's sake!" he repeated, when the personal discomfort of his position warned him there can be few places wetter or more cheerless than a small boat unprotected from the elements when the rain descends in really gross solidity.

Mrs. Court felt none the worse for her journey as she drove to Castle Stewart late that afternoon.

She was really rather amused at having flung caution to the winds, and was by no means depressed at landing in a hurricane of squall and dirt on the dear, familiar Irish shore.

Her first thought was for Hal as she crossed the threshold of her old home, and a sudden keen misgiving pierced her like a knife when faces of frightened distress greeted her on the doorstep.

"Where is Hal?"

The words broke sharply; the bright, magnificent eyes flashed a glance of terror from right to left.

"We don't know!" The answer came unsteadily from faltering lips. "He disappeared this morning; he was last seen by one of the gardeners, running towards the Lough, slipping over the slimy stones and rocks. The man wondered we allowed him out in the wet to play on the weedy boulders, but the foolish fellow said nothing till it was too late. When he heard Hal was missing he spoke, but not till then. The shore has been searched, but——"

Mrs. Court stayed to hear no more. The blank, hopeless faces of the speakers told the rest.

Miss Ainsworth was weeping hysterically, and grandmamma's features grew stone-like in their set misery.

All the new-comer realized was that Hal—



"HE COULD SEE THE RECKLESS FACE OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS GUIDE."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

her Hal—had met with some disaster. Only the gravest accident would keep him away at such a moment. Her mind leapt to the worst fears. Like one possessed she rushed alone down the long drive, hardly knowing what she did, till her feet reached the very brink of the flowing tide.

Surely the cry of her heart must call, even above the storm, to little Hal, the tender, clinging child, accustomed to think always of her pleasure during the happy days they spent at home together.

As if in answer to her soul's appeal, along the bank of the Lough's dark, swollen water, running at full speed, came a small breathless figure, drenched to the skin, holding aloft a tiny paper packet, which he waved victoriously.

"Dearest, it was for you!" he cried. "And, oh! I'm so sorry to be late, but Micky nearly got shipwrecked this time, the wind was so high, and his mast broke. I was frightened you'd lose your voice, so I went to Ferryport to buy Miss Cairn's cough-drops. They are splendid, dearest; try one and see!"

Already he had ferreted into the bag, and was holding between a salted thumb and finger a brilliant specimen of Miss Cairn's triumph in pink-striped lozenges.



"RUNNING AT FULL SPEED, CAME A SMALL BREATHLESS FIGURE."

As Mrs. Court heard the eager tidings: "Dearest, it was for you!" a rush of tears to her eyes and a sudden choking in her throat made Hal anxious.

"You—you *have* caught a cold!" he exclaimed, with conviction, forcing the sugared cough-drop into her protesting hands.

"No, darling boy—no," she stammered, mastering her emotion with an effort; "the New Year gladness choked me for a moment, that's all!"

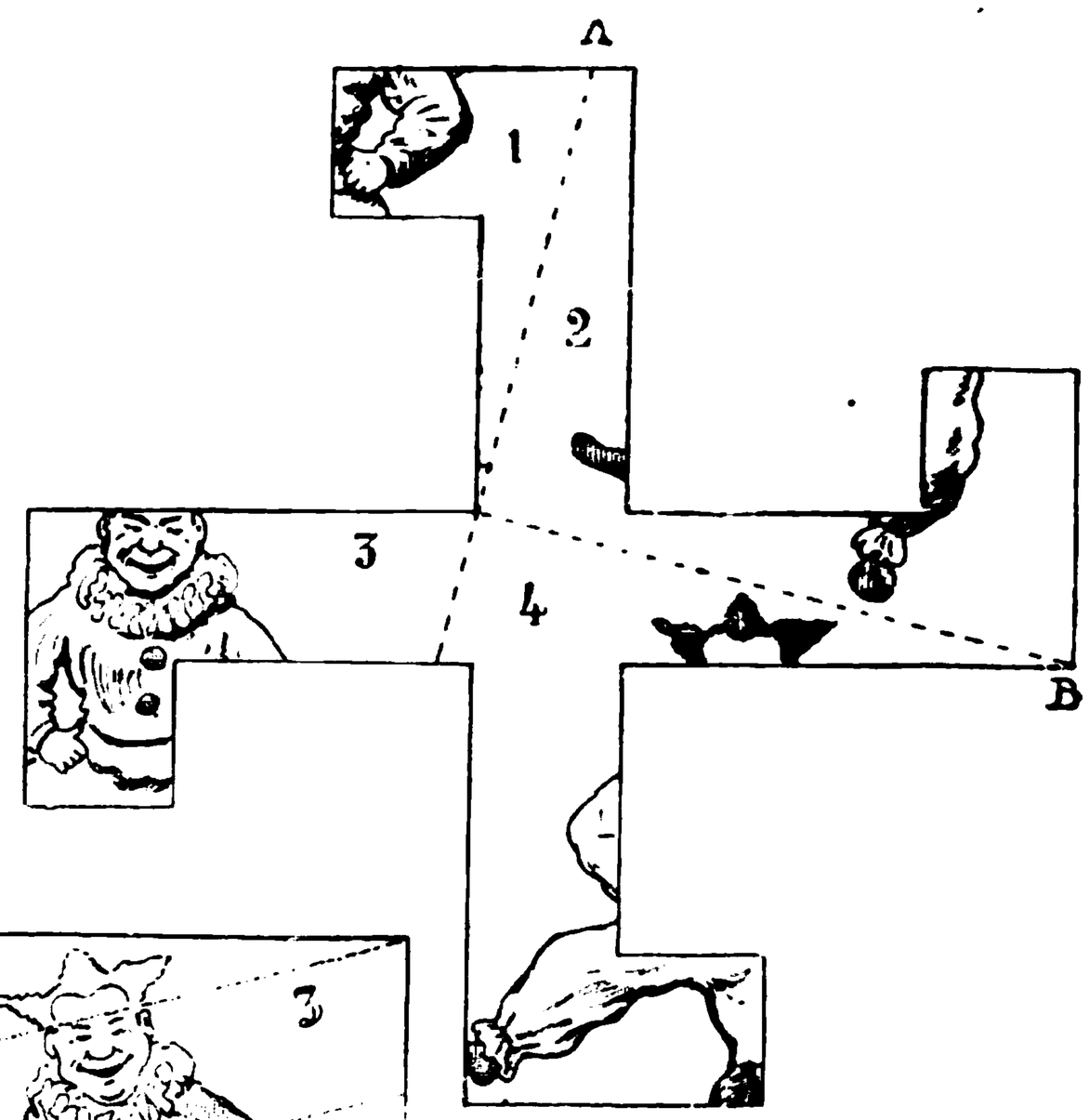
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Solutions to the Puzzles in the December Number.

TRACKING THE FUGITIVES.

THE solution of this amusing problem is as follows: The fugitive started from station No. 1 on foot, carrying the child; at station No. 2 he mounted a bicycle and, still carrying the child, rode to No. 3; there he placed the child in a wheelbarrow; as indicated by the marks of the legs of the wheelbarrow, he stopped before reaching No. 4 and put down the child, who walked by his side to the station; thence he continued his journey on a tricycle, which also carried the child; at No. 5 he changed his tricycle for a monocycle (that is, a single-wheeled cycle, such as is used by trick-riders), but the child which he was carrying caused him to lose his balance and he fell; he then took the child in his arms and carried it to No. 6; thence he started holding the child by the hand, but farther on he again took it in his arms and so completed the journey at No. 7.



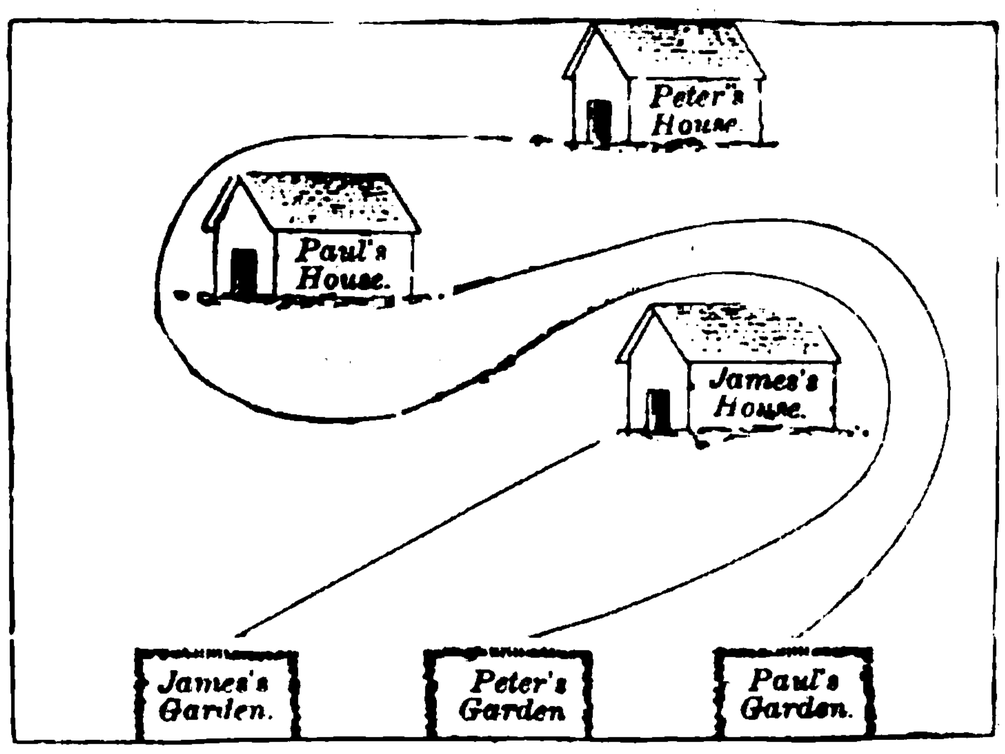


TO RECONSTRUCT THE CLOWN.

The reader will see, by inspection of the accompanying drawings, that the only way to solve this problem is by making a cut along the dotted line "A" before making that along the dotted line "B." This is the only possible method of obtaining four pieces with two cuts of the scissors. This being done, the method of rejoining the pieces so as to form the clown, as shown in the smaller diagram, will easily be followed, the pieces being numbered in order to show more readily where they fall.

THE QUARRELSOME BROTHERS.

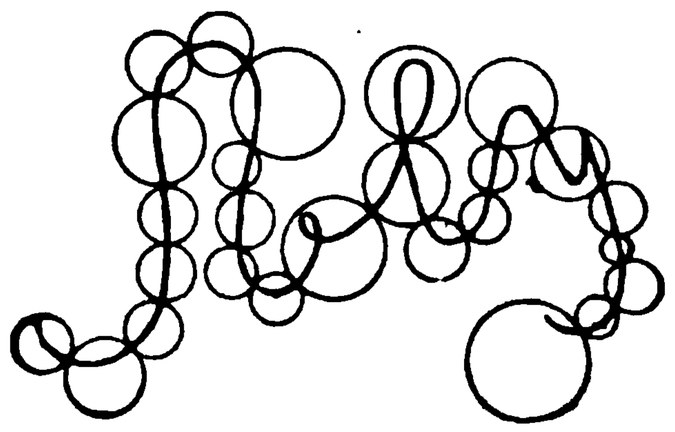
The solution of this problem will be found



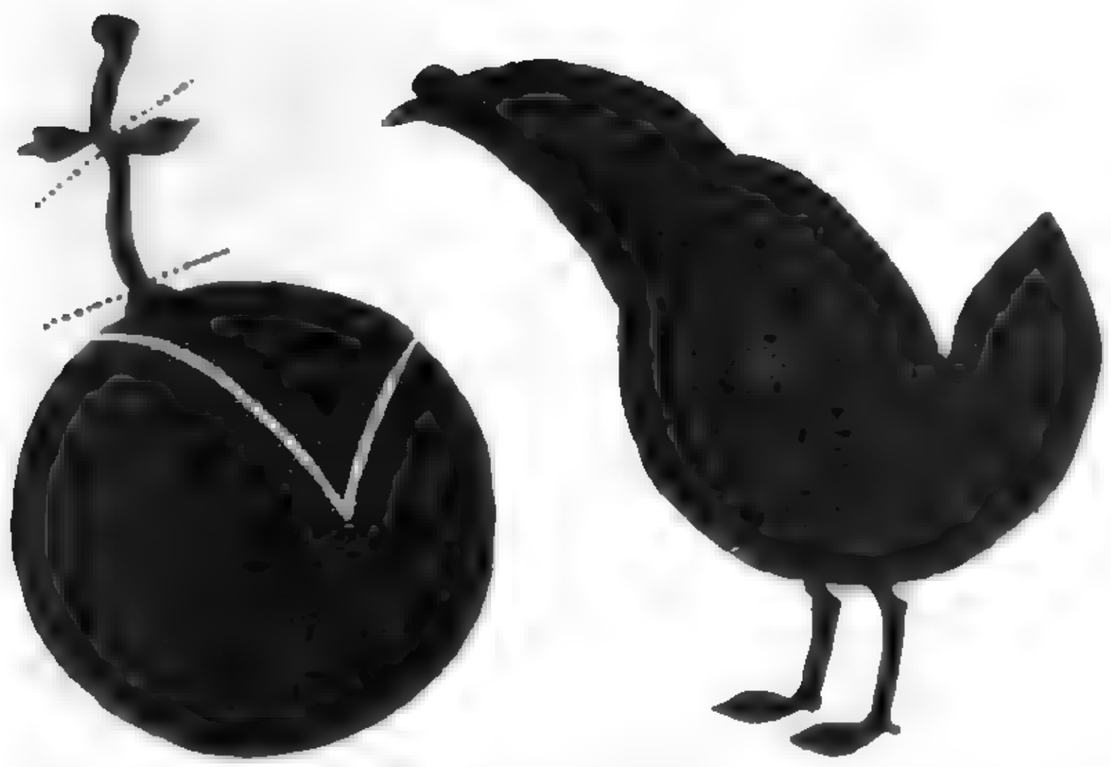
in the above sketch. Of course, the problem may be solved by drawing the lines the reverse way.

A STRANGE SIGNATURE.

It will be seen that the signature is that of the celebrated French General, Marshal Ney.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



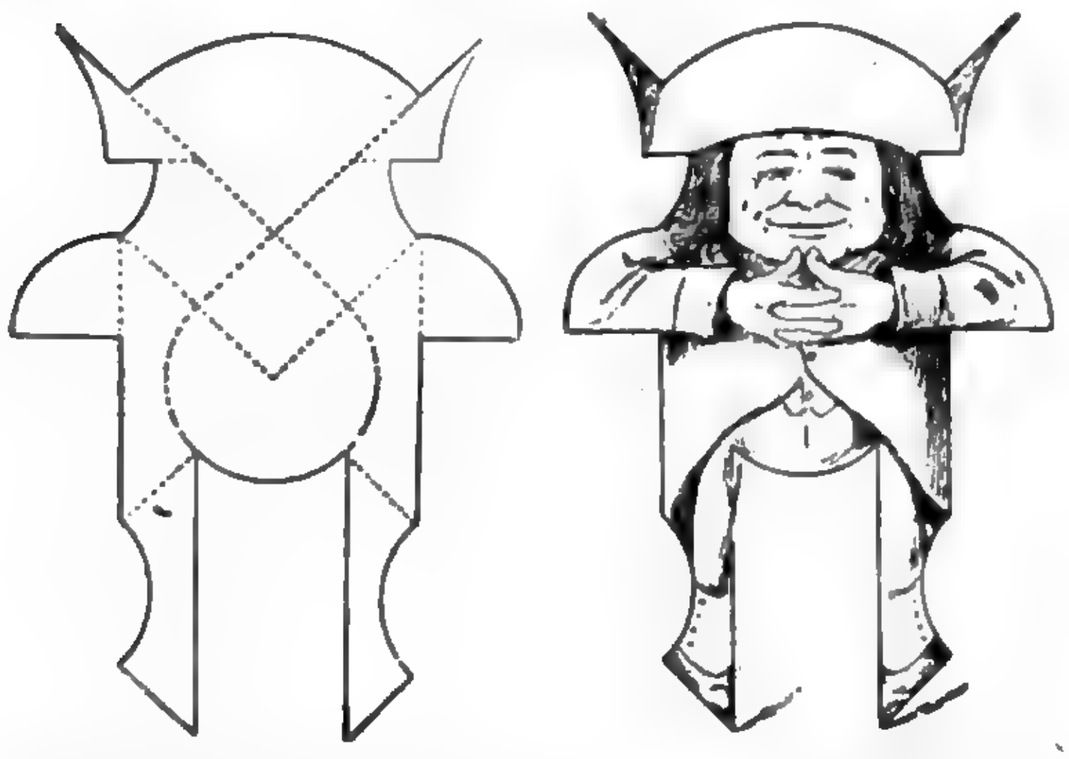
TO MAKE A HEN OUT OF AN APPLE.

The white lines on the diagram given above of the apple will show in what manner the piece is to be cut out of it, which, being placed in its proper position, forms the neck and head of the hen. The stem being cut off and divided into two parts, as shown by the dotted lines, will give the legs, which, when attached to the body, complete the figure.

TO TURN THIS MAN INTO ANOTHER.



This problem is one of the most difficult of our collection. The dotted lines in the first of the accompanying three illustrations show how the original sketch has to be



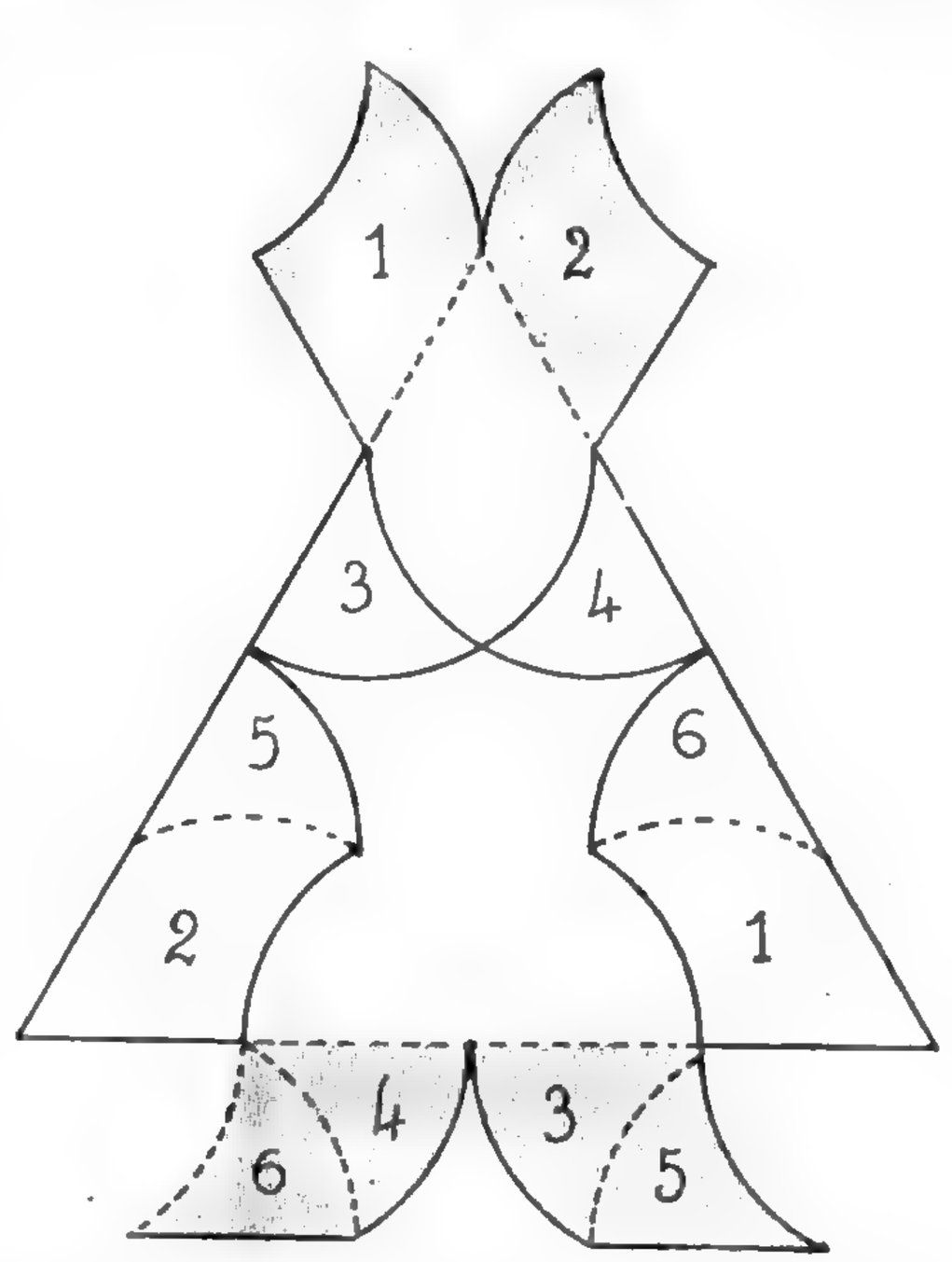
divided, while the other two show the manner in which the pieces require to be put together in order to form the new figure.

A CURIOUS MENAGERIE.

Unlike the preceding one, this problem is quite easy, and no doubt many hundreds of our readers will have found the correct solution. In order to obtain this it is only necessary to take the last triangle and paste upon its three sides the three other triangles, so as to complete the cat, the dog, and the cock, at the same time producing one large triangle composed of four small ones. The three summits of these triangles are then brought together, thus forming a pyramid. The menagerie, with the swan, the eagle, and the rabbit complete, will then be found to have been reconstructed.

A STRANGE GEOMETRICAL FIGURE.

The following design gives the solution of this curious problem. The dotted



lines show in what way the figure is to be cut, and the numbers indicate the new position of the pieces.

THE FACETIOUS SCHOOLBOY.

Our readers will see by a glance at the accompanying drawing what features of the original landscape it was necessary to preserve in order to solve the problem, and which were produced by the schoolboy's pencil and must accordingly be removed. The drawing represents a lighthouse built on the edge of a cliff.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

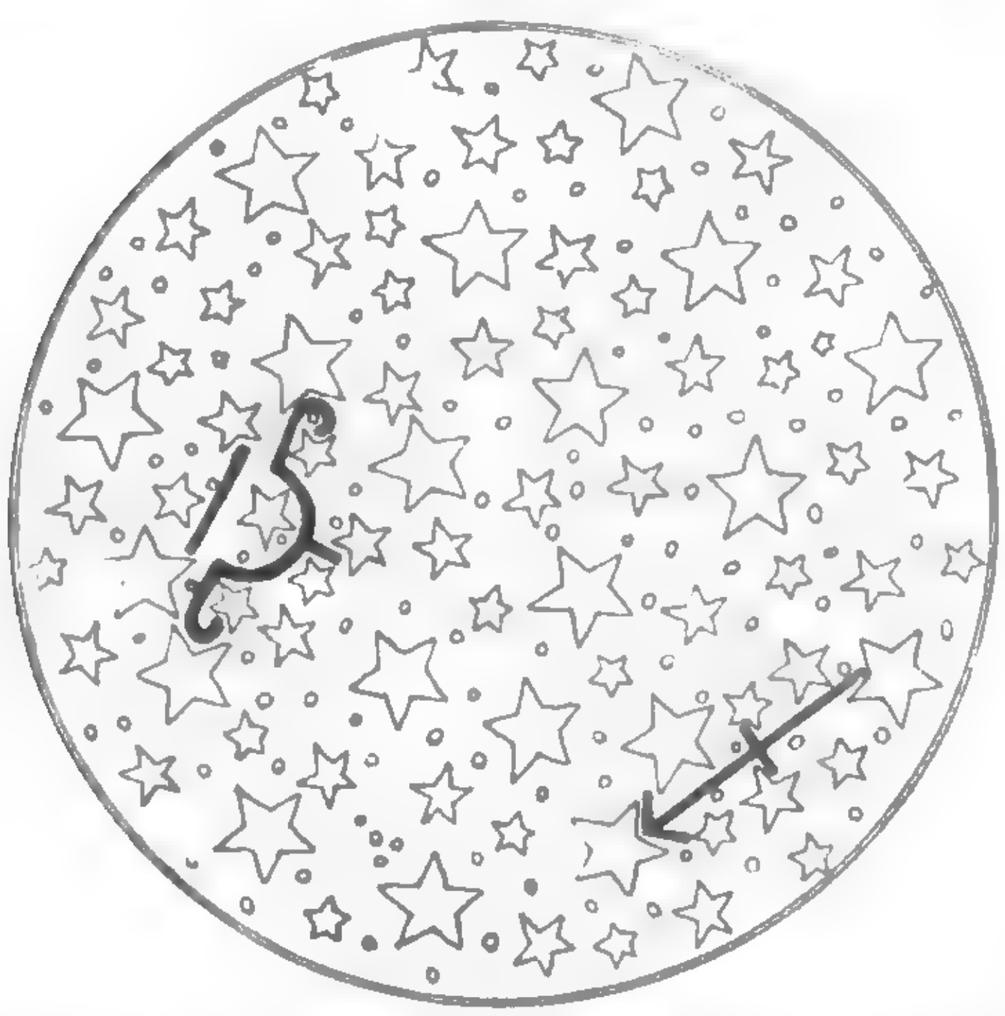


ROUND THE CAPSTAN.

This drawing gives the solution of the problem, showing to what bodies the respective heads and legs should be attached.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

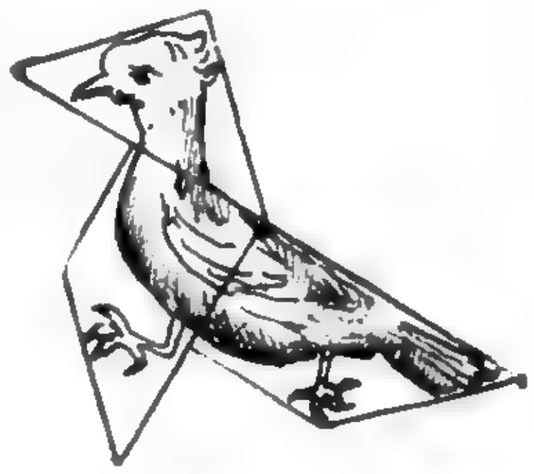
The two signs of the Zodiac which it is necessary to choose, and the method of



placing them among the stars and dots, are here shown.

TO COMPLETE THE BIRDS.

Cut the paper into an exact square just containing the birds and fold it in the well-known manner of making a "paper bird," when the two birds will appear, one as shown, and the other on the reverse.



TO MAKE A FLOWER OUT OF FOUR FREAKS.

The method of making a flower out of the four grotesque heads which were represented in the diagram is one of the simplest of the series. All that is required is to cut out the four heads, remove the white part,





and place them one upon the other. The space left empty then forms the flower, as will be easily understood by inspecting the two designs here given. Each figure is represented by a dotted line.

THE SERPENT AND THE FILE.

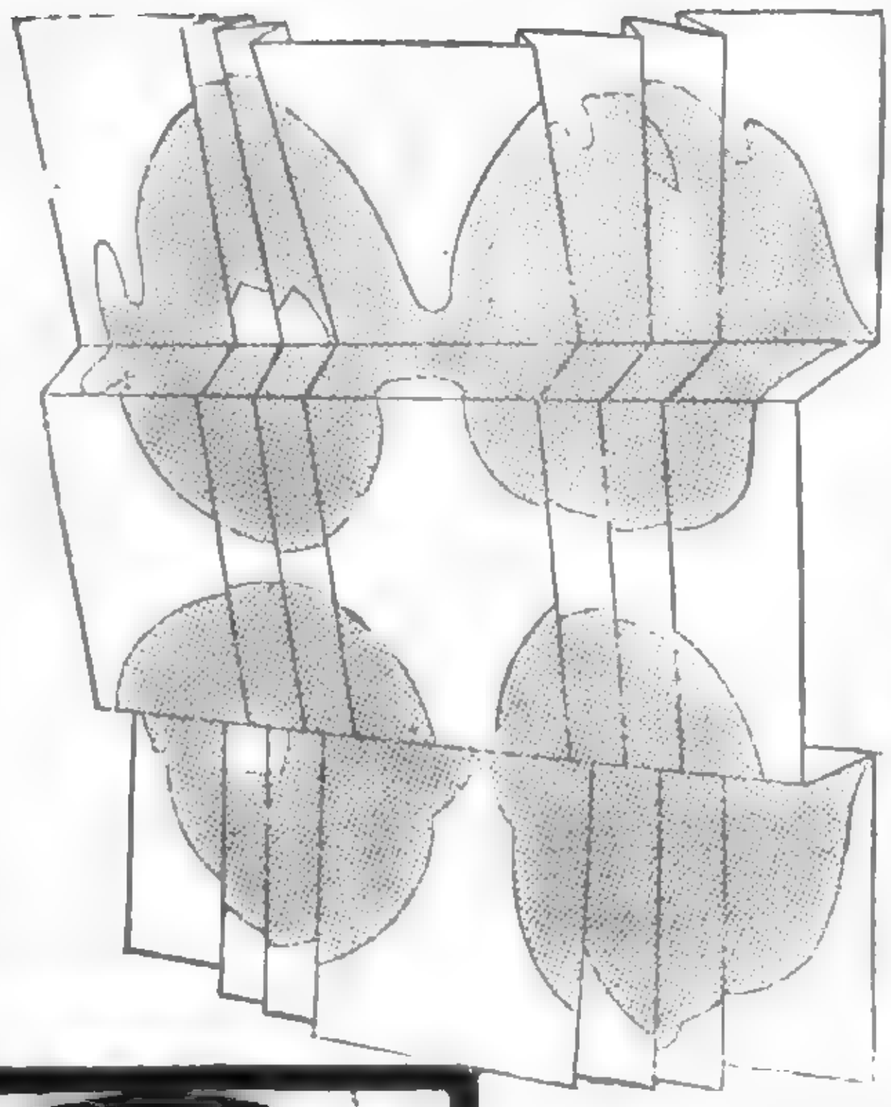
Roll the strip of paper in a spiral, and the pieces of the serpent will be joined, while the file will disappear.

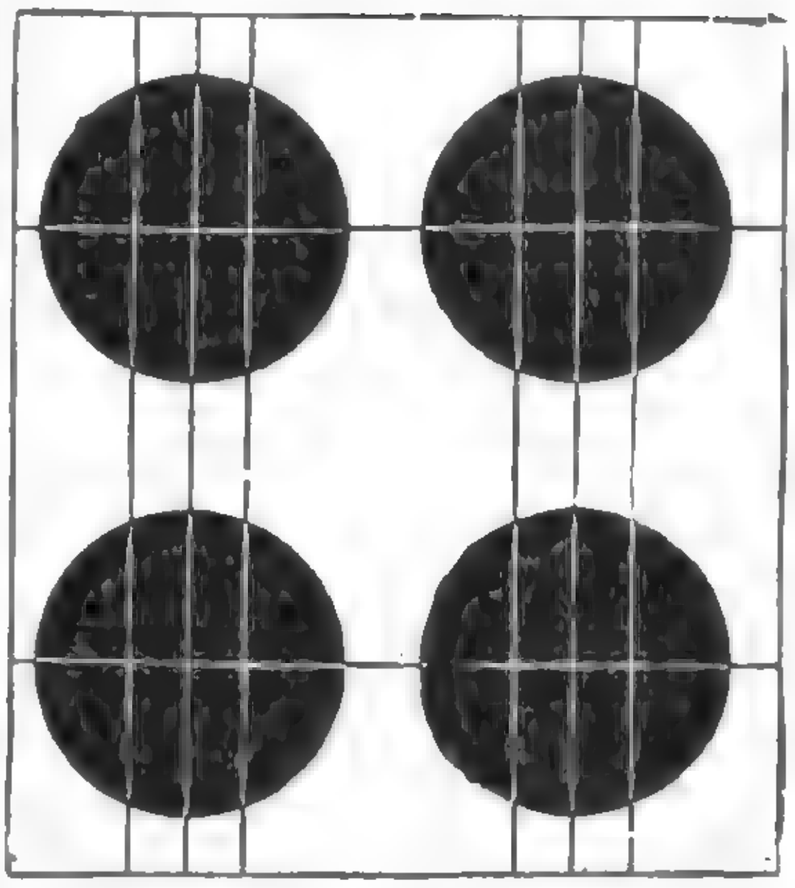
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A BLOT OF INK.

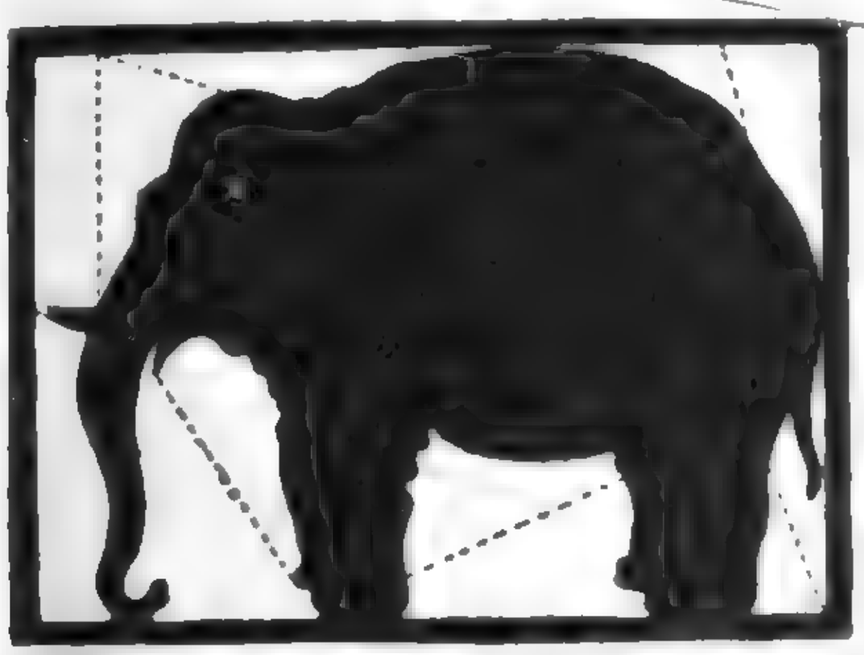
Four black discs will be obtained by making six folds the long way of the design and two across it, as shown in the two accompanying drawings.





WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS?

The animal is an elephant, as the reader can see for himself, and the method of forming him will also be readily apparent without further explanation.





THE CASTLE IN THE FOREST.

The outline shows the track which is to be followed by the traveller in order to penetrate the forest and reach the castle in the centre.

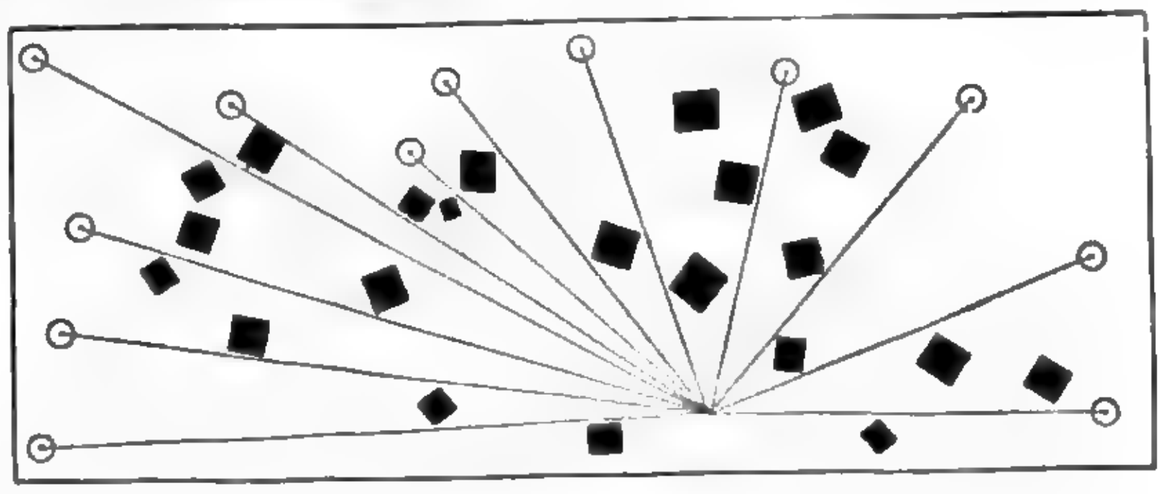
A MOTOR-CAR PROBLEM.

The following is the series of eighteen movements which are required to transfer the motor-cars from one shed into the other :—

1. Move car No. 5 into the refuge.
2. Move No. 2 into the place of No. 5.
3. Move No. 3 into the space between the refuge and the lower shed.
4. Move No. 5 into the place of No. 3.
5. Move No. 3 into the place of No. 2.
6. Move No. 2 into the refuge.
7. Move No. 6 into the space between the refuge and the upper shed.
8. Move No. 2 into the place of No. 6.
9. Move No. 6 into the refuge.
10. Move No. 3 into the lower shed in the place of No. 5.
11. Move No. 1 into the space between the refuge and the lower shed.
12. Move No. 6 into the upper shed in the place of No. 1.
13. Move No. 1 in the place of No. 2 in the upper shed.
14. Move No. 3 into the space between the refuge and the upper shed.
15. Move No. 4 into the refuge.
16. Move No. 3 into the place of No. 4 in the lower shed.
17. Move No. 1 into the lower shed.
18. Move No. 4 into the upper shed.

THE RIFLE RANGE.

The point is shown in the diagram below :—



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



By E. Nesbit.

VII.—CATS AND RATS.

WHEN you hear that the four children found themselves at Waterloo Station quite un-taken-care-of, and with no one to meet them, it may make you think that their parents were neither kind nor careful. But if you think this you will be wrong. The fact is, mother arranged with Aunt Emma that she was to meet the children at Waterloo when they went back from their Christmas holiday at Lyndhurst. The train was fixed, but not the day. Then mother wrote to Aunt Emma, giving her careful instructions about the day and the hour, and about luggage and cabs and things, and gave the letter to Robert to post. But the hounds happened to meet near Rufus's Stone that morning, and, what is more, on the way to the meet they met Robert, and Robert met them, and instantly forgot all about posting Aunt Emma's letter, and never thought of it again until he and the others had wandered three times up and down the platform at Waterloo —which makes twenty-four trips in all—and had bumped up against old gentlemen, and stared in the faces of ladies, and been shoved by people in a hurry, and "by-your-leaved" by porters with trucks, and were quite sure that Aunt Emma was not there.

Then suddenly the true truth of what he had forgotten to do came home to Robert, and he said "Oh, crikey!" and stood still with his mouth open, and let a porter with a Gladstone bag in each hand and a bundle of umbrellas under one arm blunder heavily into him, and never so much as said "Where are you shoving to now?" or "Look out where you're going, can't you?" The heavier bag smote him at the knee, and he staggered, but he said nothing. When the others understood what was the matter I think they told Robert what they thought of him.

"We must take the train to Croydon," said Anthea, "and find Aunt Emma."

"Yes," said Cyril, "and precious pleased those Jevonses would be to see us and our traps."

Aunt Emma, indeed, was staying with some Jevonses—very prim ladies. They were middle-aged and wore very smart blouses, and they were fond of *matinées* and shopping, and they did not care about children.

"I know mother would be pleased to see us if we went back," said Jane.

"Yes, she would; but she'd think it was

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not right to show she was pleased, because it's Bob's fault we're not met. Don't I know the sort of thing?" said Cyril. "Besides, we've no tin, except my tip grandfather gave me, and I'm not going to blue that because Robert's gone and made an ass of himself. No; we've enough among us for a growler, but not enough for tickets to the New Forest. We must just go home. They won't be so savage when they find we've really got home all right. You know auntie was only going to take us home in a cab."

"I believe we ought to go to Croydon," Anthea insisted.

"Aunt Emma would be out, to a dead cert," said Robert. "Those Jevonses go to the theatre every afternoon, I believe. Besides, there's the Phœnix at home, *and* the carpet. I votes we call a four-wheeled cabman."

A four-wheeled cabman was called—his cab was one of the old-fashioned kind, with straw in the bottom — and he was asked by Anthea to drive them very carefully to their address. This he did, and the price he asked for doing so was exactly the value of the gold coin grandpapa had given Cyril for Christmas. This cast a gloom — but Cyril would never have stooped to argue about a cab-fare, for fear the cabman should think he was not accustomed to take cabs whenever he wanted them. For a reason that was something like this he told the cabman to put the luggage on the steps, and waited till the wheels of the growler had grittily retired before he rang the bell. "You see," he said, with his hand on the handle, "we don't want cook and Eliza asking us before *him* how it is we've come home alone—as if we were babies."



"HE WAS ASKED BY ANTHEA TO DRIVE THEM VERY CAREFULLY."

Here he rang the bell; and the moment its answering clang was heard everyone felt that it would be some time before that bell was answered. The sound of a bell is quite different, somehow, when there is anyone inside the house who hears it. I can't tell you why that is—but so it is.

"I expect they're changing their dresses," said Jane.

"Too late," said Anthea; "it must be past five. I expect Eliza's gone to post a letter and cook's gone to see the time."

Cyril rang again. And the bell did its best to inform the listening children that there was really no one human in the house. They rang again, and listened intently. The hearts of all sank low. It is a terrible thing to be locked out of your own house on a dark, muggy, January evening.

"There is no gas on anywhere," said Jane, in a broken voice.

"I expect they've left the gas on once too often, and the draught blew it out, and they're suffocated in their beds. Father always said they would some day," said Robert, cheerfully.

"Let's go and fetch a policeman," said Anthea, trembling.

"And be taken up for trying to be burglars—no, thank you," said Cyril. "I heard father read out of the paper about a young man who got into his own mother's house, and they got him made a burglar only the other day."

"I only hope the gas hasn't hurt the Phœnix," said Anthea. "It *said* it wanted to stay in the bathroom cupboard, and I thought it would be all right because the servants *never* clean that out. But if it's gone and got out and been choked by gas—

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and, besides, directly we open the door we shall be choked too. I *knew* we ought to have gone to Aunt Emma at Croydon. Oh, Squirrel, I wish we had. Let's go *now*."

"Shut up," said her brother, briefly. "There's someone rattling the latch inside."

Everyone listened with all its ears, and everyone stood back as far from the door as the steps would allow.

The latch rattled and clicked. Then the flap of the letter-box lifted itself—everyone saw it by the flickering light of the gas-lamp that shone through the leafless lime tree by the gate—a golden eye seemed to wink at them through the letter-box, and a cautious beak whispered:—

"Are you alone?"

"It's the Phœnix," said everyone, in a voice so joyous and so full of relief as to be a sort of whispered shout.

"Hush!" said the voice from the letter-box slit. "Your slaves have gone a-merry-making. The latch of this portal is too stiff for my delicate beak. But at the side—the little window above the shelf whereon your bread lies—it is not fastened."

"Right O!" said Cyril.

And Anthea added: "I wish you'd meet us there, dear Phœnix."

The children crept round to the pantry window. It is at the side of the house, and there is a green gate labelled "Tradesmen's Entrance," which is always kept bolted. But if you get one foot on the fence between you and next door, and one on the handle of the gate, you are over before you know where you are. This, at least, was the experience of Cyril and Robert, and even, if the truth must be told, of Anthea and Jane. So in almost no time all four were in the narrow gravelled passage that runs between that house and the next.

Then Robert made a back, and Cyril hoisted himself up and got his knickerbockered knee on the concrete window-sill. He dived into the pantry head-first, as one dives into water, and his legs waved in the air as he went, just as your legs do when you are first beginning to learn to dive. The soles of his boots—squarish, muddy patches—disappeared.

"Give us a leg-up," said Robert to his sisters.

"No, you don't," said Jane, firmly. "I'm not going to be left outside here with just Anthea, and have something creep up behind us out of the dark. Squirrel can go and open the back door."



"HE DIVED INTO THE PANTRY HEAD-FIRST."

A light had sprung awake in the pantry. Cyril always said the Phœnix turned the gas on with its beak and lighted it with a waft of its wing, but he was excited at the time and perhaps he really did it himself with matches, and then forgot all about it. He let the others in by the back door. And when it had been bolted again and the luggage had been got off the doorstep the children went all over the house and lighted every single gas-jet they could find. For they couldn't help feeling that this was just the dark, dreary winter's evening when an armed burglar might easily be expected to appear at any moment. There is nothing like light when you are afraid of burglars, or of anything else, for that matter.

And when all the gas-jets were lighted it was quite clear that the Phœnix had made no mistake, and that Eliza and cook were really out, and that there was no one in the house except the four children, and the

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Phœnix and the carpet, and the black-beetles who lived in the cupboards on each side of the nursery fireplace. These last were very pleased that the children had come home again, especially when Anthea had lighted the nursery fire. But, as usual, the children treated the loving little black-beetles with coldness and disdain.

While Anthea was delighting the poor little black-beetles with the cheerful blaze, Jane had set the table for—I was going to say tea, but the meal of which I am speaking was not exactly tea. Let us call it a tea-ish meal. There was tea, certainly, for Anthea's fire blazed and crackled so kindly that it really seemed to be affectionately inviting the kettle to come and sit upon its lap. So the kettle was brought and tea made. But no milk could be found, so everyone had six lumps of sugar to each cup instead. The things to eat, on the other hand, were nicer than usual. The boys looked about very carefully, and found in the pantry some cold tongue, bread, butter, cheese, and part of a cold pudding—very much nicer than cook ever made when they were at home. And in the kitchen cupboard were half a Christmassy cake, a pot of strawberry jam, and about a pound of mixed candied fruit with soft, crumbly slabs of delicious sugar in each cup of lemon, orange, or citron.

It was indeed, as Jane said, "a banquet fit for an Arabian knight."

The Phœnix perched on Robert's chair, and listened kindly and politely to all they had to tell it about their visit to Lyndhurst, and underneath the table, by just stretching a toe down rather far, the faithful carpet could be felt by all, even by Jane, whose legs were very short.

"Your slaves will not return to-night," said the Phœnix. "They sleep under the roof of the cook's step-mother's aunt, who is, I gather, hostess to a large party to-night in honour of her husband's cousin's sister-in-law's mother's ninetieth birthday."

"I don't think they ought to have gone without leave," said Anthea, "however many relations they have, but I suppose we ought to wash up."

"It's not our business about the leave," said Cyril, firmly; "but I simply won't wash up for them. We got it, and we'll clear it away—and then we'll go somewhere on the carpet. It's not often we get a chance of being out all night. We can go right away to the other side of the Equator, to the tropical climes, and see the sun rise over the great Pacific Ocean."

"Right you are," said Robert. "I always did want to see the Southern Cross and the stars as big as gas-lamps."

"*Don't* go," said Anthea, very earnestly, "because I *couldn't*. I'm *sure* mother wouldn't like us to leave the house, and I should hate to be left here alone."

"I'd stay with you," said Jane, loyally.

"I know you would," said Anthea, gratefully; "but even with you I'd much rather not."

"Well," said Cyril, trying to be kind and amiable, "I don't want you to do anything you think's wrong, *but*——"

He was silent. This silence said many things.

"I don't see——" Robert was beginning, when Anthea interrupted.

"I'm quite sure. Sometimes you just think a thing's wrong, and sometimes you *know*. And this is a *know* time."

The Phœnix turned kind golden eyes on her and opened a friendly beak to say:—

"When it is, as you say, a 'know time' there is no more to be said. And your noble brothers would never leave you."

"Of course not," said Cyril, rather quickly. And Robert said so, too.

"I myself," the Phœnix went on, "am willing to help in any way possible. I will myself go—either by carpet or on the wing—and fetch you anything you can think of to amuse you during the evening. In order to waste no time I could go while you wash up. Why," it went on, in a musing voice, "does one wash up teacups and wash down the stairs?"

"You couldn't wash stairs up, you know," said Anthea, "unless you began at the bottom and went up feet first as you washed. I wish cook would try that way for a change."

"I don't," said Cyril, briefly. "I should hate the look of her elastic-side boots sticking up."

"This is mere trifling," said the Phœnix. "Come, decide what I shall fetch for you. I can get you anything you like."

But, of course, they couldn't decide. Many things were suggested: a rocking-horse, jewelled chessmen, an elephant, a bicycle, a motor-car, books with pictures, musical instruments, and many other things. But a musical instrument is agreeable only to the player, unless he has learned to play it really well; books are not sociable, bicycles cannot be ridden without going out of doors, and the same is true of motor-cars and elephants. Only two people can play chess at once with

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one set of chessmen (and anyway it's very much too much like lessons for a game), and only one can ride on a rocking-horse. Suddenly in the midst of the discussion the Phœnix spread its wings and fluttered to the floor, and from there it spoke.

"I gather," it said, "from the carpet that it wants you to let it go to its old home, where it was born and brought up, and it will return within the hour laden with a number of the most beautiful and delightful products of its native land."



"THE CARPET WANTS YOU TO LET IT GO TO ITS OLD HOME."

"What *is* its native land?"

"I didn't gather. But since you can't agree, and time is passing, and the tea-things are not washed down—I mean washed up——"

"I votes we do," said Cyril. "It'll stop all this jaw, any way. And it's not bad to have surprises. Perhaps it's a Turkey carpet, and it might bring us Turkish delight."

"Or a Turkish patrol," said Robert.

"Or a Turkish bath," said Anthea.

"Or a Turkish towel," said Jane.

"Nonsense," Cyril urged; "it said beautiful and delightful, and towels and baths aren't *that*, however good they may be for you. Let it go. I suppose it won't give us the slip," he added, pushing back his chair and standing up.

"Hush!" said the Phœnix; "how can you? Don't trample on its feelings just because it's only a carpet."

"But how can it do it—unless one of us is on it—to do the wishing?" asked Robert.

He spoke with a rising hope that it *might* be necessary for one to go—and why not Robert? But the Phœnix quickly threw cold water on his new-born flame.

"Why, you just write your wish on a paper and pin it on the carpet."

So a leaf was torn from Anthea's arithmetic book, and on it Cyril wrote, in large round-hand, the following:—

"We wish you to go to your dear native home, and bring back the most beautiful and delightful productions of it you can—and not to be gone long, please. (Signed)

"CYRIL, ROBERT, ANTHEA, JANE."

Then the paper was laid on the carpet.

"Writing down, please," said the Phœnix; "the carpet can't read a paper whose back is turned to it any more than you can."

It was pinned fast; and the table and chairs having been moved the carpet simply and suddenly vanished, rather like a patch of water on a hearth under a fierce fire. The edges got smaller and smaller, and then it disappeared from sight.

"It may take it some time to collect the beautiful and delightful things," said the Phœnix. "I should wash up—I mean wash down."

So they did. There was plenty of hot water left in the kettle, and everyone helped: even the Phœnix, who took up cups by their handles with its clever claws, and dipped them in the hot water, and then stood them on the table ready for Anthea to dry them. Everything was nicely washed up and dried and put in its proper place, and the dish-cloth washed and hung on the edge of the copper to dry, and the tea-cloth was hung on the line that goes across the scullery. (If you are a

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"EVERYONE HELPED: EVEN THE PHŒNIX."

duchess's child, or a King's, or a person of high social position's child, you will, perhaps, not know the difference between a dish-cloth and a tea-cloth, but in that case your nurse has been better instructed than you, and she will tell you all about it.) And just as eight hands and one pair of claws were being dried on the roller towel behind the scullery door there came a strange sound from the other side of the kitchen wall—the side where the nursery was. It was a very strange sound indeed—most odd—and unlike any other sounds the children had ever heard. At least, they had heard sounds as much like it as a toy engine's whistle is like a steam siren's.

"The carpet's come back," said Robert, and the others felt that he was right.

"But what has it brought with it?" asked Jane. "It sounds like Leviathan, that great beast——"

"It couldn't have been made in India and have brought elephants? Even baby ones would be rather awful in that room," said Cyril.

"It's no use sending the carpet to fetch precious things for you if you're afraid to look at them when they come," said the Phœnix, sensibly. And Cyril, being the eldest, said "Come on," and turned the handle.

The gas had been left full on after tea, and everything in the room could be plainly seen by the ten eyes at the door. At least, not everything, for though the carpet was there it was invisible, because it was completely covered by the hundred and ninety-nine beautiful objects which it had brought from its birthplace.

"Cats!" Cyril exclaimed. "I never thought about its being a *Persian* carpet."

Yet it was now plain that this was so, for the beautiful objects which it had brought back were cats—Persian cats—grey Persian cats, and there were, as I have said, one hundred and ninety-nine of them, and they were sitting on the carpet as close as they could get to each other. But the moment the children entered the room the cats rose and stretched, and spread and overflowed from the carpet to the floor, and in an instant the floor was a sea of moving, mewing pussishness, and the children, with one accord, climbed to the table and gathered up their legs, and the people next door knocked on the wall; and, indeed, no wonder, for the mews were Persian and piercing.

"This is pretty poor sport," said Cyril. "What's the matter with the bounders?"

"I imagine that they are hungry," said the Phœnix. "If you were to feed them——"

"We haven't anything to feed them with,"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

said Anthea, in despair, and she stroked the nearest Persian back. "Oh, pussies, do be quiet; we can't hear ourselves think." She had to shout this entreaty, for the mews were growing deafening. "And it would take pounds and pounds' worth of cat's-meat."



"THE BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS WHICH IT HAD BROUGHT BACK WERE CATS."

"Let's ask the carpet to take them away," said Robert.

But the girls said "No."

"They are so soft and pussy," said Jane.

"And valuable," said Anthea, hastily. "We can sell them for lots and lots of money."

"Why not send the carpet to get food for them?" suggested the Phœnix, and its golden voice became harsh and cracked with the effort it had to make to be heard above the increasing fierceness of the Persian mews.

So it was written that the carpet should bring food for one hundred and ninety-nine Persian cats, and the paper was pinned to the carpet as before.

The carpet seemed to gather itself together, and the cats dropped off it as rain-drops do from your mackintosh when you shake it. And the carpet disappeared.

Unless you have had one hundred and ninety-nine well-nourished Persian cats in one small room, all hungry, and all saying so in unmistakable mews, you can form but a poor idea of the noise that now deafened the children and the Phœnix.

The cats mewed and mewed and mewed, and twisted their Persian forms in and out and unfolded their Persian tails, and the children and the Phœnix huddled together by the door.

The Phœnix, Robert noticed suddenly, was trembling.

"So many cats," it said, "and they might not know I was the Phœnix. These accidents happen so quickly. It quite unmans me."

This was a danger of which the children had not thought.

"Creep in," cried Robert, opening his jacket. And the Phœnix crept in—only just in time, for green eyes had glared, pink noses had sniffed, white whiskers had twitched, and as Robert buttoned his coat he disappeared to the waist in a wave of eager grey Persian fur. And on the instant the good carpet slapped itself down on the floor. And it was covered with rats—three hundred and ninety-eight of them, I believe—two for each cat.

"How horrible!" cried Anthea. "Oh, take them away!"

"Take yourself away," said the Phœnix, "and me."

"I wish we'd never had a carpet," said Anthea, in tears.

They hustled and crowded out of the door, and shut it and locked it. Cyril, with great presence of mind, lit a candle

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and turned off the gas at the main. "The rats'll have a better chance in the dark," he said.

The mewing had ceased. Everyone listened in breathless silence. We all know that cats eat rats—it is one of the first things we read in our nice little reading books; but all those cats eating all those rats—it wouldn't bear thinking of.



"HE DISAPPEARED TO THE WAIST IN A WAVE OF EAGER GREY PERSIAN FUR."

Suddenly Robert sniffed, in the silence of the dark kitchen where the only candle was burning all on one side, because of the draught.

"What a funny scent!" he said.

And as he spoke a lantern flashed its light through the window of the kitchen, a face peered in, and a voice said:—

"What's all this row about? You let me in."

It was the voice of the police!

Robert tip-toed to the window and spoke through the pane that was a little cracked.

"What do you mean?" he said. "There's no row. You listen; everything's as quiet as quiet."

And indeed it was.

The strange sweet scent grew stronger, and the Phœnix put out its beak.

The policeman hesitated.

"They're *musk* rats," said the Phœnix. "I suppose some cats eat them—but never Persian ones. What a mistake for a well-informed carpet to make! Oh, what a night we're having!"

"Do go away," said Robert, nervously, to the policeman. "We're just going to bed—that's our bedroom candle—there isn't any row. Everything's as quiet as a mouse."

A wild chorus of mews drowned his words, and with the mews were mingled the shrieks of the musk rats. What had happened? Had the cats tasted them before deciding that they disliked the flavour?

"I'm a-comin' in," said the policeman. "You've got a cat shut up there."

"A cat!" said Cyril. "Oh, my only aunt! *A* cat!"

"Come in, then," said Robert. "It's your own look-out. I advise you not. Wait a shake, and I'll undo the side door."

He undid the side door, and the policeman, very cautiously, came in.

And there, in the kitchen, by the light of one candle, with the mewing and the screaming going on like a dozen steam sirens, twenty waiting motor-cars, and half a hundred squeaking pumps, four agitated voices shouted to the policeman four mixed or wholly different explanations of the very mixed events of the evening.

Did you ever try to explain the simplest thing to a policeman?

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

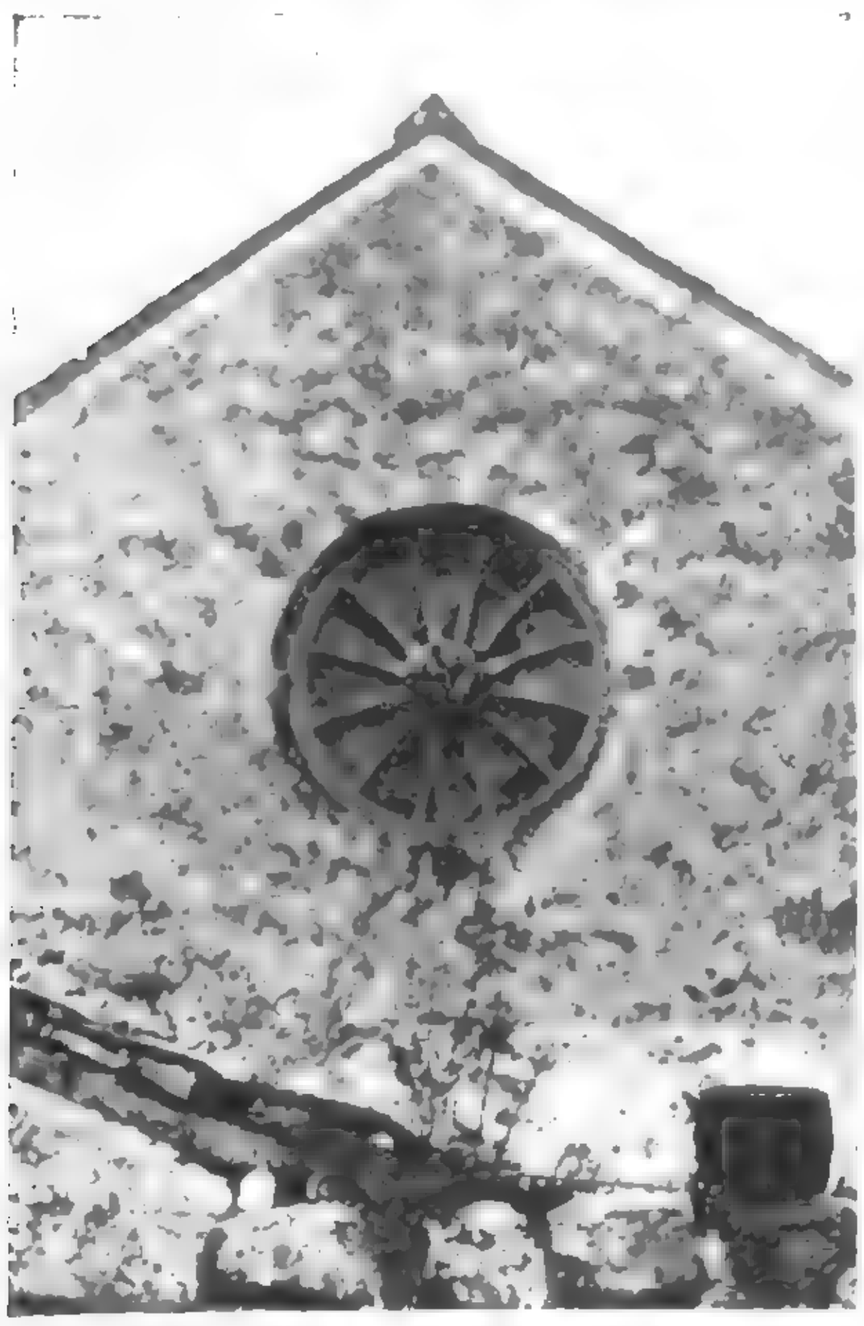
Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Ltd.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

CART-WHEEL WINDOW.

"There is a blacksmith's shop at Llancayo, near Usk, Mon., that possesses an extraordinary window.



The framework of the window consists of a cart-wheel let into the wall, with panes of glass between the spokes."—Mr. W. Marsh, 1, Church Street, Monmouth.

CURIOUS ADDRESS.

"I send you a post-card which I received in the ordinary way by post from my brother, who lives at Sutton Scarsdale, a scattered village near Chesterfield. You will notice that the card was posted at 7.15 p.m. on the 5th October, and it was delivered during the evening of the following day. The address looks a mixture of Greek and German, but on inspection it will be found that each letter is spelled out in full. The pencilled words were inserted by the Post Office officials. The Post Office is often the object of complaints for tardiness in delivery, but I think great credit is due to it for its cleverness and promptness in this case."—Mr. John Alderson, 12, Albert Road, Stroud Green, N.



A DISTORTING MIRROR.

"While staying in Jersey I visited a point called La Corbière, where I noticed a mirror in the form of a ball standing out in the open on a pedestal. Objects reflected in it were so clear that I determined to photograph it, with the result that rather curious shapes were given to myself and friend."—Mr. C. S. Wilson, 18, Milton Road, Swindon.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

HOME-MADE MOTOR-CAR.



"This original auto was made in the winter of 1886 by Mr. Philbrick and Mr. J. Elmer Wood in Beverley, Mass. It had double engines, porcupine boiler, kerosene fuel, and only three wheels—two of which were thirty-six inches in diameter, and the front, or steering-wheel, twenty-six inches. It was used on the road with great success, carrying about three hundred pounds of steam, but wanted some changes, which even at that early date we could easily see. The machine is still existing at Beverley, though it is now, of course, somewhat dilapidated after so many years of wear."—Mr. J. Elmer Wood, Beverley, Mass.

AN AUTOMATIC BASEBALL PITCHER.

"This curious-looking machine is a baseball pitcher which is automatic. It is operated by compressed air, and is so arranged that it will 'pitch' a ball with an upward curve or downward curve just as well as an expert ball player. The machine consists of a tube about thirty-six inches long which is just large enough to hold the ball. The tube can be pointed in any direction, and the rear end is fitted with a contrivance by which the ball can be curved. When the operator wishes to make a pitch he merely presses a lever which admits the compressed air into the tube, and the ball is shot out like the bullet from an air-gun. The invention is not intended to take the place of a human pitcher, but to be used in practice games, so that the man at the bat can become expert in hitting curves and balls pitched at various degrees of speed." Why should not a similar machine be used in this country as a practice bowler at cricket?—The above is sent by Mr. D. Allen Willey, Baltimore.





A BOGUS DWARF.

"This figure of the dwarf, taken at an evening party in Kimberley, South Africa, was impersonated by my brother and a friend as follows: My brother stood upright with his hands on a table (these forming the feet of the dwarf), on which were placed stockings and small shoes. He had a little garment made with sleeves, through which his friend, who stood just behind, put his arms and hands, on which were mittens to make them look small: these formed the hands of the dwarf. My brother was adorned with a large sun hat called a 'cappie,' goggles, and a necklace, and the dwarf was complete—his friend, of course, being concealed by curtains."—Mr. F. E. Glover, 41, Drayton Park, Highbury, N.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



INSECT OR WHAT?

"I send you the photograph of an extraordinarily curious insect. I am not prepared to say whether it is an insect or some kind of organism. I can only say that it is alive and lives on red lead. The lady in whose possession it is has had it for upwards of eighteen years, and who knows how many years of life it had before? It is covered with light brown hair (which has to be cut occasionally), very like deer's hair, and is the size of a large marble. The 'curious insect' was given to the lady's husband by a rich native who gave up all his worldly possessions and became a fakir. When giving it to the gentleman (who had shown the man some kindness) he said that it would always bring him good luck."—Mr. T. G. A. Baness, Hall Bazaar, Amritsur, Punjab.

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

"The discarded railway carriage shown in the photograph has had an eventful career. After being drawn at the end of freight trains over thousands of miles of the Erie Railroad tracks it was finally condemned and sent to the graveyard, where cars of this character meet an ignominious end—they being chopped up for firewood. But after it had been sent to what was thought would be its last resting-place, Lieut. Peary, the well-known Arctic explorer, asked the Erie Railroad officials if they could loan him a discarded carriage for use on his ship *Windward*. This carriage was accordingly selected, and it was placed on the deck of the *Windward*, where it was fitted up as a cabin. The journeys of this carriage, therefore, instead of being at an end had really only begun, for it was destined to make the longest trip in its history. It remained on board the *Windward* throughout the perilous trip to the Frozen North, and returned with the ship to New York a little over a year ago. Lieut. Peary having no further use for it sent it back to the Erie Railroad, and it is now an object of curiosity at Shohola Glen, Pike County, Pa., a popular excursion resort on the line of the Erie Railroad."—Mr. Adolph A. Langer, 116, Danforth Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.



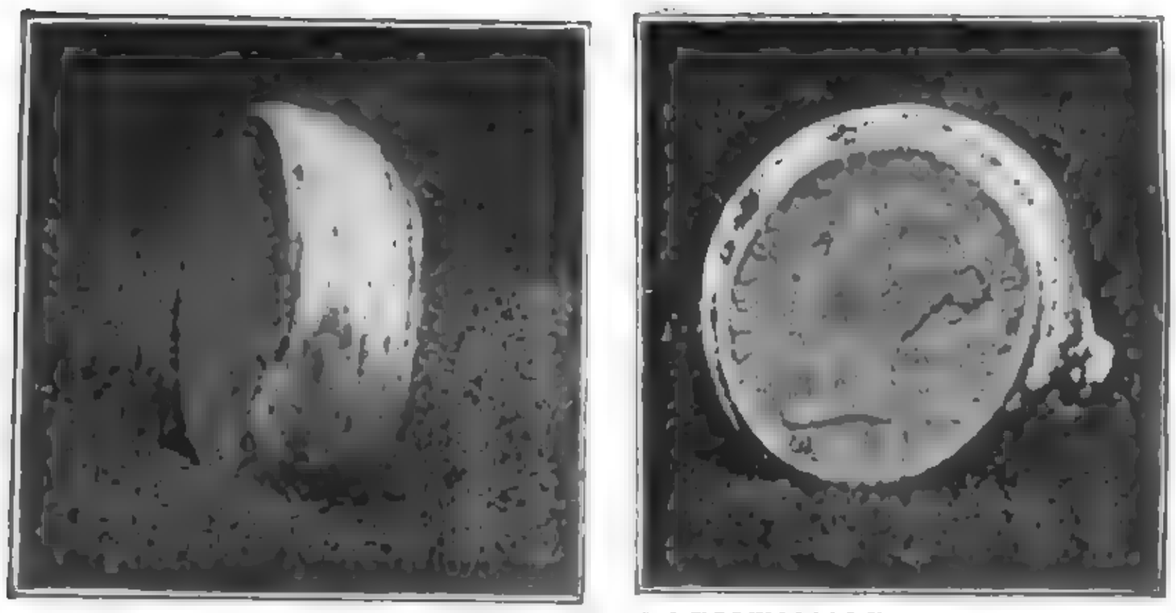
GIGANTIC BEER-BARREL.

"This enormous barrel was erected in the great Industrial Exhibition held at Osaka, Japan. It is the property of the 'Yebisu' Beer Company, and was built for the purpose of advertising that brand of malt liquor. The height is about fifty feet and the diameter of its base some thirty feet, while the thickness of its wall exceeds two feet. It is fitted up as a beer hall within and contains ten round tables, each capable of accommodating five or six persons. There is also a large counter. It is one of the most remarkable of the many advertising devices ever carried out in this enterprising 'Land of the Rising Sun.' The photograph was taken by Mr. G. M. Arab, of this city."—Mr. W. J. Toms, Kobé, Japan.



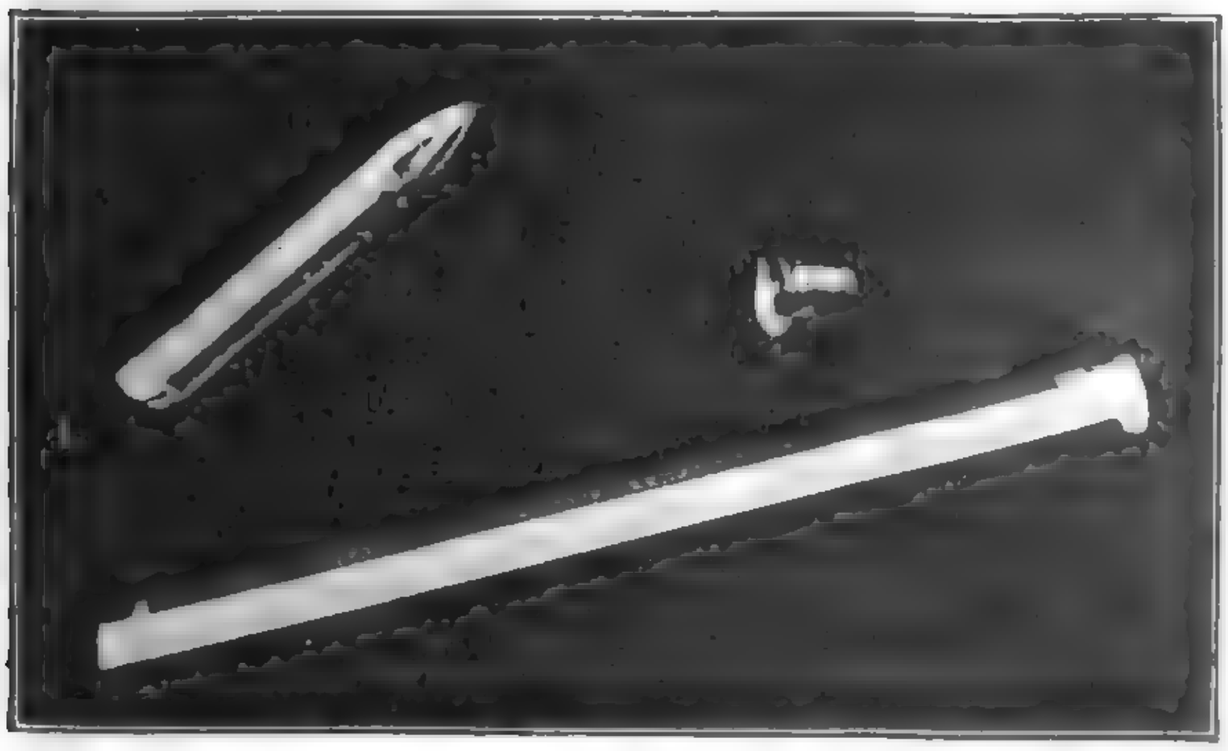
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



AMALGAMATED BY LIGHTNING.

"I send you a photograph showing in two positions the curious amalgamation of coins by a flash of lightning. This incident occurred in a miner's hut in Swazieland some time in December, 1897, and the photograph represents money to the value of fourteen shillings and sixpence, viz., one half-sovereign, four single shillings, and a sixpence. The money was placed on a table in the order given, the half-sovereign being under the other coins and lying on the face of the table. The hut was not injured by the lightning, as the fluid entered by the window and passed over the table (on which the coins were) and out at the open door. The table (in the centre of the hut and in a line with the window and door) had a badly scorched line over it. The money, after the flash, lay in exactly the same position as before; the only difference was its being fused into one mass instead of six different coins. At the time of the flash the miner happened to be absent."—Mr. A. E. Graham Lawrance, Barberton, Transvaal.



HOW DID IT GET THERE?

"I was cutting the corner off a gammon of bacon when I discovered I had sawn through a piece of glass which was lying quite close to and parallel with the thigh-bone, and had I known of its presence I could have taken it out whole. It measures, when put together, six and a quarter inches. How it got into this position is a mystery, as there was no indication of its progress anywhere and the meat was perfectly healthy and in no way discoloured. Whether the poor pig swallowed it or sat on it I leave for your readers to conjecture. Photo. by W. B. Gardner, Farnborough." — Mr. W. J. Buck, Cove Road, Farnborough, Hants.



A STRANGE ILLUSION.

"You will see in this photograph that the right arm of my daughter has got the hand on the wrong side, the thumb being where the little finger ought to be. This is accounted for by the photo. being vignetted, the hand really belonging to another daughter who does not appear in the picture."—Mr. Dorsay Ansell, Supt. St. George's Garden, Wakefield Street, W.C.

AN INGENIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

"The advertisement shown in the accompanying photograph—for some drink prepared by one Jesse Moore—is quite the cleverest I have seen in any American city. It is situated near the entrance to the Golden Gate Park, at San Francisco. The shoulders, head, and arms of the man appearing above the hoarding are cut out of wood and look most realistic, if somewhat gigantic, against the background of the sky, and the painting of the face is quite a work of art."—Mr. F. A. E. Dolmage, 243, Cromwell Road, South Kensington.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A NARROW ESCAPE.

"An officer was resting and enjoying a nap after an exceedingly hard morning's drill. A flash of lightning first struck and doubled up his scabbard and thence passed to his mirror hanging close by, smashing it as the enclosed photo. shows. I need hardly say this worthy gentleman, awaking so suddenly from his slumbers, scarcely knew for some time whether he was in China, South Africa, or good Old England."—Mr. F. E. Robinson, Sylvester House, Colchester.



CEMETERY FOR SOLDIERS' DOGS.

"Here is a photograph of the cemetery for soldiers' dogs at Edinburgh Castle. Judging from the inscriptions on the stones, each department seems to have had its favourite. The band pet was Tork; that of the pioneer section, Pat; the transport pet, Jess; and so on, including the general pets, such as Little Tom, Tum-Tum, etc."—Mr. E. Mallinson, 12, Golden Square, Aberdeen, N.B.



A DEVOTED DOG.

"The dog shown in the picture is exceedingly fond of his master and will follow him almost anywhere. The snap-shot reproduced here shows the dog actually diving off a board in company with his master, whilst a friend is turning a somersault behind."—Mr. J. de Tymowski, Stratford-sub-Castle, Salisbury.



NOT SO TALL AS HE LOOKS.

"At first sight my photograph seems to be that of an immensely tall man, but in reality the legs of the giant belong to somebody else, while the top half is standing on a barrel."—Mr. H. S. Nicolson, Brough Lodge, Fetlar, Shetland.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"I HEARD HIM CHUCKLE AS THE LIGHT FELL UPON A PATCHED DUNLOP TYRE."

(*See page* 135.)

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. FEBRUARY, 1904. No. 158.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

V.—The Adventure of the Priory School.

WE have had some dramatic entrances and exits upon our small stage at Baker Street, but I cannot recollect anything more sudden and startling than the first appearance of Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, M.A., Ph.D., etc. His card, which seemed too small to carry the weight of his academic distinctions, preceded him by a few seconds, and then he entered himself—so large, so pompous, and so dignified that he was the very embodiment of self-possession and solidity. And yet his first action when the door had closed behind him was to stagger against the table, whence he slipped down upon the floor, and there was that majestic figure prostrate and insensible upon our bearskin hearthrug.

We had sprung to our feet, and for a few moments we stared in silent amazement at this ponderous piece of wreckage, which told of some sudden and fatal storm far out on the ocean of life. Then Holmes hurried with a cushion for his head and I with brandy for his lips. The heavy white face was seamed with lines of trouble, the hanging pouches under the closed eyes were leaden in colour, the loose mouth drooped dolorously at the corners, the rolling chins were unshaven. Collar and shirt bore the grime of a long journey, and the hair bristled unkempt from the well-shaped head. It was a sorely-stricken man who lay before us.

"What is it, Watson?" asked Holmes.

"Absolute exhaustion — possibly mere hunger and fatigue," said I, with my finger on the thready pulse, where the stream of life trickled thin and small.

"Return ticket from Mackleton, in the North of England," said Holmes, drawing it from the watch-pocket. "It is not twelve o'clock yet He has certainly been an early starter."

The puckered eyelids had begun to quiver, and now a pair of vacant, grey eyes looked up at us. An instant later the man had scrambled on to his feet, his face crimson with shame.

"Forgive this weakness, Mr. Holmes; I have been a little overwrought. Thank you, if I might have a glass of milk and a biscuit I have no doubt that I should be better. I came personally, Mr. Holmes, in order to ensure that you would return with me. I feared that no telegram would convince you of the absolute urgency of the case."

"When you are quite restored——"

"I am quite well again. I cannot imagine how I came to be so weak. I wish you, Mr. Holmes, to come to Mackleton with me by the next train."

My friend shook his head.

"My colleague, Dr. Watson, could tell you that we are very busy at present. I am retained in this case of the Ferrers Documents, and the Abergavenny murder is coming up for trial. Only a very important issue could call me from London at present."

"Important!" Our visitor threw up his hands. "Have you heard nothing of the abduction of the only son of the Duke of Holdernesse?"

"What! the late Cabinet Minister?"

"Exactly. We had tried to keep it out of the papers, but there was some rumour in the *Globe* last night. I thought it might have reached your ears."

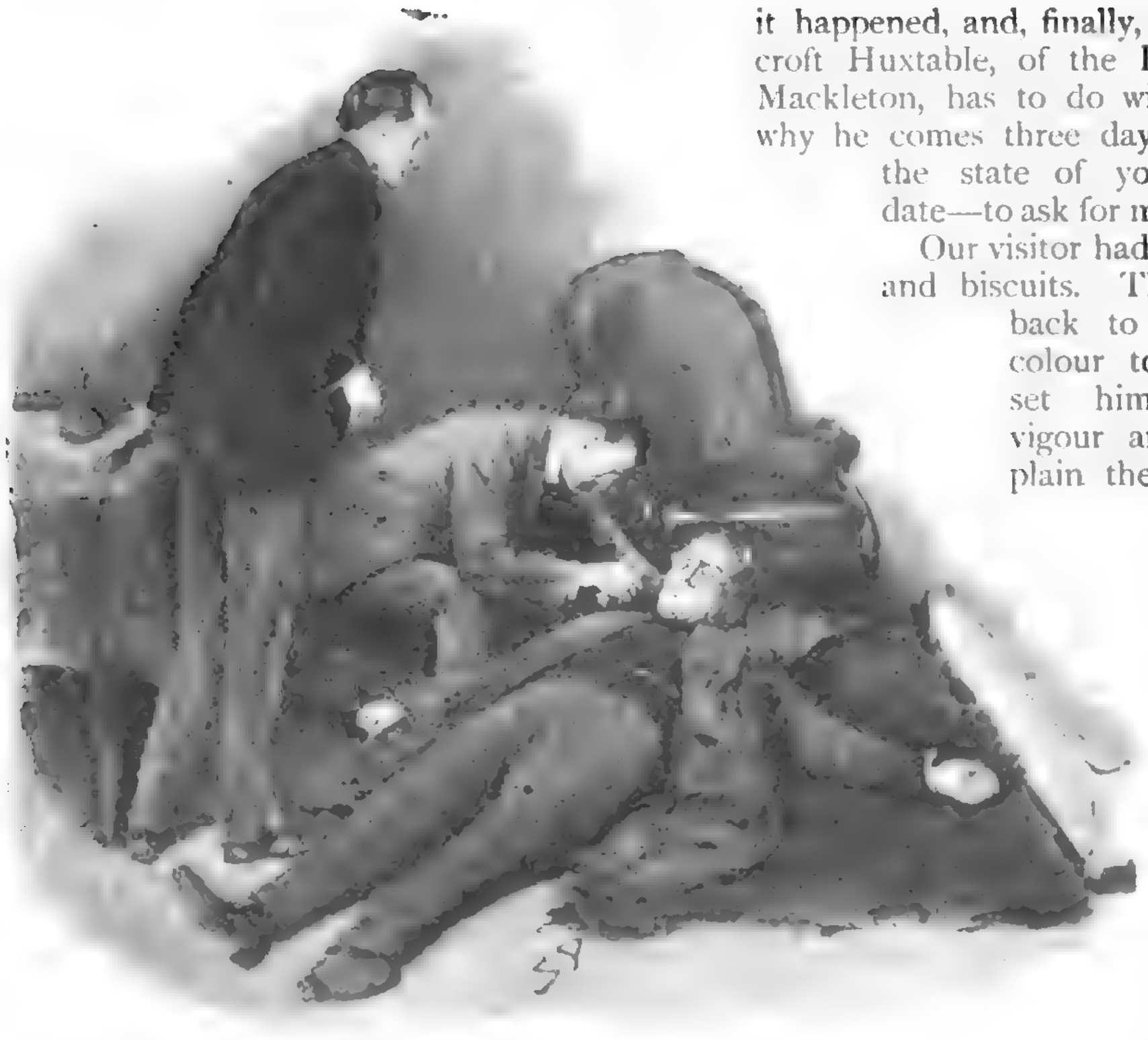
Holmes shot out his long, thin arm and picked out Volume "H" in his encyclopædia of reference.

"'Holdernesse, 6th Duke, K.G., P.C.'—half the alphabet! 'Baron Beverley, Earl of

Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE HEAVY WHITE FACE WAS SEAMED WITH LINES OF TROUBLE."

Carston'—dear me, what a list! 'Lord Lieutenant of Hallamshire since 1900. Married Edith, daughter of Sir Charles Appledore, 1888. Heir and only child, Lord Saltire. Owns about two hundred and fifty thousand acres. Minerals in Lancashire and Wales. Address: Carlton House Terrace; Holdernesse Hall, Hallamshire; Carston Castle, Bangor, Wales. Lord of the Admiralty, 1872; Chief Secretary of State for——' Well, well, this man is certainly one of the greatest subjects of the Crown!"

"The greatest and perhaps the wealthiest. I am aware, Mr. Holmes, that you take a very high line in professional matters, and that you are prepared to work for the work's sake. I may tell you, however, that his Grace has already intimated that a cheque for five thousand pounds will be handed over to the person who can tell him where his son is, and another thousand to him who can name the man, or men, who have taken him."

"It is a princely offer," said Holmes. "Watson, I think that we shall accompany Dr. Huxtable back to the North of England. And now, Dr. Huxtable, when you have consumed that milk you will kindly tell me what has happened, when it happened, how it happened, and, finally, what Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable, of the Priory School, near Mackleton, has to do with the matter, and why he comes three days after an event—the state of your chin gives the date—to ask for my humble services."

Our visitor had consumed his milk and biscuits. The light had come back to his eyes and the colour to his cheeks as he set himself with great vigour and lucidity to explain the situation.

"I must inform you, gentlemen, that the Priory is a preparatory school, of which I am the founder and principal. 'Huxtable's Sidelights on Horace' may possibly recall my name to your memories. The Priory is, without exception, the best and most select preparatory school in England. Lord Leverstoke, the Earl of Blackwater, Sir Cathcart Soames—they all have entrusted their sons to me. But I felt that my school had reached its zenith when, three weeks ago, the Duke of Holdernesse sent Mr. James Wilder, his secretary, with the intimation that young Lord Saltire, ten years old, his only son and heir, was about to be committed to my charge. Little did I think that this would be the prelude to the most crushing misfortune of my life.

"On May 1st the boy arrived, that being the beginning of the summer term. He was a charming youth, and he soon fell into our ways. I may tell you—I trust that I am not indiscreet, but half-confidences are absurd in such a case—that he was not entirely happy at home. It is an open secret that the Duke's married life had not been a peaceful one, and the matter had ended in a separation by mutual consent, the Duchess taking up her residence in the South of France. This had occurred very shortly before, and the boy's sympathies are known to have been strongly with his mother. He moped after her departure from Holdernesse Hall, and it was for this reason that the Duke desired to send him to my establishment. In a fort-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

night the boy was quite at home with us, and was apparently absolutely happy.

"He was last seen on the night of May 13th—that is, the night of last Monday. His room was on the second floor, and was approached through another larger room in which two boys were sleeping. These boys saw and heard nothing, so that it is certain that young Saltire did not pass out that way. His window was open, and there is a stout ivy plant leading to the ground. We could trace no footmarks below, but it is sure that this is the only possible exit.

"His absence was discovered at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. His bed had been slept in. He had dressed himself fully before going off in his usual school suit of black Eton jacket and dark grey trousers. There were no signs that anyone had entered the room, and it is quite certain that anything in the nature of cries, or a struggle, would have been heard, since Caunter, the elder boy in the inner room, is a very light sleeper.

"When Lord Saltire's disappearance was discovered I at once called a roll of the whole establishment, boys, masters, and servants. It was then that we ascertained that Lord Saltire had not been alone in his flight. Heidegger, the German master, was missing. His room was on the second floor, at the farther end of the building, facing the same way as Lord Saltire's. His bed had also been slept in; but he had apparently gone away partly dressed, since his shirt and socks were lying on the floor. He had undoubtedly let himself down by the ivy, for we could see the marks of his feet where he had landed on the lawn. His bicycle was kept in a small shed beside this lawn, and it also was gone.

"He had been with me for two years, and came with the best references; but he was a silent, morose man, not very popular either with masters or boys. No trace could be found of the fugitives, and now on Thursday morning we are as ignorant as we were on Tuesday. Inquiry was, of course, made at once at Holdernesse Hall. It is only a few miles away, and we imagined that in some sudden attack of home-sickness he had gone back to his father; but nothing had been heard of him. The Duke is greatly agitated —and as to me, you have seen yourselves the state of nervous prostration to which the suspense and the responsibility have reduced me. Mr. Holmes, if ever you put forward your full powers, I implore you to do so now, for never in your life could you have a case which is more worthy of them."

Sherlock Holmes had listened with the utmost intentness to the statement of the unhappy schoolmaster. His drawn brows and the deep furrow between them showed that he needed no exhortation to concentrate all his attention upon a problem which, apart from the tremendous interests involved, must appeal so directly to his love of the complex and the unusual. He now drew out his note-book and jotted down one or two memoranda.

"You have been very remiss in not coming to me sooner," said he, severely. "You start me on my investigation with a very serious handicap. It is inconceivable, for example, that this ivy and this lawn would have yielded nothing to an expert observer."

"I am not to blame, Mr. Holmes. His Grace was extremely desirous to avoid all public scandal. He was afraid of his family unhappiness being dragged before the world. He has a deep horror of anything of the kind."

"But there has been some official investigation?"

"Yes, sir, and it has proved most disappointing. An apparent clue was at once obtained, since a boy and a young man were reported to have been seen leaving a neighbouring station by an early train. Only last night we had news that the couple had been hunted down in Liverpool, and they prove to have no connection whatever with the matter in hand. Then it was that in my despair and disappointment, after a sleepless night, I came straight to you by the early train."

"I suppose the local investigation was relaxed while this false clue was being followed up?"

"It was entirely dropped."

"So that three days have been wasted. The affair has been most deplorably handled."

"I feel it, and admit it."

"And yet the problem should be capable of ultimate solution. I shall be very happy to look into it. Have you been able to trace any connection between the missing boy and this German master?"

"None at all."

"Was he in the master's class?"

"No; he never exchanged a word with him so far as I know."

"That is certainly very singular. Had the boy a bicycle?"

"No."

"Was any other bicycle missing?"

"No."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Is that certain?"

"Quite."

"Well, now, you do not mean to seriously suggest that this German rode off upon a bicycle in the dead of the night bearing the boy in his arms?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what is the theory in your mind?"

"The bicycle may have been a blind. It may have been hidden somewhere and the pair gone off on foot."

"Quite so; but it seems rather an absurd blind, does it not? Were there other bicycles in this shed?"

"Several."

"Would he not have hidden *a couple* had he desired to give the idea that they had gone off upon them?"

"I suppose he would."

"Of course he would. The blind theory won't do. But the incident is an admirable starting-point for an investigation. After all, a bicycle is not an easy thing to conceal or to destroy. One other question. Did anyone call to see the boy on the day before he disappeared?"

"No."

"Did he get any letters?"

"Yes; one letter."

"From whom?"

"From his father."

"Do you open the boys' letters?"

"No."

"How do you know it was from the father?"

"The coat of arms was on the envelope, and it was addressed in the Duke's peculiar stiff hand. Besides, the Duke remembers having written."

"When had he a letter before that?"

"Not for several days."

"Had he ever one from France?"

"No; never."

"You see the point of my questions, of course. Either the boy was carried off by force or he went of his own free will. In the latter case you would expect that some prompting from outside would be needed to make so young a lad do such a thing. If he has had no visitors, that prompting must have come in letters. Hence I try to find out who were his correspondents."

"I fear I cannot help you much. His only correspondent, so far as I know, was his own father."

"Who wrote to him on the very day of his disappearance. Were the relations between father and son very friendly?"

"His Grace is never very friendly with anyone. He is completely immersed in large public questions, and is rather inaccessible to all ordinary emotions. But he was always kind to the boy in his own way."

"But the sympathies of the latter were with the mother?"

"Yes."

"Did he say so?"



"WHAT IS THE THEORY IN YOUR MIND?"

"No."

"The Duke, then?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Then how could you know?"

"I have had some confidential talks with Mr. James Wilder, his Grace's secretary.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was he who gave me the information about Lord Saltire's feelings."

"I see. By the way, that last letter of the Duke's—was it found in the boy's room after he was gone?"

"No; he had taken it with him. I think, Mr. Holmes, it is time that we were leaving for Euston."

"I will order a four-wheeler. In a quarter of an hour we shall be at your service. If you are telegraphing home, Mr. Huxtable, it would be well to allow the people in your neighbourhood to imagine that the inquiry is still going on in Liverpool, or wherever else that red herring led your pack. In the meantime I will do a little quiet work at your own doors, and perhaps the scent is not so cold but that two old hounds like Watson and myself may get a sniff of it."

That evening found us in the cold, bracing atmosphere of the Peak country, in which Dr. Huxtable's famous school is situated. It was already dark when we reached it. A card was lying on the hall table, and the butler whispered something to his master, who turned to us with agitation in every heavy feature.

"The Duke is here," said he. "The Duke and Mr. Wilder are in the study. Come, gentlemen, and I will introduce you."

I was, of course, familiar with the pictures of the famous statesman, but the man himself was very different from his representation. He was a tall and stately person, scrupulously dressed, with a drawn, thin face, and a nose which was grotesquely curved and long. His complexion was of a dead pallor, which was more startling by contrast with a long, dwindling beard of vivid red, which flowed down over his white waistcoat, with his watch-chain gleaming through its fringe. Such was the stately presence who looked stonily at us from the centre of Dr. Huxtable's hearthrug. Beside him stood a very young man, whom I understood to be Wilder, the private secretary. He was small, nervous, alert, with intelligent, light-blue eyes and mobile features. It was he who at once, in an incisive and positive tone, opened the conversation.

"I called this morning, Dr. Huxtable, too late to prevent you from starting for London. I learned that your object was to invite Mr. Sherlock Holmes to undertake the conduct of this case. His Grace is surprised, Dr. Huxtable, that you should have taken such a step without consulting him."

"When I learned that the police had failed——"

"His Grace is by no means convinced that the police have failed."

"But surely, Mr. Wilder——"

"You are well aware, Dr. Huxtable, that his Grace is particularly anxious to avoid all public scandal. He prefers to take as few people as possible into his confidence."

"The matter can be easily remedied," said the brow-beaten doctor; "Mr. Sherlock Holmes can return to London by the morning train."

"Hardly that, doctor, hardly that," said Holmes, in his blandest voice. "This northern air is invigorating and pleasant, so I propose to spend a few days upon your moors, and to occupy my mind as best I may. Whether I have the shelter of your roof or of the village inn is, of course, for you to decide."

I could see that the unfortunate doctor was in the last stage of indecision, from which he was rescued by the deep, sonorous voice of the red-bearded Duke, which boomed out like a dinner-gong.

"I agree with Mr. Wilder, Dr. Huxtable, that you would have done wisely to consult me. But since Mr. Holmes has already been taken into your confidence, it would indeed be absurd that we should not avail ourselves of his services. Far from going to the inn, Mr. Holmes, I should be pleased if you would come and stay with me at Holdernesse Hall."

"I thank your Grace. For the purposes of my investigation I think that it would be wiser for me to remain at the scene of the mystery."

"Just as you like, Mr. Holmes. Any information which Mr. Wilder or I can give you is, of course, at your disposal."

"It will probably be necessary for me to see you at the Hall," said Holmes. "I would only ask you now, sir, whether you have formed any explanation in your own mind as to the mysterious disappearance of your son?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Excuse me if I allude to that which is painful to you, but I have no alternative. Do you think that the Duchess had anything to do with the matter?"

The great Minister showed perceptible hesitation.

"I do not think so," he said, at last.

"The other most obvious explanation is that the child has been kidnapped for the purpose of levying ransom. You have not had any demand of the sort?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"No, sir."

"One more question, your Grace. I understand that you wrote to your son upon the day when this incident occurred."

"No; I wrote upon the day before."

"Exactly. But he received it on that day?"

"Yes."

"Was there anything in your letter which might have unbalanced him or induced him to take such a step?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

"Did you post that letter yourself?"

The nobleman's reply was interrupted by his secretary, who broke in with some heat.

"His Grace is not in the habit of posting letters himself," said he. "This letter was laid with others upon the study table, and I myself put them in the post-bag."



"BESIDE HIM STOOD A VERY YOUNG MAN."

"You are sure this one was among them?"

"Yes; I observed it."

"How many letters did your Grace write that day?"

"Twenty or thirty. I have a large correspondence. But surely this is somewhat irrelevant?"

"Not entirely," said Holmes.

"For my own part," the Duke continued, "I have advised the police to turn their attention to the South of France. I have already said that I do not believe that the Duchess would encourage so monstrous an action, but the lad had the most wrong-headed opinions, and it is possible that he may have fled to her, aided and abetted by this German. I think, Dr. Huxtable, that we will now return to the Hall."

I could see that there were other questions which Holmes would have wished to put; but the nobleman's abrupt manner showed that the interview was at an end. It was evident that to his intensely aristocratic nature this discussion of his intimate family affairs with a stranger was most abhorrent, and that he feared lest every fresh question would throw a fiercer light into the discreetly shadowed corners of his ducal history.

When the nobleman and his secretary had left, my friend flung himself at once with characteristic eagerness into the investigation.

The boy's chamber was carefully examined, and yielded nothing save the absolute conviction that it was only through the window that he could have escaped. The German master's room and effects gave no further clue. In his case a trailer of ivy had given way under his weight, and we saw by the light of a lantern the mark on the lawn where his heels had come down. That one dint in the short green grass was the only material witness left of this inexplicable nocturnal flight.

Sherlock Holmes left the house alone, and only returned after eleven. He had obtained a large ordnance map of the neighbourhood, and this he brought into my room, where he laid it out on the bed, and, having balanced the lamp in the middle of it, he began to smoke over it, and occasionally to point out objects of interest with the reeking amber of his pipe.

"This case grows upon me, Watson," said he. "There are decidedly some points of interest in connection with it. In this early stage I want you to realize those geographical features which may have a good deal to do with our investigation.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Look at this map. This dark square is the Priory School. I'll put a pin in it. Now, this line is the main road. You see that it runs east and west past the school, and you see also that there is no side road for a mile either way. If these two folk passed away by road it was *this* road."

"Exactly."

"By a singular and happy chance we are able to some extent to check what passed along this road during the night in question. At this point, where my pipe is now resting, a country constable was on duty from twelve to six. It is, as you perceive, the first cross road on the east side. This man declares that he was not absent from his post for an instant, and he is positive that neither boy nor man could have gone that way unseen. I have spoken with this policeman to-night, and he appears to me to be a perfectly reliable person. That blocks this end. We have now to deal with the other. There is an inn here, the Red Bull, the landlady of which was ill. She had sent to Mackleton for a doctor, but he did not arrive until morning, being absent at another case. The people at the inn were alert all night, awaiting his coming, and one or other of them seems to have continually had an eye upon the road. They declare that no one passed. If their evidence is good, then we are fortunate enough to be able to block the west, and also to be able to say that the fugitives did *not* use the road at all."

"But the bicycle?" I objected.

"Quite so. We will come to the bicycle presently. To continue our reasoning: if these people did not go by the road, they must have traversed the country to the north of the house or to the south of the house. That is certain. Let us weigh the one against the other. On the south of the house is, as you perceive, a large district of arable land, cut up into small fields, with stone walls between them. There, I admit that a bicycle is impossible. We can dismiss the idea. We turn to the country on the north. Here there lies a grove of trees, marked as the 'Ragged Shaw,' and on the farther side stretches a great rolling moor, Lower Gill Moor, extending for ten miles and sloping gradually upwards. Here, at one side of this wilderness, is Holdernesse Hall, ten miles by road, but only six across the moor. It is a peculiarly desolate plain. A few moor farmers have small holdings, where they rear sheep and cattle. Except these, the plover and the curlew are the only inhabitants until you come to the Chesterfield high road. There is a church there, you see, a few cottages, and an inn. Beyond that the hills become precipitous. Surely it is here to the north that our quest must lie."

"But the bicycle?" I persisted.

"Well, well!" said Holmes, impatiently. "A good cyclist does not need a high road. The moor is intersected with paths and the moon was at the full. Halloa! what is this?"

There was an agitated knock at the door, and an instant afterwards Dr. Huxtable was in the room. In his hand he held a blue cricket-cap, with a white chevron on the peak.

"At last we have a clue!" he cried. "Thank Heaven! at last we are on the dear boy's track! It is his cap."

"Where was it found?"

"In the van of the gipsies who camped on the moor. They left on Tuesday. To-day the police traced them down and examined their caravan. This was found."

"How do they account for it?"

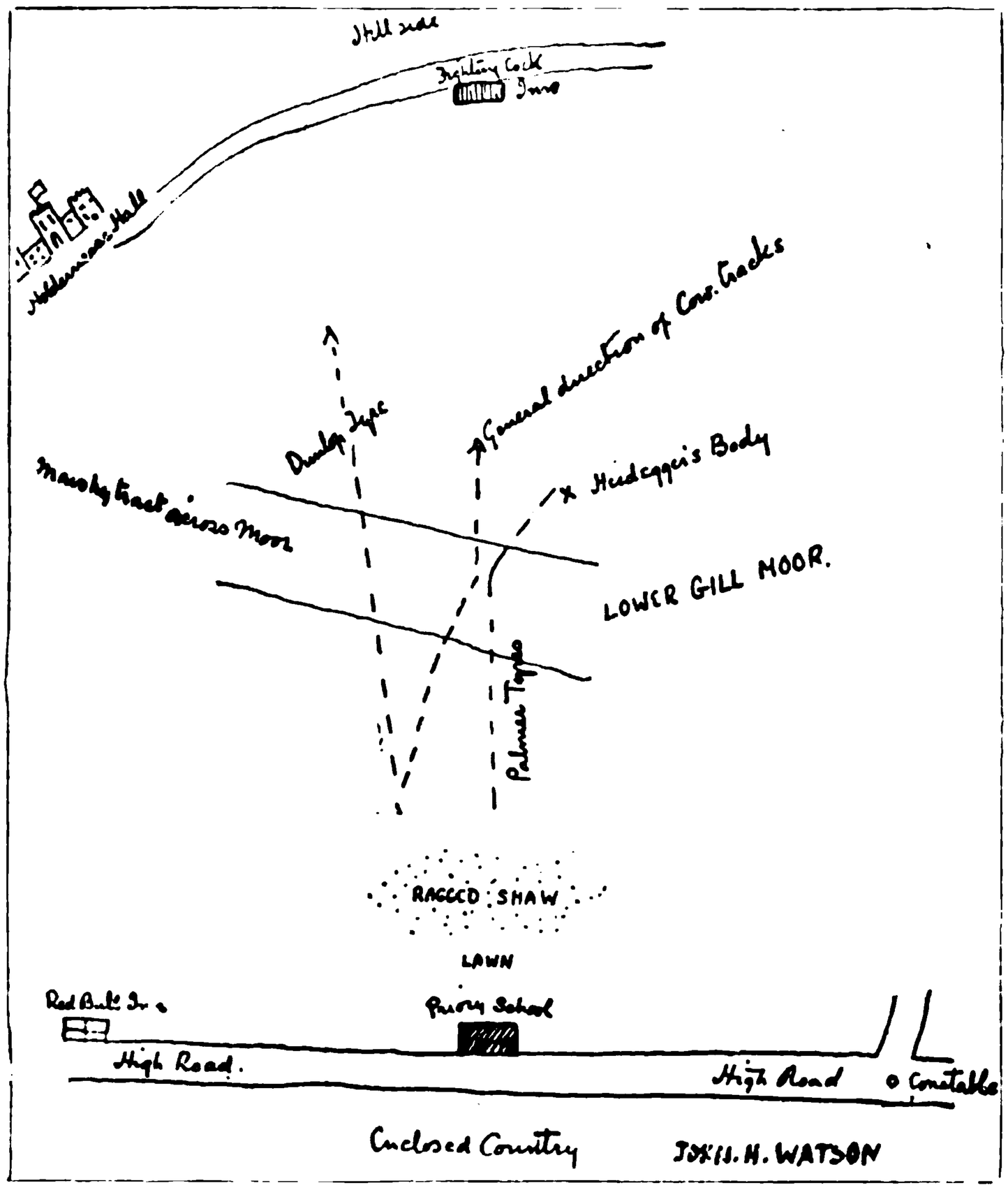
"They shuffled and lied—said that they found it on the moor on Tuesday morning. They know where he is, the rascals! Thank goodness, they are all safe under lock and key. Either the fear of the law or the Duke's purse will certainly get out of them all that they know."

"So far, so good," said Holmes, when the doctor had at last left the room. "It at least bears out the theory that it is on the side of the Lower Gill Moor that we must hope for results. The police have really done nothing locally, save the arrest of these gipsies. Look here, Watson! There is a watercourse across the moor. You see it marked here in the map. In some parts it widens into a morass. This is particularly so in the region between Holdernesse Hall and the school. It is vain to look elsewhere for tracks in this dry weather; but at *that* point there is certainly a chance of some record being left. I will call you early to-morrow morning, and you and I will try if we can throw some little light upon the mystery."

The day was just breaking when I woke to find the long, thin form of Holmes by my bedside. He was fully dressed, and had apparently already been out.

"I have done the lawn and the bicycle shed," said he. "I have also had a ramble through the Ragged Shaw. Now, Watson, there is cocoa ready in the next room. I must beg you to hurry, for we have a great day before us."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE LOCALITY.

His eyes shone, and his cheek was flushed with the exhilaration of the master workman who sees his work lie ready before him. A very different Holmes, this active, alert man, from the introspective and pallid dreamer of Baker Street. I felt, as I looked upon that supple figure, alive with nervous energy, that it was indeed a strenuous day that awaited us.

And yet it opened in the blackest disappointment. With high hopes we struck across the peaty, russet moor, intersected with a thousand sheep paths, until we came to the broad, light-green belt which marked the morass between us and Holdernesse. Certainly, if the lad had gone homewards, he must have passed this, and he could not pass it without leaving his traces. But no sign of him or the German could be seen. With a darkening face my friend strode along the margin, eagerly observant of every muddy stain upon the mossy surface. Sheep-marks there were in profusion, and at one place, some miles down, cows had left their tracks. Nothing more.

"Check number one," said Holmes, looking gloomily over the rolling expanse of the moor. "There is another morass down yonder and a narrow neck between. Halloa! halloa! halloa! what have we here?"

We had come on a small black ribbon of pathway. In the middle of it, clearly marked on the sodden soil, was the track of a bicycle.

"Hurrah!" I cried. "We have it."

But Holmes was shaking his head, and his face was puzzled and expectant rather than joyous.

"A bicycle certainly, but not *the* bicycle," said he. "I am familiar with forty-two different impressions left by tyres. This, as you perceive, is a Dunlop, with a patch upon the outer cover. Heidegger's tyres were Palmer's, leaving longitudinal stripes. Aveling, the mathematical master, was sure upon the point. Therefore, it is not Heidegger's track."

"The boy's, then?"

"Possibly, if we could prove a bicycle to have been in his possession. But this we have utterly failed to do. This track, as you perceive, was made by a rider who was going from the direction of the school."

"Or towards it?"

"No, no, my dear Watson. The more deeply sunk impression is, of course, the hind wheel, upon which the weight rests. You perceive several places where it has passed across and obliterated the more shallow mark of the front one. It was undoubtedly heading away from the school. It may or may not be connected with our inquiry, but we will follow it backwards before we go any farther."

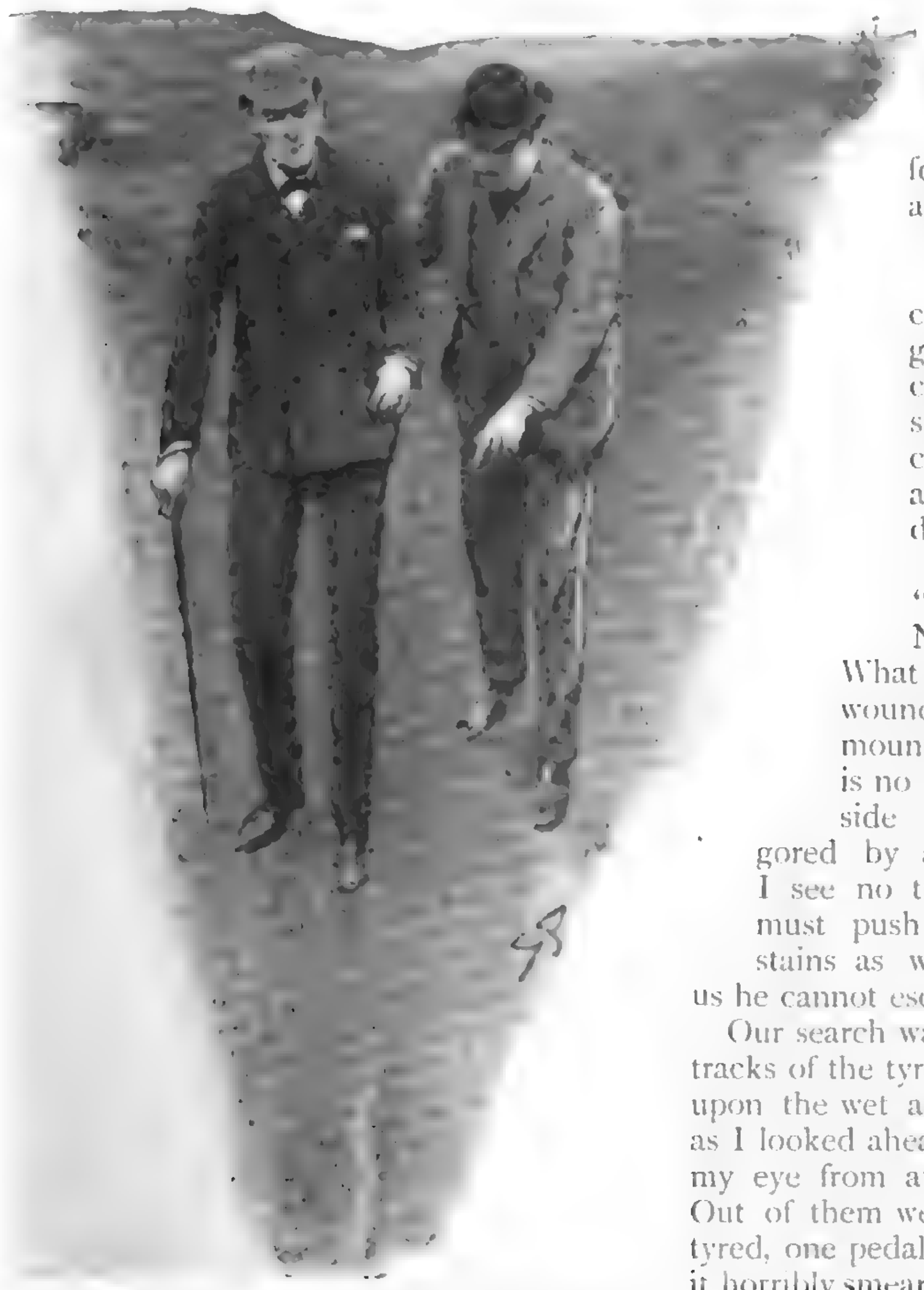
We did so, and at the end of a few hundred yards lost the tracks as we emerged from the boggy portion of the moor. Following the path backwards, we picked out another spot, where a spring trickled across it. Here, once again, was the mark of the bicycle, though nearly obliterated by the hoofs of cows. After that there was no sign, but the path ran right on into Ragged Shaw, the wood which backed on to the school. From this wood the cycle must have

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

emerged. Holmes sat down on a boulder and rested his chin in his hands. I had smoked two cigarettes before he moved.

"Well, well," said he, at last. "It is, of course, possible that a cunning man might change the tyre of his bicycle in order to leave unfamiliar tracks. A criminal who was capable of such a thought is a man whom I should be proud to do business with. We will leave this question undecided and hark back to our morass again, for we have left a good deal unexplored."

We continued our systematic survey of the edge of the sodden portion of the moor, and soon our perseverance was gloriously rewarded. Right across the lower part of the bog lay a miry path. Holmes gave a cry of delight as he approached it. An impression like a fine bundle of telegraph wires ran down the centre of it. It was the Palmer tyre.



"AN IMPRESSION LIKE A FINE BUNDLE OF TELEGRAPH WIRES RAN DOWN THE CENTRE OF IT."

"Here is Herr Heidegger, sure enough!" cried Holmes, exultantly. "My reasoning seems to have been pretty sound, Watson."

"I congratulate you."

"But we have a long way still to go. Kindly walk clear of the path. Now let us follow the trail. I fear that it will not lead very far."

We found, however, as we advanced that this portion of the moor is intersected with soft patches, and, though we frequently lost sight of the track, we always succeeded in picking it up once more.

"Do you observe," said Holmes, "that the rider is now undoubtedly forcing the pace? There can be no doubt of it. Look at this impression, where you get both tyres clear. The one is as deep as the other. That can only mean that the rider is throwing his weight on to the handle-bar, as a man does when he is sprinting. By Jove! he has had a fall."

There was a broad, irregular smudge covering some yards of the track. Then there were a few footmarks, and the tyre reappeared once more.

"A side-slip," I suggested.

Holmes held up a crumpled branch of flowering gorse. To my horror I perceived that the yellow blossoms were all dabbled with crimson. On the path, too, and among the heather were dark stains of clotted blood.

"Bad!" said Holmes. "Bad! Stand clear, Watson! Not an unnecessary footstep! What do I read here? He fell wounded, he stood up, he remounted, he proceeded. But there is no other track. Cattle on this side path. He was surely not gored by a bull? Impossible! But I see no traces of anyone else. We must push on, Watson. Surely with stains as well as the track to guide us he cannot escape us now."

Our search was not a very long one. The tracks of the tyre began to curve fantastically upon the wet and shining path. Suddenly, as I looked ahead, the gleam of metal caught my eye from amid the thick gorse bushes. Out of them we dragged a bicycle, Palmer-tyred, one pedal bent, and the whole front of it horribly smeared and slobbered with blood. On the other side of the bushes a shoe was

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

projecting. We ran round, and there lay the unfortunate rider. He was a tall man, full bearded, with spectacles, one glass of which had been knocked out. The cause of his death was a frightful blow upon the head,



"THERE LAY THE UNFORTUNATE RIDER."

which had crushed in part of his skull. That he could have gone on after receiving such an injury said much for the vitality and courage of the man. He wore shoes, but no socks, and his open coat disclosed a night-shirt beneath it. It was undoubtedly the German master.

Holmes turned the body over reverently, and examined it with great attention. He then sat in deep thought for a time, and I could see by his ruffled brow that this grim discovery had not, in his opinion, advanced us much in our inquiry.

"It is a little difficult to know what to do, Watson," said he, at last. "My own inclinations are to push this inquiry on, for we have already lost so much time that we cannot afford to waste another hour. On the other hand, we are bound to inform the police of the discovery, and to see that this poor fellow's body is looked after."

"I could take a note back."

"But I need your company and assistance. Wait a bit! There is a fellow cutting peat up yonder. Bring him over here, and he will guide the police."

I brought the peasant across, and Holmes dispatched the frightened man with a note to Dr. Huxtable.

"Now, Watson," said he, "we have picked up two clues this morning. One is the bicycle with the Palmer tyre, and we see what that has led to. The other is the bicycle with the patched Dunlop. Before we start to investigate that, let us try to realize what we *do* know so as to make the most of it, and to separate the essential from the accidental.

"First of all I wish to impress upon you that the boy certainly left of his own free will. He got down from his window and he went off, either alone or with someone. That is sure."

I assented.

"Well, now, let us turn to this unfortunate German master. The boy was fully dressed when he fled. Therefore, he foresaw what he would do. But the German went without his socks. He certainly acted on very short notice."

"Undoubtedly."

"Why did he go? Because, from his bedroom window, he saw the flight of the boy. Because he wished to overtake him and bring him back. He seized his bicycle, pursued the lad, and in pursuing him met his death."

"So it would seem."

"Now I come to the critical part of my argument. The natural action of a man in pursuing a little boy would be to run after

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him. He would know that he could overtake him. But the German does not do so. He turns to his bicycle. I am told that he was an excellent cyclist. He would not do this if he did not see that the boy had some swift means of escape."

"The other bicycle."

"Let us continue our reconstruction. He meets his death five miles from the school—not by a bullet, mark you, which even a lad might conceivably discharge, but by a savage blow dealt by a vigorous arm. The lad, then, *had* a companion in his flight. And the flight was a swift one, since it took five miles before an expert cyclist could overtake them. Yet we survey the ground round the scene of the tragedy. What do we find? A few cattle tracks, nothing more. I took a wide sweep round, and there is no path within fifty yards. Another cyclist could have had nothing to do with the actual murder. Nor were there any human footmarks."

"Holmes," I cried, "this is impossible."

"Admirable!" he said. "A most illuminating remark. It *is* impossible as I state it, and therefore I must in some respect have stated it wrong. Yet you saw for yourself. Can you suggest any fallacy?"

"He could not have fractured his skull in a fall?"

"In a morass, Watson?"

"I am at my wits' end."

"Tut, tut; we have solved some worse problems. At least we have plenty of material, if we can only use it. Come, then, and, having exhausted the Palmer, let us see what the Dunlop with the patched cover has to offer us."

We picked up the track and followed it onwards for some distance; but soon the moor rose into a long, heather-tufted curve, and we left the watercourse behind us. No further help from tracks could be hoped for. At the spot where we saw the last of the Dunlop tyre it might equally have led to Holdernesse Hall, the stately towers of which rose some miles to our left, or to a low, grey village which lay in front of us, and marked the position of the Chesterfield high road.

As we approached the forbidding and squalid inn, with the sign of a game-cock above the door, Holmes gave a sudden groan and clutched me by the shoulder to save himself from falling. He had had one of those violent strains of the ankle which leave a man helpless. With difficulty he limped up to the door, where a squat, dark, elderly man was smoking a black clay pipe.

"How are you, Mr. Reuben Hayes?" said Holmes.

"Who are you, and how do you get my name so pat?" the countryman answered, with a suspicious flash of a pair of cunning eyes.

"Well, it's printed on the board above your head. It's easy to see a man who is master of his own house. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a carriage in your stables?"

"No; I have not."

"I can hardly put my foot to the ground."

"Don't put it to the ground."

"But I can't walk."

"Well, then, hop."

Mr. Reuben Hayes's manner was far from gracious, but Holmes took it with admirable good-humour.

"Look here, my man," said he. "This is really rather an awkward fix for me. I don't mind how I get on."

"Neither do I," said the morose landlord.

"The matter is very important. I would offer you a sovereign for the use of a bicycle."

The landlord pricked up his ears.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To Holdernesse Hall."

"Pals of the Dook, I suppose?" said the landlord, surveying our mud-stained garments with ironical eyes.

Holmes laughed good-naturedly.

"He'll be glad to see us, anyhow."

"Why?"

"Because we bring him news of his lost son."

The landlord gave a very visible start.

"What, you're on his track?"

"He has been heard of in Liverpool. They expect to get him every hour."

Again a swift change passed over the heavy, unshaven face. His manner was suddenly genial.

"I've less reason to wish the Dook well than most men," said he, "for I was his head coachman once, and cruel bad he treated me. It was him that sacked me without a character on the word of a lying corn-chandler. But I'm glad to hear that the young lord was heard of in Liverpool, and I'll help you to take the news to the Hall."

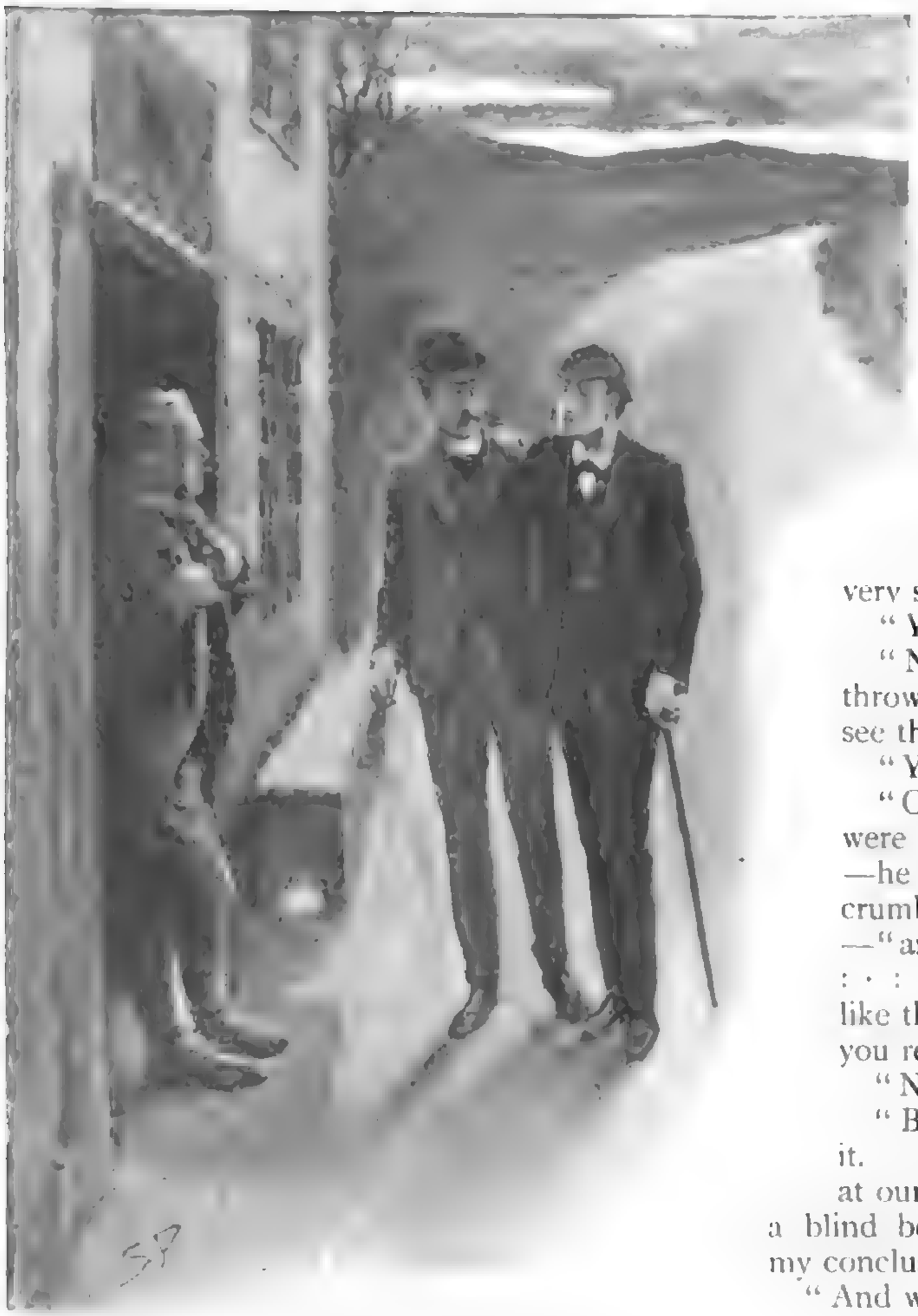
"Thank you," said Holmes. "We'll have some food first. Then you can bring round the bicycle."

"I haven't got a bicycle."

Holmes held up a sovereign.

"I tell you, man, that I haven't got one. I'll let you have two horses as far as the Hall."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"WITH DIFFICULTY HE LIMPED UP TO THE DOOR."

"Well, well," said Holmes, "we'll talk about it when we've had something to eat."

When we were left alone in the stone flagged kitchen it was astonishing how rapidly that sprained ankle recovered. It was nearly nightfall, and we had eaten nothing since early morning, so that we spent some time over our meal. Holmes was lost in thought, and once or twice he walked over to the window and stared earnestly out. It opened on to a squalid courtyard. In the far corner was a smithy, where a grimy lad was at work. On the other side were the stables. Holmes had sat down again after one of these excursions, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with a loud exclamation.

"By Heaven, Watson, I believe that I've got it!" he cried. "Yes, yes, it must be so. Watson, do you remember seeing any cow-tracks to-day?"

"Yes, several."

"Where?"

"Well, everywhere. They were at the morass, and again on the path, and again near where poor Heidegger met his death."

"Exactly. Well, now, Watson, how many cows did you see on the moor?"

"I don't remember seeing any."

"Strange, Watson, that we should see tracks all along our line, but never a cow on the whole moor; very strange, Watson, eh?"

"Yes, it is strange."

"Now, Watson, make an effort; throw your mind back! Can you see those tracks upon the path?"

"Yes, I can."

"Can you recall that the tracks were sometimes like that, Watson"—he arranged a number of bread-crumbs in this fashion—: : : : :—"and sometimes like this"—: · : · : · : ·—"and occasionally like this"— . · . · . · . "Can you remember that?"

"No, I cannot."

"But I can. I could swear to it. However, we will go back at our leisure and verify it. What a blind beetle I have been not to draw my conclusion!"

"And what is your conclusion?"

"Only that it is a remarkable cow which walks, canters, and gallops. By George, Watson, it was no brain of a country publican that thought out such a blind as that! The coast seems to be clear, save for that lad in the smithy Let us slip out and see what we can see."

There were two rough-haired, unkempt horses in the tumble-down stable. Holmes raised the hind leg of one of them and laughed aloud.

"Old shoes, but newly shod—old shoes, but new nails. This case deserves to be a classic. Let us go across to the smithy."

The lad continued his work without regarding us. I saw Holmes's eye darting to right and left among the litter of iron and wood which was scattered about the floor. Suddenly, however, we heard a step behind us, and there was the landlord, his heavy eyebrows drawn down over his savage eyes, his swarthy features convulsed with passion.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He held a short, metal-headed stick in his hand, and he advanced in so menacing a fashion that I was right glad to feel the revolver in my pocket.

"You infernal spies!" the man cried. "What are you doing there?"

"Why, Mr. Reuben Hayes," said Holmes, coolly, "one might think that you were afraid of our finding something out."

The man mastered himself with a violent effort, and his grim mouth loosened into a false laugh, which was more menacing than his frown.

"You're welcome to all you can find out in my smithy," said he. "But look here, mister, I don't care for folk poking about my place without my leave, so the sooner you pay your score and get out of this the better I shall be pleased."

"All right, Mr. Hayes—no harm meant," said Holmes. "We have been having a look at your horses, but I think I'll walk after all. It's not far, I believe."

"Not more than two miles to the Hall gates. That's the road to the left." He watched us with sullen eyes until we had left his premises.

We did not go very far along the road, for Holmes stopped the instant that the curve hid us from the landlord's view.

"We were warm, as the children say, at that inn," said he. "I seem to grow colder every step that I take away from it. No, no; I can't possibly leave it."

"I am convinced," said I, "that this Reuben Hayes knows all about it. A more self-evident villain I never saw."

"Oh! he impressed you in that way, did he? There are the horses, there is the smithy. Yes, it is an interesting place, this Fighting Cock. I think we shall have another look at it in an unobtrusive way."

A long, sloping hillside, dotted with grey limestone boulders, stretched behind us. We had turned off the road, and were making our way up the hill, when, looking in the direction of Holdernesse Hall, I saw a cyclist coming swiftly along.

"Get down, Watson!" cried Holmes, with a heavy hand upon my shoulder. We had hardly sunk from view when the man flew past us on the road. Amid a rolling cloud of dust I caught a glimpse of a pale, agitated face—a face with horror in every lineament, the mouth open, the eyes staring wildly in front. It was like some strange caricature of the dapper James Wilder whom we had seen the night before.

"The Duke's secretary!" cried Holmes. "Come, Watson, let us see what he does."

We scrambled from rock to rock until in a few moments we had made our way to a point from which we could see the front door of the inn. Wilder's bicycle was leaning against the wall beside it. No one was moving about the house, nor could we catch a glimpse of any faces at the windows. Slowly the twilight crept down as the sun sank behind the high towers of Holdernesse Hall. Then in the gloom we saw the two side-lamps of a trap light up in the stable yard of the inn, and shortly afterwards heard the rattle of hoofs, as it wheeled out into the road and tore off at a furious pace in the direction of Chesterfield.

"What do you make of that, Watson?" Holmes whispered.

"It looks like a flight."

"A single man in a dog-cart, so far as I could see. Well, it certainly was not Mr. James Wilder, for there he is at the door."

A red square of light had sprung out of the darkness. In the middle of it was the black figure of the secretary, his head advanced, peering out into the night. It was evident that he was expecting someone. Then at last there were steps in the road, a second figure was visible for an instant against the light, the door shut, and all was black once more. Five minutes later a lamp was lit in a room upon the first floor.

"It seems to be a curious class of custom that is done by the Fighting Cock," said Holmes.

"The bar is on the other side."

"Quite so. These are what one may call the private guests. Now, what in the world is Mr. James Wilder doing in that den at this hour of night, and who is the companion who comes to meet him there? Come, Watson, we must really take a risk and try to investigate this a little more closely."

Together we stole down to the road and crept across to the door of the inn. The bicycle still leaned against the wall. Holmes struck a match and held it to the back wheel, and I heard him chuckle as the light fell upon a patched Dunlop tyre. Up above us was the lighted window.

"I must have a peep through that, Watson. If you bend your back and support yourself upon the wall, I think that I can manage."

An instant later his feet were on my shoulders. But he was hardly up before he was down again,

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE MAN FLEW PAST US ON THE ROAD."

"Come, my friend," said he, "our day's work has been quite long enough. I think that we have gathered all that we can. It's a long walk to the school, and the sooner we get started the better."

He hardly opened his lips during that weary trudge across the moor, nor would he enter the school when he reached it, but went on to Mackleton Station, whence he could send some telegrams. Late at night I heard him consoling Dr. Huxtable, prostrated by the tragedy of his master's death, and later still he entered my room as alert and vigorous as he had been when he started in the morning. "All goes well, my friend," said he. "I promise that before to-morrow evening we shall have reached the solution of the mystery."

At eleven o'clock next morning my friend and I were walking up the famous yew avenue of Holdernesse Hall. We were ushered through the magnificent Elizabethan doorway and into his Grace's study. There we found Mr. James Wilder, demure and courtly, but with some trace of that wild terror of the night before still lurking in his furtive eyes and in his twitching features.

"You have come to see his Grace? I am sorry; but the fact is that the Duke is far from well. He has been very much upset by the tragic news. We received a telegram from Dr. Huxtable yesterday afternoon, which told us of your discovery."

"I must see the Duke, Mr. Wilder."

"But he is in his room."

"Then I must go to his room."

"I believe he is in his bed."

"I will see him there."

Holmes's cold and inexorable manner showed the secretary that it was useless to argue with him.

"Very good, Mr. Holmes; I will tell him that you are here."

After half an hour's delay the great nobleman appeared. His face was more cadaverous than ever, his shoulders had rounded, and he seemed to me to be an altogether older man than he had been the morning before. He greeted us with a stately courtesy and seated himself at his desk, his red beard streaming down on to the table.

"Well, Mr. Holmes?" said he.

But my friend's eyes were fixed upon the secretary, who stood by his master's chair.

"I think, your Grace, that I could speak more freely in Mr. Wilder's absence."

The man turned a shade paler and cast a malignant glance at Holmes.

"If your Grace wishes——"

"Yes, yes; you had better go. Now, Mr. Holmes, what have you to say?"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

My friend waited until the door had closed behind the retreating secretary.

"The fact is, your Grace," said he, "that my colleague, Dr. Watson, and myself had an assurance from Dr. Huxtable that a reward had been offered in this case. I should like to have this confirmed from your own lips."

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes."

"It amounted, if I am correctly informed, to five thousand pounds to anyone who will tell you where your son is?"

"Exactly."

"And another thousand to the man who will name the person or persons who keep him in custody?"

"Exactly."

"Under the latter heading is included, no doubt, not only those who may have taken him away, but also those who conspire to keep him in his present position?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Duke, impatiently. "If you do your work well, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, you will have no reason to complain of niggardly treatment."

My friend rubbed his thin hands together with an appearance of avidity which was a surprise to me, who knew his frugal tastes.

"I fancy that I see your Grace's cheque-book upon the table," said he. "I should be glad if you would make me out a cheque for six thousand pounds. It would be as well, perhaps, for you to cross it. The Capital and Counties Bank, Oxford Street branch, are my agents."

His Grace sat very stern and upright in his chair, and looked stonily at my friend.

"Is this a joke, Mr. Holmes? It is hardly a subject for pleasantry."

"Not at all, your Grace. I was never more earnest in my life."

"What do you mean, then?"

"I mean that I have earned the reward. I know where your son is, and I know some, at least, of those who are holding him."

The Duke's beard had turned more aggressively red than ever against his ghastly white face.

"Where is he?" he gasped.

"He is, or was last night, at the Fighting Cock Inn, about two miles from your park gate."

The Duke fell back in his chair.

"And whom do you accuse?"

Sherlock Holmes's answer was an astounding one. He stepped swiftly forward and touched the Duke upon the shoulder.

"I accuse *you*," said he. "And now, your Grace, I'll trouble you for that cheque."

Never shall I forget the Duke's appearance as he sprang up and clawed with his hands like one who is sinking into an abyss. Then, with an extraordinary effort of aristocratic self-command, he sat down and sank his face in his hands. It was some minutes before he spoke.

"How much do you know?" he asked at last, without raising his head.

"I saw you together last night."

"Does anyone else besides your friend know?"

"I have spoken to no one."

The Duke took a pen in his quivering fingers and opened his cheque-book.

"I shall be as good as my word, Mr. Holmes. I am about to write your cheque, however unwelcome the information which you have gained may be to me. When the offer was first made I little thought the turn which events might take. But you and your friend are men of discretion, Mr. Holmes?"

"I hardly understand your Grace."

"I must put it plainly, Mr. Holmes. If only you two know of this incident, there is no reason why it should go any farther. I think twelve thousand pounds is the sum that I owe you, is it not?"

But Holmes smiled and shook his head.

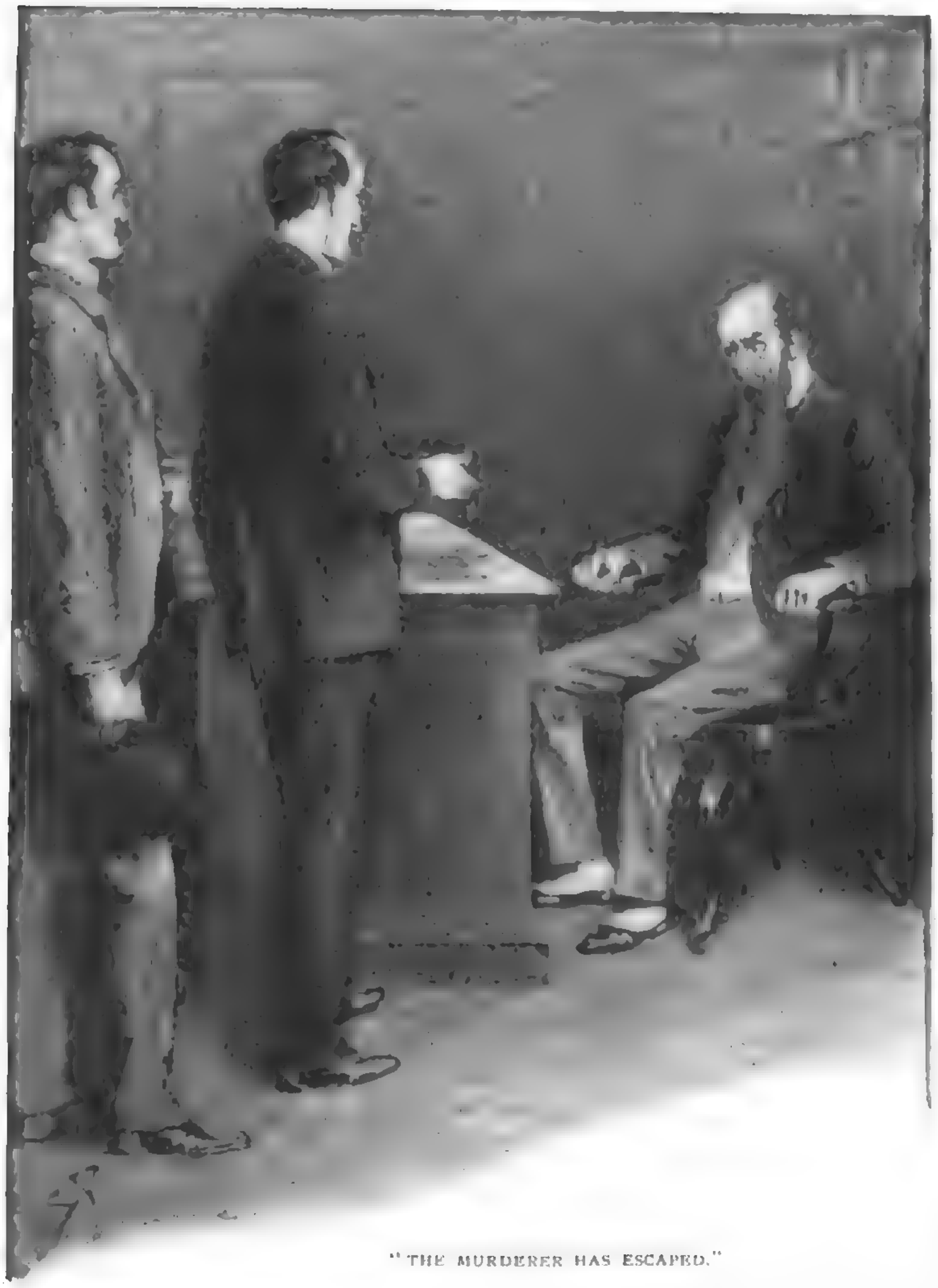
"I fear, your Grace, that matters can hardly be arranged so easily. There is the death of this schoolmaster to be accounted for."

"But James knew nothing of that. You cannot hold him responsible for that. It was the work of this brutal ruffian whom he had the misfortune to employ."

"I must take the view, your Grace, that when a man embarks upon a crime he is morally guilty of any other crime which may spring from it."

"Morally, Mr. Holmes. No doubt you are right. But surely not in the eyes of the law. A man cannot be condemned for a murder at which he was not present, and which he loathes and abhors as much as you do. The instant that he heard of it he made a complete confession to me, so filled was he with horror and remorse. He lost not an hour in breaking entirely with the murderer. Oh, Mr. Holmes, you must save him—you must save him! I tell you that you must save him!" The Duke had dropped the last attempt at self-command, and was pacing the room with a convulsed face and with his clenched hands raving in the air. At last he mastered himself and sat down once more at his desk. "I appreciate your conduct in coming here before you spoke to anyone

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE MURDERER HAS ESCAPED."

else," said he. "At least we may take counsel how far we can minimize this hideous scandal."

"Exactly," said Holmes. "I think, your Grace, that this can only be done by absolute and complete frankness between us. I am disposed to help your Grace to the best of my ability; but in order to do so I must understand to the last detail how the matter stands. I realize that your words applied to Mr. James Wilder, and that he is not the murderer."

"No; the murderer has escaped."

Sherlock Holmes smiled demurely.

"Your Grace can hardly have heard of any small reputation which I possess, or you would not imagine that it is so easy to escape me. Mr. Reuben Hayes was arrested at Chesterfield on my information at eleven o'clock last night. I had a telegram from the head of the local police before I left the school this morning."

The Duke leaned back in his chair and stared with amazement at my friend.

"You seem to have powers that are hardly human," said he. "So Reuben Hayes is taken? I am right glad to hear it, if it will not react upon the fate of James."

"Your secretary?"

"No, sir; my son."

It was Holmes's turn to look astonished.

"I confess that this is entirely new to me, your Grace. I must beg you to be more explicit."

"I will conceal nothing from you. I agree with you that complete frankness, however painful it may be to me, is the best policy in this desperate situation to which James's folly and jealousy have reduced us. When I was a very young man, Mr. Holmes, I loved with such a love as comes only once in a lifetime. I offered the lady marriage, but she refused it on the grounds that such a match might mar my career. Had she lived I would certainly never have married anyone else. She died, and left this one child, whom for her sake I have cherished and cared for. I could not acknowledge the paternity to the world; but I gave him the best of educations, and since he came to manhood I have kept him near my person. He surprised my secret, and has presumed ever since upon the claim which he has upon me and upon his power of provoking a scandal, which would be abhorrent to me. His presence had something to do with the unhappy issue of my marriage. Above all, he hated my young legitimate heir from the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

first with a persistent hatred. You may well ask me why, under these circumstances, I still kept James under my roof. I answer that it was because I could see his mother's face in his, and that for her dear sake there was no end to my long-suffering. All her pretty ways, too — there was not one of them which he could not suggest and bring back to my memory. I *could* not send him away. But I feared so much lest he should do Arthur—that is, Lord Saltire—a mischief that I dispatched him for safety to Dr. Huxtable's school.

"James came into contact with this fellow Hayes because the man was a tenant of mine, and James acted as agent. The fellow was a rascal from the beginning; but in some extraordinary way James became intimate with him. He had always a taste for low company. When James determined to kidnap Lord Saltire it was of this man's service that he availed himself. You remember that I wrote to Arthur upon that last day. Well, James opened the letter and inserted a note asking Arthur to meet him in a little wood called the Ragged Shaw, which is near to the school. He used the Duchess's name, and in that way got the boy to come. That evening James bicycled over—I am telling you what he has himself confessed to me—and he told Arthur, whom he met in the wood, that his mother longed to see him, that she was awaiting him on the moor, and that if he would come back into the wood at midnight he would find a man with a horse, who would take him to her. Poor Arthur fell into the trap. He came to the appointment and found this fellow Hayes with a led pony. Arthur mounted, and they set off together. It appears—though this James only heard yesterday — that they were pursued, that Hayes struck the pursuer with his stick, and that the man died of his injuries. Hayes brought Arthur to his public-house, the Fighting Cock, where he was confined in an upper room, under the care of Mrs. Hayes, who is a kindly woman, but entirely under the control of her brutal husband.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, that was the state of affairs when I first saw you two days ago. I had no more idea of the truth than you. You will ask me what was James's motive in doing such a deed. I answer that there was a great deal which was unreasoning and fanatical in the hatred which he bore my heir. In his view he should himself have been heir of all my estates, and he deeply resented those social laws which made it impossible. At the same time he had a definite motive also. He was eager that I should break the entail, and he was of opinion that it lay in my power to do so. He intended to make a bargain with me—to restore Arthur if I would break the entail, and so make it possible for the estate to be left to him by will. He knew well that I should never willingly invoke the aid of the police against him. I say that he would have proposed such a bargain to me, but he did not actually do so, for events moved too quickly for him, and he had not time to put his plans into practice.

"What brought all his wicked scheme to wreck was your discovery of this man Heidegger's dead body. James was seized with horror at the news. It came to us yesterday as we sat together in this study. Dr. Huxtable had sent a telegram. James was so overwhelmed with grief and agitation that my suspicions, which had never been entirely absent, rose instantly to a certainty, and I taxed him with the deed. He made a complete voluntary confession. Then he implored me to keep his secret for three days longer, so as to give his wretched accomplice a chance of saving his guilty life. I yielded —as I have always yielded—to his prayers, and instantly James hurried off to the Fighting Cock to warn Hayes and give him the means of flight. I could not go there by daylight without provoking comment, but as soon as night fell I hurried off to see my dear Arthur. I found him safe and well, but horrified beyond expression by the dreadful deed he had witnessed. In deference to my promise, and much against my will, I consented to leave him there for three days under the charge of Mrs. Hayes, since it was evident that it was impossible to inform the police where he was without telling them also who was the murderer, and I could not see how that murderer could be punished without ruin to my unfortunate James. You asked for frankness, Mr. Holmes, and I have taken you at your word, for I have now told you everything without an attempt at circumlocution or concealment. Do you in your turn be as frank with me."

"I will," said Holmes "In the first place, your Grace, I am bound to tell you that you have placed yourself in a most serious position in the eyes of the law. You have condoned a felony and you have aided the escape of a murderer; for I cannot doubt that any money which was taken by James Wilder to aid his accomplice in his flight came from your Grace's purse."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Duke bowed his assent.

"This is indeed a most serious matter. Even more culpable in my opinion, your Grace, is your attitude towards your younger son. You leave him in this den for three days."

"Under solemn promises——"

"What are promises to such people as these? You have no guarantee that he will not be spirited away again. To humour your guilty elder son you have exposed your innocent younger son to imminent and unnecessary danger. It was a most unjustifiable action."

The proud lord of Holdernesse was not accustomed to be so rated in his own ducal hall. The blood flushed into his high forehead, but his conscience held him dumb.

"I will help you, but on one condition only. It is that you ring for the footman and let me give such orders as I like."

Without a word the Duke pressed the electric bell. A servant entered.

"You will be glad to hear," said Holmes, "that your young master is found. It is the Duke's desire that the carriage shall go at once to the Fighting Cock Inn to bring Lord Saltire home.

"Now," said Holmes," when the rejoicing lackey had disappeared, "having secured the future, we can afford to be more lenient with the past. I am not in an official position, and there is no reason, so long as the ends of justice are served, why I should disclose all that I know. As to Hayes I say nothing. The gallows awaits him, and I would do nothing to save him from it. What he will divulge I cannot tell, but I have no doubt that your Grace could make him understand that it is to his interest to be silent. From the police point of view he will have kidnapped the boy for the purpose of ransom. If they do not themselves find it out I see no reason why I should prompt them to take a broader point of view. I would warn your Grace, however, that the continued presence of Mr. James Wilder in your household can only lead to misfortune."

"I understand that, Mr. Holmes, and it is already settled that he shall leave me for ever and go to seek his fortune in Australia."

"In that case, your Grace, since you have yourself stated that any unhappiness in your married life was caused by his presence, I would suggest that you make such amends as you can to the Duchess, and that you try to resume those relations which have been so unhappily interrupted."

"That also I have arranged, Mr. Holmes. I wrote to the Duchess this morning."

"In that case," said Holmes, rising, "I think that my friend and I can congratulate ourselves upon several most happy results from our little visit to the North. There is one other small point upon which I desire some light. This fellow Hayes had shod his horses with shoes which counterfeited the tracks of cows. Was it from Mr. Wilder that he learned so extraordinary a device?"

The Duke stood in thought for a moment, with a look of intense surprise on his face. Then he opened a door and showed us into a large room furnished as a museum. He led the way to a glass case in a corner, and pointed to the inscription.

"These shoes," it ran, "were dug up in the moat of Holdernesse Hall. They are for the use of horses; but they are shaped below with a cloven foot of iron, so as to throw pursuers off the track. They are supposed to have belonged to some of the marauding Barons of Holdernesse in the Middle Ages."

Holmes opened the case, and moistening his finger he passed it along the shoe. A thin film of recent mud was left upon his skin.

"Thank you," said he, as he replaced the glass. "It is the second most interesting object that I have seen in the North."

"And the first?"

Holmes folded up his cheque and placed it carefully in his note-book. "I am a poor man," said he, as he patted it affectionately and thrust it into the depths of his inner pocket.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Voices in Parliament.

By Alex. Grant.

THE more particular object of this article is to describe some of the various styles of Parliamentary speakers, and to give a pictorial presentment of short passages from the speeches of members who participate frequently in the debates, showing the approximate pitch and modulation of the voices. For the latter purpose nearly two hundred different speeches were "sampled."

Anyone familiar with the theories and principles of speech sounds knows that it is an impossibility to render accurately the multitude of sounds occurring in even a short typical passage. Different plans for writing speech sounds have been tried with varying success. Any system aiming at scientific accuracy implies a degree of minute analysis which is impracticable in an endeavour to procure an estimate of the pitch and average inflection of numerous voices heard at some distance, and under conditions not favourable to close scrutiny. In speech a single syllable may traverse half an octave, a semitone, or a fraction of a semitone, and it may be jerked out in separate tones, or undulate in portamento. There is usually, however, a prime sound, which may be more prominent and longer sustained than the other sounds that go to round off the syllable. With a succession of those prime sounds, which, for convenience, may be called notes, it is possible to give a rough notion (which is all that is claimed here) of how a speaker's voice rises and falls in the hearing of an ordinary listener.

Each of the samples represents an average bit of speaking. The notes given must not be taken literally. If the speaking tone, for instance, was somewhere about D, and descended to somewhere about A, those notes D and A would be near enough for the purpose of these observations. True musical intervals are out of the question, but the accompanying diagrams have been written on the bass clef in the natural key, this being the most simple and direct way of showing roughly the variation as between different speakers, and the prevailing pitch, as nearly as it has been possible to discover them.

The natural speaking notes of a man's voice vary considerably in different places and in different circumstances. A certain accomplished cathedral singer who has studied this question puts the average pitch of preachers' voices at about F sharp in the bass clef. He has heard preachers ascend to top tenor G and A, descending to C (above the bass clef), improbable though it sounds. Others he has observed speaking effectively from B to F (bass clef), with F as the top tone. He himself, with an exceptionally deep voice, has in speaking an average pitch of low G, with inflections upwards to F and downwards to C below the clef. One acknowledged authority gives the ordinary range of the speaking voice of a man as the notes comprised in the bass clef, *i.e.*, G to A, B flat to F sharp above the clef being occasionally used. Another authority points out that a good tone is desired for singing within two octaves, whereas, in speaking, an audible tone is desired at pitches generally within one-fifth, and only occasionally extending to an octave. Still another authority says that the part of a bass voice most often brought into requisition will consist of the notes D, E, F, G, and in the case of a tenor voice of G, A, B, C, the dominant note for the bass being E or F, and for the tenor A or B. At the same time it is admitted by one of those authorities that great actors have used with best effect their lowest notes, *i.e.*, extending upward from C below the bass clef. Of course, the declamation of the actor as well

Digitized by Google

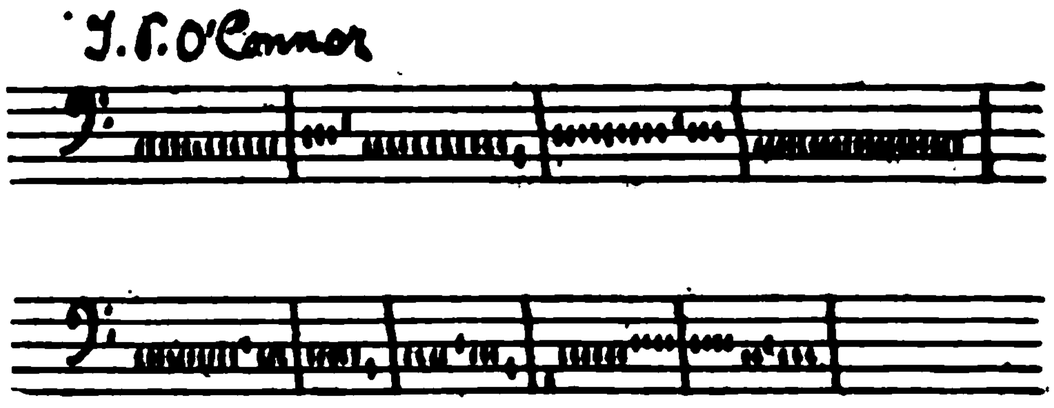
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as that of the clergyman is more favourable to a sustained and singing quality of tone than ordinary speech. The same is true to a certain extent in the case of Parliamentary speaking.
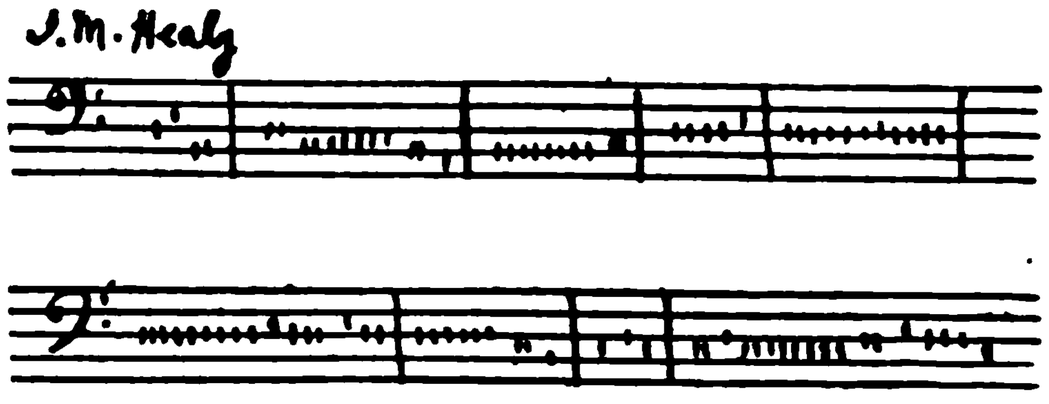
In the House of Commons there is a good deal of uniformity in the pitch, which is lower than might be expected. The pitch of three-quarters of the speaking tones heard in the House is within one-third, viz., C to E, and the note most frequently used is D. Descents to A and G, and even lower, are frequent, but seldom do voices rise above the top A of the clef. The acoustic properties of the chamber and perhaps the element of imitation, which, after all, is the genesis of speech itself, may account partly for the prevailing similarity in pitch.

A voice often appears to be jumping a scale when in reality it is sticking to one or two dominant notes. Pronounced accentuation gives the appearance of inflection, and by some people the former is regarded as the more important consideration. The singing voice in a monotone song or a recitative exemplifies the value of emphasis as distinct from modulation.

A notable instance of the power of accentuation in speaking is the elocution of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose brilliancy no one may

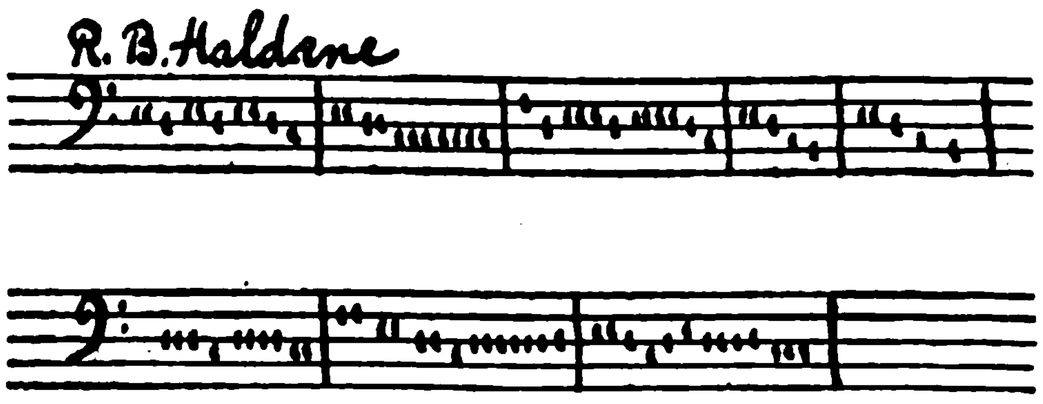


deny. He often sinks his voice to an almost inaudible whisper, attaining thereby impressiveness, and heightening the effect in the following passage, which receives the strength of loud tones. Mr. W. O'Brien and Mr. T. M. Healy use a similar device, and so do other members. It is telling, but apt to be overdone, words at the end of a sentence being continually lost to some of the audience. Mr. O'Connor's voice is seldom above or below C and D. Mr. O'Brien modulates somewhat more. Both members have good articulation and resonant tones. Mr. Healy has a lower and fuller voice than either of the other two. He has a very decided

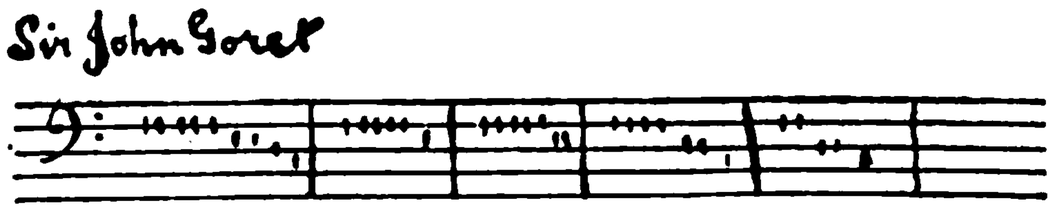


habit of throwing a point at his opponents with a big, contemptuous shout. The voice often swings into a musical curve when he utters something pithy and amusing, carrying with it the suggestion of a great laugh.

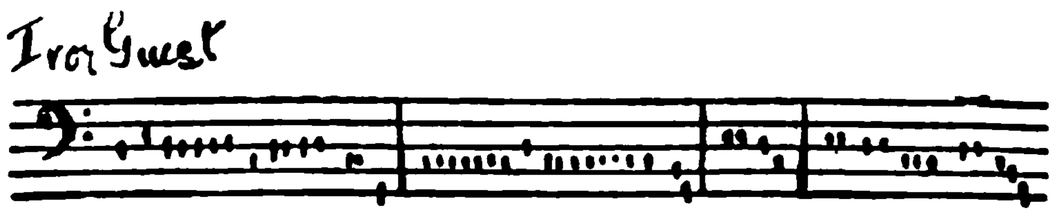
Among members whose voices appear to be pitched very high, but are in reality not so, may be mentioned Mr. R. B. Haldane, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Ivor Guest, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Robson, Mr. Scott Montagu, and several others. In each case the quality is light. Mr. Haldane's voice has no great body in it and does
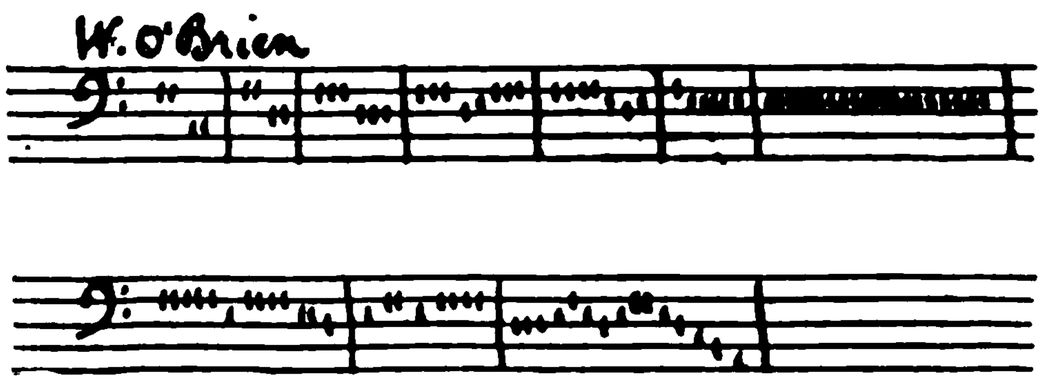


not carry too well. Possibly long practice at the courts induces his rapid utterance. One who appreciates Mr. Haldane's high intellectual level cannot help wishing that Nature had endowed him with the tones of some other public men, whose intensity is rather vocal than intellectual. Sir John Gorst has one of the pleasantest voices in the



House and perfect articulation, his chief note being about F, with falls to C. Mr. Guest
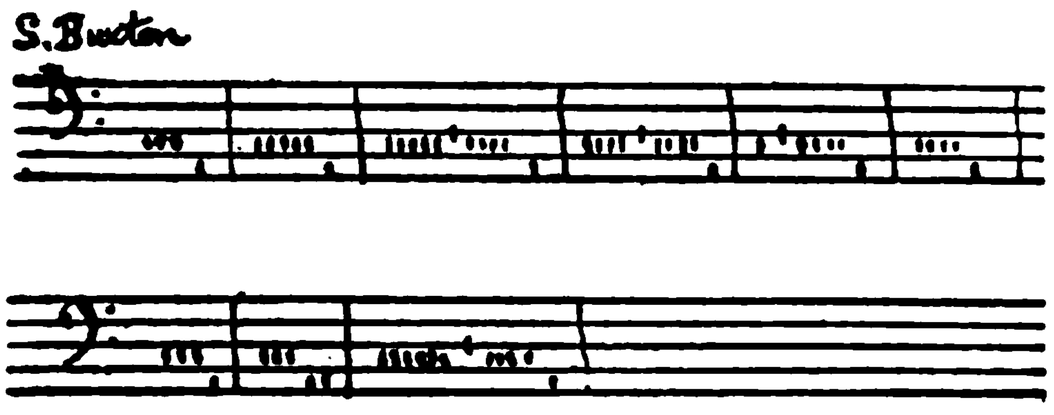


repeatedly descends to G. Mr. Sydney Buxton speaks often and briefly, but into a short space of time he can cram a wonderful
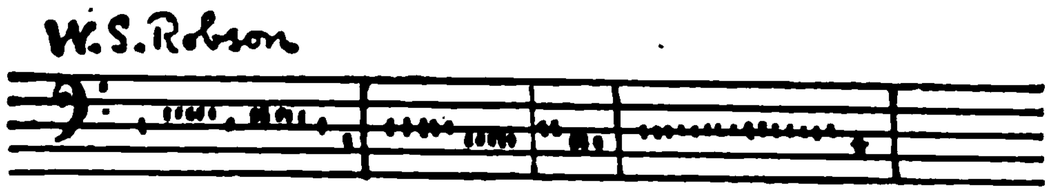


Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lot of words, being one of the most rapid speakers in the House. The dominant note is about C sharp, and the modulation seldom varies in character, the speech

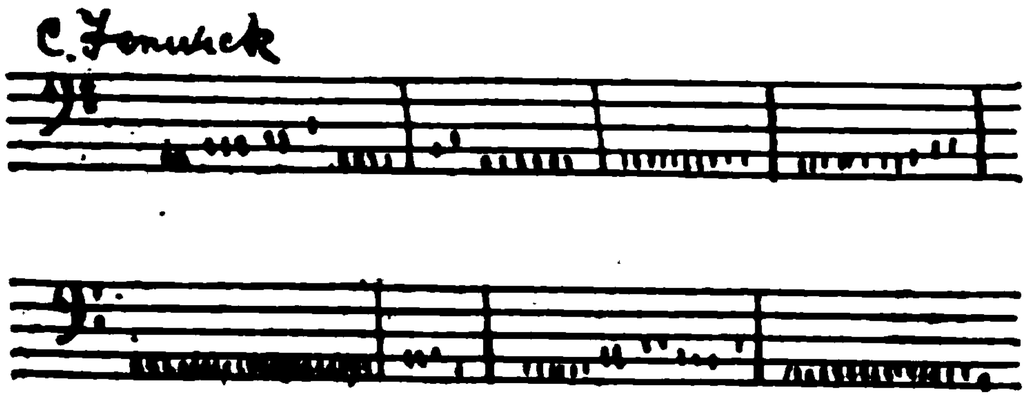


being broken up into short phrases, with a downward inflection at the end of each. This is a style of speaking characteristic of a great many members. Mr. Robson, one of the most formidable among
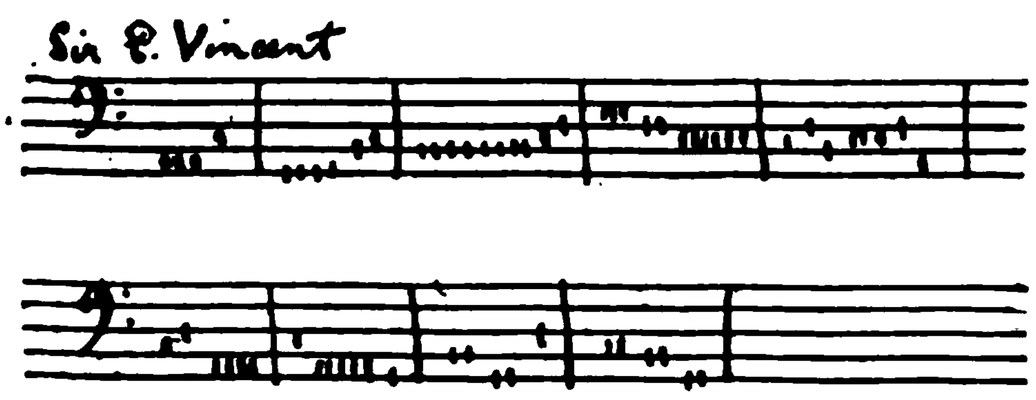


the younger men of the Opposition, adds to a clever debating power a distinct utterance and an earnest, careful style.
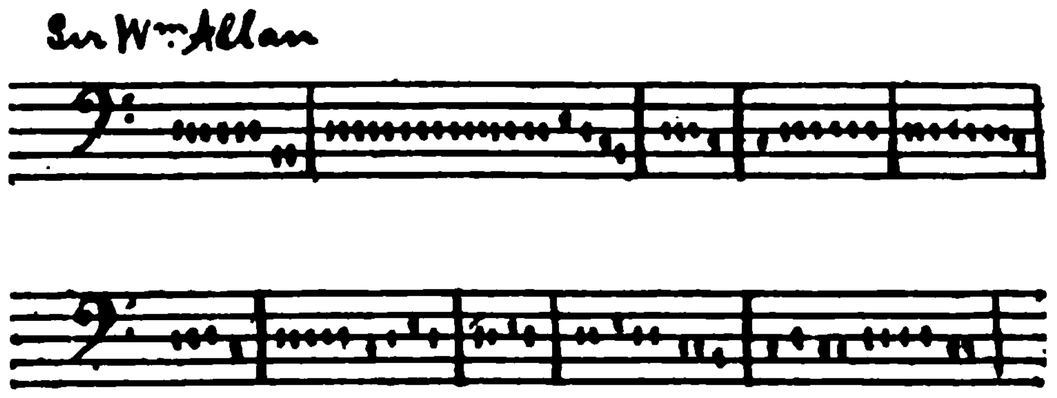
There are few really deep voices in the House. Mr. C. Fenwick may lay claim to the lowest pitch. His strong, vigorous,



ringing style is a good index to the character which has raised its owner from work in the collieries to a seat in Parliament. Added to his excellent voice, which fills the House, he has a natural and forcible manner of gesture. The dominant note is somewhere between lower A and B flat. Sir Edgar Vincent also possesses a pronounced bass organ, which is musical,



resonant, and full of tone, and which would be even more effective with added "light and shade." Lower G and A occur frequently in his speech. Sir F. Powell, Sir John Brunner, and Sir Samuel Hoare are other deep-voiced members. The late Sir William Allan's speaking suggested that he was trolling out notes impossible to the rest of mankind; but, though he had a big, rugged, splendid voice, in keeping with his handsome stature and leonine head, we find he said the many candid things that helped to stiffen the back of the Admiralty on an average note about D. One good quality of



his speaking was the prolonged singing tone which he gave to some syllables. The Welsh members, however, display this peculiarity more than others.

There are a considerable number of members who vary but little from monotone. That is to say, their speech strikes the ear of the ordinary listener as running along pretty nearly on one tone. As has already been pointed out, there are always considerable variations on single syllables and even on consonants, which are more or less perceptible, and which have their own due effect in rendering a voice agreeable. The existence of a perfect monotone through a passage of spoken sounds, vowels and consonants, in singing or speaking is well-nigh impossible. At all events, the beginning and the end of a spoken sound, unless that sound be a simple vowel, have each a certain twist which may often be detected. In many voices it is very noticeable. But the volume of tone that reaches the ear in a sound that is meant to be sustained overwhelms the little twist at the beginning or the end, and is for all practical purposes one note. In singing that is always true. In speaking it is true up to a certain point. Some speaking voices appear to be almost entirely confined to one tone, because to the auditor it is only one dominant note throughout that is appreciable. Many members, designedly and undesignedly, depart but little from this apparent monotone, which is to some extent associated with the dignified and solemn manner, but may be due in some cases to inability to render the delivery responsive to the mood. If there is little inflection and no accentuation the result is bad. But it does

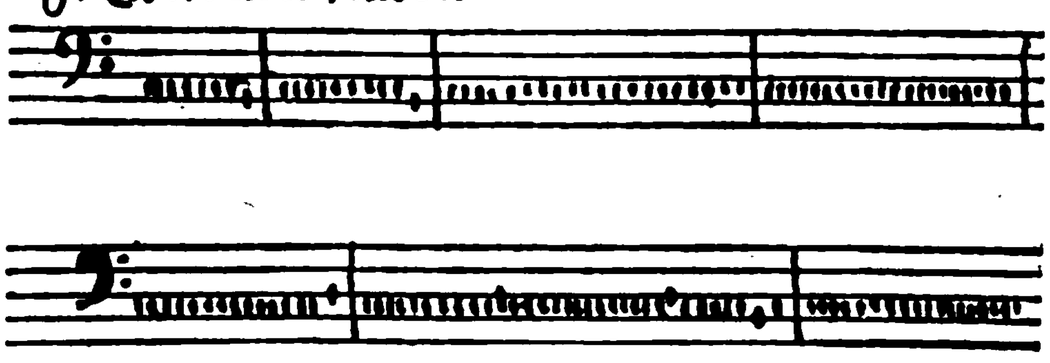
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

not follow that good delivery requires a continual coursing up and down the gamut.

It has been stated, by one in a position to judge, that Mr. Bright seldom dropped or raised his voice more than a semitone, and everybody has experienced, or heard of, the charm of Bright's delivery. No disrespect is implied, therefore, when the following gentlemen are mentioned as being among those numerous members who depart very little from the one dominant pitch: Mr. Cathcart Wason, Sir W. Holland, Mr. Channing, Mr. Claude Hay, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Arnold-Forster, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Burns, Sir Fortescue Flannery, and Mr. Bryce.

Mr. Wason adheres pretty closely to the neighbourhood of C sharp, and combines
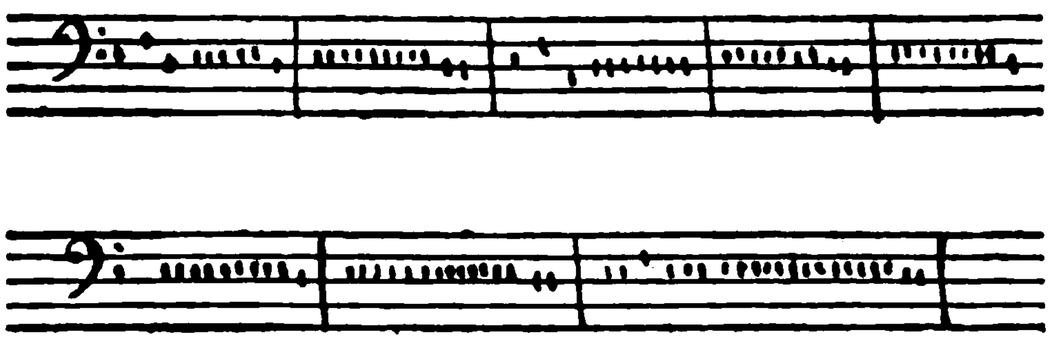
J. Cathcart Wason



with a swift utterance an earnest demeanour and a total absence of hesitation. Sir W. Holland, the possessor of a deep, rich vocal organ, seldom goes away from B or C. Mr. Channing gets a good deal said on C sharp, with a slight downward inflection at the end of a sentence. Mr. Claude Hay also adheres pretty generally to C sharp. Sir Samuel Hoare is heard through the medium of full, sonorous tones, his manner being eminently that of a man of ripe experience and practical methods.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, the new Secretary of State for War, one of the most serious speakers in the House, has a rather thin
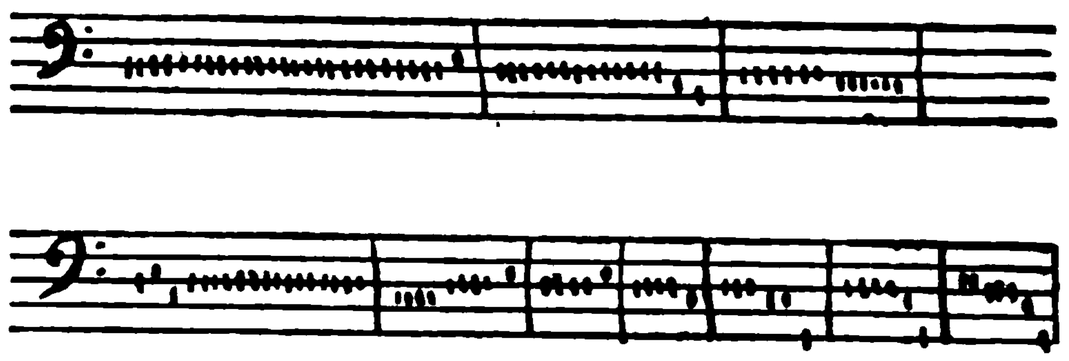
H. O. Arnold Forster



voice and a rapid utterance, but he articulates well and reaches his audience in a clear, direct manner.

Sir William Harcourt is one of few left belonging to the old school. There is the traditional Parliamentary style — a studied form of oratory — deliberate, lofty, and impressive; the manner that is followed at a considerable distance by some of the younger men. We find in Sir William Harcourt's speech a series of words almost on the one note, uttered in a restrained tone and

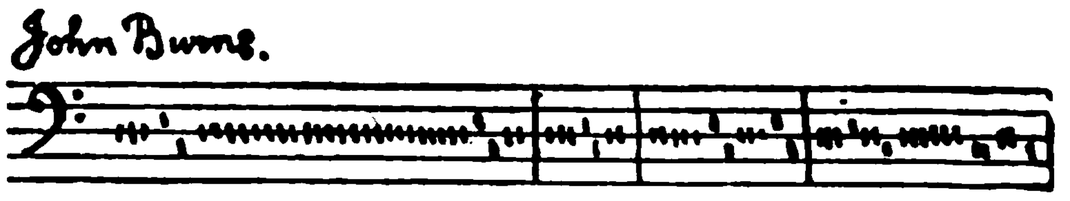
Sir Wm. Harcourt



finishing at each phrase with a characteristic turn of the voice—perhaps, also, a suppressed laugh or a "humph," the meaning of which can never be mistaken. The voice is not so strong as it used to be, but the fine old type of English oratory is still there. The diagrams relating to Mr. Arnold-Forster and Sir William Harcourt, though probably not quite correct in the matter of pitch, give an idea of the modulation.

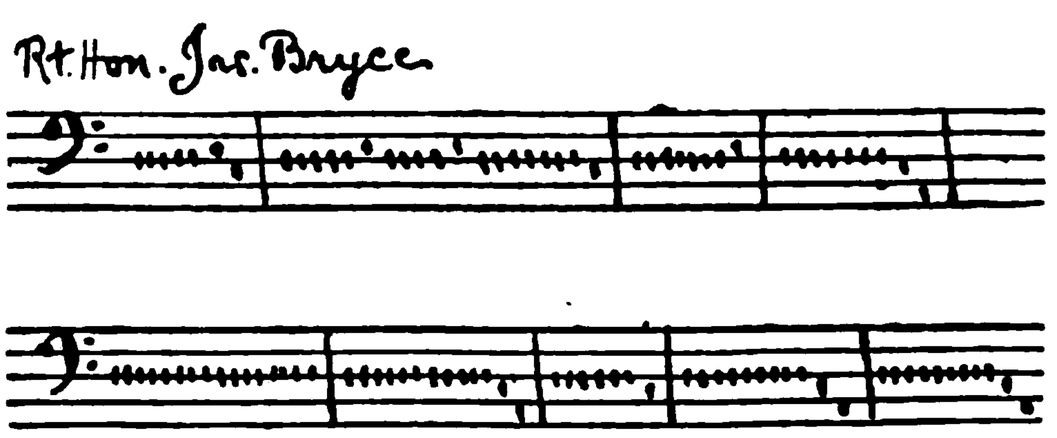
Mr. John Burns speaks well within a third, and delivers most of his breezy remarks somewhere about C and D with a musical

John Burns.



organ of resonant and robust quality. Sir Fortescue Flannery has a quiet but distinct, full-toned, pleasant voice, which modulates little apart from a pronounced drop at the end of each phrase or sentence. Mr. Bryce's conspicuous quality as a speaker, *qua* speaker, lies in the successful way in which he plans his discourse. Exordium, proposition, division, narration, confirmation, refutation, peroration —he seems to be conscious of all these rhetorical parts in his most casual intervention in debate. His delivery is detached. The frequent pause, cutting off sharply each phrase, is reminiscent of the professor's rostrum. No doubt this device helps the

Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce

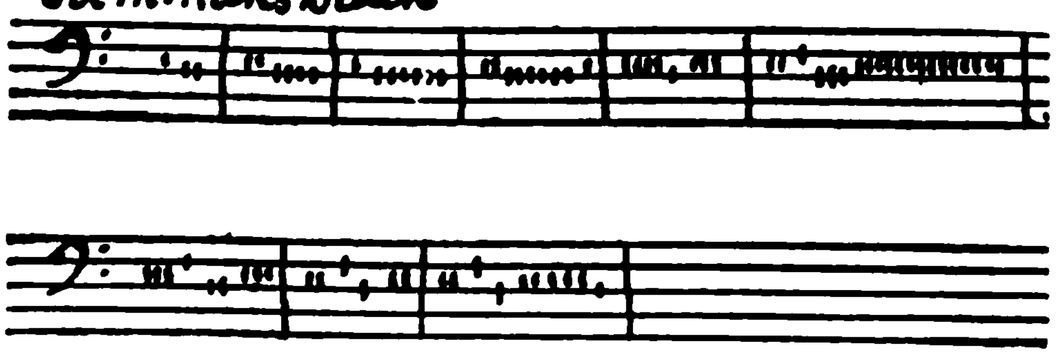


understanding, though it runs the risk of being inelegant. Mr. Bryce talks on D, with constant falls to A. His voice has a good ring and an accent belonging to the North.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

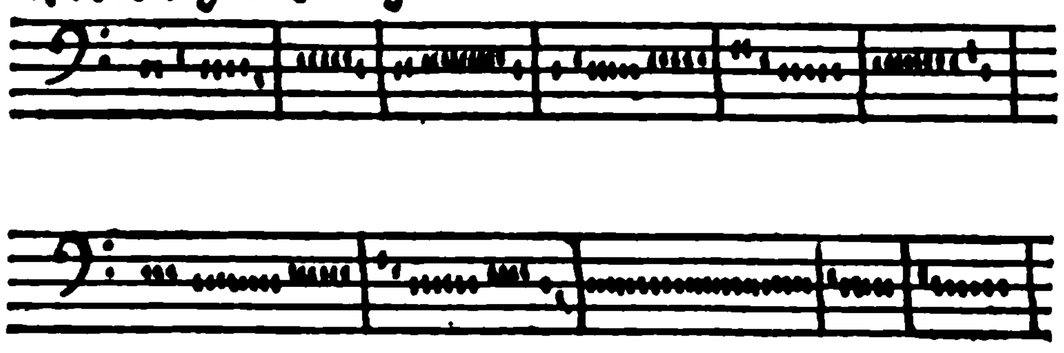
Members who have marked inflection, yet do not bridge over a large interval, include Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Mr. John Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. John Redmond, Mr. T. W. Russell, Sir William Anson, Mr. Keir Hardie, Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir James Fergusson, Mr. Richard Bell, and a host of others. Sir M. Hicks Beach has a calm, deliberate, dignified manner;

Sir M. Hicks Beach



his voice is clear and distinct, and it flows in easy cadences without effort. Few can compel more easily the attention of their audience. Mr. Morley's delivery is of a different type, and is even more telling

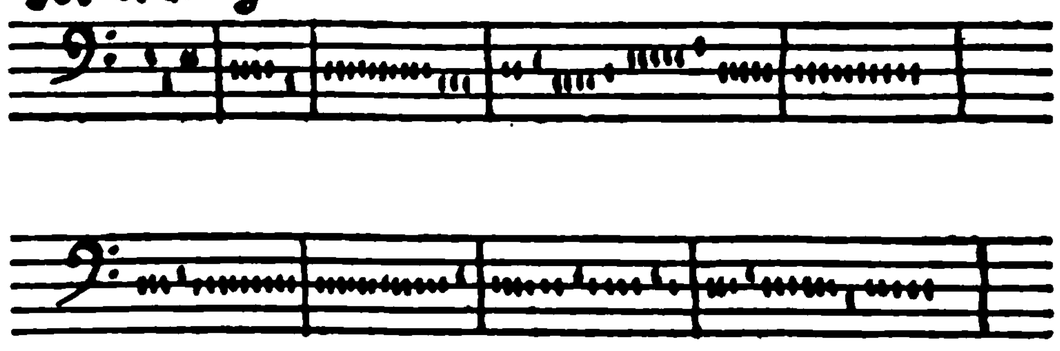
Rt. Hon. J. Morley



on the platform than in the House. When occasionally induced to depart from a restrained attitude—which suits him best and which proves him the possessor of an exceedingly mild, pleasant, and sympathetic voice—his production inclines to "throatiness" and the carrying quality is diminished. Only to this extent is his delivery unequal, but his tones are usually slow and musical. His average notes run about D and E.

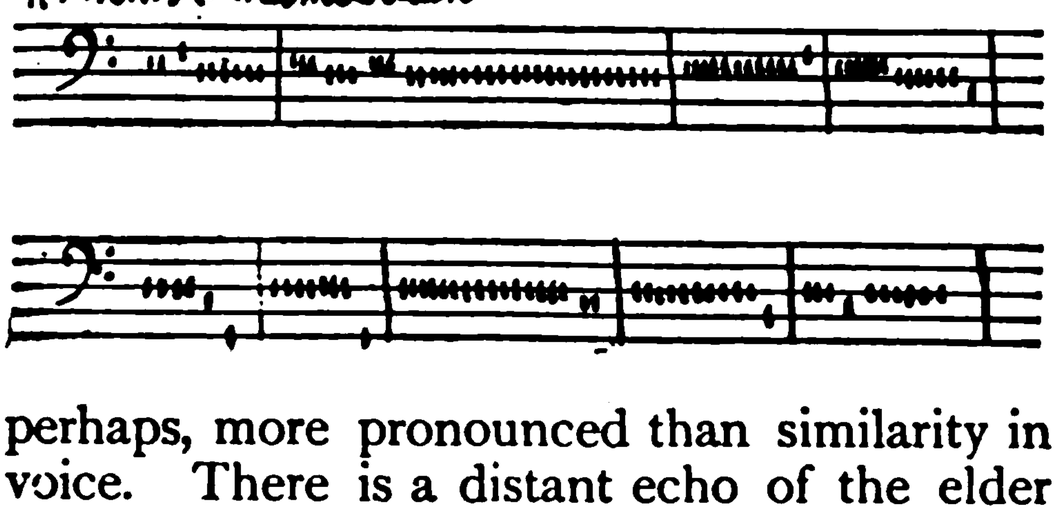
Sir Edward Grey, the most prominent young man on the Liberal side, has a style of his own. His quiet voice is even more

Sir E. Grey



youthful than himself, and is used without forcing or visible effort. One never hears him "tear a passion to tatters." He reserves most of his speeches for big debates, and these are usually masterpieces of form, well thought out, and arranged in simple, telling language. Many points of resemblance have been discovered between Mr. Austen Chamberlain and his father. The resemblance in mannerism is,
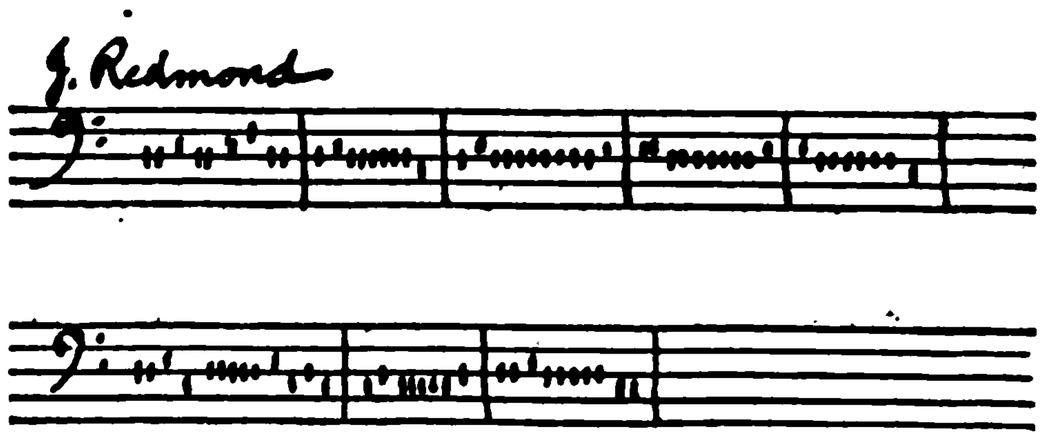
Rt. Hon. A. Chamberlain



perhaps, more pronounced than similarity in voice. There is a distant echo of the elder statesman when the younger speaks, but Mr. A. Chamberlain's tones are not so clear as those of his "right honourable friend." His natural production is not so good; the voice is deeper and the articulation is less distinct. The relationship compels comparison, but that does not prevent the recognition of Mr. Austen Chamberlain as a telling speaker and a powerful debater. His dominant note is seldom much away from somewhere between C and D.

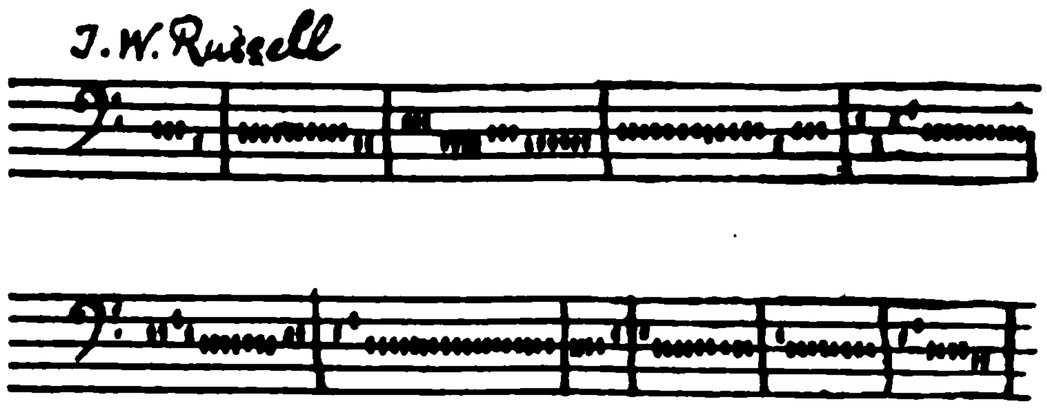
Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalist party, has none of those

J. Redmond



vocal extravagances which frequently characterize some of his followers. He has usually a well-set-out argument to lay before the House, and his full voice and plain utterance hold the attention. Mr. T. W. Russell is so earnest on any theme he attacks that his prevailing mood may be said to be vehemence. This forcible manner accounts for a large measure of his success on the platform, for even an English audience likes to be roused now and again. He separates his syllables after the Scotch fashion, and has thus a very distinct pronunciation, gesticu-

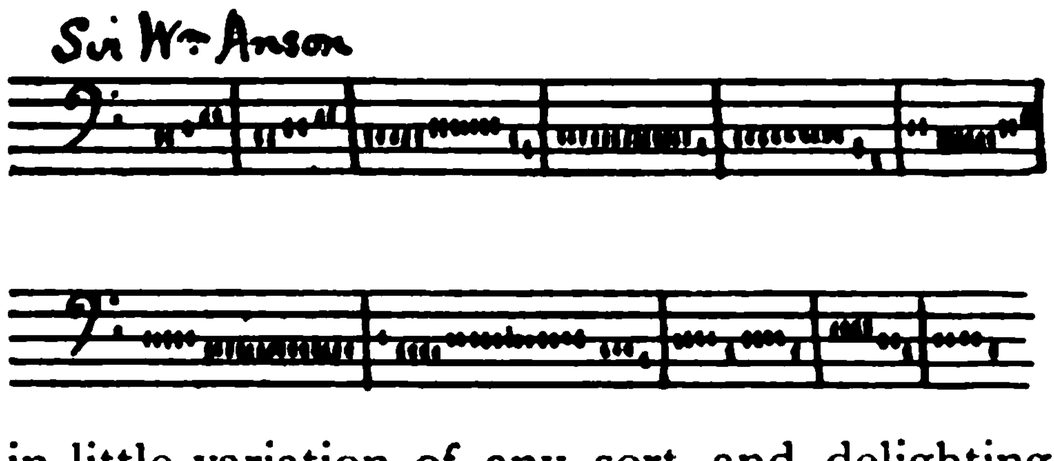
T. W. Russell



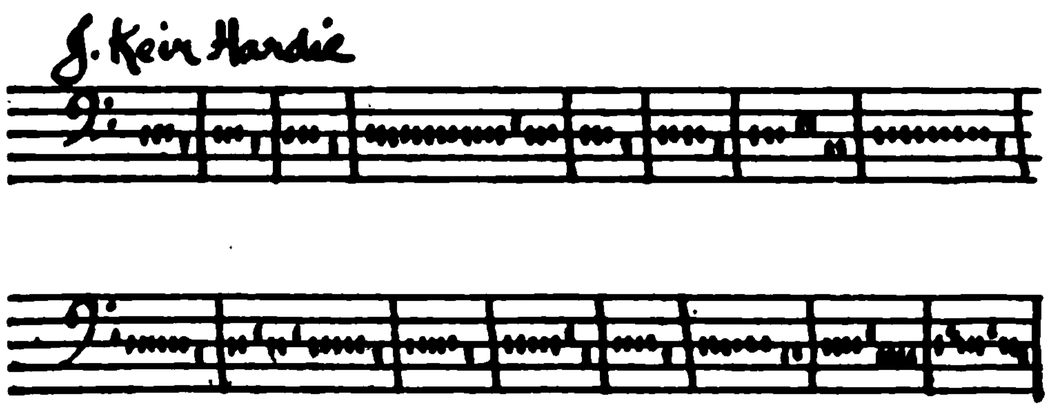
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

lates a good deal, and rejoices in a clear, ringing voice of an average pitch.

Sir William Anson is academical in his style, with a rather quiet manner, indulging

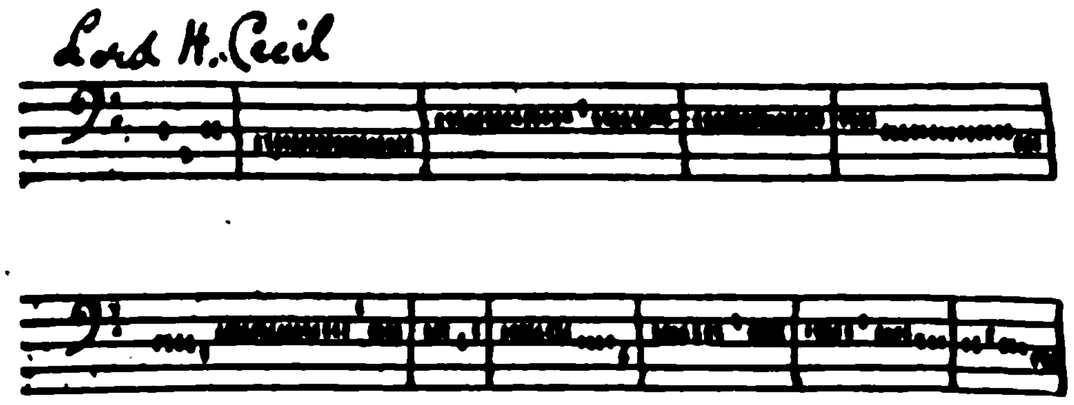


in little variation of any sort, and delighting in a precise, neatly-rounded sentence. Mr. Keir Hardie is chiefly concerned in saying what he has got to say in an earnest, determined sort of manner. He has a good voice, which he never forces. One peculiarity, which characterizes other speakers also, is the habit of running on with half-a-dozen words, then dropping the voice both



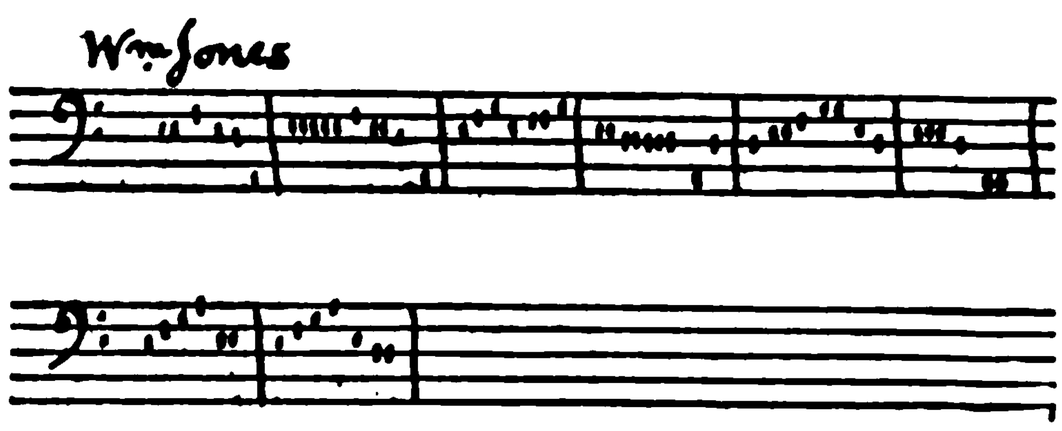
in pitch and intensity, pausing, and again proceeding in the same manner. Due regard may not be had either to the conclusion of a sentence or the moods that have their recognised rise or fall. A habit such as this may serve a purpose in arresting the attention, but it is apt to become tiresome. Mr. Hardie speaks usually on D, constantly dropping his pitch a tone or more.

Lord Hugh Cecil has the voice of the family—clear and ringing. He indulges in occasional upward progressions, on what notes it is impossible to say. Like many more brilliant men he has a number of habits all his own, chief of which is a wringing of



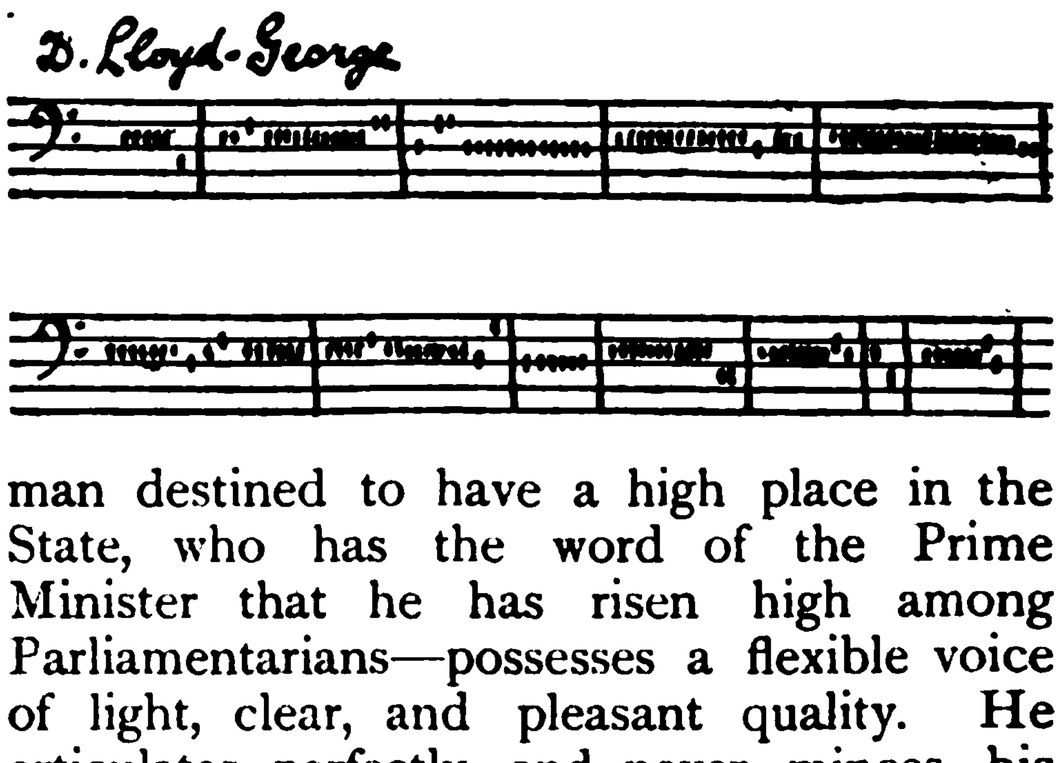
the hands while speaking. He commonly adheres to D and E. The Cecils and the Balfours have all voices more or less resembling each other. None is heavy. The quality is resonant and ringing, the articulation in each case being very distinct. The late Marquis of Salisbury had a much mellower voice than his son Lord Hugh, though in later years it weakened very much.

Some of the Welsh voices in the House come nearest the singing or sustained manner. We have a notable instance in the speaking of Mr. W. Jones. Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. W. Abraham (Rhondda Valley) display a like characteristic. Mr. Jones speaks less frequently than the House would desire. His Celtic spirit and cultivated intellect find



expression in a voice which can go direct to the hearts of his audience. Hear him speak for the Penrhyn miners or champion Welsh nationality and institutions, and you hear the true orator, the man who, with his own soul moved, can move and persuade others. His voice seems to sing in a soft musical cadence, the manner being at the same time earnest, impassioned, and intense. Every syllable reaches his hearers. He roams over many notes, constantly covering an octave, and giving true inflection to every mood, to the accompaniment of natural and eloquent gestures. The above diagram gives a notion of the modulation, his true pitch being perhaps a little higher.

Mr. Lloyd-George, one of the most skilful debaters and word-fencers in the House—a



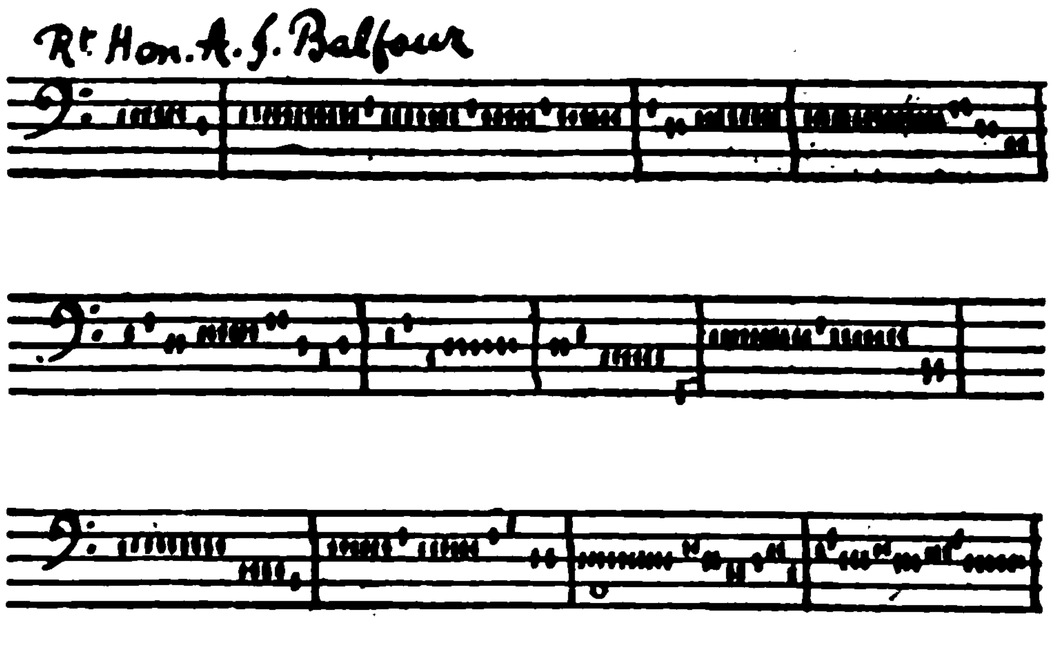
man destined to have a high place in the State, who has the word of the Prime Minister that he has risen high among Parliamentarians—possesses a flexible voice of light, clear, and pleasant quality. He articulates perfectly, and never minces his words one way or another. The voice is admirably adapted to the *rôle* he plays, for he has no need of one to suit a heavy style. When in a practical mood he gets along on D and E, but at other times he bridges a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

considerable interval. Mr. Abraham might well be expected to sing a number of notes, seeing that he takes a part in the Eisteddfod. Like his leader, he indulges in a good deal of gesture.

A number of individual styles remain to be mentioned. When the Prime Minister speaks we are conscious of listening to a great personality. His voice fills the chamber, and yet it is not a big, robust organ. It has that undefinable something in its timbre which one listens for in a first-class baritone's singing. It has the carrying quality in a great degree, and needs but little exertion because of the perfect articulation to which it gives sound. Mr. Balfour seldom speaks rapidly, and when he pauses abruptly his hearers may expect to receive a smart
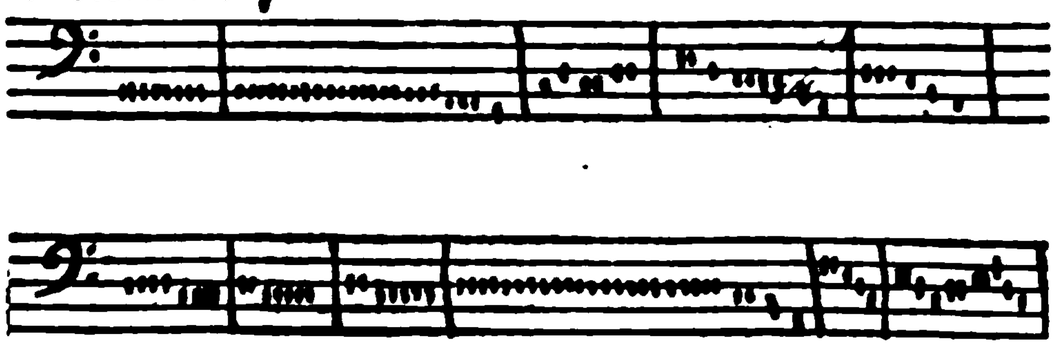
Rt Hon. A. J. Balfour



epigram, an ingeniously-turned phrase, or a surprising application of an interruption. He is one of the keenest fencers in the House, delighting to make even a small point against his opponents, though it be at the expense of a great deal of elaboration. He is a skilful reasoner—a dialectician of the highest order. These qualities naturally infer variety in speech, and Mr. Balfour's elocution, in the modern sense of the word, responds to the various moods efficiently, and yet without much overstraining. The note on which he does most speaking is somewhere between D and E, but he frequently ranges the octave from G to G.

Mr. George Wyndham, whose name has been cursed and blessed by Irish Nationalists, has great gifts of eloquence and a powerful, clear voice, which he uses with great effect. His delivery seems to improve each Session.
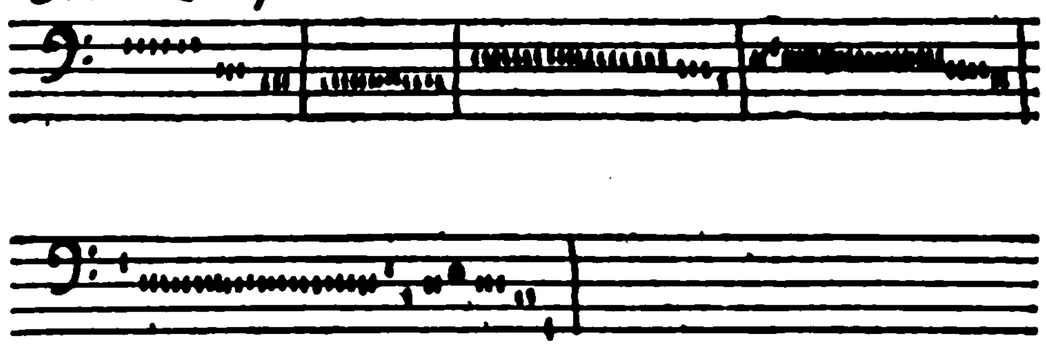
Rt Hon. G. Wyndham



The progress of the Irish Land Bill through the House last Session showed him to be master of the most intricate details of his subject, and his lucid expositions gained the admiration of all who heard him. D is the note on which he most frequently speaks, and the diagram illustrates a passage from his speech on the second reading of the Land Bill.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman makes himself heard to some effect by means of

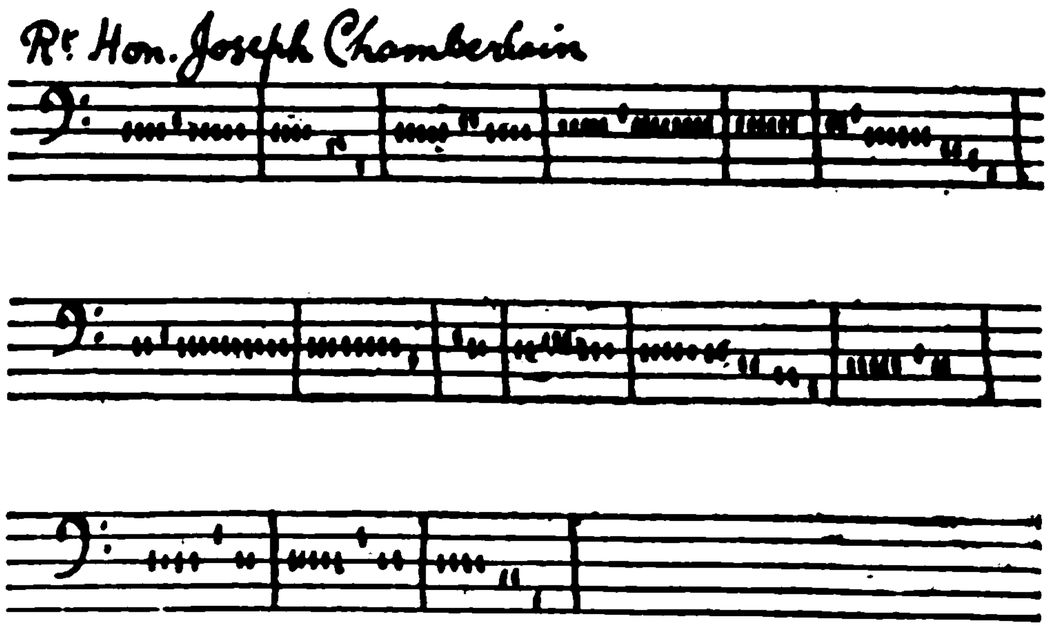
Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman



clear utterance rather than strong tones. Notwithstanding an occasional huskiness he is a pleasant speaker, and the English he uses in debate is above reproach. He is usually heard on E.

Mr. Chamberlain's triumph is his debating power. The substance of his speeches almost overshadows the manner of delivery. In the case of the Prime Minister the manner, in addition to the substance, engrosses a large share of attention. Mr. Chamberlain is direct, trenchant, unsparing, when the occasion offers. He will not trouble over peddling

Rt Hon. Joseph Chamberlain

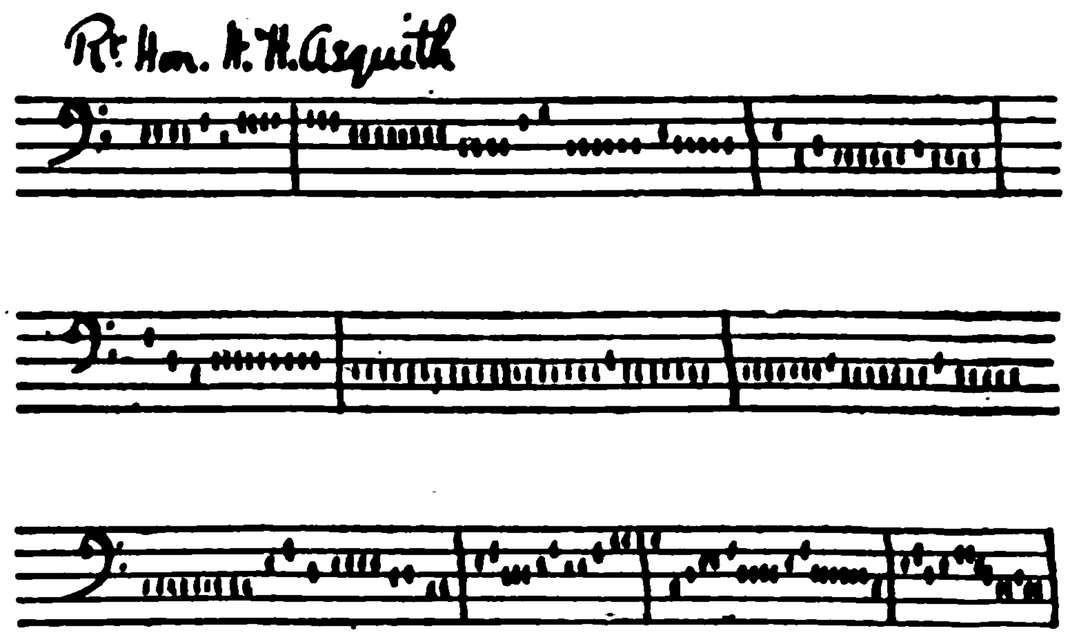


points for their own sake. He must have a big issue or nothing, and heavy, slashing blows please him best. He is a sure-footed fighter. The manner in which he sometimes springs to the table with a bound proves it, apart from his reputation. To all appearance nervousness is not in his nature. His normal voice is soft, almost inclined to approach a thick quality, yet so admirably does he enunciate, so pleasing a variety is given to its tones, and so perfect a restraint is exercised, that never a syllable is lost in any part of the House. Every mood finds due ex-

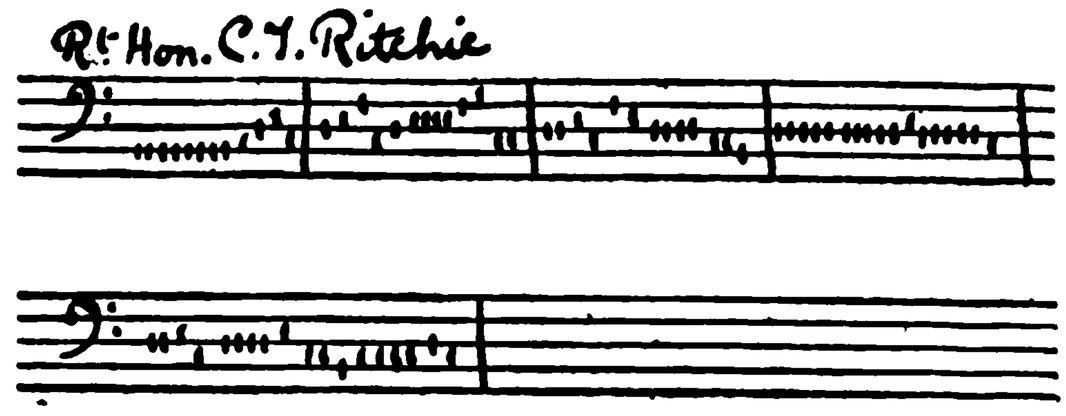
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pression. From vehemence he can return to pleasantry by an easy step.
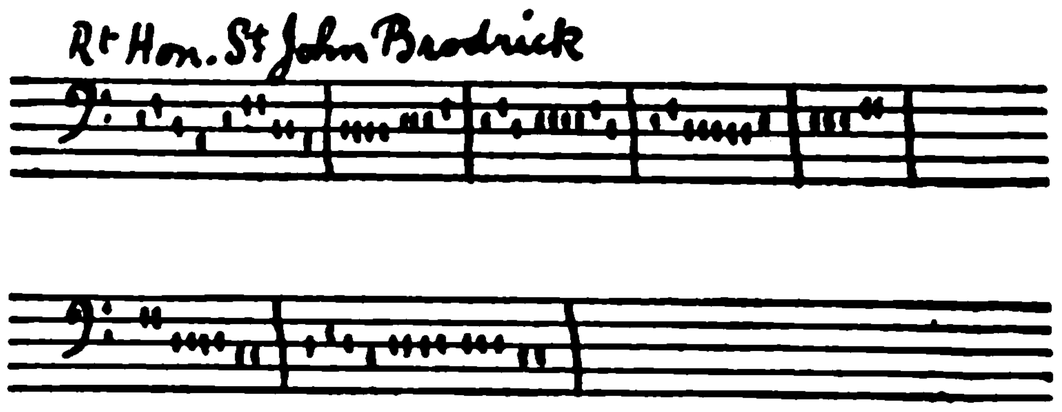
Mr. Asquith modulates his voice a good deal, but largely uses the power of emphasis at the risk of being unheard at the end of



occasional sentences. Resonance, vigour, and brevity characterize his speaking. Mr. Gibson Bowles expresses himself rapidly, readily, and wittily, in a good tone, about D and E. His *rôle* of candid friend to the Government lends something to the piquancy of his remarks. Mr. Ritchie, in introducing his first, and perhaps last, Budget, used the modulation represented in the diagram at one part of his speech. He has a hurried, broken-up style of delivery, though the possessor of
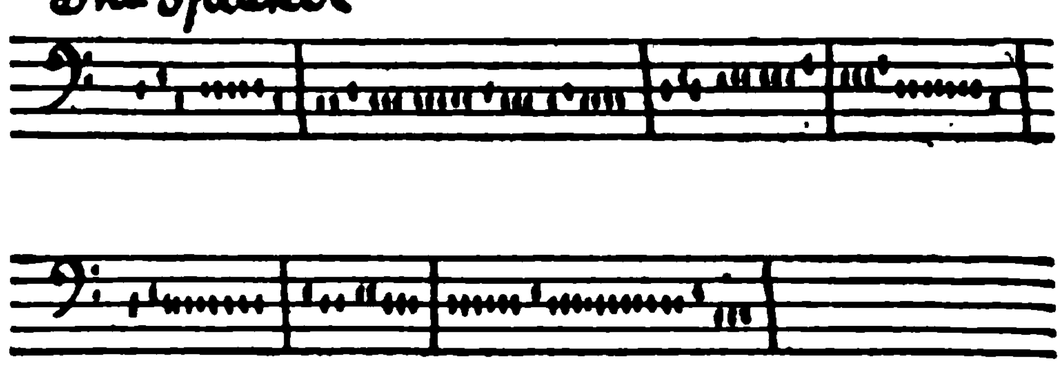


a good voice. Mr. Brodrick's manner is anxious, and distinctness suffers, more especially when the mood is that of indignation.



As Secretary for War he rose well to the occasion in the severe ordeals he had to pass through last Session. Mr. Chaplin has a serviceable vocal organ, with which he combines an effective manner. His speeches are perspicuous to a degree. There is a big bit of the old-fashioned, dignified Parliamentarian about him, and he is invariably welcomed in debate. Mr. Dillon's voice is like a clenched fist, ready for the striking blow. His manner is often vehement and always forcible. Few are superior in the expression of passionate bitterness. He is fond of dwelling on differently-pitched strings of notes—viz., C sharp, E, or F.

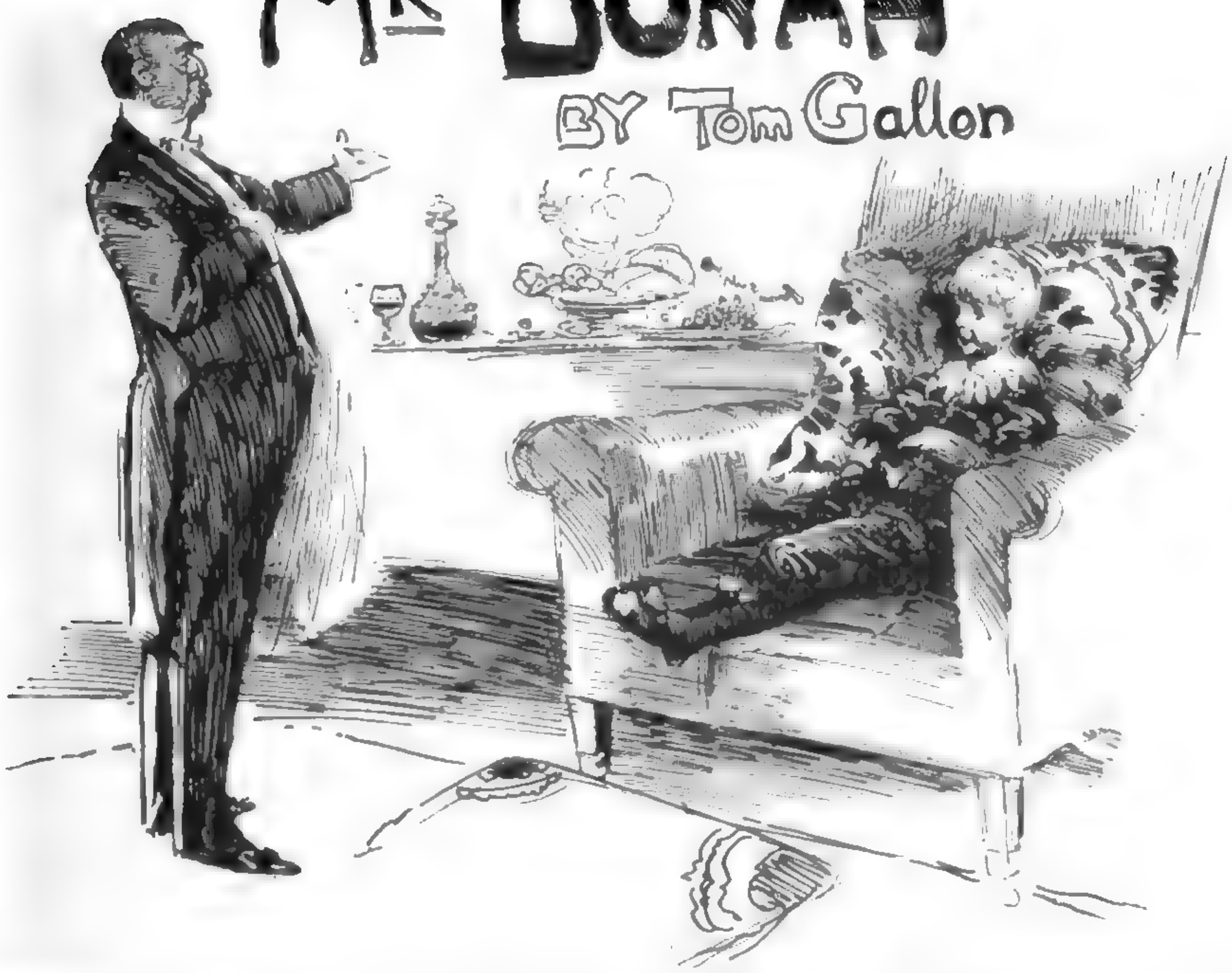
The last voice to be mentioned here is that of the Speaker (the Right Hon. W. Court Gully). Its tones are, like the manner of the right hon. gentleman, dignified and gracious. Musical and distinct, it is heard with equal force in storm and calm, and when it speaks it carries a persuasion more certain and effective than does the voice of the Prime Minister himself.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

MR DONAH

BY Tom Gallon



"IF there is one matter about which I am more particular than another," said Sir Leopold Kershaw, with much emphasis, "it is that due recognition should be given to the absolute equality of man with his fellow-man. Show me my fellow-man"—Sir Leopold was very defiant at this point—"and I will grasp him by the hand and hail him as 'Brother.' And I defy anyone to prevent me!"

Sir Leopold Kershaw—big, portly, and somewhat brow-beating—stood in front of the blazing fire in his comfortable dining-room and addressed these remarks to his son. Some eight or nine winters only having passed over the head of that young gentleman, it must be presumed that his father addressed him for lack of a better audience. Master Teddy Kershaw, for his part, gazed solemnly up at his father from the depths of an easy chair, and took in the ponderous phrases like gospel.

"Then I suppose, papa, that Wilkins is my brother?" said the child, slowly, after some moments of deep thought. Wilkins, it should be said, was the butler.

Sir Leopold Kershaw coughed. "My child, there are certain distinctions absolutely necessary to be observed. Wilkins, although nominally your brother, has already, I am given to understand, an abnormally large following of relatives, and needs no addition to them. When I touched upon the principles of brotherhood just now, I did not speak so much of distinct individuals as of man in the abstract. Wilkins, I trust, knows his place"—Sir Leopold frowned a little, and seemed to suggest that, if Wilkins did not, there were those capable of teaching him—"and is, in a sense, provided for. In an ideal condition of society men would share and share alike: one man would not be permitted to partake of roast phesaant while his less fortunate fellow gnawed the humble trotter; feather beds would be unknown among the classes while the masses continued to court repose upon doorsteps."

Now, the mind of a child is a peculiar thing—having a tendency, by some strange gift of the gods, to retain the true and to cast aside the worthless. So it happened that the mind of little Teddy Kershaw, by some subtle process, eliminated from his father's speech all that was mere verbiage, and began to construct for itself a glorious fabric called Universal Brotherhood. Setting

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

aside those who were well fed and prosperous, the child came to see in every houseless wanderer of the streets—in every toil-worn, white-faced man or woman—some being who had a right, not only to his pity, but to every luxury which he himself enjoyed. And the idea grew and grew until it filled his childish mind, and until—like a small and gallant Crusader—he began to feel that he must do something, more than mere thoughts and words, to carry the thing into effect. He began for the first time to notice, with a sort of pained wonder, that little children, smaller and weaker even than himself, shivered in the streets while he rolled along in his father's carriage; that women carried heavy baskets, while his own mother would scarce put her delicate feet to the ground and was buried in furs and wraps. The incongruity of it came full upon him; and he determined at last, in an inspired moment, to do something to remedy the matter.

To carry out his desires in the presence of those who were responsible for him was, of course, out of the question; instead, he watched his opportunity, and slipped out of the house one day unobserved.

The town house of Sir Leopold Kershaw was in a very fine and extremely aristocratic square; but quite near to it—crouching and hiding under the wing of its grandeur—was a terrible nest of slums. And into this, by some natural instinct, drifted Master Teddy Kershaw.

With that newly-kindled love of humanity fairly bursting out of him he was prepared to seize the first likely wastrel by the hand and give instant effect to his father's many speeches; and he had not far to seek.

Just on the borderland, where the genteel streets began to grow more shabby and where untidy women and children seemed to be overflowing out of every house, stood a costermonger's barrow, the proprietor of which was leaning, in a dejected attitude, against it. It was the poorest barrow imaginable, with one of its shafts mended with string, and with a few sorry-looking vegetables, which never by any chance could have grown in any imaginable garden, displayed upon it.

The costermonger himself had evidently come to the conclusion that it was quite useless to attempt to impose his wares, at any price, even in that most poverty-stricken market; despair sat heavily upon him, and lurked even in the empty bowl of his cold pipe. Yet he was comparatively a young man, and not ill-looking; and the woman who leaned near him, with her elbows on the barrow and her chin propped in her hands, had once, and not so long ago, been quite pretty, despite the gaudy hat which drooped disconsolately over her eyes.

Here, surely, was a forlorn brother indeed! Teddy hesitated for but an instant, and then advanced towards the man. He felt that it would be wiser not to shake hands with him at once, as that smacked too much of familiarity; so he merely bowed and put a casual question—suggested by the barrow—as to the state of trade.

"Can't you sell anything?" he asked.

The costermonger looked Teddy up and down in astonishment, and then looked round at the woman and jerked his head sideways in a very curious fashion; drew the back of his hand slowly and elaborately across his mouth, and looked at Teddy again.

"No, yer 'Ighness, I can't," he replied, slowly and emphatically. Turning to the woman, with another jerk of the head, he muttered something about a "rum start."

"But wouldn't people buy the things if you shouted?" asked the boy. "Other people shout what they have to sell." Which was evident by the babel of noise about them.

The costermonger, who appeared to have got over his surprise, and who seemed to be rather a friendly sort of fellow, proceeded to explanations. "You see, yer 'Ighness, it's this 'ere way," he began. "I've 'ollered an' 'ollered till there ain't a puff of bref left in me; an' it's me private opinion that if yer was to bring sparrergrass tied up wiv pink ribbin into this 'ere street an' chuck it at 'em, they'd chuck it back agin. As fer this little lot"—he indicated the contents of the barrow with a backward jerk of his thumb—"they'll see me blue-mouldy afore they'll lay out a bloomin' farden on 'em."

Having so far relieved his mind, the man looked into the bowl of his pipe and, finding nothing there, returned the pipe to his pocket; then took up the handles of the barrow and prepared to move away.

Now it happened that Master Teddy knew that his father and mother were out and were not expected to return until late; it was probably owing to that circumstance that he had escaped from durance so easily. Further, the boy knew that, in a household where he ruled supreme as the only child of a rich man, he could practically do as he liked. True, he had never attempted so bold a scheme as that which was at the present moment seething in his small brain;

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but he felt not the slightest doubt that he could carry it through successfully and without opposition. Accordingly, in the most casual fashion possible, he asked the costermonger if he would come and have some lunch.

The unfortunate man almost upset the barrow in the shock of the moment; but, recovering himself, began to perform the most extraordinary antics Teddy had ever seen. First he straightened himself from the hips and gave a sudden tilt to his hat with both hands, which threw it dexterously over one eye; next he twisted up the collar of his coat and stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat; then took a little skip backwards and a little skip forwards; put his tongue into his cheek and ejaculated the single word: "Walker!"

Perceiving from these signs, in a dim fashion, that the man doubted the honesty of his intentions, Teddy became more emphatic, assuring the man that he lived quite near at hand, and that lunch would be just about ready; that he would be quite alone with them; even going so far as to enumerate some of the dishes which might be expected. But the costermonger evidently still had his doubts.

The woman, however, with the keenness of her sex, saw farther into the matter than the man. She spoke in a lower voice.

"Sam, there may be summink in it, arter all. 'E's a little swell, by the looks of 'im, an' 'e don't look 'ard-'earted enough to go for to guy us, do 'e?"



"WALKER!"

The man, who appeared, even under the most distressing circumstances, to have some latent spark of humour about him, scratched his head for a moment, and then addressed the boy with extreme politeness.

"Seein' as 'ow you're so pressin', yer nibs, I dunno but what we won't take a snack wiv yer—me an' me donah"—he indicated the woman with one hand. "Do yer fink I might leave the barrer in yer front garding?"

Teddy was wise enough to see that the carrying out of the latter suggestion might cause tongues to wag in the aristocratic square, so it was finally decided that the barrow should be left in the care of a worthy man, of disreputable appearance, who lived in a yard near at hand, and who, for its better protection, agreed to sleep in it until their return.

It is probable that, had Master Teddy Kershaw brought in a travelling menagerie with him—including the elephant—to lunch, Wilkins the butler would scarcely have expressed surprise, whatever his private feelings might have been. Therefore, when the boy introduced his two new friends into the house, gravely referring to them as "Mr. and Mrs. Donah," and announcing that they would partake of lunch with him, Wilkins merely bowed and murmured "Very good, Master Edwin"; discreetly waiting until he had gained the seclusion of his pantry before exploding.

Mrs. Donah was very much subdued and decidedly ill at ease; but Mr. Donah, on the other hand, made himself quite at home with much rapidity. He addressed the appallingly stiff footman pleasantly as "Calves," and taunted him with the suggestion that he was quite big enough to be "put into trahsis." Finally, having appeased his appetite, he lounged easily about the room and admired its appointments.

"I say, yer nibs, is this 'ere yer guv'nor's chivvy?" he asked presently, stopping in front of a full-length portrait of Sir Leopold Kershaw—a portrait which, by the way,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

appeared to frown down upon him with anything but a brotherly expression.

"I beg your pardon?" said Teddy.

"I sed: 'Is this yer guv'nor's chivvy?' 'Chivvy' bein' parlyvoo for face," replied Mr. Donah.

"Oh, I see," said the boy. "Yes, that's my father."

Mr. Donah surveyed the portrait for some moments, with his head on one side; finally turning to Mrs. Donah, with that curious sideways jerk of the head.

"Twig 'is dial, ole gal? Lor' luv us—'e's a 'ot 'un—I giv' yer *my* word. 'Eard 'im spout once, abaht every bloke bein' 'is bruvver. That was abaht 'lection time las' year. Ain't 'eard nuffink from 'im since, an' I don't fink 'e's bin ter tea dahn our court, 'as 'e?"

"You're quite right about what my father says," broke in Teddy, proudly. "Every man is his brother, and everyone has the right to exactly the same things that he enjoys."

"Yuss; if 'e can git 'em," responded Mr. Donah, with fine scorn. "But if I 'ooked it wiv a dozen or two of 'is spoons 'e wouldn't 'ave nuffink to say abaht it—bless yer eyes—not 'e!"

Mr. Donah was becoming so particularly scornful, and he jerked his head so threateningly in the direction of the portrait, that Teddy deemed it wise to change the subject; accordingly he said:—

"It's because I believe that my father is right that I asked you and Mrs. Donah to come in to lunch to-day. I'm not quite sure—but I think my father would have been delighted to welcome you."

"Take yer oaf of it!" replied Mr. Donah, with a chuckle. "'E'll be that upset w'en 'e finds 'e's missed us, there won't be no 'oldin' 'im. As to me—I'm fair bowed down wiv it—an' the missis—w'y, ole gal, wot yer blubbin' for?"

Mrs. Donah, who had really eaten very sparingly of everything put before her, had suddenly begun to dab her eyes in a most suspicious manner with the corner of her shawl. Mr. Donah's question, however, appeared at once to rouse her; she got up hurriedly and jerked her hat straight with some fierceness, and told him angrily to—"Come aht of it!"

"'Ere we've bin a-settin' and shovin' grub into ourselves, like beasts, and that poor little nipper at 'ome wivaht so much as a bite!"

Mr. Donah appeared instantly to droop; his fine spirits were gone in a moment. Indeed, Teddy had a suspicion that he saw the man draw his sleeve hurriedly across his eyes. Curiously, too, there was a sort of dull, heavy anger upon him as he made for the door.

"Come back ter the barrer, ole gal," he said, in a voice more husky even than usual. "An' don't fink that I was fergettin' the nipper—'cos I wasn't." Stopping awkwardly at the door, he came back to the boy. "As fer you, my nibs—you're a nobleman—that's wot *you* are. There ain't no flam abaht you, an' no partic'ler gas-works. It's a deal pleasanter ter fill a man's stummick than to fill 'is bloomin' 'ed. If yer don't mind, I'd be prahd ter shake a fin wiv yer."

Understanding by this that Mr. Donah desired to shake hands, Teddy promptly responded. He had but dimly understood the half of what they said, or he might have pressed something further upon them; but they were gone before he had had time to make up his mind what to do; and the house returned to its normal condition.

With a curious distrust of that loud-voiced father of his, the boy refrained from saying anything about his extraordinary guests; so that nothing of the matter came to the ears of Sir Leopold Kershaw.

Some three nights later little Teddy Kershaw had a dream. He thought in his dream that he had just sat down comfortably to dinner, and that in some extraordinary fashion the dining-room was open to the street; and that first one hungry child and then another crept in upon him unawares, and snatched desperately the very food from before him; that although Thomas, the large footman, and Wilkins, the equally large butler, and even his father, Sir Leopold, strove hard to drive the famished mites away, they swarmed thicker and faster—until at last, by some subtle dream-change not to be explained in waking hours, his seat at the table was usurped and he had taken the place of a shivering street-boy, who seemed the hungriest of them all; so that he stood outside the house, among the ragged ones, shivering with cold and hunger. Waking suddenly he still seemed to shiver, and found, to his astonishment, that the window of his room was wide open.

While he was meditating sleepily upon this circumstance a stranger thing happened—the head and shoulders of a man appeared against the light of the sky, and the man himself dropped, with a soft thud, into the room.

Teddy started up in bed and opened his mouth with the full intention of giving vocal

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

effect to his alarm; but in an instant a hand —rough, and not particularly sweet-smelling— had closed over it, and a gruff voice, which seemed in the darkness curiously familiar, whispered huskily in his ear:—

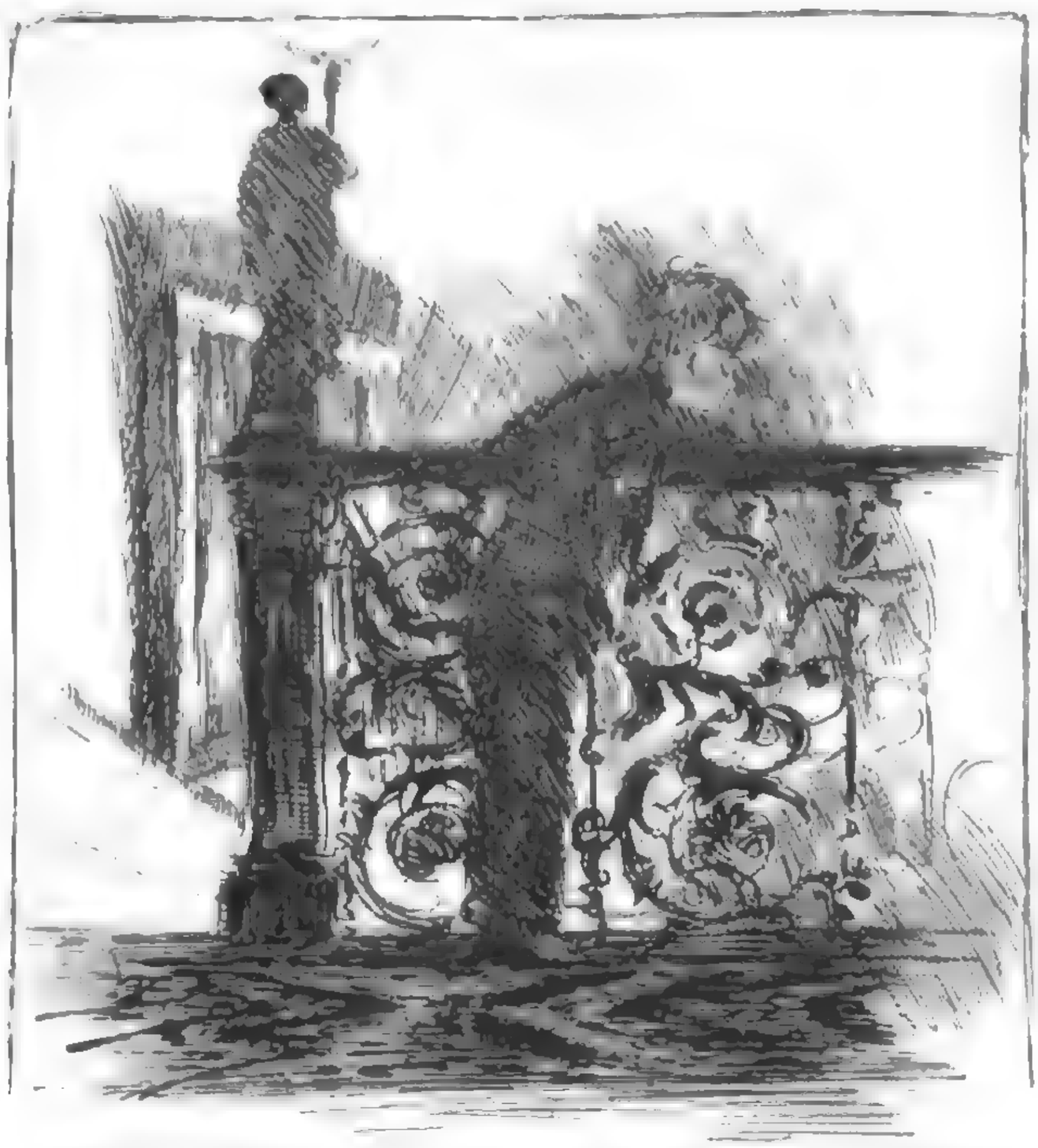
"Lie dahn, will yer! If yer so much as breave I'll be the death of yer!"

Teddy Kershaw could see nothing distinctly in the darkness; only the dim form of the man seemed to hover above him. On the man releasing his grip Teddy lay down passively, and tried to breathe as little as possible.

"'Oller, an' I'll be back afore yer can say 'knife' an' do fer yer," whispered the man again. Then, quite noiselessly, he crept to the door and opened it, and glided out into the house.

Master Teddy Kershaw, consumed by curiosity, waited for a few moments and then slipped out of bed and went through the door also. Outside on the staircase a dim light was burning; and, leaning over the stair-head, Teddy could see the man gliding down and keeping as much as possible within the shadow of the wall. A door creaked on its hinges and the man disappeared.

Teddy, mindful of the threat which had been breathed into his ear, was just about to creep back again when he heard another door open more noisily than the first, and then a quick challenging voice; the sound of running feet—a scuffle—and a fall; then other doors opening and more running feet; and lights seemed to flash up all over the house. Unable to restrain himself any longer, Teddy scuttled downstairs in his small pyjamas and headed straight for the fray.



"LEANING OVER THE STAIR-HEAD, TEDDY COULD SEE THE MAN GLIDING DOWN."

In the dining-room he burst in upon a curious group. In the centre was Mr. Donah, struggling feebly and ineffectually between the grasp of two of the footmen; standing by the fireplace, looking at Mr. Donah sternly, was Sir Leopold Kershaw, appearing dignified even in a dressing-gown and with his hair rumpled; while the room was half-filled by a crowd of semi-clad, startled servants.

"Yer 'Ighness," exclaimed Mr. Donah, with some poor show of cheerfulness, as the boy appeared, "yer 'umble is a fair gorner!"

Sir Leopold, apparently not hearing the remark or not understanding, proceeded to improve the occasion.

"You have been caught, my fine fellow, in the perpetration of one of the most heinous crimes possible to imagine—that of purloining, after forcible entry, goods to which you have no right. Now, sir, I am a Justice of the Peace, and, while I must warn you not to say anything which will tend to incriminate you at your public trial, I am willing to hear any remarks you may make with reference to your purpose in being here or your reason for selecting my abode for your nefarious practices."

Mr. Donah looked all round him, somewhat helplessly; fixed his eye on Teddy, and winked with some cheerfulness; gave that peculiar jerk to his head which seemed to express any emotion of the moment; and spoke.

"Guv'nor, *and* yer 'Ighness, it's a thousand to one in canary birds that I'm up the wust gum-tree as ever you see! Fair nabbed, wiv me dukes on the bloomin' 'all-marked ladles and corfee-pots, I am, an' don't yer fergit it! As fer alibis an' sich-like fings, yer won't find one abaht me, if yer search me till Easter Monday. It's a fair cop, an' no error. Same time I should jist like to say as 'ow this is the fust time I've been on the rails in all my natural, an' it ain't exactly my fault."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Pray explain yourself," said Sir Leopold, loftily.

"Righto, ole Poker-back, just 'arf a shake! I'm a-comin' to it. I've got a little nipper at 'ome, wot's wasted away to a mere shadder—yer might let go a bloke's arm an' let him rub 'is dial-plate, Calves—'an 'e's a-lyin' in one room, an' most of the bed-clothes is up the spout. I've 'ollered 'Fine 'earty cabbage!' till I've got it on my brain, an' 'tain't no good. Then, comin' in 'ere wiv the missis t'other day ter lunch (leastways they called it lunch, but it was abaht a full week's grub fer us) wiv 'is 'Ighness——"

"To lunch? What is the man talking about?" broke in Sir Leopold Kershaw, sternly.

"W'y, 'is nibs comes aht w'en me and the ole gal was a-standin' by the barrer, and ses 'e, quite friendly-like, 'Come in an' 'ave lunch alonger me,' ses 'e. Not 'avin' me party frock on, in consequence of it bein' kep' at the wash, I 'ung back; but 'is nibs was that pressin' there was no gettin' over 'im, an' very 'andsome 'e done us, I mus' say." Thus Mr. Donah, with much emphasis.

"It is perfectly right," said Teddy, coming a little farther into the room. "I had heard what you said, father, about every man being my brother, except Wilkins" (the unfortunate butler blushed hotly on finding himself brought into such prominent notice), "and Mr. Donah, as well as Mrs. Donah, looked so miserable and so hungry that I thought you wouldn't mind. So I brought them in here, and we had quite a good time."

"You brought them in here?" ejaculated the master of the house, in amazement.

"Yes," said Teddy, boldly Then, beginning to feel dimly and miserably that Mr. Donah was in a very tight place, Teddy, for the first time in his brief career, began to lie. "In fact, I told Mr. Donah that I thought he had a perfect right to everything which we had, and I'm afraid I even suggested that it wouldn't matter very much if he just helped himself to——"

"'Ere, stow it, yer 'Ighness; no perjury," exclaimed Mr. Donah. "Yer won't never sing wiv the angels if yer go on in that way." He turned suddenly towards Sir Leopold, and spoke with a certain despairing fierceness upon him: "Look 'ere, guv'nor—I don't want 'is nibs to be tellin' no crams abaht it. I come in 'ere, an' I 'as a jolly good feed—fair wallers in it, I does—till the ole gal breaks dahn, an' reminds me abaht our little nipper at 'ome, wivaht a crust. I goes 'ome that night an' meets the parish doctor on the stairs. 'Dockery'—that's me name w'en I goes a-ridin' in the park—'Dockery,' ses 'e, 'that kid o' yourn wants nourishment—beef tea—good eggs; and you did ought ter get 'im away into the country.' Lor' luv us—w'y didn't 'e tell me to take 'im to 'ave tea alonger the Queen at Buckingham Pallis while 'e was abaht it?"

"You were not able to provide these necessaries for your child?" said Sir Leopold, somewhat unnecessarily.

"I were not," responded Mr. Donah, doggedly. "So that night I sits a-thinkin', an' a-thinkin', till me head fair buzzes, an' all next day I thinks a bit 'arder, till at last it comes over me that it ain't right, arter wot you've said abaht me bein' yer bruvver, that 'is nibs 'ere should be 'avin' roas' duck an' tomater sauce, so ter speak, an' my pore kid a-chewin' 'is fingers fer comfort. An' this



"'YOU BROUGHT THEM IN HERE?' EJACULATED THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mornin', seein' 'im look a bit finner than usual, I got fair desp'rit', an' couldn't stan' it no longer. So I made up me min' as 'ow I'd 'elp meself to a bit of me bruvver's silver stuff."

"To use one of the vulgarisms familiar to your class, my friend," interposed Sir Leopold, "I am afraid that your statement won't wash."

"It'll wash a lump better than some er yer spoutings," retorted Mr. Donah, with some indignation. "Wot's the good er tellin' a man one minute 'e's yer bruvver an' 'as a right ter share everyfink wiv yer, an' lockin' 'im up the nex' fer 'elpin' 'isself? There, I've 'ad me little jaw; now send fer the bloomin' amberlance."

Sir Leopold Kershaw was thinking very hard indeed. It would be too much to say that he was in any sense converted; such sudden conversions are rare. But he had a wholesome dread of seeing his principles derided or himself made a laughing-stock; and Mr. Donah's remarkably caustic mode of speech would, he felt, suit the humour of the evening papers to a nicety. Sir Leopold had a mental vision of himself prosecuting in a police-court, and writhing under Mr. Donah's remarks in defence of his crime—the while busy reporters scribbled as if for their lives. Moreover, the man, to do him justice, had a certain honesty of purpose beneath all his ponderous phrases; his only fault lay in the fact that he did not, in any sense, understand the class about whom he talked so much. After a moment or two of thought he sternly dismissed the whole of the servants, cautioning them against chattering about the matter for the present; and was left alone in the room with his little son and Mr. Donah.

"Now, Dockery; I think you said that was your name——"

"C'ristened Sam, at Sin George's in the Borough, on a Toosday—wiv me a 'owlin' proper an' bitin' the parson's little finger," broke in Mr. Dockery.

"Well, Dockery, the circumstances attending your offence are somewhat peculiar, and I am disposed to take a lenient view of the matter. I am impelled to this course by the remembrance that my son is, to an extent, concerned in the affair"—Sir Leopold Kershaw felt that he must really make an excuse of some kind or other—"and I am unwilling that he should imagine that the principles I have so strongly laid down in his hearing are sentiments merely, and that I am not prepared to carry them out when opportunity occurs. I deny your right to purloin my property, but I will have inquiry made into your case, and if I find that you are really deserving I will carry my principles into effect. Leave me your name and address—and then go."

Sam Dockery looked all about him for a moment in sheer amazement, put his hat on, and then took it off in a great hurry; took those queer little dancing steps of his, first backwards and then forwards, made a feint of squaring up to Teddy, and finally put his arm before his eyes and broke into unmistakable tears.

"Yer 'Ighness," he observed, in a shaky voice, when he had somewhat recovered, "parss no rude remarks! This is me one an' only; I was thinkin' of the nipper an' of 'ow 'e might 'ave bin wivaht 'is daddy fer a munf er two. Guv'nor"—he turned to Sir Leopold—"I've sed a few fings wot I didn't orter; let it parss. Yer ain't sich a bad sort as yer look—an' Gawd knows yer didn't make yer own chivvy! Ask for Sam Dockery dahn in Dook's Buildings, an' anyone will direck yer to me 'umble cot. An' I'll interdooce yer to the missis an' the nipper."

Despite his levity Mr. Dockery appeared to find some difficulty in getting out of the door. Sir Leopold—amazing man!—opened the hall-door himself, and Teddy fancied he heard the quick chink of money. Curiously, too, Sir Leopold, when he came back into the dining-room, wore a smile on his usually stern face, and told Teddy, in quite a pleasant tone of voice, to "cut away to bed."

Nor did Sir Leopold Kershaw forget his promise. Sam Dockery and his wife were startled the very next day by a visit from the great man himself, accompanied by "'is 'Ighness" and by a footman bearing a hamper. Nor was this all: for, a lodge-keepership falling vacant on Sir Leopold's country estate, Sam and his wife and the "nipper" were installed in it in comfort; on which occasion Mr. Dockery gave himself airs in Duke's Buildings, before his departure, and informed all and sundry that he was going down to his country house "ter pot the bloomin' dicky-birds."

Sir Leopold Kershaw is as great a man as ever; but he talks less about the equality and brotherhood of man.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Story of "Bradshaw."

By Newton Deane.

"WHAT books do you consult most?" a political adherent once asked John Bright in the midst of an arduous campaign. "The Bible and 'Bradshaw,'" was the reply of the great Quaker. To this another statesman added that both stood in equal need of commentators. "Bradshaw"—or, to give it its correct title, "Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide"—is essentially a British institution, like the *Times*, football, *Punch*, and cricket. In common with all great institutions, it is a target for libel and detraction on the part of people who are a little difficult to please. Its very accuracy has been questioned. It has been said—by a succession of incorrigible humorists, including Charles Dickens—to have driven countless British lieges to lunacy. Our retreats for the insane are said to be invariably provided with a "Bradshaw ward," filled with the unhappy victims of the famous guide. But, seriously, "Bradshaw"—like the Bench of Bishops—can afford to be indulgent in the knowledge that it is indispensable. What should we do without "Bradshaw"? What if the portly brochure in the buff covers, that was born in the heart of England some sixty-five years ago, had never come into existence? True, Londoners have their "A B C," but London is only a tenth of the kingdom, and, besides, "Bradshaw" has all Europe for its province. Anyway, the origin and early progress of "Bradshaw" are interesting enough to be better known to the world.



GEORGE BRADSHAW.
From a Water Colour Drawing.

The name of the man who founded the celebrated guide was George Bradshaw. He was a Quaker, and a map-maker by calling. Before the days of railways he employed himself on maps showing the canals of Lancashire and Yorkshire. But by 1839 the kingdom was rapidly becoming intersected by that astonishing—but, when one comes to think of it, very simple—invention, the steel rail. The iron horse of Stephenson was prancing stertorously about between Manchester and Liverpool and Manchester and London and other cities. Passengers—who had hardly been taken into Stephenson's calculations at all when he inaugurated the first railway in 1825—were clamouring for transportation. A knowledge of train arrivals and departures was imperative.

In the year of Queen Victoria's accession the only "guide" available for the patrons of the Birmingham and Liverpool—or, as it was called, the Grand Junction Railway—took the singular form of a large pewter medal, which the traveller could carry in his



"THE BRADSHAW RAILWAY GUIDE: OR, AIDS TO BEDLAM."
From an Old Print.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pocket. On the obverse of this metallic guide was inscribed :—

Grand Junction Railway. Opened July 4, 1837.
The trains leave :—

Birmingham.		Liverpool & Manchester.	
Hour.	Min.	Hour.	Min.
VII.	0	VI.	30
VIII.	30	VIII.	30
XI.	30	XI.	30
II.	30	II.	30
IV.	30	IV.	30
VII.	0	VI.	30

On the reverse :—

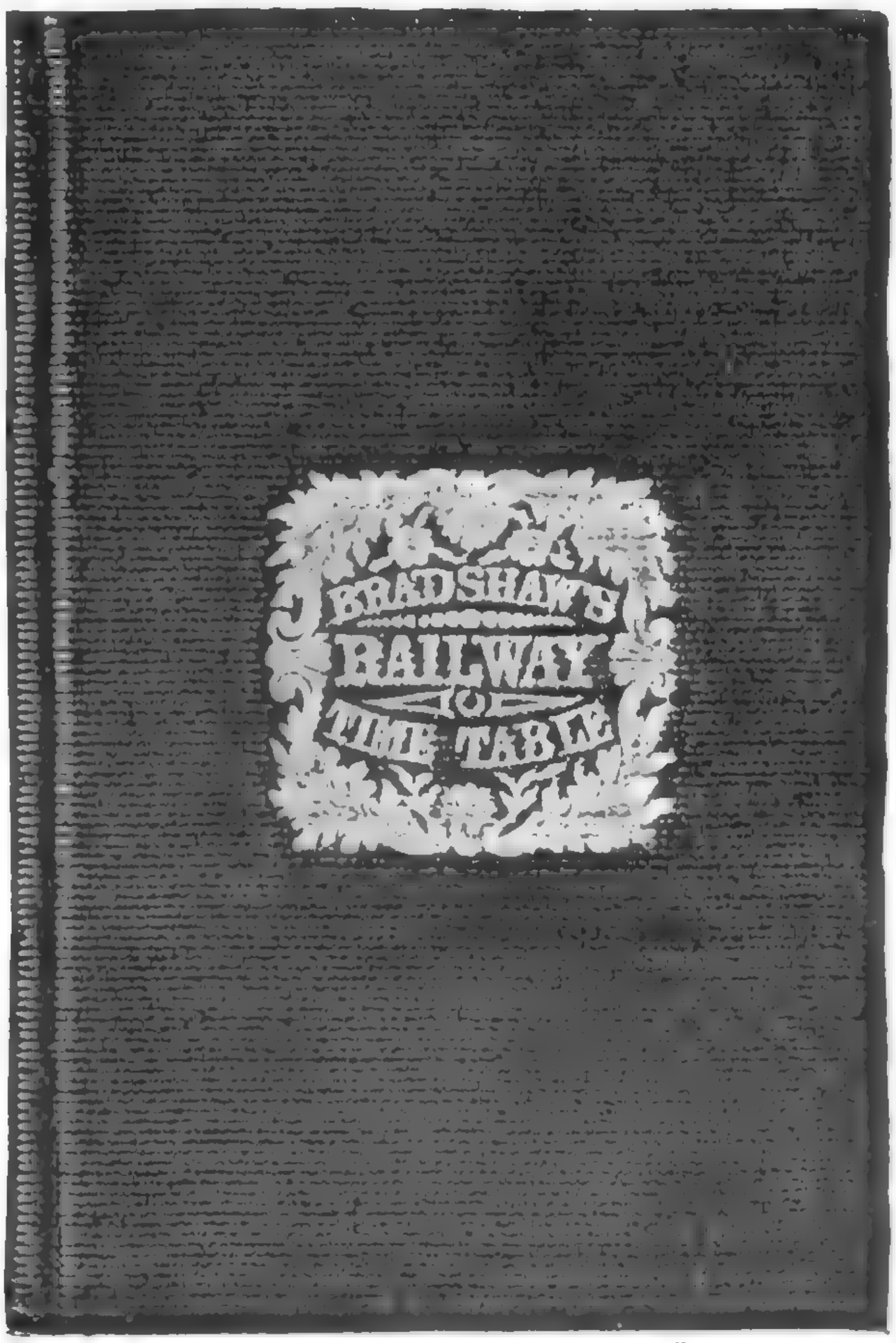
Time and Distance from Birmingham.

To.	Miles.	H.	M.
Wolverhampton	14½	0	40
Stafford	29¼	1	15
Whitmore	43¾	1	55
Crewe	54	2	24
Hartford	65¾	2	59
Manchester } Liverpool }	97¼	4	30

Afterwards the railway companies—there were just seven of them—issued monthly leaflets on their own account. What a convenience to the travelling public it would be if someone would collect these leaflets and reprint them in the form of a little book or pamphlet! No sooner did the idea occur to Bradshaw than he acted on it. There is no doubt that had he delayed there were others ready to promulgate the notion. Indeed, one Gadsby, a Manchester printer, followed close at his heels, just missing priority by a few weeks.

It was towards the end of October, the "10th mo." of the Quakers, that the printing press at Manchester turned out the first "Bradshaw." It was a very modest, unobtrusive little volume, bound in green cloth, with a simple legend in gilt. It could be obtained of any bookseller or railway company for the sum of sixpence. It was not, however, as we may see, entitled "Bradshaw's Railway Guide"—that title was not to come till later. Here, too, is the "address" or introduction to the first "Bradshaw":—

"This book is published by the assistance of the several railway companies, on which account the information it contains may be depended upon as being correct and authentic. The necessity of such a work is so obvious as to need no apology; and the merits of it can best be ascertained by a reference to the execution both as regards the style and correctness of the maps and plans with which it is illustrated." For it must be borne in mind that Bradshaw was first and foremost a map-engraver, and was not likely to let such an opportunity for a display in public of his skill pass profitless by. We also give a reproduction of the first page of Bradshaw's effort. From this little book we learn that, like the French trams and omnibuses of to-day, there was one charge for inside and another for outside passengers, six shillings being the first-class fare between Liverpool and Manchester. Of the first "time-tables," only two copies of each variety — for there was a slight variation in the issues for October, 1839— are known to be in existence: two are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and two are in the possession of Bradshaw's successors, Henry Blacklock and Co., of Manchester,



THE COVER OF THE FIRST NUMBERS OF "BRADSHAW"—ACTUAL SIZE.

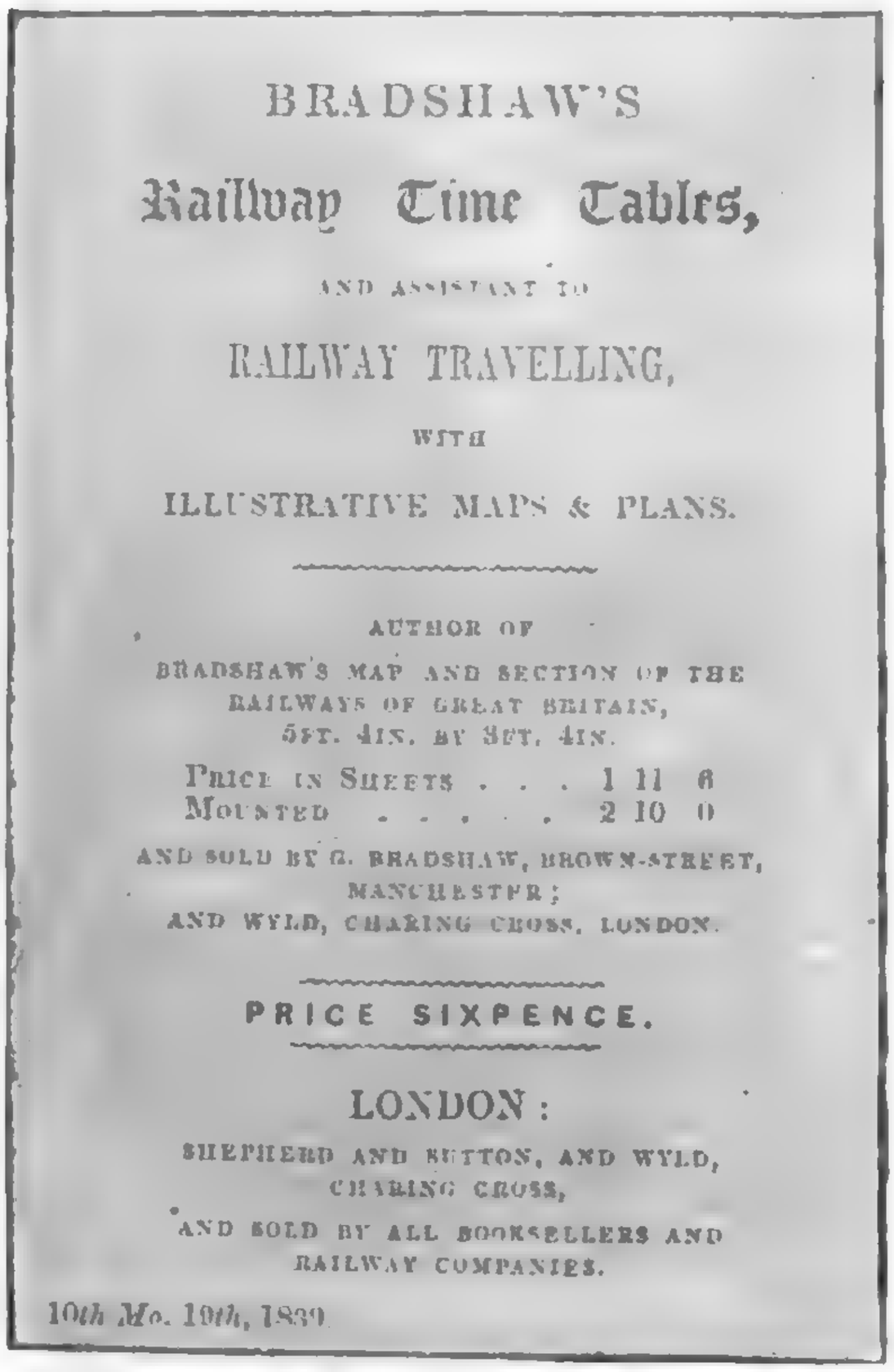
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

so that they are among the rarest editions extant.

Some two months later, on New Year's Day, 1840, Bradshaw brought out his little work in an amended form, with a brand-new title. This gave him further opportunities, in the course of its thirty-eight pages, for maps and letterpress, and to it he gave the title of "Railway Companion." It is really in size and type and style the same thing as the time-tables; but being sold at a shilling was continued distinct from the time-tables until it was merged into the "Guide" in 1848. There is some interesting, if somewhat startling, information in the "Companion." One can only gasp at being confronted by "A table showing the rate of travelling from one to four hundred miles an hour." These rosy anticipations have not yet been realized—not even in the velocity of the electric mono-rail.

How, it may be asked, did the railway companies of 1840 receive the first general railway guide? Odd to relate, not with any great favour. They even refused to supply their time-tables to Bradshaw when they ascertained the use to which that enterprising Quaker was putting them. "Why," they said, "if this fellow goes on in this way he will make punctuality a kind of obligation, with penalties for failure. Whereas at present, if the ten minutes past three train steams gently out at twenty minutes to four, or even four o'clock, we do not fall much in the esteem of the public, accustomed to the free and easy methods of the stage-coach."

But the Quaker was not thus to be repressed. He got hold of the time-tables somehow; he waited in person on the boards; afterwards he even purchased stock in the hostile railway companies, and the enterprise went on. But as yet the guides we have been describing were not regularly issued. They were mere fitful publications, and it was not until Adams, whom Bradshaw had secured as his London agent, urged upon him the necessity of a regular issue that the first monthly "Guide" made its *début* in the world. This was on December 1st, 1841. The "Guide" differed from its predecessors in being bound in paper—not cloth—and in consisting of but thirty-two pages of printed matter. By this time, too, Bradshaw could announce that "This work is published monthly, under the direction and with the assistance of the railway companies, and is carefully corrected up to the date it bears; every reliance may, therefore, be placed on the accuracy of its details."


BRADSHAW'S

Railway Time Tables,

AND ASSISTANT TO

RAILWAY TRAVELLING,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE MAPS & PLANS.

AUTHOR OF

BRADSHAW'S MAP AND SECTION OF THE RAILWAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN, 5FT. 4IN. BY 3FT. 4IN.

PRICE IN SHEETS . . . 1 11 6
MOUNTED 2 10 0

AND SOLD BY G. BRADSHAW, BROWN-STREET, MANCHESTER; AND WYLD, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONDON:

SHEPHERD AND SUTTON, AND WYLD, CHARING CROSS,

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND RAILWAY COMPANIES.

10th Mo. 10th, 1839.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST COPY OF "BRADSHAW."

Moreover, it was dispensed in another and simpler form. The pages of which it was composed were arranged on a single large sheet or "broadside," "exhibiting at one view the hours of departure and arrival of the trains on every railway in the kingdom, and are particularly adapted for counting-houses and places of business." For this sheet only threepence was demanded, but if mounted on stiff boards the price was two shillings and ninepence.

In 1843 the railway mania, which afterwards enriched and beggared thousands, was advancing apace. There were in that year just forty-eight different railways in the kingdom; and as the public were keenly interested in them we find, together with a slight alteration in the title of "Bradshaw" to the "Monthly General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," more reading matter, and "a list of shares, exhibiting at one view the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

BRADSHAW'S

MONTHLY

RAILWAY GUIDE;

CONTAINING

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF THE HOURS OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THE TRAINS ON EVERY RAILWAY IN GREAT BRITAIN;

A MAP OF ENGLAND,

WITH THE RAILWAYS COMPLETED AND IN PROGRESS;

HACKNEY COACH FARES, &c

FOR FEBRUARY, 1842.

MANCHESTER:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY BRADSHAW & BLACKLOCK, 27, BROWN-ST.

AND SOLD BY

W. J. ADAMS, 170, FLEET STREET, LONDON,

AND MAY BE HAD THROUGH ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST COPY ISSUED WITH THE WORDS "RAILWAY GUIDE."

cost, traffic length, dividend, and market value of the same."

There is one curious circumstance in the early history of "Bradshaw," which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has pointed out. Its founder appears to have been ashamed of its youth, for when the fortieth number had been attained we find, in September, 1844, a sudden jump to number 146. Did those missing hundred numbers ever afterwards disturb the pious Quaker's rest?

From these early guides a great deal of entertainment and instruction is to be obtained. There is no mention of "express" trains, for instance; they are described as "first class," "second class," "mixed," "fast," and "mail." We are told that "first-class trains stop at first-class stations." Third-class travellers travelled on the roof or in open "waggons." At the other end of the scale of luxury were "glass coaches"—*i.e.*, carriages with plenty of windows. Tickets are "passes" or "check tickets," and it is strictly enjoined that "the check ticket given to the passenger on payment of his fare will be demanded from him at the station next before his arrival at London or Birmingham, and if not then produced he will be liable to have the fare again demanded." As to fares, we learn from the "Guide" that they fluctuate according to day or night or the number of passengers in a carriage. The fare from London to Birmingham was thirty-two shillings and sixpence first class, but if six travelled inside by day the tariff was reduced to thirty shillings, and a similar reduction for second-class passengers. Now that the season-ticket system is so widespread and familiar, the reader learns with some amazement that "An annual subscription ticket from London to Brighton and back is £100." Here are some further extracts from the "Guide":—

"Passengers are especially recommended to have their names and address or destination written on each part of their luggage, when it will be placed on the top of the coach in which they ride.

"If the passenger be destined for Man-

Distance from London.	LONDON TO BIRMINGHAM. STATIONS.	Mixed. 6 a.m.	• Mixed Class 8 a.m.	• First calling at M. Stns. 8¼ a.m.	• Mail. 9¼ a.m.	Mixed Class. 11 a.m.	• Mixed calling at 1st cl. Stns. 1 p.m.	Mixed Class. 2 p.m.	• Mixed Short. 5 p.m.	First Class. 6 p.m.	• Mail, Mixed. 8¼ p.m.	FARES. 1 in. car. by day, or 1 class 6 in. by night	1st class carriage, 6 in. ride, by day	2nd class carriage, closed, by night	2nd class carriage, open, by day
Miles		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
	LONDON	6 0	8 0	8 45	9 30	11 0	1 0	2 0	5 0	6 0	8 30				
11½	HARROW	..	8 30	..	..	..	..	2 30	..	6 30	..	3 6	3 0	2 6	2 0
17	WATFORD	6 45	8 50	..	..	11 45	1 45	2 50	5 45	6 50	..	5 0	4 6	4 0	3 0
24½	BOXMOOR	..	9 10	..	..	..	..	3 10	..	7 10	..	7 0	6 6	5 6	4 .
28	B. HAMPSTEAD	..	9 20	10 5	..	..	..	3 20	..	7 20	..	8 0	7 6	6 6	5 0
31½	TRING	7 25	9 35	..	10 48	12 25	2 25	3 35	6 25	7 35	9 56	9 6	8 6	7 0	5 6
41	LEIGHTON	7 50	10 0	..	..	12 50	2 50	4 0	6 50	8 0	..	12 0	11 0	9 0	7 6
	BLETCHLEY	..	10 15	..	..	..	..	4 15	..	8 15	..	13 6	12 6	10 6	8 6
52½	WOLVERTON	8 15	10 30	11 0	11 41	1 15	3 15	4 30	7 15	8 30	10 54	15 6	14 0	11 6	9 6
60	ROADE	..	10 55	..	..	..	..	4 55	7 40	..	..	17 6	16 0	13 6	10 6
63½	BLISWORTH	8 50	11 5	..	..	1 50	3 50	5 5	7 50	..	..	18 6	17 0	14 0	11 6
69½	WEEDON	9 5	11 25	11 50	12 38	2 5	4 5	5 25	8 5	..	11 50	20 6	18 6	15 6	12 6
75½	CRICK	..	11 45	..	..	..	..	5 45	..	..	..	22 0	20 0	17 0	13 6
82½	RUGBY	9 40	12 5	.	..	2 40	4 40	6 5	8 40	..	..	24 6	22 6	18 6	14 0
89½	BRANDON	..	12 20	..	..	..	..	6 20	..	..	..	26 0	24 0	20 0	16 0
94	COVENTRY	10 10	12 35	12 50	1 36	3 10	5 10	6 35	9 10	..	1 0	27 6	25 0	21 0	16 6
100½	HAMPTON	10 35	1 0	1 15	..	..	..	7 0	..	..	..	29 6	27 0	22 6	18 0
112½	BIRMINGHAM	11 30	2 0	2 15	2 30	4 30	6 30	8 0	10 30	..	2 0	32 6	30 0	25 0	20 0

There is a Mixed Train from Aylesbury to London at 11 a.m., and one from London to Aylesbury at 3 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Times of Departure, Mixed 8 a.m, Mail* 9¼ a.m, Mixed to Wolverton 6 p m, Mail,* mixed 8¼ p.m.

Children under Ten Years of age, Half-price. Infants in arms, unable to walk, free of charge—Soldiers *en route* are charged under a special agreement.—Dogs are charged for any distance not exceeding 30 miles, 1s.; 55 miles, 2s.; 86 miles 3s.; and the whole distance, 4s. No dogs allowed to be taken inside the Carriages.

Carriages and Horses should be at the Stations a quarter of an hour before the time of departure, and they cannot be forwarded by any train unless there, at the least, five minutes before its time of departure, which time is punctually observed, and after the doors are closed no Passengers can be admitted

To guard against accident and delay, it is especially requested that Passengers will not leave their seats at any of the Stations except Wolverton (half way), where ten minutes are allowed for refreshment.

A Passenger may claim the seat corresponding to the number on his Ticket, and when not numbered he may take any seat not previously occupied.—No Gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any Servant of the Company.

Ten minutes are allowed at the Wolverton Central Station, where a female is in attendance, where refreshments may be obtained.

The Trains marked with an asterisk (*) are in conjunction with those of the Grand Junction Railway; sufficient time being allowed at the Birmingham Station, where refreshments are provided, and waiting rooms, with female attendants.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE VERY EARLIEST "BRADSHAW."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

chester or Liverpool, and has booked his place through, his luggage will be placed on the Liverpool or Manchester coach, and will not be disturbed until it reaches its destination.

"Where the space is dotted the trains call; where a blank, thus ——, they do not." (Here is an example of this new arrangement, which, it must be confessed, is a little revolutionary of the accepted method.) "Infants in arms, *unable to walk*, free of charge.

"A passenger may claim the seat corresponding to the number on his ticket, and when not numbered he may take any seat not previously occupied.

"Preserve your ticket until called for by the company's servant." (Fancy the passengers of 1904 requiring to be curbed in their propensity for throwing their tickets out of the window!)

"Do not lean upon the door of the carriage."

But by far the most surprising injunction to us nowadays, when the tips of railway porters show a tendency to expand instead of diminish, is this: "No gratuity, under any circumstances, is allowed to be taken by any servant of the company."

How incomprehensible to us nowadays, when not even Mr. Beit, Mr. Astor, or Mr. Carnegie owns his own railway vehicle: "Gentlemen riding in their own carriages are charged second-class fares."

How "Bradshaw" has grown from that day! It began with thirty odd pages: it is now some twelve hundred. The weight of the first little "Guide" was a couple of ounces—it now tips the scale at a pound and a half. And thnk of the immense labour involved in the production of each monthly issue. It taxes all the resources of a large staff of editors and printers —for are not "perpetual and minute changes taking place in the hours and places," which "have to be introduced often at the last moment"? Every single page has literally to be packed to bursting with type, not merely with words and numerals, but with characters and spaces —altogether three thousand to the page, or equivalent to a dozen ordinary octavo volumes. Every change, however trifling, inaugurated by the traffic superintendent of the smallest railway has here to be instantly set down. New trains must be crowded in somehow into an alreadyovercrowded page — for there must be no "overrunning." No wonder, then, that if "Bradshaw's Guide" is difficult to compile it is often equally difficult to understand. It has been called "a recondite treatise on the subject of railway times." From the earliest day its method has elicited the severest criticism from the wits. George Cruikshank and other wits called it an "Aid to Bedlam." Mark Lemon wrote innumerable skits in *Punch*, which his friend Leech illustrated. In one of these (May 24th, 1856) we have nearly two pages devoted to "Bradshaw — a Mystery," in which two lovers, parted by distance, seek to unite by means of the "Guide." They are utterly unable to discover when Orlando's train should depart and arrive. Both are plunged into the madness of despair. At last blind chance favours the lovers, and the fair one confesses:—

"Bradshaw" has nearly maddened me.
ORLANDO: And me.
He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;
Of trains that seem to start and ne'er arrive;
Of junctions where no union is effected;
Of coaches meeting trains that never come;
Of trains to catch a coach that never goes;
Of trains that start after they have arrived;
Of trains arriving long before they leave.
He bids us "see" some page that can't be found.
Henceforth take me not "Bradshaw" for your guide.
(Curtain.)

	YORK TO LEEDS & SELBY.	7 o'clk. a.m.	10 a.m.	Mail 12½ p.m.	3½ p.m.	7 p.m.
	STATIONS.					
Miles	YORK					
	SELBY	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
27½	LEEDS	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
	LEEDS TO YORK & SELBY.	7 a.m.	10 a.m.	Mail 12 o'clock.	3½ p.m.	7 p.m.
	LEEDS					
6½	GARFORTH	.....	.....	—	.....	.....
9	MICKLEFIELD	.....	.....	—	.....	.....
12	MILFORD	.....	.....	—	.....	.....
13½	JUNCTION	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
16	HAMBLETON	.....	—	—	—	—
20	SELBY	.....	.....	—	.....	.....

"WHERE THE SPACE IS DOTTED THE TRAINS CALL; WHERE A BLANK, THUS ——, THEY DO NOT."



AN ILLUSTRATION BY LEECH FOR "BRADSHAW: A MYSTERY," IN "PUNCH."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



GOLDEN BARS

A STORY OF THE AFRICAN TREASURE.

By Max Pemberton.

I.

THEY were talking of treasure in the parlour of the Three Tuns at Gravesend—old salts, every one of them, to whom five hundred pounds a year had been riches beyond desire. The precise inspiration of their eloquence chanced to be the money which had been smuggled out of Africa at the time of the war. Some said that it was all banked in France and Holland; others declared that a few paltry millions had gone to America. In the heat of the argument pipes were broken and glasses overturned. Gilbert Lorimer, a young officer on a Scotch tramp, who had been ashore on his captain's business, smiled often and said little; but he corrected old Crabb of the Margate service, and drew down upon himself that worthy's wrath thereby.

"There's more nonsense than not talked about a million of money," the captain had remarked, sententiously. The others agreed. Had anyone bestowed such a trifle upon them, they would have been at no loss how to handle it.

"I'd pop my lot in the Savings Bank," said Billy of the wherry, in parsimonious solemnity. Jack the waterman, however, declared that he would ferry his across the river and leave it to-morrow with the lawyers. Then the sage and learned Skipper Crabb delivered himself of the oracle.

"A million weighs close upon five tons," said he.

"More than ten," exclaimed Gilbert Lorimer, quietly.

"Ah, here's Crœsus," was the captain's sly retort, "and I dare say," he put it familiarly to Gilbert, "that you are very much at home with sums like that. Suppose you make it champagne, young man?"

Gilbert laughed drily. He was a fine specimen of a sailor, and he would have been called handsome by the women in spite of the scar upon his cheek—an ugly gash which seemed to have a history behind it. A little reserved and proud, he had

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

listened to the talk of money with some contempt; but the captain's challenge drew him out, and he rang the bell impatiently for the barman.

"Champagne, by all means," he said, "since the next that I shall drink will be in Sydney. As to your million, I know nothing about it; but I once owned some large part of one. What's more, I was careless enough to lose it."

A solemn silence fell upon the company. Gilbert Lorimer raised his glass and gave them "To our next." The aged Captain Crabb surrendered at once to a master. I, alone, followed the young sailor from the room and asked him, at the river's bank, to let me have a story.

"Yonder's my ship," he said, indicating the anchor light of a large steamer. "She would be at the Nore before I had well begun."

"Then why not write it——?"

He shook his head.

"I am handier with the gloves," said he.

"Oh, but you can spin a plain yarn, I'll be bound."

"Well, as to that——"

The great steamer sounded her siren and he leaped into the wherry. His last word was a cheery "So long." But he sent me the story of his treasure three months afterwards, and I give it here with scarce a line deleted or a phrase re-turned.

II.

EVERY man on board the *Oceanus*—sometime a mail-boat to the South African ports—knew that we carried treasure to Europe, but what was the amount of it, or for whom we carried it, our captain, Joey Castle, alone could say. We had been chartered at Sydney for the purpose, being one of the fastest steamers in Southern waters, and we took in the bullion, chiefly in golden ingots, at Lorenzo Marques. Some did say that it was the property of a Dutch bank, which preferred the American flag to the German, for the *Oceanus* was under American colours, and a handier steamer of her tonnage I never sailed in. Grant you that the crew were a rough lot—niggers and Lascars, Poles and Swedes, with half-a-dozen Christian white men to put currants on your cake. Well, the owners were one of the safest houses in New York, and fat Joey Castle you might have trusted with the Bank of England itself. Not two cents did he care whether he had a hold full of diamonds or of doughnuts.

"I'm going right through, gentlemen," he said to us at dinner the night we sailed, "and if any tin warship threatens me I'll make Europe laugh. Risk! Why, there's twenty times the risk in a roundabout at a fair! Let 'em stop me if they like—I'll put 'em through the goose-step before they've been two minutes aboard, as sure as my name's Joey Castle!"

Well, we didn't think very much about it, but there had been a lot of talk ashore concerning the British Government and how it handled suspicious ships entering or leaving Lorenzo Marques. I myself thought it not unlikely that we should have some trouble. To put it honestly, I didn't take the hook on the end of this Dutch bank line; and I just said to myself that our gold was Government gold, and that if it were found aboard of us all the Stars and Stripes between 'Frisco and Sandy Hook wouldn't be worth a red cent to us. We should have to pay out, and quick about it.

In this view I stood alone, however, and I must say that when we put to sea without let or hindrance, and were steaming next morning due south before a rattling breeze and with a splendid swell under us, I dismissed the subject as readily as the others and considered our port already made. That opinion lasted for ten days. On the eleventh day, at noon, we sighted a British cruiser on our port quarter. Poor old Joey Castle! He didn't say a word about the Stars and Stripes then. His topic concerned the nether regions. You shivered in your boots when he talked to the engineers. I was on the bridge when the nigger Sam cried up his news of the other ship; and while I was spying her through my glass Captain Castle himself came out of the chart-room and asked me what was there.

"Looks like an ugly one, sir," said I; "a cruiser, I should say, of the second class."

He took the glass from my hand—I can see him now, fat and florid, and as plainly anxious at heart as a nervous man could be. I thought then of all his boasts the night we left Lorenzo, and I was really a bit sorry for him.

"Do you think she means mischief, Mr. Lorimer?" he asked, with the glass still to his eye.

I said that he was the best judge of that.

"These dirty Britishers have their finger in every pie," he went on, presently. "Well, we'll make 'em look foolish. What the deuce are they doing in the stokehold? Just let me have a word with Nicolson, will you?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

His "word" was something to hear. A barge-master who had dropped his dinner overboard might have come up to Joey Castle at his best; but I doubt it. He had the ship doing sixteen knots before one bell in the afternoon watch. She was a Belfast-built mail-boat, with boilers and engines not twelve months old, and a better for the purpose we could not have chartered. By three bells it was patent that the cruiser gained nothing on us. Her smoke burned upon a clear horizon, but her stumpy funnel was no longer to be seen. The captain seemed as pleased as a schoolboy who has won a race—he ordered champagne for our mess and he talked as big as he had done when we sailed from Lorenzo.

"Here's to a good pair of heels and hoofs for the Britisher," was his toast. "I'd like to see him stop me, by thunder. There'll be good money for this at Bremerhaven, and more to come afterwards. Fill your glass, Lorimer, and drink to a sharp eye on the next watch. Let him come aboard just for five minutes, and I'll teach him the French language as they speak it out 'Frisco way. It's a wonderful tongue there, Lorimer, a wonderful tongue!"

I did not doubt it. Spoken as Joey Castle speaks it, a harbour-master will take off his hat to you. What I was not so sure of was the Britisher's understanding of it. Many a ship sailing out of Lorenzo had been stopped and searched—so much was common gossip aboard. If the cruiser overhauled us, she would certainly find our million pounds' worth of ingots—marked "fruit" though they might be, kept in the great refrigerator for better security.

Here was something more tangible than Joey Castle's French lingo. I did not know much about international law, but it was in my head that our ship would be sent to a British port and the gold aboard her handed over to the British Government. With the crew, I had a sense of personal honour in the matter. If it had been my ship I would have sunk the *Oceanus* before I hauled down my colours to any foreigner, let her flag be what it might. But what the captain was going to do I did not know; and thirty-six hours passed before I was any wiser. The afternoon watch taught me little. Now and then I saw the stumpy funnel upon the horizon; at other times there was nothing but the hand's-breadth of smoke to mark the cruiser's course.

On the following day she seemed to be playing a game with us. First she would show herself clear and threatening on the horizon; then we lost her again and were just breathing freely when up she pops, like a squatting hare, and has a good look at us. The see-saw worked on the captain like an overdose of French absinthe. He couldn't rest a minute anywhere. He swore and cursed, prayed and threatened, until I thought the men would mutiny and have done with it. That, however, was to come later on, when the gold fever fairly got hold of them. They were willing enough for the time being.



"HE SWORE AND CURSED, PRAYED AND THREATENED."

"What do you make of it now, Mr. Lorimer?" says the captain at supper-time. I answered

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him just as bluntly as he had asked me.

"She's got the legs of you, sir—it seems to me that she's waiting for something or other. Perhaps it's only a watching job," I put it to him.

"I was thinking the same. The little man in the cap waiting for the big man in the cocked hat. Well, I hope he'll keep himself cool. We'll give him a fever draught if he comes aboard. Just pass the whisky, will you?—my head's queer to-night; but there's a good deal in it—a great deal—Lorimer, and it's coming out by-and-by."

I had no doubt of it—he had taken enough whisky that afternoon to start a bar. As for what was in his head, a madder scheme never came to any man whom fear had robbed of nerve and sense.

"If the cocked hat wants to come aboard here, he shall," he said, presently; "that's my notion, Lorimer. Let him come aboard and hear the French lingo. We'll do the honours and then drum him out. You'll be standing by in the launch with as much gold as she'll carry in her coal-holes. The life-boats can take the rest. You and Nicolson and the 'fourth' must take charge of them. I'll pick you up next day and you'll have your compasses. There's not weather enough to hurt a toy yacht, and a night out will do you good. All this, mind you, if he has the heels of us and means to come aboard. But I don't believe he can make sixteen knots, and that's what we're making now."

Well, he chuckled away over this wild notion just as though it had been a sane man's plan; and, fuddled as he was with the whisky, he kept repeating it until I was tired of hearing it. When Billy Frost, our young fourth officer, came down presently to say that the cruiser had picked us up again and was using her search-light, it was a relief to go on deck and tot the position up. My belief all along had been that the cruiser had the legs of us, and what I saw from the bridge confirmed my judgment. She stood now upon our starboard quarter—her search-light ran all over us in silvery waves like water washing down a rock-side. And yet, mind you, she did not challenge us, did not ask us a question; but just followed us, patiently waiting, I did not doubt, for some further instructions to be received in European waters. This doubt and uncertainty plagued our captain to the last point. "They shall come aboard, by Heaven," he said; "ten days more of this would kill me." I knew then how much he had at stake, and that it was no mere captain's wage which had tempted him to carry gold from the Transvaal. He was playing for a bigger sum of money than he had ever played for in all his life, and the game had robbed him of his man's common sense.

The cruiser's search-light contrived for a good hour or more to play all over us like a hose. It made the captain dance, I can tell you; and when they dropped it just upon eight bells in the morning watch, I saw that he had come to a resolution and that nothing would turn him from it.

"We must get the brass overboard, Lorimer," he said; "this crew will turn ugly if the thing goes on. We'll make a beginning with the launch. Take Sam the nigger, Peter Barlow, and young Nicolson the engineer, and bear west for Ascension. I'll make them search us at dawn and turn back for you; keep your bearings as close as you can and take an observation every hour. We should pick you up by noon to-morrow—I'll mark the place on the chart. A cockle-shell could swim in this sea, and the launch will come to no harm. It's a great scheme, man, and there's few would have thought of it."

I tried to argue with him, putting it that, even if the cruiser did search us, she would have no authority to take the gold; moreover, it would be an international question for the two Governments. He wouldn't hear a word of it.

"Let 'em wrangle," he said; "I'll hold the dollars meanwhile. The men will turn on me if I don't. Why, just look at it. They come aboard and find nothing but silver spoons. The report goes in that we are all right, and we steam to Bremerhaven without let or hindrance. It's mighty, man, just mighty; and I'll not be turned from it."

So he had his way. The cruiser fell back at the dark hour before the dawn, and we began to get the ingots of gold into the launch. This was one of Simpson's larger boats, carried by us especially to transport bullion expeditiously—part of the whole affair planned out from the beginning. Willing hands passed up the golden bars—we packed a fortune on the deck, and the men stood round about shivering with greed of the treasure. Let the scheme be mad or sane, I had to go through with it then; and I own up to a better opinion of it as the time went on. Nothing could be easier to a trained seaman than to keep such a course as the captain laid down

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for us. We had compasses, sextants, and our navigation books. There was not wind enough to shake a judge's wig nor any omen of bad weather. Let us get away under cover of the darkness, and the rest would be child's play. The "if" was a big one. The light might strike upon us at any instant. I went about the deck with my heart in my mouth. Sometimes I covered my eyes with my arm, fearing to find the bright beams upon me. It was all or nothing —an hour's grace or a million sterling on board the British ship.

Well, we lowered the launch with her heavy cargo of ingots—as many of them as we dared to put into her—and getting her away under shelter of the steamer we headed due west toward Ascension Isle. True, there was an ugly red glimmer from our funnel, but the furnace was under a half-deck, and our memory didn't run to lights, be sure of it. I had Sam the nigger with me, together with Nicolson the young engineer, and Peter Barlow for quarter-master; these were the hands named for my crew; and I was not a little astonished when we were well away from the steamer's side to hear the loud voice of Mike the Irishman—a lazy rogue I would gladly have left behind me.

"Why, Mike," cries I, "and how did you get here?"

"Please, your honour, I just dropped in," says he.

"Then, if I had a rope's end, I'd make you drop out again!" says I.

"Aye, but, your honour," says he, "when was the Irishman born that had any liking for the water? Sure, I always loved ye from the first day I clapped these blessed eyes upon ye! 'I'll go aboard to take care of him,' says I, 'for I feel like his own mother's son!'"

There was no time to argue with him. What with getting the launch away neatly, and being mortal afraid to find myself any minute in the path of the cruiser's search-light, I had too much to do to begin with a hullabaloo—and for that matter the situation was not one to set a man against companionship. There we were, the five of us, in a boat not built for ocean seas, running like a good one away from the ship that should have carried us to Europe and our homes. Let the search-light be clapped upon us, and the gold would be aboard the British cruiser within an hour. Or, in another case and a harder one, let the wind blow, and what then? The gold weighed us



"THE BLINDING LIGHT SWEPT OVER THEM."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

down as it was, until even gentle seas splashed us as we lifted to them. A hatful of wind would sink us; a shoreman would have known that. I believed that it was the spin of a coin anyway; and just as I was saying it the cruiser showed her light again, and a great white arc fixed itself upon the distant steamer like a mighty river of molten radiance flowing out upon a darkened sea.

"Look at that for a lantern now," says Mike the Irishman, cowering before it. "'Twould see ye home from a waking, and no mistake about it. Just douk your head, sir, if you please. 'Twould be as well not to be on speaking terms with them when next ye meet."

I smiled at his notion that any amount of "douking" would save us from the cruiser's light, but instinctively I crouched down with the others. To me it seemed impossible that any freak of fortune could hide us from the cruiser's observation. There we were in the still sea, a black speck, no doubt, but one that a clever eye on a warship's bridge would never fail to spy out. Our own steamer, the *Oceanus*, was running north as fast as honest engines could drive her. She, too, appeared now to be just a shimmer of dancing lights—the captain showed every lantern he had got to divert the chase from the launch, and here he succeeded only too well.

Though it was all Lombard Street to a china orange that the cruiser marked us, she held on obstinately after the bigger game. Perhaps she believed that it was all a sham and that we had put off to make a fool of her. I never learned; but I could scarcely believe my eyes when the blinding light swept over them and still nothing happened. Were they all daft aboard her? It was really incredible.

"The admiral's having his hair cut, I suppose," said Barlow the quarter-master, who watched the affair with me from a seat aft. "He's telling 'em to keep it short in the neck, sir—some day a dog will be leading him at the end of a string. Well, I don't make no complaint about that."

"Better not, my man," said I, "if you wish to see the *Oceanus* again."

"Oh, as to that, we're well enough off here, sir," he said, turning away his eyes from me; "though if we never saw Captain Castle again, I reckon we'd have meat and drink for the rest of our lives."

I looked at him sharply; he coughed and glanced down at the compass. This was the first time I quite understood how well the hands were acquainted with the cargo and its owners. The danger of the knowledge could not be hidden from me. Even the nigger Sam, with his blinking green eyes, ate up every word of our talk and smacked his lips over it.

"You buy barrel of rum and no mistake, sar," he chimed in, unasked. "You change your Sunday shirt on Monday and blarm the expense. We all very rich gentlemen, surely."

I turned it with a laugh, though I was well aware of the reservation behind it. Happily, but for a bottle of brandy of my own, there was no drink on the launch. I had a revolver in my pistol-pocket, and I said that at the worst, which was then but a suspicion, I could keep both the nigger and Peter in order. Mike the Irishman might go any way; but Nicolson, the young engineer, could certainly be counted upon. To him I said a word when two of the hands had been ordered to turn in. His answer was reassuring, but more ambiguous than I liked.

"Oh," he said, "anything to help the Dutchmen. They'll miss this odd lot if we lose it—and, of course, we're all honest, Lorimer. Don't you be uneasy. I've no fancy for gilded firesides myself; besides," he added, "if we took our oaths that we had to jettison it, who'd believe us? Better go straight under the circumstances."

I replied that there were no circumstances possible to make common rogues of us, and his cheery assent did much to deceive me. Counting upon him entirely, I let the launch simply drift while he lay down for a couple of hours' sleep, and afterwards I wrapped myself up in a blanket and managed to get some rest. When I awoke it was broad daylight. An immensely round sun fired the placid water with sheets of crimson splendour; the air came heavy from the Equator; a burning, intolerable day seemed before us. Restless and anxious already to be sure of our bearings, that the *Oceanus* might find us at noon, I bustled up almost as soon as I was awake; but the first thing I saw took my breath away, and I just stood like a man in a wonder-world to watch it. There amidships, in the well where the money was stored, Sam the nigger, Mike the Irishman, and Nicolson the engineer were grouped about a box of golden ingots, and so transported with the sight of them that they scarcely heard me. One by one they had laid out those shimmering yellow bars, each a fortune to such men; and they watched the

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sunlight glittering upon them, and caressed them with gentle hands and feasted their eyes upon them. When I appeared, no man budged from his place or seemed in any way abashed. Evidently they were all agreed upon a purpose, and this Nicolson made known to me.

"Yes," he said, coolly; "we're counting up the dollars, old chap—divide on shore, you know—fair and square. Come, don't look blue. The Dutchman won't miss them, and old Joey's made his own bargain. We can rig up a tale between us and buy the crowd at Ascension—good joke, isn't it, Lorimer?"

"Why, yes," said I; "but, as my port's not Ascension, I don't quite see the point of it. Come, Nicolson, don't be a fool. Just put that lid on and help me to go over the chart. We mustn't keep the captain waiting—you know what he is."

Very lazily, I thought, he put the lid on the box of ingots, and, laughing at the others, he came aft with me. When I took up the chart to make a dead reckoning by the help of his own calculations during my watch off, he laughed again in his peculiar way. "It's all right," he said; "due west for Ascension, as you wished."

"Nicolson," I said, quietly, "you've been playing a fool's game; what does it mean?"

He sat on the gunnel and looked me full in the face.

"Means that our port is Ascension," he said.

I kept my temper.

"Nicolson," I said, "do you wish me to think you a scoundrel?"

"Think what you like; there are four in this launch who don't mean Joey Castle to touch these dollars again."

I turned away from him, wrestling with my temper.

"'Bout ship!" I cried. Barlow took no notice whatsoever. Then my hand went to my pistol-pocket and I knew the worst. They had taken the revolver while I slept. I was one against four, and the launch was running over a calm sea to Ascension Isle and the discovery which inevitably awaited us there.



"THE GOLD GREED WAS UPON THEM."

III.

We steamed all that day upon a fair sea, but at sundown the truth came out. We had not coal enough for another hour's run and were still a hundred miles from Ascension. I watched the faces of the men when Nicolson told them. They seemed to care nothing. The gold greed was upon them; the ingots were piled up everywhere about the launch and the hands hugged them as children, dearer than anything afloat or ashore. Nicolson got curses for his pains and went below again.

I watched the scene gloomily from the stern—it was beginning to dawn upon me that no man would see land again; and when an hour and a half had passed and the engines of the launch suddenly stopped I could not call myself a pessimist. The hands themselves, awed by the mishap, began to talk of sailing ships which would pick them up and of a story they must have ready. Nicolson was to be the captain of a ship which had stranded; Barlow was his mate. They did not name me; and, as the day

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

is my witness, I believe they intended to murder me.

You may think that this sent a man to his supper with a good appetite. Truth to tell, I lay down in my blanket at ten o'clock and never expected to see the sun again. A shadow passing by me, a voice, a whisper, made me start like a frightened hare. Once I found the nigger Sam bending over me, and I jumped up, wet through with perspiration. Even a child would have seen that these madmen, lost to all sense of reason, would never take me ashore with them. Then when would they make an end of it? Soon, I hoped, if it must be. The suspense was making an old man of me. Every evil glance that was turned upon me seemed like a warning anew. I believe to this hour that they would have shot me before dawn but for the wind, the truest friend a man ever had in the hour of his need. Yes, to the wind and the sea, twin brothers to a sailor, I owed my life. It began to blow about seven bells in the first watch, and by dawn the waves were running as they run on no other ocean but the Atlantic. Laden as we were, deep down in the seas, our chances of weathering the gale may be imagined. Had we still owned a fire the first wash over would have snuffed it out. The good launch staggered at every blow, like a boxer badly hit. I said that the gold must go—and not a man aboard who did not know that I spoke the truth.

I have witnessed some strange scenes in my life—niggers running amuck in St. Louis, French sailors among the drink in a panic, a liner sinking with more than a hundred women aboard; but for honest madness about money the scene on that launch defies my words. No sooner was it plain that we should sink if we could not raise her in the water than the men (but chiefly the Irishman and the nigger Sam) got the gold open again and fell on it, blubbering and raving like children. Drink they had from somewhere, that I was sure of—even Nicolson the engineer showed the whites of his eyes when he staggered up to them; and what with their terror of the sea, their greed of the gold, and the whisky they had drunk, they might have been raving madmen let loose from Bedlam.

I said that the launch could not last another hour. The shrieking of the wind, the monster green seas gathered up in walls of jade-like water, the great hollows into which we went rushing like a switchback, cascades of foam and spindrift, the scudding masses of cloud, they terrified these wretched men, and would have appalled the heart of the strongest. If we were to have any hope at all, the gold must go. Again I said it; and fearful for my own life, yet caring nothing what they might do to me, I stepped forward and addressed them.

"This is your share and share alike, is it?" I cried—"the little bit that Joey Castle will not miss. Well, it's got to go overboard, my lads, and pretty soon about it. Nicolson, you're no fool; Barlow, you know how long the game can last. Do you want to live or die? It's come to that, as you pretty well see."

They heard me in sullen silence. A big wave catching the launch amidships heeled her so far over that I thought she would never recover. It threw Nicolson off his feet; and as he fell and turned over my own revolver dropped from his pocket. You need not ask me if I snatched it up. It was in my hand and smoking before ten seconds had passed. And there was one man less upon the launch.

So it came about. The great Irishman, standing ankle-deep in the gold, leaped out upon me when the launch righted herself. What quite happened I can scarcely tell you, but I know that I felt his colossal arms crushing the life out of me and that I saw it was his hour or mine. Then a report rang loud in my ears, and I was free once more; while the man tumbled backward, clutching at the air; and the sea engulfed him, and there were four in peril where five had been. From that moment the fear of God, I do believe, fell upon the others. They neither spoke nor stirred for many minutes together. The terrible wind howled its wildest—the heavens were black as night. I said that the sea was with me, and, crying out to them to save themselves, I began to drop the ingots overboard.

One by one, each a fortune to a poor man, we cast the gold bars into the ocean. That which would have meant so much to us ashore meant nothing here in the face of death and the storm. And yet I could not but think of the pleasures this very dross (as it seemed there upon the high seas) would give to many a home, to honest toilers and starving children in the great cities I had known. Nevertheless, it must be swallowed by the green water, lost for ever upon the bed of the Atlantic. And moment by moment the launch rose higher and higher upon the mountainous seas, like a bird that has been weighed down but now is free. I began to tell them that we should make

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Ascension Isle after all. I did not know that we should have no need to make it.

The last of the ingots had been cast over-

"What you seek is a thousand fathoms down," said I, a little bitterly; "you don't need to ask me why."



"THE MAN TUMBLED BACKWARD, CLUTCHING AT THE AIR."

board, the wind had begun to fall, when the British cruiser picked us up. There was no need for explanations. She had searched the *Oceanus* at dawn and seized her treasure before Joey Castle could get what was left of it away. She knew that we had ingots for our cargo, and she followed us westward. We went aboard her to laugh at the chagrin of her commander and to show him our empty well.

"Mr. Lorimer," he cried, with a smile, "if all the gold in the world were in the same place, what a pleasant place this old globe would be to live on!"

I knew what he meant—but, after all, if men weren't cutting each other's throats for gold they would be doing the same for shells or silver or other rubbish, as any philosopher will tell you.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Our Grandmothers' Fashion-Plates.

By Arabella Drysdale-Davis.

WHAT philosopher being propounded the query, "Which are the most popular pictures in the world?" could reply other than "Fashion-plates"? Are they not rapturously studied and admired weekly by millions of women? Do they not elicit the furtive interest — not unmingled, perhaps, with astonishment—of millions of men?

"Grotesque forecasts of ephemeral plumes and deciduous fig-leaves," as a famous novelist, Kingsley, called fashion-plates, are only an invention of less than a century and a quarter ago. A lady of the olden time, who wished to learn the very latest mode in skirts, bodices, hats, bonnets, or shoes, betook herself at certain seasons to her dressmaker, where dressed *poupées* straight from Paris were on view. The making and dressing of these dolls was quite a business in the French capital before coloured fashion-plates came to oust them from favour in the closing years of Louis XVI.'s reign. Prior to this period drawings of fashionably-attired ladies had appeared from time to time in the magazines and periodicals devoted to the interests of the fair sex—such as the first in the present series, showing a lady in full dress for 1770—and these may have imparted to country cousins an idea of what was being worn in the Faubourg St. Germain and Mayfair—but the *beau monde* never relied on these.



It is probable that the earliest coloured examples were produced in 1784-85. In the latter year the *Cabinet des Modes* appeared in Paris, consisting of twenty-four parts annually, three coloured designs with each part. In England many years before we had had the *Lady's Magazine*, which had devoted much space to dress, but seems to have just missed the idea of fashion-plates, although its descriptions of current modes are often most diverting. "Dress," it says, in its very first number, "is like the sunshine introduced into the designs of Titian: it animates the figures and gives them all their embellishment."

"The hoop or circumference of charms," we read in 1785, "is a most essential part of contemporary costume. The magnificence of the full-dress hoop carries with it a most noble and majestic appearance, and I hope will never be given up or *hors de la mode* as long as England can boast of such fine women as appear within the circle of a Drawing Room."

But the French Revolution burst into boudoirs and salons and "the hoop or circumference of charms" disappeared, and in the next few years was witnessed an entire change of style.

Here is a simple little afternoon dress for 1796: "The hair dressed in light curls and ringlets; Armenian turban, made of white and York flame-coloured satin, crossed in the front with two strings of pearls, and the ends

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



FASHIONS FOR 1785 (THE EARLIEST COLOURED PLATE).

trimmed with gold fringe; a white ostrich and a blue esprit feather on the left side; Armenian robe of embroidered muslin, the train with a broad hem; full short sleeves; trimming of blond round the neck and at the top of the sleeves; tucker of blond; gold cord with two large tassels round the waist, tied at the left side; two strings of pearls, and a festoon gold chain with a medallion round the neck; diamond earrings; white shoes and gloves."

In 1800 we read that the newest fashion is "a simple blue tunic, bound by tassels at the waist." "Nothing is now so elegant as a straw hat: they are worn either ornamented with the flower called convolvulus or coloured like a shell." "Ribbons are worn either clouded or striped; the latter are nankeen."

It is strange that, notwithstanding the horror which the conduct of the French had excited throughout Europe, and especially in England, there should be found any votaries of French fashions. It is even



LATEST PARIS MODES, 1802.

stranger that, while French modes were still worn with us, in France there was a general adoption, in 1802, of English fashions such as are shown herewith for that year. "The head-dress for undress," we read, "is frequently only a piece of muslin, sometimes enlivened with pearls. In full dress turbans are principally worn."



A RETURN TO SPARTAN SIMPLICITY, 1800.

Our next illustration forecasts the fashions for 1806. "Never was there a period that exhibited a greater variety of female decorations than the present; and it is as difficult to find a costume to condemn as to describe one that has a decided preference." Nevertheless we find men's large beaver hats already in vogue. What will ladies of 1904 think of the following: "MORNING WALKING DRESS.—A plain muslin dress, walking length,

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



EMPIRE GOWNS AND GEORGIAN BEAVER, 1806.

made high in front and forms a shirt collar, richly embroidered; long sleeves, also embroidered round the wrists and at the bottom of the dress; a pelisse opera coat without any seam in back, composed of orange blossom tinged with brown, made of Angola cloth or sarsnet, trimmed with rich Chincheally fur, tipped with gold. The pelisse sets close to the form on one side, fastened on the right shoulder with a brooch."

It seems odd that there was ever a time when there were public defenders of false complexions for ladies; yet we find in *La Belle Assemblée* for March, 1806, a writer pleading in favour of rouge, "which may be rendered extremely innocent, and may be applied with such art as sometimes to give an expression to the figure which it would never have without that auxiliary. The colour of modesty has many charms; and in an age when women blush so little ought we not to value this innocent artifice, which is capable at least of exhibiting to us the picture of modesty? We ought to be thankful to the sex which, in the absence of estimable virtue, knows at least how to preserve its portrait."

In this fashion-plate for 1809 we see a lady very coolly attired in a white jaconot frock—somewhat scanty and diaphanous—and rejoicing in a gorgeous parasol. Here is the exact description:—



A VIEW OF DIAPHANOUS DRAPERIES, 1809.

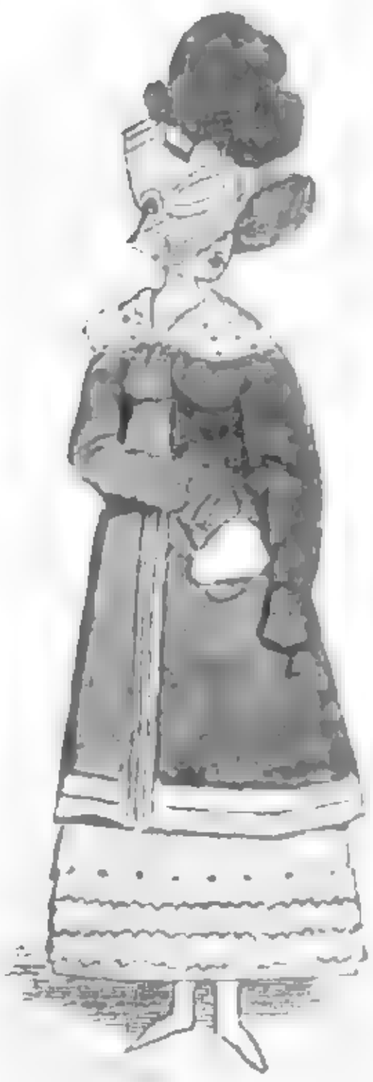


SOMEWHAT SCANTY ATTIRE, 1809.

"PROMENADE COSTUME.—A white jaconot muslin high dress, with long sleeves and collar of needlework; treble flounces of plaited muslin round the bottom; wrist and collar confined with a silk cord and tassel. The hair disposed in the Eastern style, with a fancy flower in front or on one side. A Vittoria cloak, or Pyrennean mantle, of pomona-green sarsnet, trimmed with Spanish fringe of a correspondent shade, and confined in graceful folds on the left shoulder. A white lace veil thrown over the headdress. A large Eastern parasol, the colour of the mantle, with deep Chinese awning. Roman shoe, or Spanish slipper, of pomona-green kid, or jean. Gloves of primrose or amber-coloured kid."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

One is perpetually surprised at the scantiness of the attire of those days. It offers such a contrast to the rotundity of the hoop or "circumference of fashion," or to the later crinoline. For 1809 bonnets have suddenly assumed gigantic dimensions—as in the picture herewith—but the question amongst the fair sex doubtless was, Will they last?



A DAINTY LITTLE BONNET, 1809.

In turning over the thousands of fashion-plates of the first quarter of the last century one is constantly confronted by designs bearing such titles as "Costume for the Seaside," "Toilette for the Seaside," "Dress for the Seashore." Seaside in those days meant Margate, Weymouth, and Scarborough; and we naturally expect to find trim little frocks, accompanied by tight sailor hats, capable of withstanding the stiffest breeze. But instead of this we find transparent, flowing gossamers and top-lofty turbans, which would never weather the mildest gale.

About the same time we read: "As our families of rank are fast migrating either to their country seats or some fashionable watering-place, and as the Metropolis at this season offers little of novel elegance save an occasional display at Vauxhall, we shall follow the varying goddess to all her favourite haunts, and contemplate her fair votaries as they ramble on the sea-shore, saunter on the lawns, or lounge at the libraries, as they grace the *déjeuné*, animate the social party, or illume the theatre and ballroom."

Of our next illustration (1810) we may glean a notion from the following extract from a contemporary fashion letter:—

"Mantles and coats of green vigonia or merino cloth of various shades, from the sober hue of the Spanish fly to the more lively pea-green, have succeeded to the purple, which, though a colour most pleasing in itself, is now become too general to find a



AT FASHIONABLE MARGATE, 1810.



A BOND STREET PROMENADE, 1810.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



BALLOON SLEEVES, 1811.

place in a select wardrobe. Scarlet cloaks are no longer seen on genteel women, except as wraps for the theatres; the satiated eye turns, overpowered by their universal glare, to rest on more chaste and more refreshing shades. Mantles and pelisses are now considered more elegant when trimmed with gold or silver lace, or binding; or with black velvet, bound or laid flat, and which is sometimes finished at its terminations with a narrow gold edging of flat braid. Some are decorated with borders of coloured chenille."



A SIMPLE CARRIAGE DRESS, 1811.

Albeit every year sees the attire growing less scanty—even the fashions for 1811 display more generous draperies; besides which the latter are flanked and reinforced by huge muffs now coming into vogue and recently made familiar to us in Mr. Barrie's play of "Quality Street." Accompanied, as they occasionally were, by huge beaver hats, these Gargantuan muffs—which must surely have required the pelts of more than one fox to produce, if not of an entire bear—demanded all the attention from their fair wearers, as well as from the gallants of the day. The next illustration shows a carriage dress, conveniently short, for 1811.



VARIEGATED STYLES OF COIFFURE, 1816.



GIGANTIC MUFFS À LA MODE, 1811.

Coal-scuttle bonnets are likewise growing in favour, as may be seen by the picture at the top of this page. Still more interesting is the style of coiffure of the period. Nothing more fantastic, we venture to say, ever came out of the brain of the most imaginative coiffeur. We especially call the attention of those readers who inveigh against the over-elaboration of twentieth-century headdressing to the rear view of the bottom right-hand elegant cranium. It resembles nothing more

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A CHARMING BACK VIEW, 1820.

closely than a bouquet of turnips, carrots, and other homely vegetables.

When we approach the "twenties" we are fain to perceive more gravity in the fashions of the day. Indeed, nothing could well be more grave — we might even say more awkward—than the back view of the (doubtless) charming lady of the above illustration. It certainly does not suggest the lightness and lissom grace of the earlier designs. What a great change the fashions have undergone since 1809 may be seen by the plate for 1829.

Here we doubtless confront just such a pair of fashionable ladies as are described in the pages of Dickens, Bulwer, and Disraeli, with their Liliputian ruffs—which fortunately did not become a permanent



A VIEW IN HYDE PARK, 1829.

fashion—their leg-of-mutton sleeves, and quintuple rows of lace "insertion." We are fain to speculate upon the countenance of one of these pre-Victorian young ladies,



CHILDREN À LA MODE, 1829.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



FASHION-PLATE FOR 1837. ATTRIBUTED TO "PHIZ."



FASHION-PLATE FOR 1851. DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.

for it is wholly obscured by a magnificently-plumed "blush-concealer," as the coal-scuttle bonnets were facetiously called.

In order that our fair readers may have a peep at the dress of the juvenile portion of the community in that same year, we give a spirited drawing from a French fashion journal. The costume may perhaps hardly commend itself to the children of 1904, but it doubtless appeared quite appropriate to the mammas of the time, as well as to the artist. As to the artists of these fashion-plates, it must be remembered that they were usually struggling young painters and draughtsmen, who were glad to get work of this kind, and many of them afterwards became famous. Both Doré and Meissonier drew fashions for the magazines and *Cabinets des Modes* of their day. Moreover, our own Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") was responsible for many such, the accompanying plate for 1837 being attributed to him; while there is no doubt of John Leech's authorship of the fashion-plate for 1851, which we also reproduce.

Before we approach the "sixties," with their extraordinary revival of the hoop or



LADIES' FASHIONS, 1854 (THE BLOOMER PERIOD).

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



CRINOLINE AT ITS ZENITH, 1865.

fair dame and damsel seeing it in that year must inwardly have quaked with terror at the prospect of facing her beloved Adolphus in Bloomerian garb. Happily, the prophets proved false for once, and the fashion passed away, just as a year or two ago the threatened crinoline scare passed away with us. Crinoline had to run its course—although not before it had been guilty of many enormities, as will be seen by the appended plate. The ladies' heads herein appear but as the apexes of pyramids; and the singular cut of the bodices and the rotundity of the young ladies' skirts appear to us, in this age, ludicrous.

On the whole, it may be our vanity and self-sufficiency, or it may be our superior taste; but to us it seems (and we trust the reader, on comparing these fashion-plates of our grandmothers with the last of our series—that for 1904—will agree with us) that however our past generations dressed, and whatever Worth and Paquin have in store for the future, our English girl of the present has decidedly the best of the sartorial bargain.

crinoline fashion, we must remark on the extraordinary fashion-plate promulgated for the year 1854. What would the ladies say to such a tyrannical dictate of fashion to-day? It is inconceivable now; but many a



SOMEWHAT NEATER THAN OUR GRANDMOTHERS (LADIES' FASHIONS FOR 1904).
(By courtesy of Messrs. Weldons, Ltd.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A Willing Scape-Goat.

By S. B. Robinson.

JACK SELDEN only half suppressed an exclamation of angry despair by a simulated fit of coughing, as he read at breakfast the solitary letter that had fallen to his share from the mail-bag. It was not pleasant reading: it was a thinly-veiled command to pay, within three days, a card and betting debt to the tune of two hundred pounds.

He raised his face, from which the colour had fled, and glanced furtively round at the other occupants of the table, as he crushed the letter into his pocket.

His father, Dr. Selden, a tall, grey, ascetic-looking man—blind for some years through a disease of the optic nerve—had not noticed the exclamation; neither had Madge Westbrook, his *fiancée*, a handsome girl, who chanced to be too deeply occupied with her duties of hostess, in the absence of Miss Selden, the doctor's sister. Cyril Wayne, a fair, resolute-looking young fellow of Jack's age, the doctor's amanuensis, was the only one of the trio who had perceived the trouble.

Jack dropped his eyes guiltily, and made a show of continuing his meal while he mentally reviewed the situation. It seemed to be a desperate one, and he cursed his fate. He could expect no assistance from his father. A college career that had resulted in nothing but heavy debts was too fresh in his memory for that. Jack had been told by his exasperated parent that never again would he receive assistance beyond his ample allowance; and, further, that the bulk of the property would go to Madge, the doctor's niece. Jack could only, in a sense, become his father's heir by marrying his cousin when she came of age.

At the time this arrangement had been made Madge had acquiesced to her share in it without any effort and, indeed, without much thought. It pleased her uncle, and that had been enough to decide her. As for Jack, he would have preferred a free hand; but since he was not to have it he consoled himself with the thought that Madge was a very presentable encumbrance.

But the arrival of Cyril Wayne at Highbank—the country residence which the doctor had occupied since his blindness—had opened a new chapter in Madge's uneventful life. The new-comer, intelligent, accomplished, masterful, made a startling contrast to the weak-willed, illiterate Jack, who was intellectually lost when he ventured outside the precincts of the stable.

The result of the companionship into which Madge and Cyril insensibly drifted was as inevitable as the course of time. There was no one to warn them of the danger. The doctor could not see it; Miss Selden was too deeply engrossed in her charities, and Jack in his own affairs. There came a moment then when the pair found out for themselves how imperceptible is the boundary sometimes that separates friendship and love. Madge discovered with horror that her thoughtless promise was repugnant to her, and Cyril that he was in love with another man's betrothed! The pleasant intercourse was broken from that moment, without a word of explanation on either side.

With Cyril Wayne this discovery could only have one result: he immediately commenced his preparations for leaving Highbank, sore in heart and self-respect.

This morning at breakfast Jack's stifled exclamation had warned him that some mischief was afoot, and he was anxious to know what it was. What concerned Jack concerned Madge, alas! When the meal was concluded, instead of at once following the doctor to his study he stepped through the open French window on to the terrace, where the *enfant prodigue* had already preceded him.

He was standing at the stone balustrade reperusing his letter. When he heard Cyril's footsteps on the flags behind him he started, crushed the paper in his hand, and turned round.

"Jack, I want to speak to you for a few moments," said Cyril, as he advanced.

"What's up?" asked Jack, shortly. He thrust the letter into his pocket and took out his pipe.

"Well——" Cyril hesitated a moment to ransack his brain for some reasonable pretext; then it occurred to him that it was nearly a certainty his listener's trouble was a pecuniary one. To feign a like predicament for himself might evoke Jack's confidence.

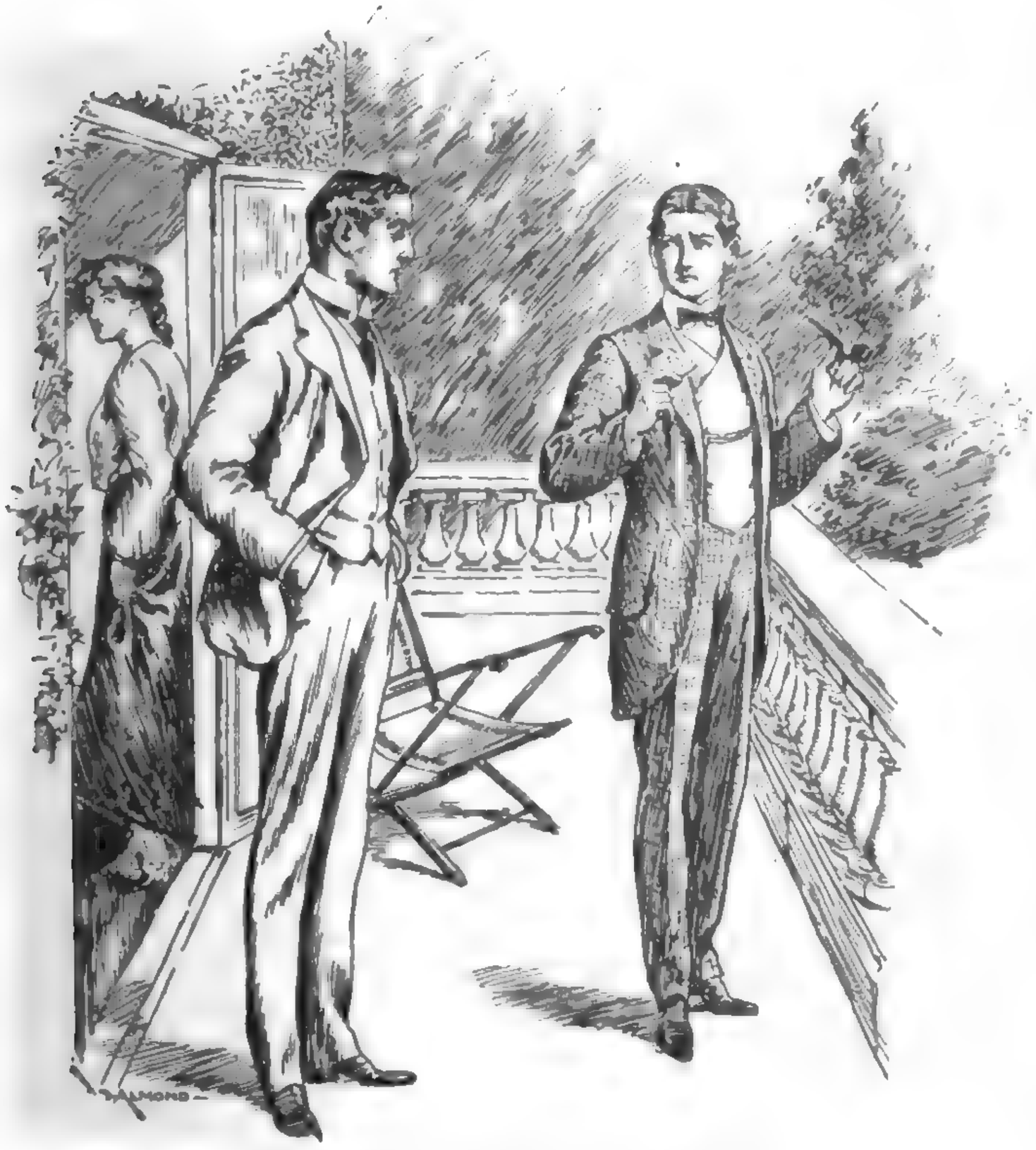
"Well," said he, "I want you to lend me

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

twenty-five pounds. I'm hard pressed for it at this moment."

Madge had approached the window to speak to Jack. She caught Cyril Wayne's remark, and, drawing back at once, turned away unperceived by both of the young men.

Jack fell an easy prey to the trap that had been laid for him. He gazed at Cyril in astonishment and let the match he had lighted die out in his hand.



"HE GAZED AT CYRIL IN ASTONISHMENT."

"Lend you twenty-five pounds? Great Scot!" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Twenty-five pounds! You've come to the wrong shop this time, old man!" Then he suddenly lowered his voice and bent his head forward, anxiously. "Can you tell me where I can get just eight times that amount?" he asked. "I want it badly."

"Oh! So that is the reason for the letter you received just now?"

Jack nodded his head and flushed.

"Two hundred pounds!" exclaimed Cyril, aghast. "Let me hear the whole business," he continued. "I can't lend you the money, but I may be able to suggest something."

It was the same old story of betting and cards. Cyril had heard it all before, in the same stumbling phraseology of contrition. "And the brute gives me only three days—three days, or he will write to the governor," concluded Jack, turning suddenly savage.

"Then forestall him," replied Cyril, "for as far as I can see there is no remedy but to ask your father to help you out of the mire once more."

"Ask the governor? You can just bet I sha'n't do that," said Jack, sullenly. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stared hard at the ground.

"Then, no money-lenders," replied Cyril. "It will only make bad worse. Come!" He caught Jack by the arm. "Make a clean breast of it to your father. He has much more than the sum you require in the house at present, and you may not find him so difficult as you imagine."

Jack started. More money than he required for his wants in the house! So near him! Oh, if he only had it! He shook his arm free with impatience.

"No, no, I sha'n't do that," said he.

"Very well," said Cyril. "But you will do nothing without consulting me? Is that understood?"

Jack nodded his head and, turning quickly, stared blindly across the fields that sloped and stretched from the terrace. He didn't see them. His brain was working just then as it had never worked before. Cyril's words about the money had raised a sudden storm of temptation in him which seemed to carry him out of himself. He must try to think—to decide

At midnight Cyril turned in, but could not sleep; his thoughts were too busily occupied with Madge, Jack, and the present uncertainty of his own future. He had heard the clock in the little sitting-room adjoining chime every hour from midnight to three. Then a strange thing happened. As he lay broad awake in the dark, a slender pencil of

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

yellow light stole across the carpet from his door. Jack's room was next to his. He heard no sound in the corridor, though he sat up in his bed and listened intently. The pencil of light remained stationary a few moments, then wavered, and finally, sweeping slowly round the room, disappeared.

Something prompted Cyril to rise and investigate. Putting on his dressing-gown and slippers, he noiselessly crossed his room and looked out. The feeble yellow light was dancing on the ceiling of the corridor, but the bearer of it, unseen, was already descending the broad oak staircase.

Cyril hurried quietly along the corridor and, looking over the balustrade, saw Jack. He was at the foot of the stairs, and about to enter the lower corridor.

Cyril remained where he was in the darkness a few moments, when the light began to reappear and a cool breath of air swept up the stair.

Jack must have opened the French window which gave access to the garden. He now approached the foot of the stair with stealthy tread; but, instead of mounting it, he passed on in the direction of the other wing.

Cyril felt instinctively that something was wrong, and descending the stairs he followed in Jack's wake. Turning the corner of the corridor he was just in time to see the young man insert a key in the lock of the study door, and then enter.

By the time Cyril had arrived Jack had placed his candle on the writing-table and was stooping, with his back to the door, in front of his father's safe, which he had just opened.

This safe was of peculiar construction. For the convenience of the doctor it opened by means of the simple pressure of a small button in the wainscot. But the room in itself was a safe, for the door was of steel with a powerful lock, and the one window was heavily shuttered within and barred without.

All unconscious of a watcher, Jack was cautiously engaged in disconnecting the wires switched on to an alarm in the doctor's room above, when Cyril, unable to contain his feelings any longer, stepped forward.

"Jack!" he exclaimed, sternly, "what is the meaning of this?"

Jack bounded to his feet in horror. His



"JACK WAS CAUTIOUSLY ENGAGED IN DISCONNECTING THE WIRES."

hand fell nervelessly from the stud he had been manipulating, and, catching in one of the drawers, drew it partially open. It was sufficient to actuate the mechanism. A faint whirr in the room above responded to the movement of the drawer; and at the same time the study door, as if impelled by an invisible hand, swung quickly to and closed with a faint click.

The two young men were prisoners. There was no means of egress except by the door, and that could only be opened now from the outside. The doctor's burglar-trap had fulfilled its purpose admirably.

For the space of two or three moments the pair stood motionless facing each other Jack had gripped the back of the doctor's study chair and was staring with haggard eyes at the door. Then suddenly, with a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

half-frenzied exclamation, he threw himself at it and tore desperately with his fingers at its smooth, hard surface. It was of no use. He fell back with a groan of despair and, dropping heavily into a chair, covered his face with his hands.

"Good Heaven! My father!—Madge! What will they think of me?" said he, hoarsely, as he passed his hand over his damp forehead. "Oh, I must have been mad—mad!"

Cyril Wayne looked down at the wretched Jack, half pitying, half despising him. Was this crouching, would-be thief to become Madge's husband? What a match! Was it not for the best that the innocent girl should be undeceived before it was too late? But the cruelty of it! He shrank involuntarily from the idea of witnessing the death-blow that was to be dealt at her affection. He pictured to himself a misery, an anguish, a hundred-fold greater than this cowering wretch was capable of feeling. Oh, it was impossible!

"Jack!" said he, stooping suddenly and shaking the abject figure by the shoulder. "Look up, man! Do you hear?"

Jack lifted his head and stared at Cyril stupidly.

"Just collect your wits and listen to me," said Cyril, imperiously, as he fixed Jack's gaze with his own. "If you get out of this scrape scot-free—you understand?"—Jack nodded hungrily—"will you swear never to touch a card or back a horse again?"

"Get out of it? Oh, Wayne—Cyril, old man, how? How?" implored Jack, with trembling lips, half rising from his seat.

Cyril pushed him back impatiently. "That is not the answer I want," said he. He repeated his question. "Do you swear?" he asked. "Quick! Quick, man! I can hear footsteps. A moment more and it won't matter what you say."

"Yes, yes, I swear, I swear!" repeated Jack, fervently, as he gulped down something that had risen in his throat.

"Very good!" Cyril's grasp closed like a steel vice on his shoulder. "Jack Selden," continued the young man, sternly, "what I am going to do I shall do for Madge's—your cousin's—sake; but if you fail to keep that oath you have just made, do you know that you will be the meanest, pitifullest hound that ever walked God's earth? If you *do* fail—" he paused, "well, never cross my path, that's all. Now rouse up. Look like yourself, man; they are here."

It was true. There was a sound of slippered feet outside the study door. Jack rose from his chair and stood behind it, his face drawn, his eyes roving. He felt sick with the fear clutching at his heart.

"Not a word from you," whispered Cyril, rapidly; "leave everything to me."

There was the sharp click of a pistol-trigger outside; a pause; and then the study door was flung wide open. In the corridor stood the doctor and Madge alone. The latter was holding a candle above her head in her left hand; with her right she pointed a revolver.



"IN THE CORRIDOR STOOD THE DOCTOR AND MADGE ALONE."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You may give up. There is no escape. If you move you will be shot down without mercy," said the doctor, rapidly. "How many, Madge?" he added, in a lower tone.

Madge had with great difficulty checked the exclamation that had risen to her lips as her glance fell on Cyril and Jack. Both arms dropped to her side. What did this mean? Her startled, questioning glance dwelt on each of the young men alternately, but no explanation came. They stood before her like two statues. Jack hung his head; he could not even face his father's sightless eyes. Cyril looked at her, silent, calm, and speechless.

"How many, Madge?" repeated the doctor, impatiently.

"Two," she gasped, with a great effort.

"Do you recognise them?"

There was a momentary pause. Jack trembled so violently that his grasp shook the chair he held. He felt that his fate hung on Madge's lips, and his torture was exquisite. Cyril did not blench.

Again Madge swept the faces of the two young men with her keen, questioning glance. Still no attempt at explanation! Oh, this obstinate silence! Jack's shrinking figure, Cyril's cool hardihood, were convincing proofs of guilt. Know them! Know *them!* The cowardly thieves! She coloured hotly; her eyes flashed, and her lips curled with the intensest scorn.

"No, I do not," she replied.

With a sudden and unexpected movement the doctor closed the door with a crash. He rubbed his hands excitedly.

"We have them, Madge; we have them safe, the scoundrels," said he. "Like rats in a trap! Now to get Wayne and Jack, at once, to secure them."

There was a choking sob at his side. Madge had turned and laid her forehead against the wall; the hot tears were coursing down her cheeks. The doctor heard her, and reaching forward caught a hand that was hanging limply down.

"Why, why, my dear!" said he, with sudden compunction, as he felt Madge's fingers trembling in his grasp. "It was too bad of me to put you to such a trial. I ought to have waited for Wayne and Jack. I didn't stop to think. Your nerves are shaken, and no wonder. There! there!"

No wonder, indeed! They went upstairs side by side, Madge scarcely hearing, and still less heeding, the doctor's flow of exculpation.

When they reached the doctor's room the old man wished Madge to rest there while he went to call his son and secretary and alarm the house generally. But to this proposal Madge objected with astonishing energy. She herself would go and no one else. She was quite recovered now and did not feel the slightest fear. Would he promise her to remain quietly in his room until she returned with the others?

The doctor reluctantly yielded his consent, and then Madge slipped from the room with a wildly beating heart. Instead, however, of turning along the corridor towards the rooms occupied by Cyril Wayne and Jack, she swiftly descended the stairs, and reaching the study door flung it wide open.

"Come!" said she, addressing Jack—she did not look at Cyril—"your father sent me to your room to call you—to your *room!*" She paused a moment, and then continued, with flashing eyes and a bitter emphasis: "Oh, deceive him still, if you can! If you can keep him from learning to what you have fallen, do so! You need expect no opposition from me—for his sake, but never, never, dare to speak to me again!"

"Jack is not to blame in the least," said Cyril, quietly. "I am the culprit; he is as innocent as you are, Miss Westbrook."

Madge started and blanched; that coolly-worded confession seemed to stab her like a knife. Then like lightning there flashed across her brain the request she had overheard for a loan of twenty-five pounds. Oh, this was all so horrible—so incomprehensible! Jack had lifted his head as Cyril spoke, but had quickly let it fall again.

"Jack followed me, only to watch me," continued Cyril, in the same even tones. "He was caught by the closing of the door when I opened the drawer—you know how it works—that is all as far as he is concerned. I throw myself on your mercy, Miss Westbrook. I offer no useless excuses. If I dared ask a favour of you I would say, keep my secret—at least until I am free of Highbank."

Madge paused a moment, overwhelmed; then she turned on him with passionate scorn. "Oh, how you have deceived us! Then all the time you have been here you were only a thief—a common thief, at heart. Oh!"—she waved her hand with a gesture of horror—"you acted well as a pretender, a masquerader, a specious, lying counterfeit of honesty." She turned to her cousin: "Jack! Jack! speak!"

"For Heaven's sake, Madge, don't go on so. I—I can't stand it, I tell you," exclaimed Jack, violently. "I—I——"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"SHE TURNED ON HIM WITH PASSIONATE SCORN."

"Hush! hush! There is no need to say anything further," broke in Cyril, hastily. "Miss Westbrook will keep silence, I am sure. I only ask for a few hours' grace."

Madge swept out of the study without another word. Cyril pushed the reluctant Jack and then followed him. At the doctor's door Madge left them and, her heart broken with passion, sought her room. The old man had been awaiting the arrival of the young men in a fever of impatience. The first excitement consequent on the capture of the burglars having subsided somewhat, he had had time to reflect. It had occurred to him then that the thieves must have effected their entrance by the study door; they could scarcely have done so by the window. In this case they had, he thought, probably entered by means of a skeleton key and had escaped in the same manner.

It was a pitiful, distasteful farce to Cyril, but it had to be acted through to the finale. The birds had flown, of course, and equally of course by the French window found open in the corridor.

Search parties were sent out, and Cyril wondered with a pang what could be Madge's feelings as the flickering lights wandered to and fro in the garden on their wild-goose chase.

The next day Madge did not leave her room, and Cyril Wayne, feeling that he was the cause, hastened his departure. One more lie, he bitterly told himself, and his career of deception was concluded. It was an intense relief, sore as his heart might be, to get away as far as possible from Highbank. He had spent there the happiest and the most painful hours of his existence.

In less than a fortnight after Cyril's departure Jack Selden was watching, with a feeling of considerable satisfaction, from the deck of a "liner," the English coast-line fading in the distance. His debts had been paid and a hardly-won consent obtained to try the experiment of sheep-farming in Australia. His father, aunt, and Madge had accompanied him to Tilbury Docks; and Jack was wondering vaguely, as he puffed his cigar and the summer night gathered round, what Madge was at that precise moment thinking of him.

Before leaving he had written a letter for Madge, which she would have received on her return to the hotel from the docks. In it Jack had done full justice to Cyril Wayne. He had concealed nothing relating to the crime which he had so nearly committed, and which Cyril, to shield him, had so quixotically taken upon his own shoulders. In conclusion he had begged Madge to keep his secret from his father, and to consider that as far as he, Jack, was concerned she was free.

Madge had found Jack's letter on her dressing-table, and had read its frank outpouring with quickened pulse, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes. What a dull, crushing weight it had suddenly lifted from her heart! She did not attempt to analyze her feelings, but the crime seemed nearly trivial now that she knew it was Jack's. And then an uncontrollable desire seized her to make amends

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to Cyril. Jack had evidently anticipated this; for, with wonderful thoughtfulness, he had supplied the address, and Madge recognised with a thrill that it was not distant more than five minutes' walk from the spot where she was at that moment standing.

Should she write to Cyril or should she go to him? A moment's thought decided that question. The cruel words she had used could only be withdrawn personally; so, without bestowing a moment's reflection on the proprieties, she crushed Jack's precious epistle in her hand and, hurrying down the stairs, left the hotel.

It was with a beating heart that she presently found herself at the house where Cyril was living. He was acting as *locum tenens* for a friend who was enjoying his holiday abroad. The servant, thinking she was a late patient, ushered her into a little waiting-room, and from there, a few moments later, into the consulting room. Cyril, who was standing at the window, turned and started in astonishment as he recognised her.

"What! Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, as he hurried forward. "The doctor——?"

Madge held out her hand impulsively.

"No," said she; and then, without further preamble, she plunged tumultuously into the reason that had brought her there.

"I have come to beg your pardon. Oh, you must forgive me for what—what I said. I m so sorry -- oh, so sorry; but I couldn't help it. Please read this before you say anything."

She thrust Jack's letter into Cyril's hand. The young man took it, glanced at the superscription, and flushed.

"Ah! so Jack has betrayed me!" said he, as he commenced to read. "And you are not angry at my deception?" He looked into her eager, appealing face. "It is I who must ask forgiveness, but——"

"But you hurt me very much indeed," broke in Madge. "You should not have done it; no, you should not. I said things —I misjudged you, because you—oh, you had disappointed me — wounded me so much." Her eyes grew humid and her last words faltered and fell almost to a whisper.

"I—I thought the end justified the means," stammered Cyril. He scarcely knew what to say. He turned to the letter again.

There followed a momentary silence while Cyril read on. Suddenly his heart bounded wildly, and the writing swam before his eyes as he came to Jack's declaration of freedom. He dropped the letter and turned to her.

"Miss Westbrook—Madge—tell me—you must! Did you love him?"

"I—I had promised," she whispered, with drooping eyelids.

"Promised! Promised! Only promised? I always thought you loved him," exclaimed Cyril.

Madge did not reply, but the colour surged sudden and warm into her half-averted cheek.

"My dear! my dear!" said he, passionately, as he caught both her hands in his. "It was I that loved you after all—not Jack. I deceived you for your sake, not for his. What could I do? Could I see you suffer? I have loved you from the first, but I never thought to tell you this. Is it useless for me to do so now? Madge, dear, is it? Is it?"

There was no reply, but as he drew her unresisting form towards him he read his answer in her uplifted, happy eyes.



"HE CAUGHT BOTH HER HANDS IN HIS."

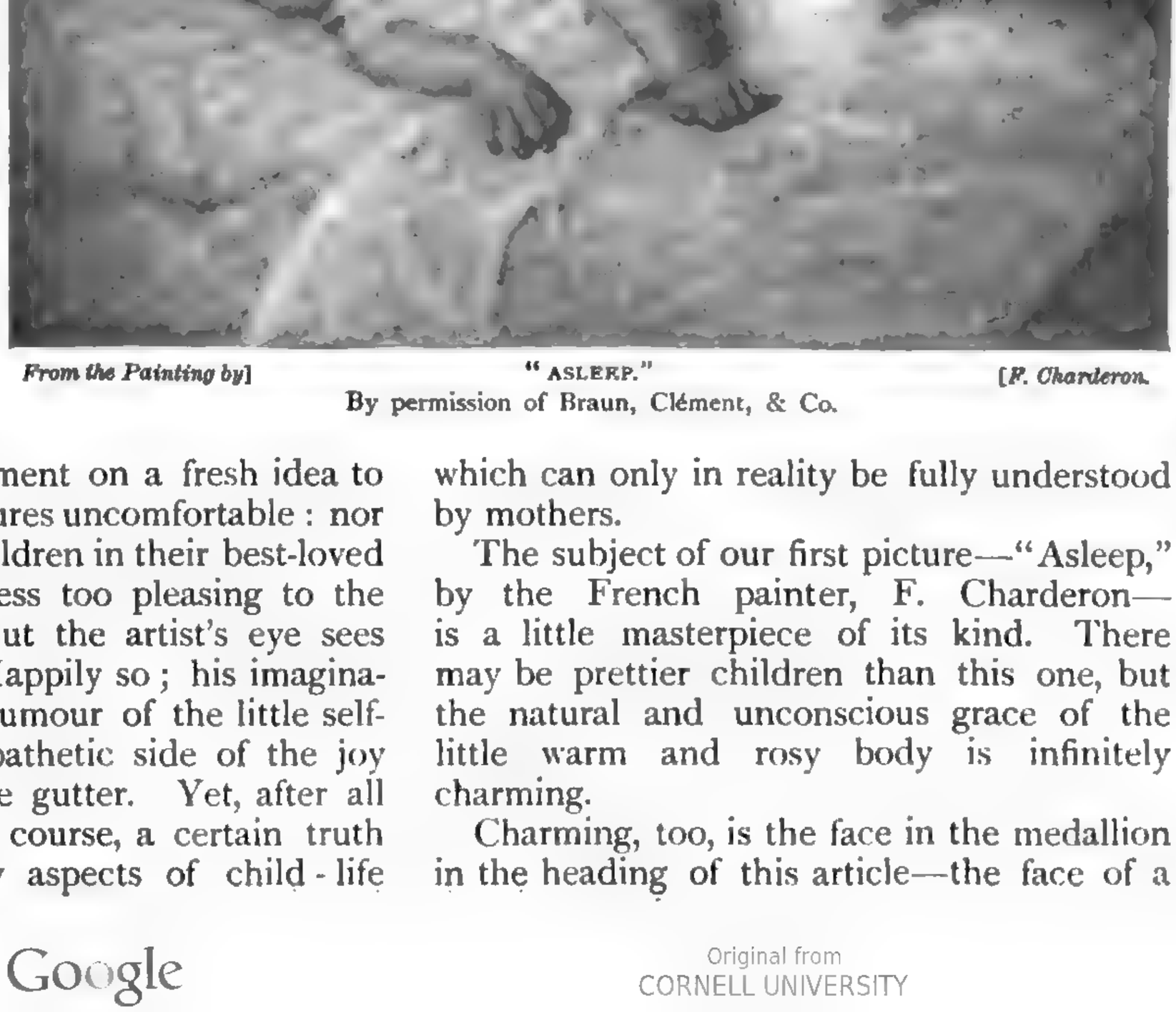
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



CHILDHOOD IN PICTURES

By S. K. LUDOVIC.

CHILDHOOD'S joys and childhood's sorrows, its beauty, and even its little frailties—in fact, everything connected with the dawn of life, has its own especial charm. It is, perhaps, not given to all of us to detect with a sympathetic eye the picturesque in a very naughty young person, who hits at every moment on a fresh idea to make his fellow-creatures uncomfortable: nor is the spectacle of children in their best-loved state of dirty happiness too pleasing to the average observer. But the artist's eye sees things differently. Happily so; his imaginative brain sees the humour of the little self-assertions, and the pathetic side of the joy of living even in the gutter. Yet, after all is said, it remains, of course, a certain truth that there are many aspects of child-life which can only in reality be fully understood by mothers.



From the Painting by] "ASLEEP." [*F. Charderon.*

By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.

The subject of our first picture—"Asleep," by the French painter, F. Charderon—is a little masterpiece of its kind. There may be prettier children than this one, but the natural and unconscious grace of the little warm and rosy body is infinitely charming.

Charming, too, is the face in the medallion in the heading of this article—the face of a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY





From the Painting. "FLOWER OF THE HEATH." *By Schwentzen.*
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

child-angel, which seems to watch over the figure of the human child asleep below. It is taken from a painting by Bernardo Strozzi.

The picture reproduced above, entitled "Flower of the Heath," by the German painter, Schwentzen, is another delightful study. It is that of a child wandering alone over a flowery plain—or not quite alone, for she is accompanied by a shaggy terrier, who carries in his mouth a basket, from which protrudes a bottle. That bottle, as often happens with accessories of a picture which may seem quite unimportant at first sight, is not there for nothing. It tells, or at least elucidates, the story of the picture. The little girl has been the bearer of her father's dinner, and is returning through the flowering heather, filling her apron with blossoms as she goes. The whole picture—sunny landscape, flowers, dog, and child—is full of delicate power and subtle charm.

The three child-heads in the medallions above given must not be passed without a word of notice. The upper one is by Gainsborough, and a more winsome and delightful little face it is impossible to imagine. That on the right is from the same picture—the two children being named respectively Habbenal and Ganderetta. The head in the medallion on the left-hand side is from the portrait of James, the young Earl of Salisbury, by Kneller.

We come now to a picture full of pathetic meaning—"Tired Gleaners"—by our well-known English painter, Mr. Fred Morgan. They look so poor and sad, these pretty little girls, who have at the very outset of life already known so much of its hardship. The elder one has a mother's instinct of kindly

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"TIRED GLEANERS."
From the Painting by Fred Morgan.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

care for the weaker little sister; her face expresses the self-forgetting resignation of a life filled with love for others. The little one, more beautiful than the elder sister, is one of those beings who are in all stations of life predestined to be loved and cared for. A whole touching life-story is in these two children's faces — beautiful but sad.

The examples which have been selected to fill the medallions given in this article comprise illustrations of children's heads contained in some of the most celebrated pictures in the world. It is impossible in a limited space to give an adequate idea of the beauty and charm with which the old masters have immortalized childhood — or perhaps it would be more accurate to say babyhood, since the great majority are representations of the Child with the Madonna, and, though varying in age from a few weeks upwards, the infant is seldom shown as older than a year or two at most. These studies of what may, in a double sense, be called the divinity of childhood differ widely according to the nationality of the painter. As we shall see presently, in some of the examples given in these pages farther on, we can enumerate among the artists of this country certain painters, such as Gainsborough and Reynolds, who as delineators of child-life and character are not easily excelled. There are those, however, who would say that in this respect the Italian masters have never been surpassed. Raphael's child-head of Christ from the painting entitled the "Madonna Aldobrandini," which is reproduced in the first medallion above, will through all ages illustrate, perhaps without a rival, the mission of the eternally beautiful—the dignity of innocence, the holiness of love. Bernardo Strozzi, later than Raphael, painted a human child in the arms of the Holy Virgin. It is reproduced in the right-hand medallion above. The childish charm and smile are most alluring. Here we find an allegory of Christianity; but it is not, like the child's head in Raphael's "Madonna Aldobrandini," an allegory of the divinity.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HIDE-AND-SEEK."
By Fred Morgan.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

Here is another of Mr. Fred Morgan's studies of child-life—a study notable for its expression of unreflecting and unconscious happiness. To be five years old and to play hide-and-seek among the blossoms, to feel them closing you in entirely, so that you can only just peep through and see with joy the others pass your hiding-place, to hold back the flowery branches and save with the other hand the little frock from the thorns—what pleasure! And there, right over head, is baby heard crowing; she comes nearer and nearer, held high above the flowers and thorns by her strong elder sister. She is sure to catch you! Can one ever feel in after years such delight, excitement, and suspense?

In the picture entitled "For Mother's Birthday," by Louise Jopling, a large-eyed little maiden is seen carrying so huge a jar of flowers that she can scarcely hold it. The painter of this picture must be a lover of children; only those who are sensitive to the charm of children can observe their characteristics with so much acuteness. The little girl is so prim and tidy, her best frock and hair-ribbon have been put on with such care, the suppressed excitement and the consciousness of the great importance of the event are so well expressed in her closed mouth, in the fixed gaze of the eyes, that we feel that the painter has caught the fleeting moment to perfection. The next instant that spell of solemnity will be broken, when her mother will have received her birthday present and will have taken her in her arms and kissed her; and the child's expression, as she goes dancing



"FOR MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY."
By Louise Jopling. From a Photo. by H. Dixon.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

back to the nursery, no longer with the measured steps with which she left it, will be, though not less child-like, the opposite in kind.

Let us turn again to the realm of fancy, to fairyland, where we all once wandered. Who of us has not feared and trembled for Little Red Riding-Hood; who has not cordially detested the wolf, and wished to warn her against his wiles? The mixture of trust in the wolf and of doubt in her own judgment has in our picture been charmingly expressed by the painter.



From the Painting by "DILIGENCE." [*A. Dieffenbach.*
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.



"LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."
From the Painting by Hiddeman.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

Every child who has read the adventures of Little Red Riding-Hood has wondered why she felt no fear at the first appearance of the wolf. It was because he had the wit, as the picture clearly shows, to disguise his nature and, with all his cunning, to show nothing but his natural likeness to a big and friendly dog, in which it is quite easy for a child to trust, as in a playfellow rather than an enemy.

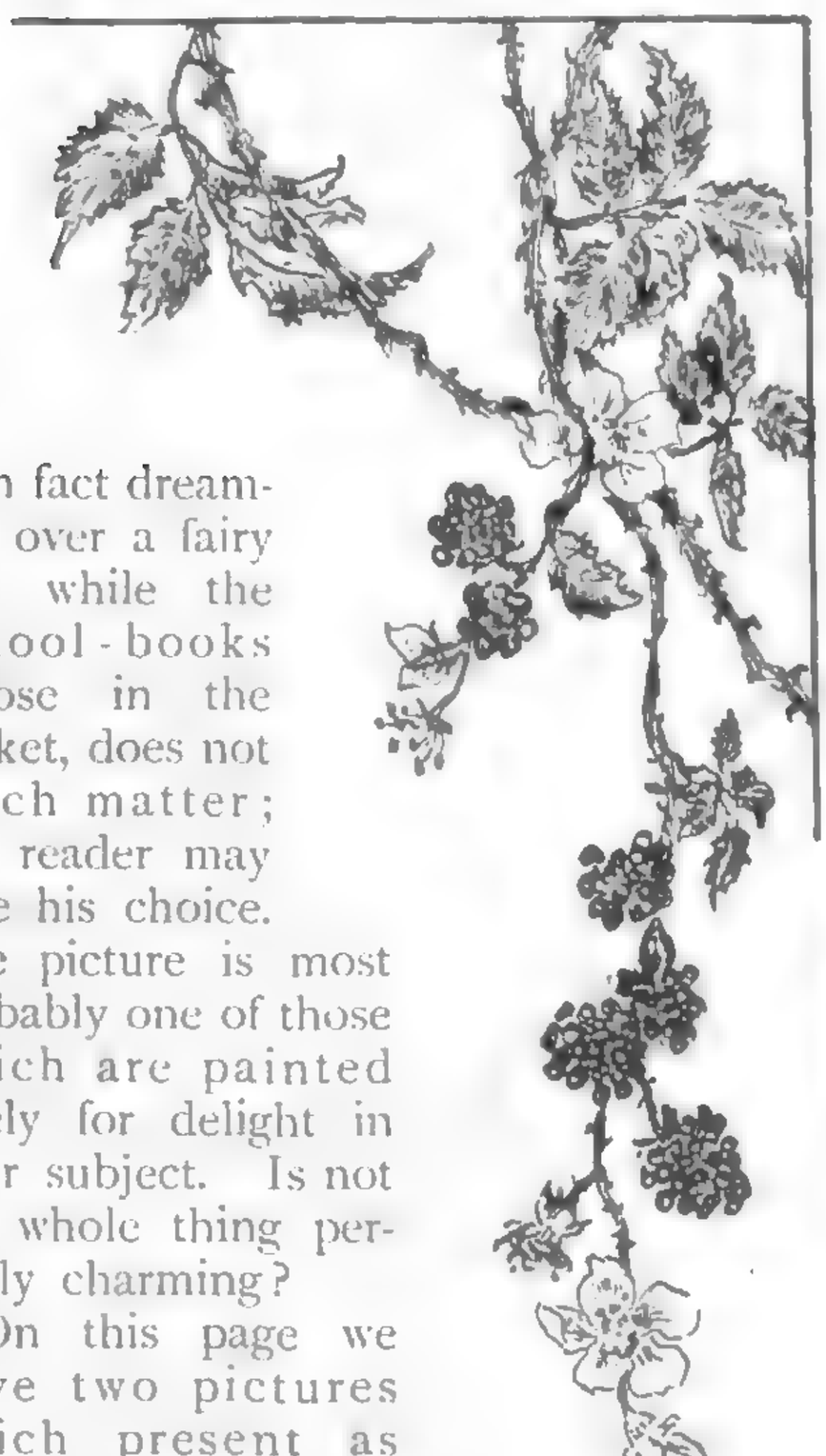
In the picture, "Diligence," by Dieffenbach, there is perhaps no idea except what appears at first glance. Whether the child is really absorbed in her lessons, or whether the title is ironical and she

This is one of those pictures which have the merit of containing an idea which throws a new light on the story which it illustrates,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"AN UNEXPECTED MEETING."
From the Painting by Paul Peel.
By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.



is in fact dreaming over a fairy tale while the school-books repose in the basket, does not much matter; the reader may take his choice. The picture is most probably one of those which are painted solely for delight in their subject. Is not the whole thing perfectly charming?

On this page we have two pictures which present as marked a contrast as may easily be conceived. "An Unexpected Meeting," by Paul Peel, depicting the sturdy little fellow with the irresistible air of manliness greeting the frog as a boon-companion, is as natural a study of boy-life as is that of the little girl of the characteristics of the opposite sex. "Little Caprice" stands before us in scanty attire which is not the beginning of her morning toilet, but is merely the result of her—caprice. But what does it all mean? If she knew that, or you, or I, it would be no longer what it is—an inexplicable freak of the child's mind. She has been left unobserved for a moment whilst playing in a corner and found it amusing to take off her clothes, till she came to the critical point, which the painter has seized with so much humour and truth to life. Suddenly it strikes her that it is not very amusing to be without one's clothes, but she does not wish to put her things on by herself,



From the Painting by] "LITTLE CAPRICE." [*Elles Koch.*
By permission of Braun, Clément, & Co.

partly for the simple reason that she does not know how to do it, and also because she does not know whether she really wishes to be dressed again. Oh, misery! oh, aggravation! she wants to do neither one thing nor the other. In fact, she does not know exactly what she wants—a state of mind which, when she grows to womanhood, will doubtless very often be repeated.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"A Kiss First" is the name of a delightful picture by Meyer von Bremen. The boy stands in the full knowledge of his strength and manly superiority before the fountain and prevents the little girl from filling her jug. His eyes are sparkling with the conviction that he has her in his power. And she? She is but a woman in miniature. Let those who flatter themselves that they understand women decide whether he will get his kiss or not.



"IN DANGER."

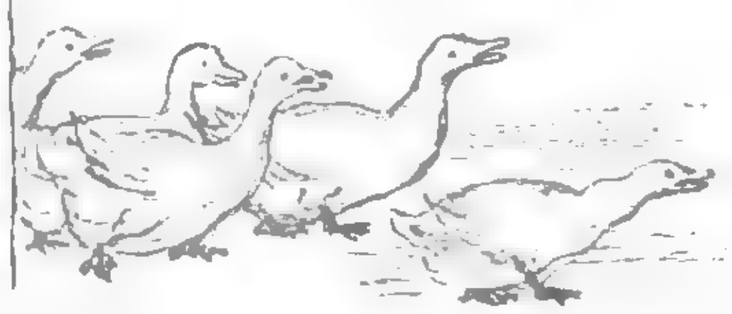
From the Painting by Meyer von Bremen.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

The next picture is most realistic and amusing, and there can hardly be two opinions as to its obvious meaning—or, rather, its double meaning. The painter has entered the house for a moment to chat with the pretty girl—so *he* is "in danger." In the meantime, the children coming home from school stop on their way to see the picture—and *that* is in danger also. The young genius gets hold of the brush and adds, with a few strokes, a little more colour to the landscape. The little sister kneeling by his side encourages the artistic performance, while the elder one probably passes judgment on the perspective.



From the Painting by] "A KISS FIRST." [*Meyer von Bremen.*

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"BUTTERFLIES."
From the Painting by Kate Perugini.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

In looking at the beautiful child on the swing in the picture entitled "Butterflies," by Kate Perugini, one at first receives the impression that the painter wanted to give us a "thing of beauty," without any other suggestion of childish amusement but the swing. Indeed, the title might well have been "Three Butterflies," for the child in the graceful dress, patterned as richly as the insects' wings, is as much a butterfly as the other two. But there is a further idea in the picture than that. Look once more. The little toe is aiming to touch the butterfly whilst it passes; the intent expression on the childish face shows that all her attention is concentrated on this one achievement. This is a very subtle illustration of the fact that children seldom enjoy a planless physical movement. Their little minds are constantly working for their own small aims and so developing for bigger ones.

Of the pictures in the medallions on this page, that on the left is from Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting entitled "The Angelic Child." It requires no saying that Sir Joshua's studies of children are among the most charming that ever came from the brush of a painter. The upper right-hand medallion is from Bartolozzi's picture called "Merit," while the remaining one is a painting named "A Boy with an Anchor," by the Italian artist, Cipriani.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER III.

MR. CHALK, with his mind full of the story he had just heard, walked homewards like a man in a dream. The air was fragrant with spring and the scent of lilac revived memories almost forgotten. It took him back forty years, and showed him a small boy treading the same road, passing the same houses. Nothing had changed so much as the small boy himself; nothing had been so unlike the life he had pictured as the life he had led. Even the blamelessness of the latter yielded no comfort; it savoured of a lack of spirit.

His mind was still busy with the past when he reached home. Mrs. Chalk, a woman of imposing appearance, who sat by the window at needlework, looked up sharply at his entrance. Before she spoke he had a dim idea that she was excited about something.

"I've got her," she said, triumphantly.

"Oh!" said Mr. Chalk.

"She didn't want to come at first," said Mrs. Chalk; "she'd half promised to go to Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Morris had heard of her through Harris, the grocer, and he only knew she was out of a place by accident. He——"

Her words fell on deaf ears. Mr. Chalk, gazing through the window, heard without comprehending a long account of the capture of a new housemaid, which, slightly altered as to name and place, would have passed muster as an exciting contest between a skilful angler and a particularly sulky salmon. Mrs. Chalk, noticing his inattention at last, pulled up sharply.

"You're not listening!" she cried.

"Yes, I am; go on, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.

"What did I say she left her last place for, then?" demanded the lady.

Mr. Chalk started. He had been conscious of his wife's voice, and that was all. "You said you were not surprised at her leaving," he replied, slowly; "the only wonder to you was that a decent girl should have stayed there so long."

Mrs. Chalk started and bit her lip, "Yes," she said, slowly. "Ye—es. Go on: anything else?"

"You said the house wanted cleaning from top to bottom," said the painstaking Mr. Chalk.

"Go on," said his wife, in a smothered voice. "What else did I say?"

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Said you pitied the husband," continued Mr. Chalk, thoughtfully.

Mrs. Chalk rose suddenly and stood over him. Mr. Chalk tried desperately to collect his faculties.

"How dare you?" she gasped. "I've never said such things in my life. Never. And I said that she left because Mr. Wilson, her master, was dead and the family had gone to London. I've never been near the house; so how could I say such things?"

Mr. Chalk remained silent.

"What made you *think* of such things?" persisted Mrs. Chalk.

Mr. Chalk shook his head; no satisfactory reply was possible. "My thoughts were far away," he said, at last.

His wife bridled and said, "Oh, indeed!" Mr. Chalk's mother, dead some ten years before, had taken a strange pride—possibly as a protest against her only son's appearance—in hinting darkly at a stormy and chequered past. Pressed for details she became more mysterious still, and, saying that "she knew what she knew," declined to be deprived of the knowledge under any consideration. She also informed her daughter-in-law that "what the eye don't see the heart don't grieve," and that it was better to "let bygones be bygones," usually winding up with the advice to the younger woman to keep her eye on Mr. Chalk without letting him see it.

"Peckham Rye is a long way off, certainly," added the indignant Mrs. Chalk, after a pause. "It's a pity you haven't got something better to think of, at your time of life, too."

Mr. Chalk flushed. Peckham Rye was one of the nuisances bequeathed by his mother.

"I was thinking of the sea," he said, loftily.

Mrs. Chalk pounced. "Oh, Yarmouth," she said, with withering scorn.

Mr. Chalk flushed deeper than before. "I wasn't thinking of such things," he declared.

"What things?" said his wife, swiftly.

"The—the things you're alluding to," said the harassed Mr. Chalk.

"Ah!" said his wife, with a toss of her head. "Why you should get red in the face and confused when I say that Peckham Rye and Yarmouth are a long way off is best known to yourself. It's very funny that the moment either of these places is mentioned you get uncomfortable. People might read a geography-book out loud in my presence and it wouldn't affect me."

She swept out of the room, and Mr. Chalk's thoughts, excited by the magic word geography, went back to the island again. The half-forgotten dreams of his youth appeared to be materializing. Sleepy Binchester ended for him at Dialstone Lane, and once inside the captain's room the enchanted world beyond the seas was spread before his eager gaze. The captain, amused at first at his enthusiasm, began to get weary of the subject of the island, and so far the visitor had begged in vain for a glimpse of the map.

His enthusiasm became contagious. Prudence, entering one evening in the middle of a conversation, heard sufficient to induce her to ask for more, and the captain, not without some reluctance and several promptings from Mr. Chalk when he showed signs of omitting vital points, related the story. Edward Tredgold heard it, and, judging by the frequency of his visits, was almost as interested as Mr. Chalk.

"I can't see that there could be any harm in just looking at the map," said Mr. Chalk, one evening. "You could keep your thumb on any part you wanted to."

"Then we should know where to dig," urged Mr. Tredgold. "Properly managed there ought to be a fortune in your innocence, Chalk."

Mr. Chalk eyed him fixedly. "Seeing that the latitude and longitude and all the directions are written on the *back*," he observed, with cold dignity, "I don't see the force of your remarks."

"Well, in that case, why not show it to Mr. Chalk, uncle?" said Prudence, charitably.

Captain Bowers began to show signs of annoyance. "Well, my dear——," he began, slowly.

"Then Miss Drewitt could see it too," said Mr. Tredgold, blandly.

Miss Drewitt reddened with indignation, "I could see it any time I wished," she said, sharply.

"Well, wish now," entreated Mr. Tredgold. "As a matter of fact, I'm dying with curiosity myself. Bring it out and make it crackle, captain; it's a bank-note for half a million."

The captain shook his head and a slight frown marred his usually amiable features. He got up and, turning his back on them, filled his pipe from a jar on the mantelpiece.

"You never will see it, Chalk," said Edward Tredgold, in tones of much conviction. "I'll bet you two to one in golden sovereigns that you'll sink into your honoured family vault with your justifiable curiosity still

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

unsatisfied. And I shouldn't wonder if your perturbed spirit walks the captain's bedroom afterwards."

Miss Drewitt looked up and eyed the speaker with scornful comprehension. "Take the bet, Mr. Chalk," she said, slowly.

Mr. Chalk turned in hopeful amaze; then he leaned over and shook hands solemnly with Mr. Tredgold. "I'll take the bet," he said.

"Uncle will show it to you to please me," announced Prudence, in a clear voice. "Won't you, uncle?"

The captain turned and took the matches from the table. "Certainly, my dear, if I can find it," he said, in a hesitating fashion. "But I'm afraid I've mislaid it. I haven't seen it since I unpacked."

"*Mislaid it!*" ejaculated the startled Mr. Chalk. "Good heavens! Suppose somebody should find it? What about your word to Don Silvio then?"

"I've got it somewhere," said the captain, brusquely; "I'll have a hunt for it. All the same, I don't know that it's quite fair to interfere in a bet."

Miss Drewitt waved the objection away, remarking that people who made bets must risk losing their money.

"I'll begin to save up," said Mr. Tredgold, with a lightness which was not lost upon Miss Drewitt. "The captain has got to find it before you can see it, Chalk."

Mr. Chalk, with a satisfied smile, said that when the captain promised a thing it was as good as done.

For the next few days he waited patiently, and, ransacking an old lumber-room, divided his time pretty equally between a volume of "Captain Cook's Voyages" that he found there and "Famous Shipwrecks." By this means and the exercise of great self-control he ceased from troubling Dialstone Lane for a week. Even then it was Edward Tredgold who took him there. The latter was in high spirits, and in explanation informed the company, with a cheerful smile, that he had saved five and ninepence, and was forming habits which bade fair to make him a rich man in time.



"HE RANSACKED AN OLD LUMBER-ROOM."

"Don't you be in too much of a hurry to find that map, captain," he said.

"It's found," said Miss Drewitt, with a little note of triumph in her voice.

"Found it this morning," said Captain Bowers.

He crossed over to an oak bureau which stood in the corner by the fireplace, and taking a paper from a pigeon-hole slowly unfolded it and spread it on the table before the delighted Mr. Chalk. Miss Drewitt and Edward Tredgold advanced to the table and eyed it curiously.

The map, which was drawn in lead-pencil, was on a piece of ruled paper, yellow with age and cracked in the folds. The island was in shape a rough oval, the coast-line being broken by small bays and headlands. Mr. Chalk eyed it with all the fervour usually bestowed on a holy relic, and, breathlessly reading off such terms as "Cape

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Silvio," "Bowers Bay," and "Mount Lonesome," gazed with breathless interest at the discourser.

"And is that the grave?" he inquired, in a trembling voice, pointing to a mark in the north-east corner.

The captain removed it with his finger-nail. "No," he said, briefly. "For full details see the other side."

For one moment Mr. Chalk hoped; then his face fell as Captain Bowers, displaying for a fraction of a second the writing on the other side, took up the map and, replacing it in the bureau, turned the key in the lock and with a low laugh resumed his seat. Miss Drewitt, glancing over at Edward Tredgold, saw that he looked very thoughtful.

"You've lost your bet," she said, pointedly.

"I know," was the reply.

His gaiety had vanished and he looked so dejected that Miss Drewitt was reminded of the ruined gambler in a celebrated picture. She tried to quiet her conscience by hoping that it would be a lesson to him. As she watched, Mr. Tredgold dived into his left trouser-pocket and counted out some coins, mostly brown. To these he added a few small pieces of silver gleaned from his waistcoat, and then after a few seconds' moody thought found a few more in the other trouser-pocket.

"Eleven and tenpence," he said, mechanically.

"Any time," said Mr. Chalk, regarding him with awkward surprise. "Any time."

"Give him an I O U," said Captain Bowers, fidgeting.

"Yes, any time," repeated Mr. Chalk; "I'm in no hurry."

"No; I'd sooner pay now and get it over," said the other, still fumbling in his pockets. "As Miss Drewitt says, people who make bets must be prepared to lose; I thought I had more than this."

There was an embarrassing silence, during which Miss Drewitt, who had turned very red, felt strangely uncomfortable. She felt more uncomfortable still when Mr. Tredgold, discovering a bank-note and a little collection of gold coins in another pocket, artlessly expressed his joy at the discovery. The simple-minded captain and Mr. Chalk both experienced a sense of relief; Miss Drewitt sat and simmered in helpless indignation.

"You're careless in money matters, my lad," said the captain, reprovingly.

"I couldn't understand him making all that fuss over a couple o' pounds," said Mr. Chalk, looking round. "He's very free, as a rule; too free."

Mr. Tredgold, sitting grave and silent, made no reply to these charges, and the girl was the only one to notice a faint twitching at the corners of his mouth. She saw it distinctly, despite the fact that her clear, grey eyes were fixed dreamily on a spot some distance above his head.

She sat in her room upstairs after the visitors had gone, thinking it over. The light was fading fast, and as she sat at the open window the remembrance of Mr. Tredgold's conduct helped to mar one of the most perfect evenings she had ever known.

Downstairs the captain was also thinking. Dialstone Lane was in shadow, and already one or two lamps were lit behind drawn blinds. A little chatter of voices at the end of the lane floated in at the open window, mellowed by distance. His pipe was out, and he rose to search in the gloom for a match, when another murmur of voices reached his ears from the kitchen. He stood still and listened intently. To put matters beyond all doubt, the shrill laugh of a girl was plainly audible. The captain's face hardened, and, crossing to the fireplace, he rang the bell.

"Yessir," said Joseph, as he appeared and closed the door carefully behind him.

"What are you talking to yourself in that absurd manner for?" inquired the captain, with great dignity.

"Me, sir?" said Mr. Tasker, feebly.

"Yes, you," repeated the captain, noticing with surprise that the door was slowly opening.

Mr. Tasker gazed at him in a troubled fashion, but made no reply.

"I won't have it," said the captain, sternly, with a side glance at the door. "If you want to talk to yourself go outside and do it. I never heard such a laugh. What did you do it for? It was like an old woman with a bad cold."

He smiled grimly in the darkness, and then started slightly as a cough, a hostile, challenging cough, sounded from the kitchen. Before he could speak the cough ceased and a thin voice broke carelessly into song.

"WHAT!" roared the captain, in well-feigned astonishment. "Do you mean to tell me you've got somebody in my pantry? Go and get me those rules and regulations."

Mr. Tasker backed out, and the captain smiled again as he heard a whispered discussion. Then a voice clear and distinct took command. "I'll take 'em in myself, I

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tell you," it said. "I'll rules and regulations him."

The smile faded from the captain's face, and he gazed in perplexity at the door as a strange young woman bounced into the room.

"Here's your rules and regulations," said the intruder, in a somewhat shrewish voice. "You'd better light the lamp if you want to see 'em; though the spelling ain't so noticeable in the dark."

The impressiveness of the captain's gaze was wasted in the darkness. For a moment he hesitated, and then, with the dignity of a man whose spelling has nothing to conceal, struck a match and lit the lamp. The lamp lighted, he lowered the blind, and then seating himself by the window turned with a majestic air to a thin slip of a girl with tow-coloured hair, who stood by the door.

"Who are you?" he demanded, gruffly.

"My name's Vickers," said the young lady. "Selina Vickers. I heard all what you've been saying to my Joseph, but, thank goodness, I can take my own part. I don't want nobody to fight my battles for me. If you've got anything to say about my voice you can say it to my face."

Captain Bowers sat back and regarded her with impressive dignity. Miss Vickers met his gaze calmly and, with a pair of unwinking green eyes, stared him down.

"What were you doing in my pantry?" demanded the captain, at last.

"I was in your *kitchen*," replied Miss Vickers, with scornful emphasis on the last word, "to see my young man."

"Well, I can't have you there," said the captain, with a mildness that surprised himself. "One of my rules——"

Miss Vickers interposed. "I've read 'em all over and over again," she said, impatiently.

"If it occurs again," said the other, "I shall have to speak to Joseph very seriously about it."

"Talk to me," said Miss Vickers, sharply; "that's what I come in for. I can talk to you better than what Joseph can, I know. What harm do you think I was doing your old kitchen? Don't you try and interfere between me and my Joseph, because I won't have it. You're not married yourself, and you don't want other people to be. How do you suppose the world would get on if everybody was like you?"



"SELINA VICKERS."

Captain Bowers regarded her in open-eyed perplexity. The door leading to the garden had just closed behind the valiant Joseph, and he stared with growing uneasiness at the slight figure of Miss Vickers as it stood poised for further oratorical efforts. Before he could speak she gave her lips a rapid lick and started again.

"You're one of those people that don't like to see others happy, that's what you are," she said, rapidly. "I wasn't hurting your kitchen, and as to talking and laughing there — what do you think my tongue was given to me for? Show? P'r'aps if you'd been doing a day's hard work you'd——".

'Look here, my girl ——" began the captain, desperately.

"Don't you my girl me, please," interrupted Miss Vickers. "I'm not your girl, thank goodness. If I was you'd be a bit different, I can tell you. If you had any girls you'd know better than to try and come between them and their young men. Besides, they wouldn't let you. When a girl's got a young man——"

The captain rose and went through the form of ringing the bell. Miss Vickers watched him calmly.

"I thought I'd just have it out with you for once and for all," she continued. "I told Joseph that I'd no doubt your bark was worse than your bite. And what he can see

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to be afraid of in you I can't think. Nervous disposition, I s'pose. Good evening."

She gave her head a little toss and, returning to the pantry, closed the door after her. Captain Bowers, still somewhat dazed, returned to his chair and, gazing at the "Rules," which still lay on the table, grinned feebly in his beard.

CHAPTER IV.

To keep such a romance to himself was beyond the powers of Mr. Chalk. The captain had made no conditions as to secrecy, and he therefore considered himself free to indulge in hints to his two greatest friends, which caused those gentlemen to entertain some doubts as to his sanity. Mr. Robert Stobell, whose work as a contractor had left a permanent and unmistakable mark upon Binchester, became imbued with a hazy idea that Mr. Chalk had invented a new process of making large diamonds. Mr. Jasper Tredgold, on the other hand, arrived at the conclusion that a highly respectable burglar was offering for some reason to share his loot with him. A conversation between Messrs. Stobell and Tredgold in the High Street only made matters more complicated.

"Chalk always was fond of making mysteries of things," complained Mr. Tredgold.

Mr. Stobell, whose habit was taciturn and ruminative, fixed his dull brown eyes on the ground and thought it over. "I believe it's all my eye and Betty Martin," he said, at length, quoting a saying which had been used in his family as an expression of disbelief since the time of his great-grandmother.

"He comes in to see me when I'm hard at work and drops hints," pursued his friend. "When I stop to pick 'em up, out he goes. Yesterday he came in and asked me what I thought of a man who wouldn't break his word for half a million. Half a million, mind you! I just asked him who it was, and out he went again. He pops in and out of my office like a figure on a cuckoo-clock."

Mr. Stobell relapsed into thought again, but no gleam of expression disturbed the lines of his heavy face; Mr. Tredgold, whose sharp, alert features bred more confidence in his own clients than those of other people, waited impatiently.

"He knows something that we don't," said Mr. Stobell, at last; "that's what it is."



"HE POPS IN AND OUT OF MY OFFICE LIKE A FIGURE ON A CUCKOO-CLOCK."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Tredgold, who was too used to his friend's mental processes to quarrel with them, assented.

"He's coming round to smoke a pipe with me to-morrow night," he said, briskly, as he turned to cross the road to his office. "You come too, and we'll get it out of him. If Chalk can keep a secret he has altered, that's all I can say."

His estimate of Mr. Chalk proved correct. With Mr. Tredgold acting as cross-examining counsel and Mr. Stobell enacting the part of a partial and overbearing judge, Mr. Chalk, after a display of fortitude which surprised himself almost as much as it irritated his friends, parted with his news and sat smiling with gratification at their growing excitement.

"Half a million, and he won't go for it?" ejaculated Mr. Tredgold. "The man must be mad."

"No; he passed his word and he won't break it," said Mr. Chalk. "The captain's word is his bond, and I honour him for it. I can quite understand it."

Mr. Tredgold shrugged his shoulders and glanced at Mr. Stobell; that gentleman, after due deliberation, gave an assenting nod.

"He can't get at it, that's the long and short of it," said Mr. Tredgold, after a pause. "He had to leave it behind when he was rescued, or else risk losing it by telling the men who rescued him about it, and he's had no opportunity since. It wants money to take a ship out there and get it, and he doesn't see his way quite clear. He'll have it fast enough when he get's a chance. If not, why did he make that map?"

Mr. Chalk shook his head, and remarked mysteriously that the captain had his reasons. Mr. Tredgold relapsed into silence, and for some time the only sound audible came from a briar-pipe which Mr. Stobell ought to have thrown away some years before.

"Have you given up that idea of a yachting cruise of yours, Chalk?" demanded Mr. Tredgold, turning on him suddenly.

"No," was the reply. "I was talking about it to Captain Bowers only the other day. That's how I got to hear of the treasure."

Mr. Tredgold started and gave a significant glance at Mr. Stobell. In return he got a wink which that gentleman kept for moments of mental confusion.

"What did the captain tell you for?" pursued Mr. Tredgold, returning to Mr. Chalk. "He wanted you to make an offer. He hasn't got the money for such an expedition; you have. The yarn about passing his word was so that you shouldn't open your mouth too wide. You were to do the persuading, and then he could make his own terms. Do you see? Why, it's as plain as A B C."

"Plain as the alphabet," said Mr. Stobell, almost chidingly.

Mr. Chalk gasped and looked from one to the other.

"I should like to have a chat with the captain about it," continued Mr. Tredgold, slowly and impressively. "I'm a business man and I could put it on a business footing. It's a big risk, of course; all those things are . . . . but if we went shares . . . . if *we* found the money——"

He broke off and, filling his pipe slowly, gazed in deep thought at the wall. His friends waited expectantly.

"Combine business with pleasure," resumed Mr. Tredgold, lighting his pipe; "sea air . . . . change . . . . blow away the cobwebs . . . . experience for Edward to be left alone. What do you think, Stobell?" he added, turning suddenly.

Mr. Stobell gripped the arms of his chair in his huge hands and drew his bulky figure to a more upright position.

"What do you mean by combining business with pleasure?" he said, eyeing him with dull suspicion

"Chalk is set on a trip for the love of it," explained Mr Tredgold.

"If we take on the contract, he ought to pay a bigger share, then," said the other, firmly.

"Perhaps he will," said Tredgold, hastily.

Mr. Stobell pondered again and, slightly raising one hand, indicated that he was in the throes of another idea and did not wish to be disturbed.

"You said it would be experience for Edward to be left alone," he said, accusingly.

"I did," was the reply.

"You ought to pay more, too, then," declared the contractor, "because it's serving of your ends as well."

"We can't split straws," exclaimed Tredgold, impatiently. "If the captain consents we three will find the money and divide our portion, whatever it is, equally."

Mr. Chalk, who had been in the clouds during this discussion, came back to earth again. "*If* he consents," he said, sadly: "but he won't."

"Well, he can only refuse," said Mr. Tredgold; "and, anyway, we'll have the first refusal. Things like that soon get about. What do you say to a stroll? I can think better while I'm walking."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

His friends assenting, they put on their hats and sallied forth. That they should stroll in the direction of Dialstone Lane surprised neither of them. Mr. Tredgold leading, they went round by the church, and that gentleman paused so long to admire the architecture that Mr. Stobell got restless.

"You've seen it before, Tredgold," he said, shortly.

"It's a fine old building," said the other. "Binchester ought to be proud of it. Why, here we are at Captain Bowers's!"

"The house has been next to the church for a couple o' hundred years," retorted his friend.

"Let's go in," said Mr. Tredgold. "Strike while the iron's hot. At any rate," he concluded, as Mr. Chalk voiced feeble objections, "we can see how the land lies."

He knocked at the door and then, stepping aside, left Mr. Chalk to lead the way in. Captain Bowers, who was sitting with Prudence, looked up at their entrance, and putting down his newspaper extended a hearty welcome.

"Chalk didn't like to pass without looking in," said Mr. Tredgold, "and I haven't seen you for some time. You know Stobell?"

The captain nodded, and Mr. Chalk, pale with excitement, accepted his accustomed pipe from the hands of Miss Drewitt and sat nervously awaiting events. Mr Tasker set out the whisky, and, Miss Drewitt avowing a fondness for smoke in other people, a comfortable haze soon filled the room. Mr Tredgold, with a significant glance at Mr. Chalk, said that it reminded him of a sea-fog.

It only reminded Mr. Chalk, however, of a smoky chimney from which he had once suffered, and he at once entered into minute details. The theme was an inspiriting one, and before Mr. Tredgold could hark back to the sea again Mr. Stobell was discoursing, almost eloquently for him, upon drains. From drains to the shortcomings of the district council they progressed by natural and easy stages, and it was not until Miss Drewitt had withdrawn to the clearer atmosphere above that a sudden ominous silence ensued, which Mr. Chalk saw clearly he was expected to break.

"I—I've been telling them some of your adventures," he said, desperately, as he glanced at the captain; "they're both interested in such things."

The latter gave a slight start and glanced shrewdly at his visitors. "Aye, aye," he said, composedly.

"Very interesting, some of them," murmured Mr. Tredgold. "I suppose you'll have another voyage or two before you've done? One, at any rate."

"No," said the captain, "I've had my share of the sea; other men may have a turn now. There's nothing to take me out again—nothing."

Mr. Tredgold coughed and murmured something about breaking off old habits too suddenly.

"It's a fine career," sighed Mr. Chalk.

"A manly life," said Mr. Tredgold, emphatically.

"It's like every other profession, it has two sides to it," said the captain.

"It is not so well paid as it should be," said the wily Tredgold, "but I suppose one gets chances of making money in outside ways sometimes."

The captain assented, and told of a steward of his who had made a small fortune by selling Japanese curios to people who didn't understand them.

The conversation was interesting, but extremely distasteful to a business man intent upon business. Mr. Stobell took his pipe out of his mouth and cleared his throat. "Why, you might build a hospital with it," he burst out, impatiently.

"Build a hospital!" repeated the astonished captain, as Mr. Chalk bent suddenly to do up his shoe-lace.

"Think of the orphans you could be a father to!" added Mr. Stobell, making the most of an unwonted fit of altruism.

The captain looked inquiringly at Mr. Tredgold.

"And widows," said Mr. Stobell, and, putting his pipe in his mouth as a sign that he had finished his remarks, gazed stolidly at the company.

"Stobell must be referring to a story Chalk told us of some precious stones you buried, I think," said Mr. Tredgold, reddening. "Aren't you, Stobell?"

"Of course I am," said his friend. "You know that."

Captain Bowers glanced at Mr. Chalk, but that gentleman was still busy with his shoe-lace, only looking up when Mr. Tredgold, taking the bull by the horns, made the captain a plain, straightforward offer to fit out and give him the command of an expedition to recover the treasure. In a speech which included the benevolent Mr. Stobell's hospitals, widows, and orphans, he pointed out a score of reasons why the captain should consent, and wound up with a glowing picture of Miss Drewitt as the heiress of the wealthiest

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

man in Binchester. The captain heard him patiently to an end and then shook his head.

"I passed my word," he said, stiffly.

Mr. Stobell took his pipe out of his mouth again to offer a little encouragement. "Tredgold has broke his word before now," he observed; "he's got quite a name for it."

"But you would go out if it were not for that?" inquired Tredgold, turning a deaf ear to this remark.

"Naturally," said the captain, smiling; "but, then, you see I did."

Mr. Tredgold drummed with his fingers on the arms of his chair, and after a little hesitation asked as a great favour to be permitted to see the map. As an estate agent, he said, he took a professional interest in plans of all kinds.

Captain Bowers rose, and in the midst of an expectant silence took the map from the bureau, and placing it on the table kept it down with his fist. The others drew near and inspected it.

would trust myself. She thinks the same as I do about it."

His stubby forefinger travelled slowly round the coast-line until, coming to the extreme south-west corner, it stopped, and a mischievous smile creased his beard.

"It's buried here," he observed. "All you've got to do is to find the island and dig in that spot."

Mr. Chalk laughed and shook his head as at a choice piece of waggishness.

"Suppose," said Mr. Tredgold, slowly—"suppose anybody found it without your connivance, would you take your share?"

"Let 'em find it first," said the captain.

"Yes, but would you?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

Captain Bowers took up the map and returned it to its place in the bureau. "You go and find it," he said, with a genial smile.

"You give us permission?" demanded Tredgold.

"Certainly," grinned the captain. "I give



"THE OTHERS DREW NEAR AND INSPECTED IT."

"Nobody but Captain Bowers has ever seen the other side," said Mr. Chalk, impressively.

"Except my niece," interposed the captain. "She wanted to see it, and I trust her as I you permission to go and dig over all the islands in the Pacific; there's a goodish number of them, and it's a fairly common shape."

"It seems to me it's nobody's property,"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

said Tredgold, slowly. "That is to say, it's anybody's that finds it. It isn't your property, Captain Bowers? You lay no claim to it?"

"No, no," said the captain. "It's nothing to do with me. You go and find it," he repeated, with enjoyment.

Mr. Tredgold laughed too, and his eye travelled mechanically towards the bureau. "If we do," he said, cordially, "you shall have your share."

The captain thanked him and, taking up the bottle, refilled their glasses. Then, catching the dull, brooding eye of Mr. Stobell as that plain-spoken man sat in a brown study trying to separate the serious from the jocular, he drank success to their search. He was about to give vent to further pleasantries when he was stopped by the mysterious behaviour of Mr. Chalk, who, first laying a finger on his lip to ensure silence, frowned severely and nodded at the door leading to the kitchen.

The other three looked in the direction indicated. The door stood half open, and the silhouette of a young woman in a large hat put the upper panels in shadow. The captain rose and, with a vigorous thrust of his foot, closed the door with a bang.

"Eavesdropping," said Mr. Chalk, in a tense whisper.

"There'll be a rival expedition," said the captain, falling in with his mood. "I've already warned that young woman off once. You'd better start to-night."

He leaned back in his chair and surveyed the company pleasantly. Somewhat to Mr. Chalk's disappointment Mr. Tredgold began to discuss agriculture, and they were still on that theme when they rose to depart some time later. Tredgold and Chalk bade the captain a cordial good-night; but Stobell, a creature of primitive impulses, found it difficult to shake hands with him. On the way home he expressed an ardent desire to tell the captain what men of sense thought of him.

The captain lit another pipe after they had gone, and for some time sat smoking and thinking over the events of the evening. Then Mr. Tasker's second infringement of discipline occurred to him, and, stretching out his hand, he rang the bell.

"Has that young woman gone?" he inquired, cautiously, as Mr. Tasker appeared.

"Yessir," was the reply.

"What about your articles?" demanded the captain, with sudden loudness. "What do you mean by it?"

Mr. Tasker eyed him forlornly. "It ain't my fault," he said, at last. "I don't want her."

"Eh?" said the other, sternly. "Don't talk nonsense. What do you have her here for, then?"

"Because I can't help myself," said Mr. Tasker, desperately; "that's why. She's took a fancy to me, and, that being so, it would take more than you and me to keep 'er away."

"Rubbish," said his master.

Mr. Tasker smiled wanly. "That's my reward for being steady," he said, with some bitterness; "that's what comes of having a good name in the place. I get Selina Vickers after me."

"You—you must have asked her to come here in the first place," said the astonished captain.

"*Ask* her?" repeated Mr. Tasker, with respectful scorn. "*Ask* her? She don't want no asking."

"What does she come for, then?" inquired the other.

"Me," said Mr. Tasker, brokenly. "I never dreamt o' such a thing. I was going 'er way one night—about three weeks ago, it was—and I walked with her as far as her road — Mint Street. Somehow it got put about that we were walking out. A week afterwards she saw me in Harris's, the grocer's, and waited outside for me till I come out and walked 'ome with me. After she came in the other night I found we was keeping company. To-night — to-night she got a ring out o' me, and now we're engaged."

"What on earth did you give her the ring for if you don't want her?" inquired the captain, eyeing him with genuine concern.

"Ah, it seems easy, sir," said the unfortunate; "but you don't know Selina. She bought the ring and said I was to pay it off a shilling a week. She took the first shilling to-night."

His master sat back and regarded him in amazement.

"You don't know Selina, sir," repeated Mr. Tasker, in reply to this manifestation. "She always gets her own way. Her father ain't 'it 'er mother not since Selina was seventeen. He dursent. The last time Selina went for him tooth and nail; smashed all the plates off the dresser throwing 'em at him, and ended by chasing of him up the road in his shirt-sleeves."

The captain grunted.

"That was two years ago," continued Mr. Tasker; "and his spirit's quite broke. He 'as to give all his money except a shilling a week

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to his wife, and he's not allowed to go into pubs. If he does it's no good, because they won't serve 'im. If they do Selina goes in next morning and gives them a piece of 'er mind. She don't care who's there or what she says, and the consequence is Mr. Vickers can't get served in Binchester for love or money. That'll show you what she is."

"Well, tell her I won't have her here," said the captain, rising. "Good-night."

and that all were silent when he spoke, felt a flutter of hope.

"Well," said the captain, sharply, as he turned and caught sight of him, "what are you waiting there for?"

Mr. Tasker drifted towards the door which led upstairs.

"I—I thought you were thinking of something we could do to prevent her coming, sir," he said, slowly. "It's hard on me, because as a matter of fact——"



"ALL SHE SAYS IS SHE'S NOT AFRAID OF YOU, NOR SIX LIKE YOU."

"I've told her over and over again, sir," was the reply, "and all she says is she's not afraid of you, nor six like you."

The captain fell back silent, and Mr. Tasker, pausing in a respectful attitude, watched him wistfully. The captain's brows were bent in thought, and Mr. Tasker, reminding himself that crews had trembled at his nod

"Well?" said the captain.

"I—I've 'ad my eye on another young lady for some time," concluded Mr. Tasker.

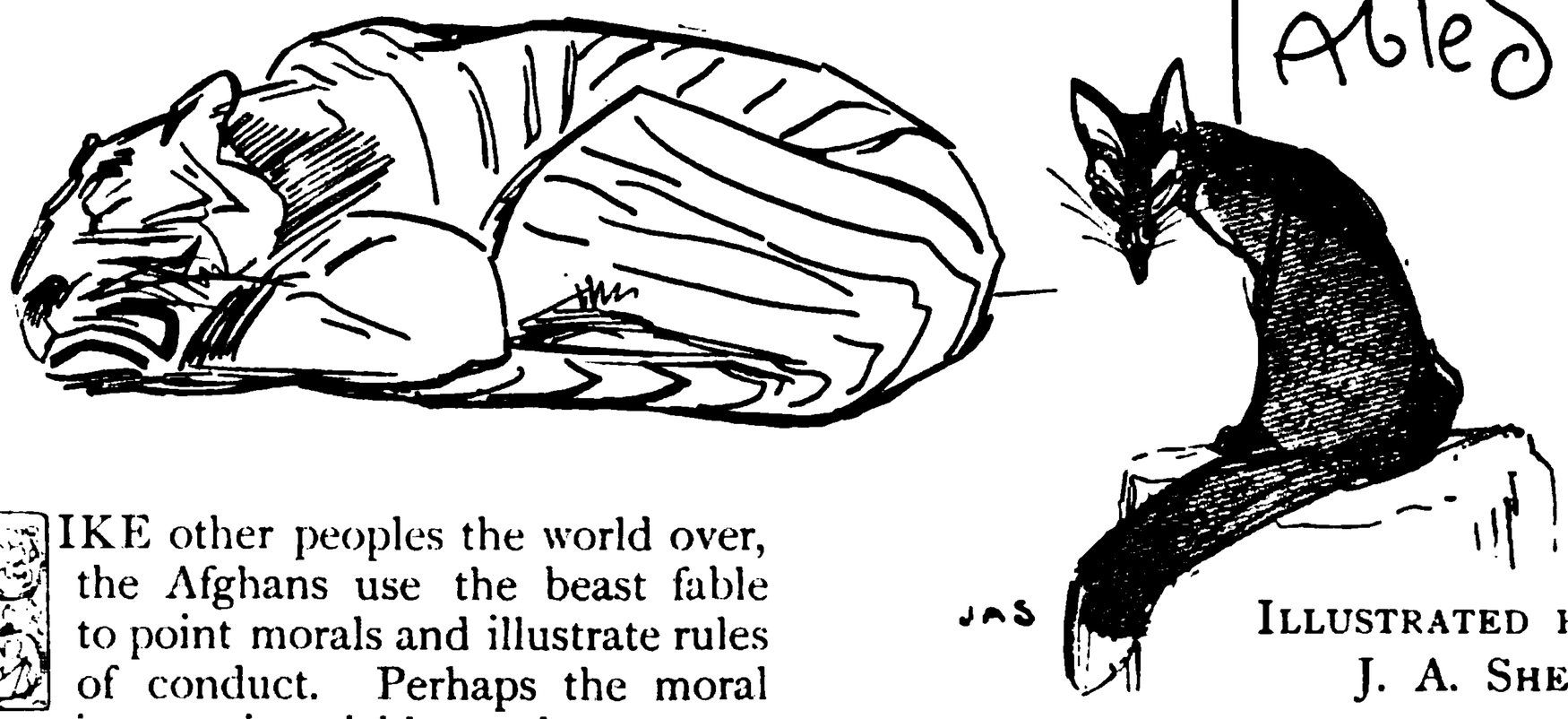
He was standing on the bottom stair as he spoke, with his hand on the latch. Under the baleful stare with which the indignant captain favoured him, he closed it softly and mounted heavily to bed.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

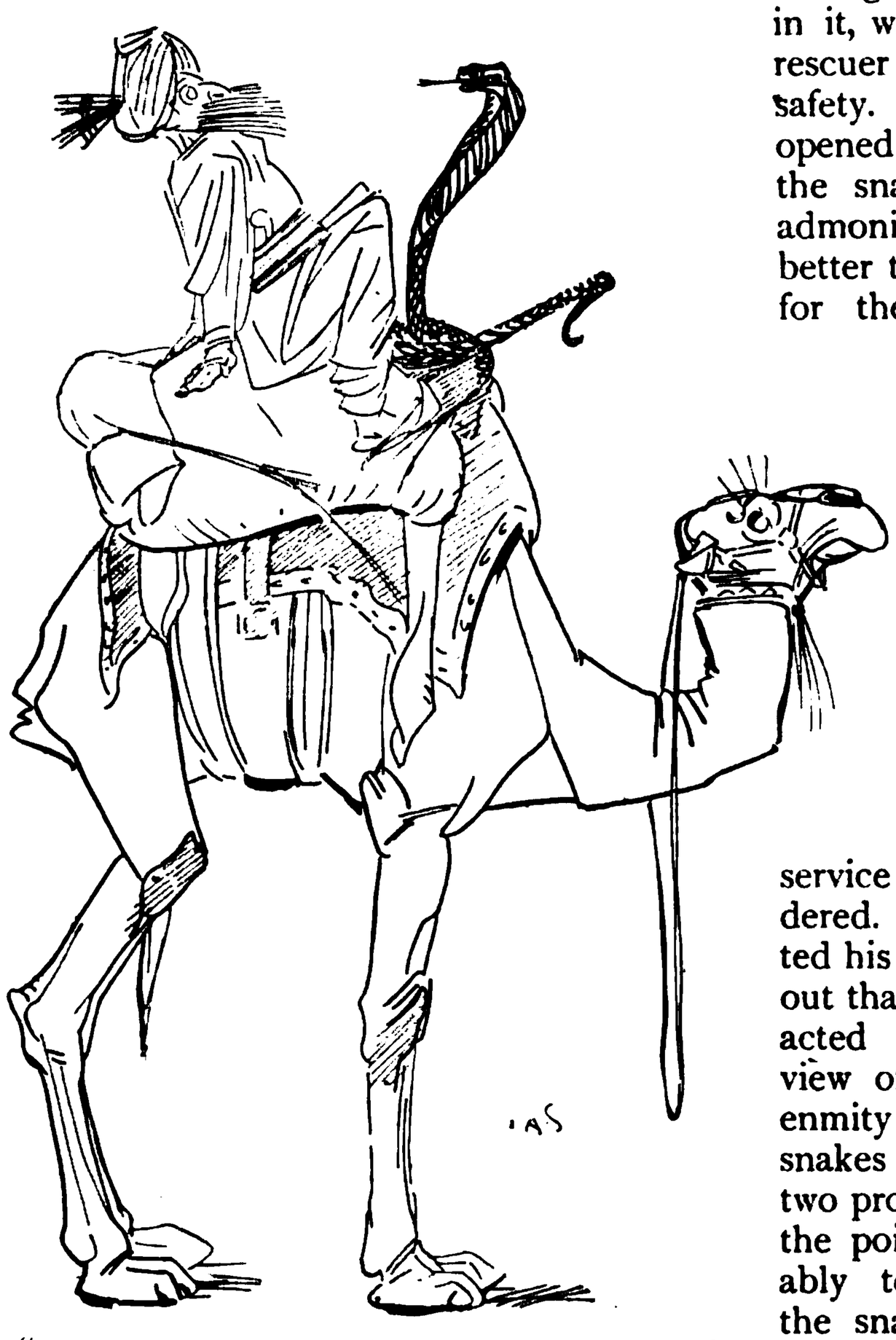
Afghan Beast Fables



ILLUSTRATED BY
J. A. SHEPHERD.

LIKE other peoples the world over, the Afghans use the beast fable to point morals and illustrate rules of conduct. Perhaps the moral is not invariably such as commends itself to Western standards, and the methods applauded are sometimes not such as would make for popularity in more civilized circles. But what would you? The characteristics of a race colour its literature, and the more homely the literature the clearer the colouring. Hence the Afghan beast fable more frequently than not reflects the respectful admiration accorded the successful exercise of craft and cunning, for which self-helpful qualities the dwellers on the other side of the North-Western Frontier of India are famed.

Soldiers who are acquainted with Afghan usages in warfare will appreciate the truth of the maxim which furnishes the text for the story of the Camel-rider, the Snake, and the Fox. A man riding on his camel happened to pass a place where a jungle fire was raging, and a snake, calling from the midst of the flames, begged his aid. The man, ignoring the snake's enmity to the human race and considering only his present danger, consented to save him: he lowered his saddle-bag to the ground, and the snake, having coiled himself up in it, was carried by his rescuer to a place of safety. Then the man opened his bag and bade the snake go, with an admonition to behave better towards mankind for the future. The snake made answer, "Until I have stung thee and this camel of thine I will not depart!"



"UNTIL I HAVE STUNG THEE AND THIS CAMEL OF THINE I WILL NOT DEPART!"

The man, hurt by this black ingratitude, drew the snake's attention to the service he had just rendered. The snake admitted his debt, but pointed out that his rescuer had acted injudiciously, in view of the hereditary enmity existing between snakes and men. The two proceeded to argue the point in commendably temperate spirit, the snake laying stress on the circumstance that

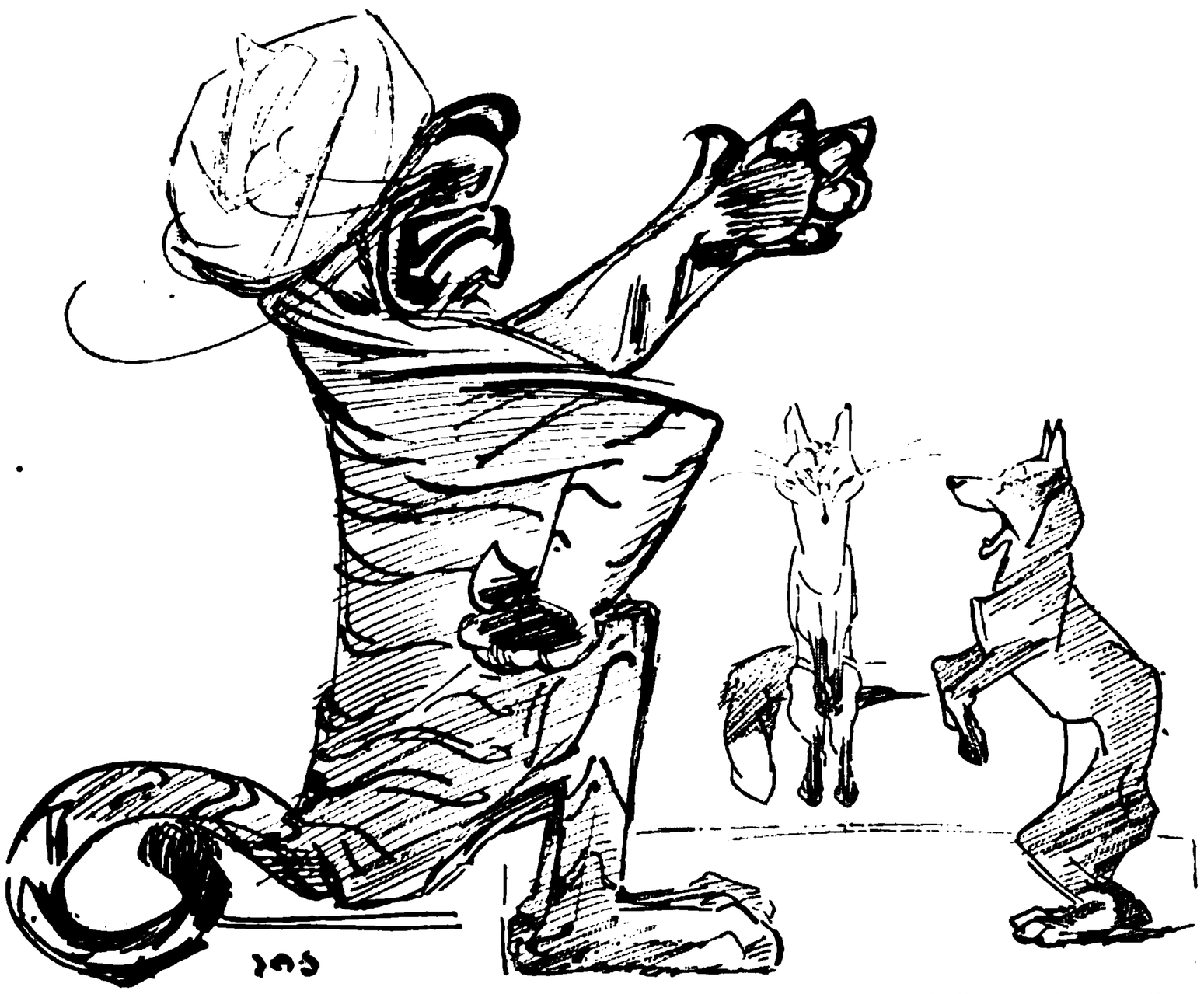
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mankind "always return evil for good"; and the man, denying it, eventually agreed that if the snake could find a witness to the truth of his assertion he would submit to be stung.

The witness was found in the person of an elderly cow-buffalo. Examined by the snake, she succinctly reviewed her career, and gave it as her opinion that man's creed was to return evil for good, inasmuch as her owner, when she ceased to give milk, turned her out to graze till she should be fat enough to kill. Upon this testimony the snake claimed fulfilment of the bargain. The man, however, urged that two witnesses were necessary, and, the snake consenting, a tree was called upon for his opinion. The tree, in a few well-chosen sentences, recalled the fact that for years he had granted shade to all men who sought his protection in the heat of day; but, he complained, when they had rested they always looked him over and, if they happened to have tools, lopped off a branch to make a spade-handle or axe-haft. They went even further, reckoning up the use they could make of their protector from the scorching sun if they reduced him to planks. In short, the tree was distinctly of the cow-buffalo's way of thinking. The camel-man, sorely perplexed, was wondering how he could gain time when a fox came by and asked, in his sarcastic way, "What kindness hast thou shown this snake, that he desires to do thee harm?"

Having heard the story the fox refused to believe it; the bag was small, and he was sure so large a snake could not get into it. Of course, the snake had no alternative but to show that he could; so the fox obligingly held the bag open for him, and when he was fairly entrapped handed him over to the man to kill. "A wise man should not be gulled by the cries for mercy of his foes; otherwise he will fall into misfortune," is the suggestive moral. It does not say much for Afghan principle, does it?

The fox, as ever, serves the Afghan fabulist for the personification of cunning and ingenuity. The tale of the Tiger, the Wolf, and the Fox exhibits the last-named in the character of the discreet and sagacious courtier. These three animals one day went hunting together, and having killed a wild hill-goat, a deer, and a hare, took them home to the tiger's den to eat. Having settled themselves comfortably, the tiger requested the wolf to divide the game as he thought fit; whereupon the wolf allotted the hill-goat as the biggest to the tiger, the deer to himself, and the hare to the fox. "It is strange that thou in my very presence talkest of 'I' and 'mine,'" said the tiger. "Who and what art thou, and what opinion hast thou of me?" and raising his paw he struck the wolf dead on the spot. Then he turned to the fox and requested him to divide the spoil. The fox instantly replied that the hill-goat would do for his Majesty's breakfast,



"'IT IS STRANGE THAT THOU IN MY VERY PRESENCE TALKEST OF "I" AND "MINE,"' SAID THE TIGER."

the deer would serve for his Majesty's dinner at noon, and, of course, the hare must be reserved for his Majesty's supper. "And from whom," said the tiger, with well-feigned curiosity, "didst thou learn this mode of distribution and this sagacity?"

The fox replied that he was one who took warning from the fate of others. The tiger (who could not have been very hungry) expounded his own idea of justice, which was that the sagacious fox should have the whole bag of game while the tiger got more for himself; "and after this I will do what-

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ever thou tellest me." A significant hint that physical strength does wisely to profit by the craft of the weaker. A fable closely resembling this, but in which, of course, the lion takes the part here played by the tiger, is current among some North African tribes.

One of the cleverest tales is that of the Merchant and his Parrot, which illustrates the great Afghan maxim that you can procure by craft what you can procure by no other means. A certain merchant, says the fable, was about to make a journey south into India. Before setting out he assembled his family and requested each member to name the gift he or she would like brought home. Last of all he asked the parrot, who was a native of Hindustan, what he could do for him in that country. The parrot at once begged him to visit a certain forest, where some more parrots would probably be found. "Give them my compliments and tell them that such and such a parrot, who is a friend of theirs, is confined in a cage in your house and says, 'This is a strange friendship, that I should be in bondage while you, quite unconcerned for my fate, flit hither and thither.' Now, whatever reply they give," said the parrot, "deliver it to me." The merchant punctually fulfilled his promise. He found the forest and the parrots and gave his parrot's message; and having done so was distressed to observe that one of the birds was so profoundly affected that, after a spasm of trembling and fluttering, he fell lifeless to the ground.

On his return home, after he had distributed the presents he had brought among his family, his parrot inquired whether he had not something to say to him. The merchant, fearful of grieving the bird, fenced with the question, but when the parrot grew huffy and told him he need not speak if he did not choose he relented, and with many expressions of regret told the fatal consequences of delivering the message. When the parrot heard of the death of his friend he, too, was seized with flutterings and shiverings, and then and there fell dead from his perch. The merchant shed tears over him and, after great lamentation, threw the body out of the cage. No sooner did the parrot touch the ground, however, than he came to life again and flew on to the top of the house; and the merchant, staring in amazement, asked for explanations. The parrot thereupon explained that his friend had sent this message: "Pretend to be dead and thou wilt get free."

"Now I, of course, understood his meaning from what thou saidst," added the parrot, "so I gained my freedom. I now ask thee, as I have eaten thy salt"—mark the punctilious courtesy of parrots educated in Afghan homes—"to forgive me. Good-bye."

"I forgive thee," said the crestfallen merchant. "God preserve thee." And the parrot went his way, saying, "Peace be with thee."

As we might expect of an animal so feared and hated, the tiger never figures in fable as heroic, but always as a stupid, blustering bully, to be outwitted by any creature, however weak, who has a little cunning. The tale of the Tiger and the Jackal is a good example. A tiger who, exercising a liberty of choice unknown to natural history, had engaged a female monkey as his companion and housekeeper, went out one day on business, enjoining the monkey to stay at home and let nobody enter the house.

By-and-by there came a jackal with his wife and family, house-hunting. Mr. Jackal, impressed at first sight with the eligibility of the tiger's premises, forthwith entered and took possession, ignoring the protests and warnings of the monkey housekeeper.



"AFTER A SPASM OF TREMBLING AND FLUTTERING, HE FELL LIFELESS TO THE GROUND."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"ONCE MORE THE TIGER VENTURED NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR THE YOUNG JACKALS CRYING."

children wanted fresh meat, and Mr. Jackal then told the cubs to wait a little. "A great big tiger will come presently, and I will kill him, and you shall have fresh meat."

When the tiger overheard this he was terrified and ran away, but the monkey, following him, contrived to allay his fears, explaining that the jackals were fooling him, and persuaded him to come back. Once more the tiger ventured near enough to hear the young jackals crying, but this time he also hears their father say to them, soothingly :—

"That monkey, who is a great friend of mine, has told me that she would, without fail, bring me a tiger to-day."

Whereupon the tiger, only pausing to strike the unfortunate monkey dead, fled without once looking behind him.

Another tale shows the tiger victimized by the cunning of the hare. In this fable the tiger discovers quite remarkable skill in debate ; he discourses eloquently on the dignity of labour to justify his depredations in the jungle, and only after prolonged discussion with the beasts does he

Mrs. Jackal would have had her husband leave, but he refused ; and while they argued the tiger was heard approaching. The monkey hastened to meet him and tell what had happened ; but the tiger could not bring himself to believe that a jackal would be so reckless and insolent as to take possession of his house. "It must be some other horrid creature," he said. And though the monkey protested that she knew a jackal when she saw one, the tiger could not credit her story. Meantime the jackal had arranged his plans. When the tiger drew near his house he heard the little jackals crying and Mrs. Jackal say to her husband, "They want tiger's meat," and Mr. Jackal's reply : "It was only yesterday I killed an enormous tiger. Has the meat been finished already? Nonsense!"

Mrs. Jackal explained that her



"THE TIGER FLED WITHOUT ONCE LOOKING BEHIND HIM."

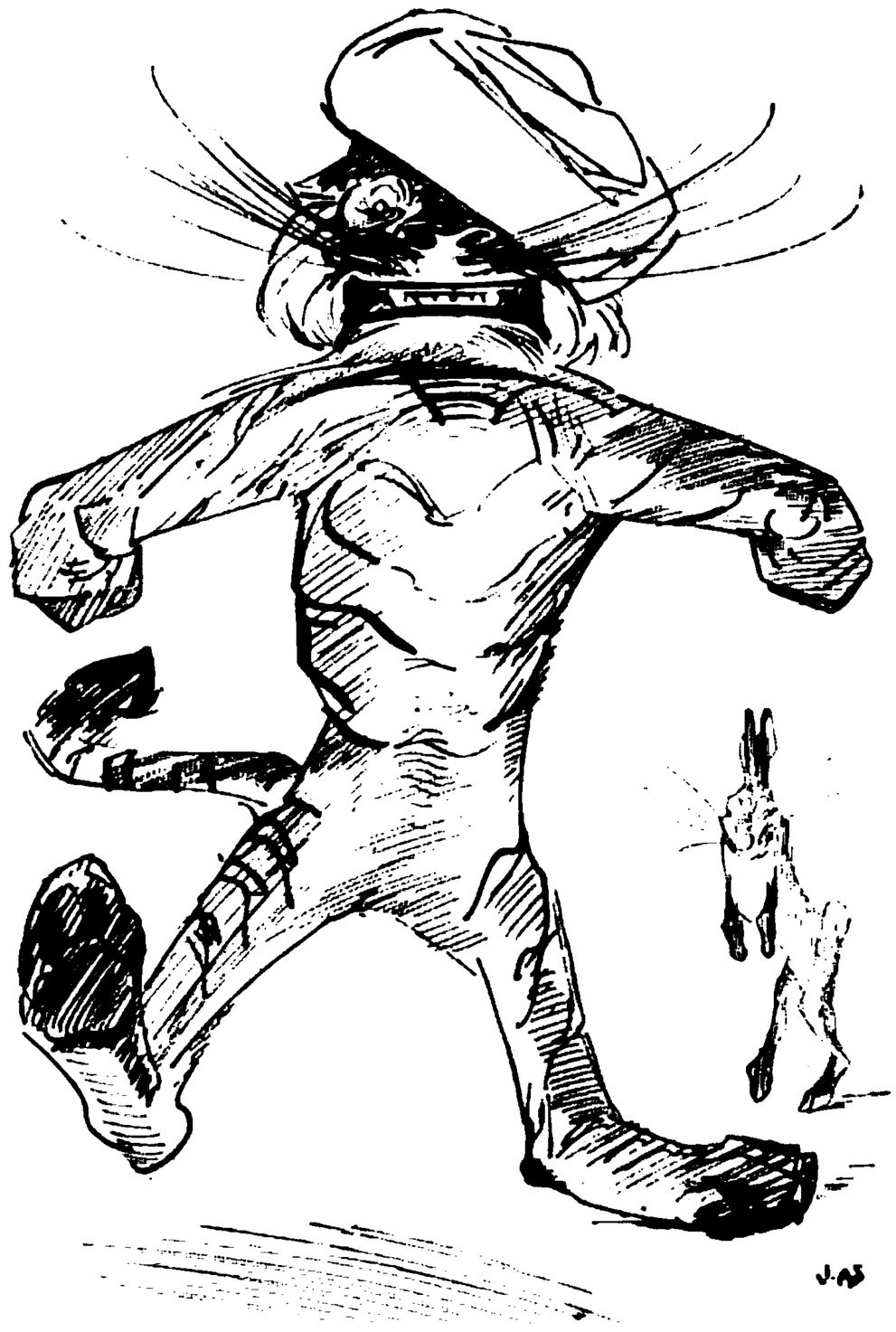
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

consent to their proposal that he shall stay at home and they provide him with a daily victim. For a time all goes smoothly; then the hare's turn comes and she objects, saying, "How long is this oppression to last?" The other beasts cry out upon her for wishing to break the agreement, and are only half satisfied when the hare hints that she has a plan for making an end of the tiger. They wish to know what it is; but the hare in reply quotes a saying which, by the way, sheds significant light on the insecurity of travellers' lives and property in Afghanistan. "Three matters," she reminds them, "are best concealed: first, one's money; second, the time one intends to start on a journey; third, the road one intends to take."

In a word, she keeps her own counsel and starts so late for the tiger's den that that animal grows hungry and—there is a good deal of human nature in tigers—very angry at the delay of his dinner. When the hare, apparently in a great hurry, arrived the tiger abused her vehemently, and with difficulty is induced to hear her explanation. She and a friend, she says, were on their way to him when they met another tiger who seized them; she warned their captor that they were set apart for the service of their own king, but the strange tiger threatened to tear their king to pieces. At length, said the hare, she persuaded the strange tiger to grant her respite that she might come and explain matters; and she had been granted this favour, leaving her friend in his clutches.

"Do not expect any more victims," she concluded. "The road hither is closed by that tiger. If thou desirest thy daily food, go at once and clear the road."

At this the tiger, beside himself with rage, jumps up, calling on the hare to come and show where his rival is, and the hare obediently follows, until they come in sight of a well by the road. There she lags behind; she is frightened to death. Cannot the tiger see how pale she is? Nothing will induce her to go near that well, for therein is hiding the other tiger, who holds her friend captive. The tiger insists that she shall come and point out the other tiger. Well, the hare will do so on condition that his Majesty holds her in his arms. He does so, and, peeping into the water, sees their reflection in the water below; whereupon he sets the hare down, and springing into the well to fall upon his enemy is drowned.



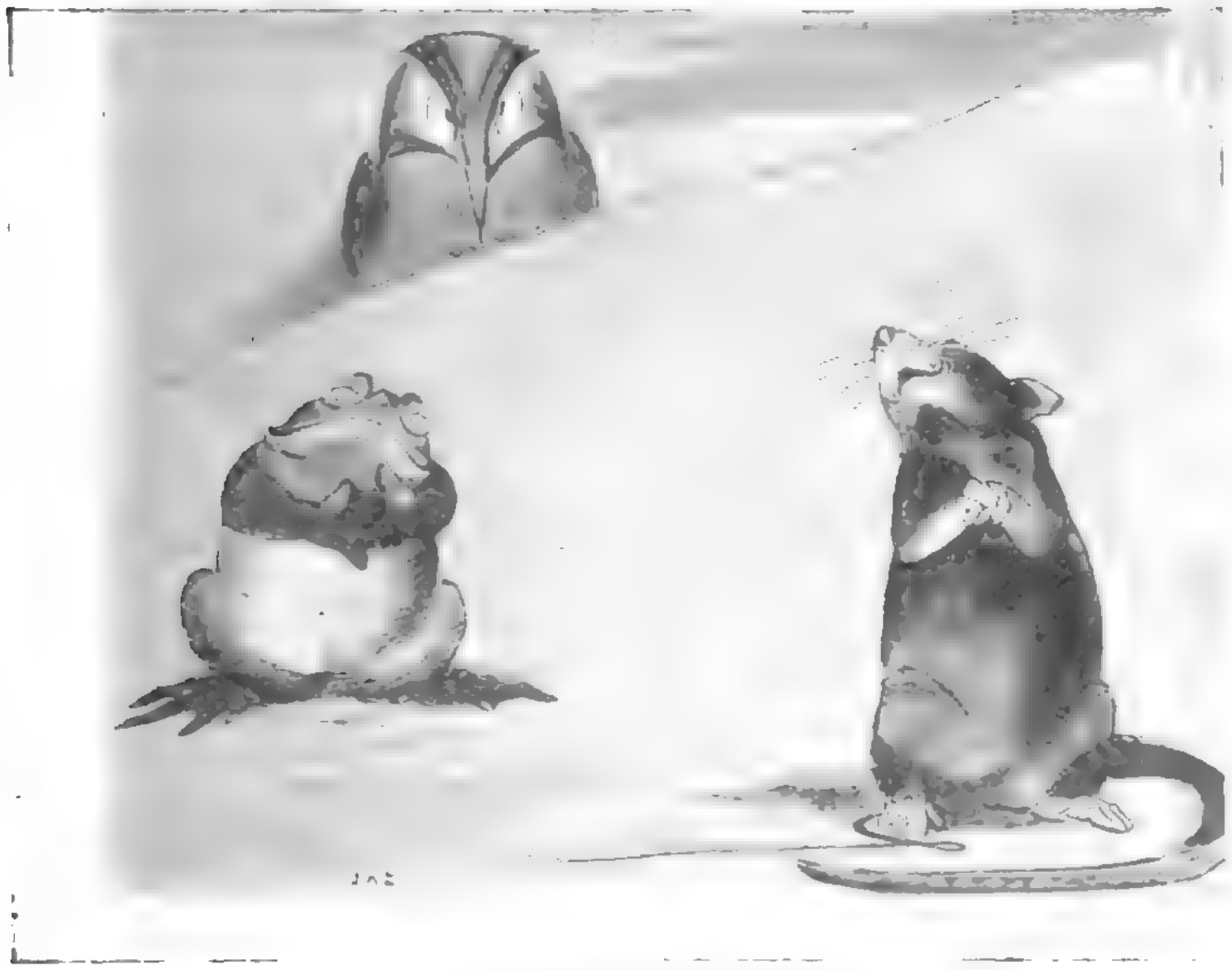
"THE TIGER BESIDE HIMSELF WITH RAGE."

A story that seems familiar is that of the friendship of the frog and the rat. These two conceived so deep a regard for one another that they were miserable apart: the rat, more particularly, bewailed the facts that she only saw the frog once a day, and that he, being in the stream, could not hear her when she called. The frog, whose attachment appears not wholly to have obscured his native good sense, pointed out that "if friends see each other occasionally only their affection is the greater," to which argument, albeit undeniable, the rat objected that in their case some means of establishing closer communication were indispensable.

The frog gave way, and the two agreed to tie the ends of a string to a leg of each, so that when one wanted to see the other all he or she need do was to pull the string. Other frogs came around and pointed out the obvious objections to supplementing the bonds of their affection with string, but neither would listen.

"It is all right," they said; "if we die together, so much the better"; and so they tied themselves as they had arranged. And one day came a kite, who pounced upon the rat, who could not escape because he tripped in the string; and the kite, carrying away the rat, carried away the frog at the other end of the string. And the dying moments of the frog were embittered by hearing the villagers

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"IF WE DIE TOGETHER, SO MUCH THE BETTER."

applaud the cleverness of a kite who could catch frogs; whereas he knew the kite had done nothing clever, but that he himself had done something very foolish.

Another tale exhibits the helpless old tiger dependent for his daily fare on the cunning of his humble follower the fox, and insists upon the stupidity of the ass. The tiger was so old and decrepit that he could not hunt for himself, and he appealed to an elderly vixen, who was also hungry, to lure an ox or some other beast within his reach. The vixen willingly assents, and searching the country finds an ass feeding. Him she accosts with respectful sympathy, asking why he grazes on such poor pasture. The ass, who, by the way, is deplorably long-winded, replies by giving the vixen a lecture on the propriety of contentment with one's lot.

The vixen listens patiently and replies, Eastern fashion, with a brief parable, whose moral is that those who can help themselves to the good things of life should do so. The vixen's parable reminds the ass of another rather like it, but very much longer and pointing a different moral; he relates it with circumstance and detail. After much argument the vixen loses patience, and upbraiding the ass for his want of enterprise describes in graphic language the attractions of certain pasture known to her; and the ass, his hopes getting the better of his discretion, follows, till they come within eye range of the tiger.

The tiger, being very hungry, cannot wait till the ass comes within reach; he rushes out prematurely and frightens the ass away. This precipitation on the tiger's part gives rise to unpleasantness. The vixen, naturally enough, is furiously angry at the way her scheme has been upset after all the trouble



"HE APPEALED TO AN ELDERLY VIXEN."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

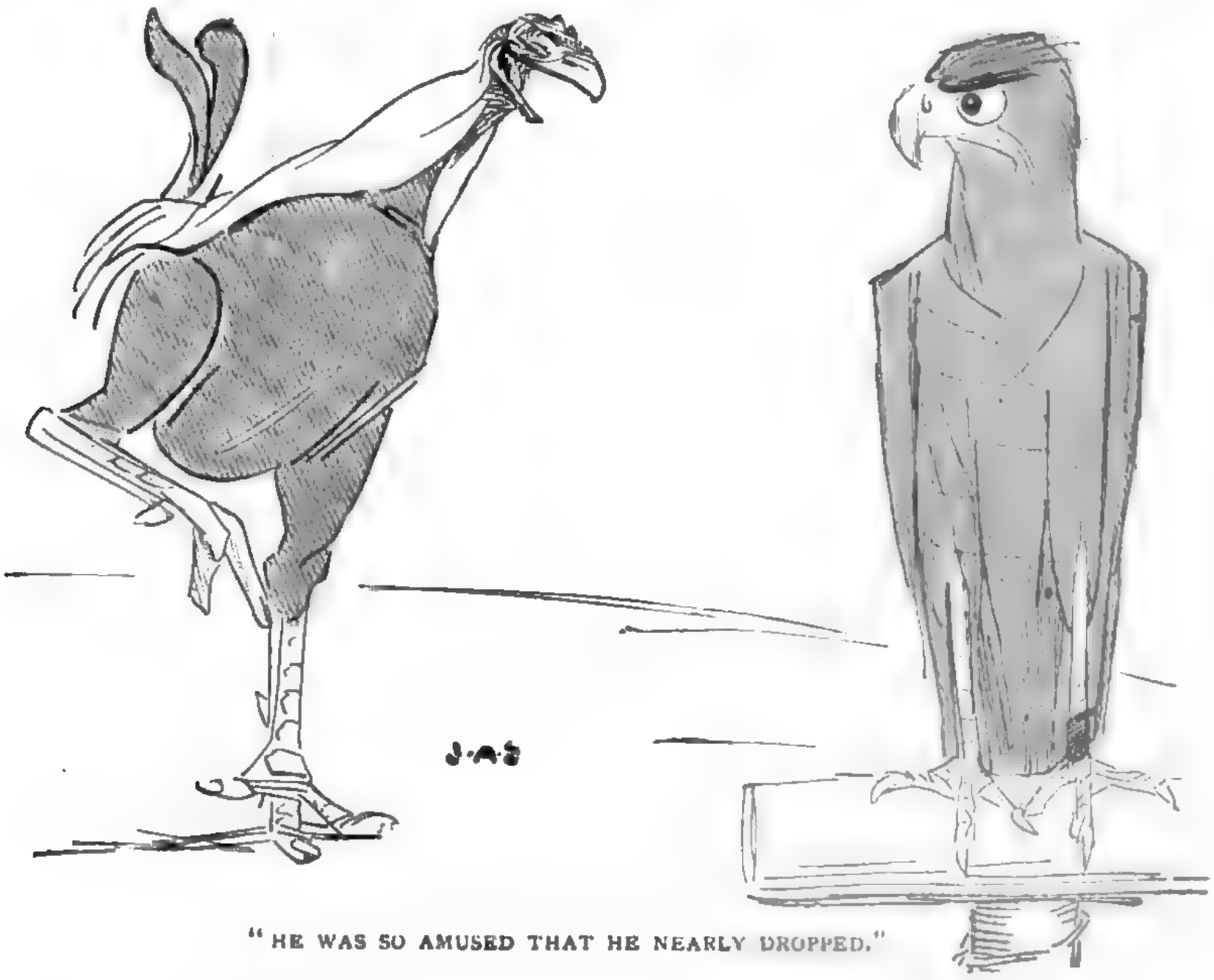


"SHE SPEAKS HER MIND FREELY TO THE TIGER."

she has had with the argumentative ass, and she speaks her mind freely to the tiger. He apologizes, and the vixen consents to try and bring the prey within reach again. In fine, she out-argues the foolish ass and eventually brings him to her patron.

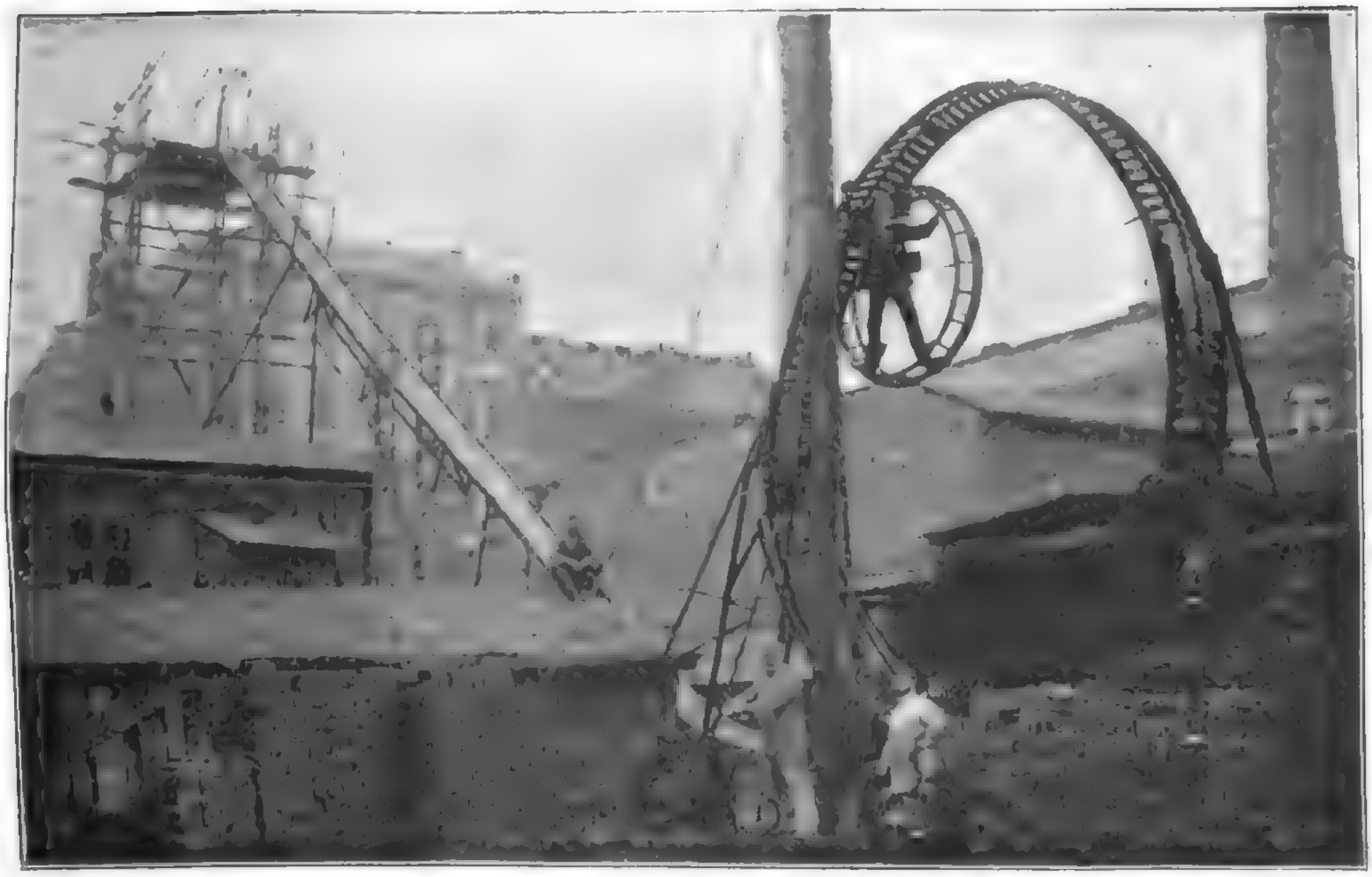
The story of the Cock and Hawk furnishes a caution against talking about things we don't understand. These two were great friends and spent much time together. One day the hawk, in didactic mood, took the cock to task for the shameful ingratitude of his race; men fed fowls on all kinds of luxuries, and cared for them carefully, and yet never did fowl see a man approach but it ran away. Now the hawk, on the other hand, repaid captivity and cruelties with the utmost gratitude, catching and killing game to order. When the cock heard his friend's views he was so amused that he nearly dropped with laughing. The hawk, rather stiffly, inquires what he has said that the cock should be so overcome with amusement; and, being reminded that men only feed fowls in order to kill and eat them, confesses that this most important detail had never struck him.

It is curious to observe that all the Afghan beast fables are distinguished by the same quality of sardonic humour, but they have this great merit, that they never fail to drive home the moral.



"HE WAS SO AMUSED THAT HE NEARLY DROPPED."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SALTO MONOCYCLE TRACK. *[Rochlitz.*

LXIX.—A NEW "LOOPING THE LOOP."

THERE seems to be no finality in the art of invention, whether it be in commerce, technology, science, art, or even in connection with the variety-stage. In the last-named case the struggle for supremacy is exceedingly keen, and requires, more than in other professions, untiring perseverance, courage, and intelligence if one wishes to obtain a place on the "roll of fame."

In the theatre or in the music-hall the public only see the glittering outside appearance, and applaud the attractive items of an artist without thinking of how much work and trouble it has cost him to be able to execute his performance without apparent effort and with extreme perfection. Such a sensational performance will soon be seen in a Berlin circus—a new kind of "Looping the Loop"—"The ride on the Salto Monocycle Track," as the audacious artist calls it, and with whom we are going to make our readers acquainted.



From a Photo. by] MR. ECLAIR FASTENED BY THE WAIST, ANKLES, AND HEAD INSIDE THE WHEEL WHICH LOOPS THE LOOP. *[Rochlitz.*

This sensational act consists in the artist being rolled in a wheel, measuring six and a half feet in diameter and eighteen inches wide, along a track in the form of a loop. Our first two illustrations give a clearer idea than can be given in words.

Mr. Eclair—the artist's name—has had his track made by Mr. A. Klose, Schiffbauerdamm, and practised in the so-called training-wheel for the past

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fifteen weeks before he undertook his first journey. In this training-wheel he accustomed himself to the revolutions of the wheel. This was all the more necessary, as he found on practising that, in consequence of the rapid revolutions, the small veins and other blood-vessels in the neck and head became swollen—so much so that a journey in the "loop" without previous experience would certainly, in his opinion, have been fatal.



PRACTISING IN THE TRAINING-WHEEL.
From a Photo. by Rochlitz.

After the perfect construction of the track had been ascertained by thorough tests—amongst which heavy waggon-wheels were caused to be rolled along the track—Mr. Eclair at length took his first ride. It was a ride for life or death. Nobody could foresee what the result would be. Luck favoured the venturesome artist, and his success was acclaimed with joy and satisfaction by all the interested beholders, so smoothly and faultlessly did the performance end. Such was the birth of a new sensational circus feat! And a second ride which Mr. Eclair soon afterwards took turned out equally successful.

The track slopes from a platform about fifteen yards high down into the "loop." It must be understood that this is not a real loop, such as, for example, Mündner uses, but is so constructed that the fearless rider rushes in his wheel down the slope, entering the ring by a trap-door, so that the wheel rolls round it. This heavy wheel, which weighs five hundredweight, flies up the track with a terrific momentum, and, in consequence of its centrifugal force, presses against the track with a force of seventeen times its own weight.

When the wheel has passed the highest point of the loop it flies down the other side, and leaves the loop again by another trap-door which has in the meantime been opened. The downward movement, being still very rapid at the point of exit, is then retarded by means of outlet-rails which adjust themselves exactly to the wheel, and the mad ride ends at length in a net.

The track has a total length of about sixty-five yards, inclusive of loop and exit. The loop is about twenty-four feet high. The wheel rolls in a mould-shaped groove. The slightest mistake in the construction of the track, which is an extremely ingenious one, would result in an unsuccessful performance and a dangerous, if not deadly, fall. Especially ingenious is the mechanism of the trap-doors at the entrance and exit. These are in charge of the artist's colleague, and form the most important part of the track, as any failure in this part would end in dire catastrophe.

LXX.—A BONFIRE OF GAMBLING APPARATUS.

The Anti-Gambling Leagues of British cities have their counterpart in the various Law and Order Societies of American municipalities, and their labours are much the same. Just as the societies in England attempt to protect the poor and middle-class people from the encroachments of vice by initiating prosecutions against wrong-doers, so do these Law and Order Societies fight in the interests of the American public. They go to excesses sometimes, it is true, but their labours have a positive value for good. In England they keep an eye upon the bookmaker in the street, upon the sporting tipster with his betting circulars and notices, and upon gambling in general. They prosecute where prosecution is needed, and carry on in Parliament a fight for virtue.

Never, however, have they prepared a fire for the benefit of their supporters such as the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] WAGGONS UNLOADING GAMBLING MACHINES TO FORM THE BONFIRE. *[Photo.*

Law and Order Society of Philadelphia got up last May. It is, perhaps, not wholly correct to say that when the Philadelphia Society seized and burned over thirteen hundred gambling machines in a public place it did so merely for the benefit of its followers, but that was practically the case, and among those who saw this unique conflagration there were none more interested than the crusaders against vice. It was an actual destruction of valuable property, but not a wanton one, and when the fire was over the charred metal and molten tin represented a sum of not less than one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. We doubt if England has ever had the privilege of witnessing such a sight, for the vested right of the Briton is too sacred to permit of his property being done away with in such brilliant manner.

The reason for the fire was the abnormal growth in Philadelphia of the penny-in-the-slot gambling machine, owing to its fascination for the young and its asserted protection by careless or corrupt municipal government. The machines — some of them very elaborate, costing from three hundred to six hundred dollars each — were nothing but "money-machines," automatic gamblers of the most hardened sort. If the player dropped any sum, from five cents to twenty-five cents, into the slot, he stood a chance to win about ten times as much as he put in, and the prospect of such a huge percentage upon a small investment fascinated poor people and boys and girls alike. One boy was known to have lost as much as three hundred and fifty dollars in a week through this form of gambling, having resorted to theft in order to obtain the wherewithal to gamble.

"For four years," writes Mr. D. Clarence Gibboney, the secretary of the Law and Order Society of Philadelphia, "our city was cursed with thousands of these conscienceless gambling devices. The authorities protected them, and our citizens were almost helpless. Fathers and mothers stood by, unable to do much more than make a feeble protest, while their sons and daughters were turned into gamblers.

"This society took hold of the situation and, in face of very determined opposition, arrested many of the owners and keepers of the machines in 1902, and



From a] THE FIRE IN FULL BLAZE. *[Photo.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in December burned a hundred and ninety-six machines, valued at about twenty thousand dollars. The police, however, supported the gambling people, and it was not until after January 1st, 1903, that we were able to wipe the entire business out of the city.

"A new mayor was elected, and he immediately forced the police to aid us. The police seized five hundred machines and we, through our own constables, seized over eight hundred others between January 1st and May 10th, 1903. On May 19th the entire lot was burned, the police and the Law and Order Society joining in the work of destruction. Not a machine that we know of exists in this city to-day."

LXXI.—A BANQUET IN A WATER-PIPE.

In the middle of October last a banquet was served to the League of Iowa Municipalities, at Waterloo, Iowa, which, so far as we know, has no duplicate in the history of gastronomy. It was in every way the most successful gathering of the sort that ever took place in this enterprising city of the West, and the novelty of the affair drew public notice from near and far.

The table was spread in a sewer constructed by the city to carry off the surplus water which at different periods of heavy rains had threatened the existence of the place with damaging floods. The name by which this work of engineering is known—the Dry Run Sewer—recalls to many the story of an innocent little stream running through the principal business and residence section of the city, a stream which in its driest day would attract little attention from a passer-by. Unfortunately, however, for the inhabitants the Dry Run has frequently become very wet. Within the past seven years, on three different occasions it has flooded the entire western portion of the city, causing a property loss of many thousands and endangering the lives of the inhabitants. In 1902 it was flooded twice within twenty days. It rose on July 3rd at the rate of ten feet within five minutes, and on July 23rd ambitiously repeated the same perilous feat.



A FLOODED STREET IN WATERLOO, IOWA, WHERE THE GREAT DRAIN WAS CONSTRUCTED.
From a Photo.

The citizens of Waterloo, at the head of whom stood Mr. P. J. Martin, the mayor, now concluded that this recurring danger should be met by heroic measures, and a flood-sewer, twelve feet by twelve feet in width and height, and three thousand four hundred feet long, was planned at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars. To many the project appeared impossible of completion, owing to the peculiar situation of Dry Run, but the difficulties in the way did not daunt the Iowa engineers. Hundreds of men were put upon the work of excavation and construction, under the charge of contractor William Horrabin, of Iowa City, and the giant structure rapidly took the permanent form which we see in our photographs. Our illustration of the entrance to the sewer unfortunately does not suggest the size of it, but when we say that a man could walk through this sewer easily carrying another upright on his head, we may fairly suggest the height of the arch. Some thirteen thousand barrels of cement and over thirty-two million pounds of sand and rock were used in the construction, and nearly one million cubic feet of dirt were excavated. The side walls of the sewer are vertical for six feet,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

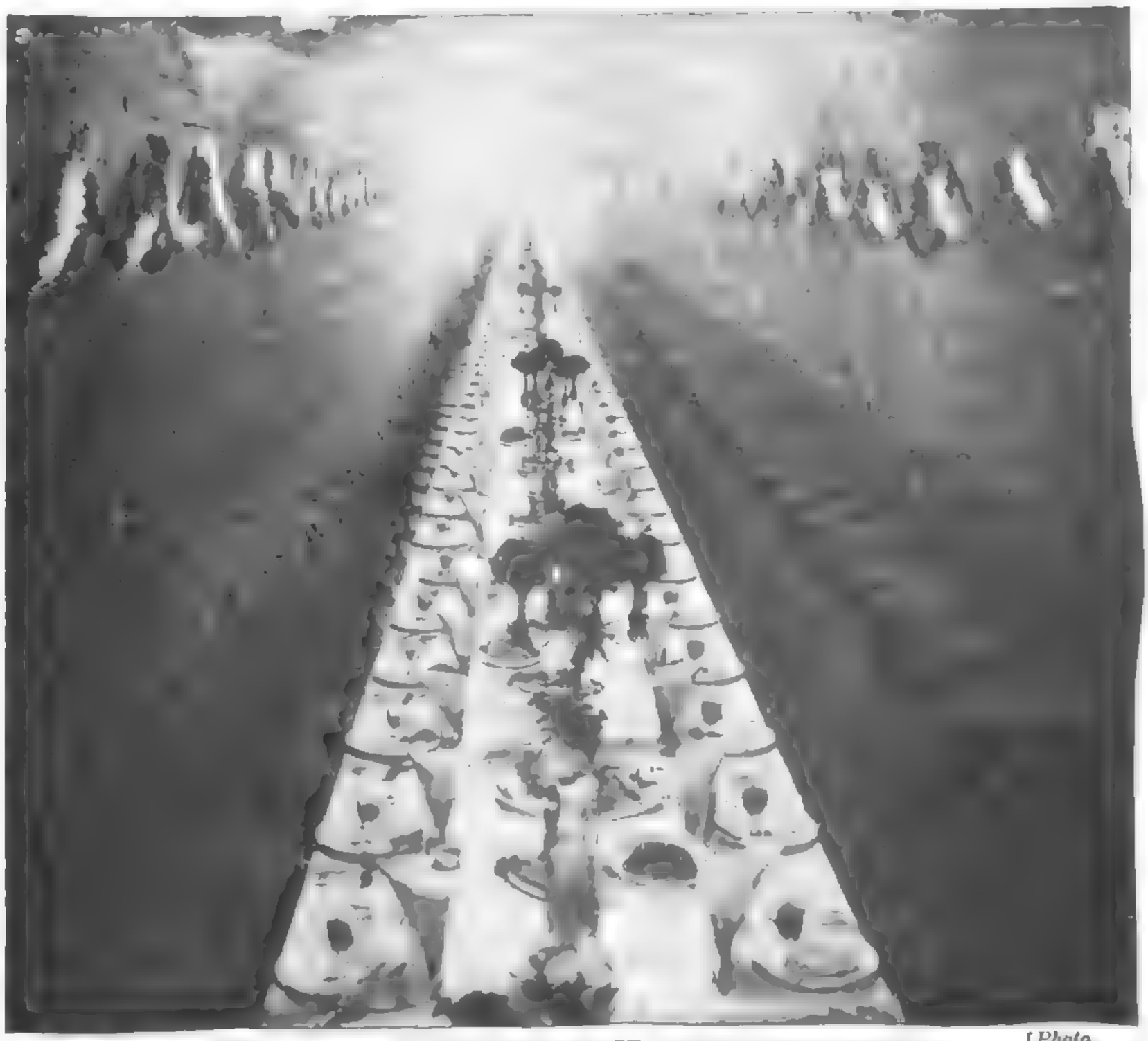


From a] A SECTION OF THE DRAIN-PIPE. *[Photo.*

and the base is at present about fifteen feet below the level of the street.

With the completion of the largest work of the kind ever undertaken by an Iowa municipality, satisfaction took the place of unrest in the feelings of the citizens. The manufacturers were able to leave their places of business without fear of catastrophe behind them, and the residents could now go to bed at night without dread of a flood-warning from the fire bell. In fact, the relief was so widespread that it was deemed fitting by the mayor and aldermen that the completion of the sewer should be signalized by a great banquet, to which the mayors and representative citizens of other towns should be invited.

The happy thought now occurred to the *Waterloo Times and Tribune* of holding this banquet, not in an hotel, but in the sewer itself, and the project was carried out with enthusiasm. This meant, of course, unusual effort on the part of those in charge, but all obstacles were easily surmounted, and on the night of October 16th that part of the city which, little more than a year before, had been the bed of a raging torrent was turned by engineering and culinary magic into a banqueting-hall of security and light. The tables were laid along the floor of the sewer over four hundred feet of its length, and on both sides of this table, with plenty of room in which to move, sat the best-known citizens of the State. Simple but pretty decorations hung in festoons from the archway and on the side walls gleamed rows of electric lights. Mayor Martin acted as toast-master, and the programme of toasts lasted an hour and a half. As if to suggest a danger happily past the rain was falling outside, but no fear of flood troubled the gathering. The banquet was as successful as the construction of the sewer itself, and those who were privileged on this memorable occasion to partake of Dry Run punch drank it with a special gusto. This little joke of the caterer was duly appreciated. The dessert was as happily chosen, for it ended with Roquefort and "water crackers."



From a] THE TABLE LAID FOR THE BANQUET INSIDE THE DRAIN-PIPE. *[Photo.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LXXII.—AN ANTI-COLLISION TRAIN.

EVEN in this age of wonders no one would have expected to experience a railway collision without the usual horrors of a smash-up, yet that is the feature of one of the latest wonders of inventive genius. An electrical engineer of New York, Mr. P. K. Stern, has just come forward with such a contrivance.

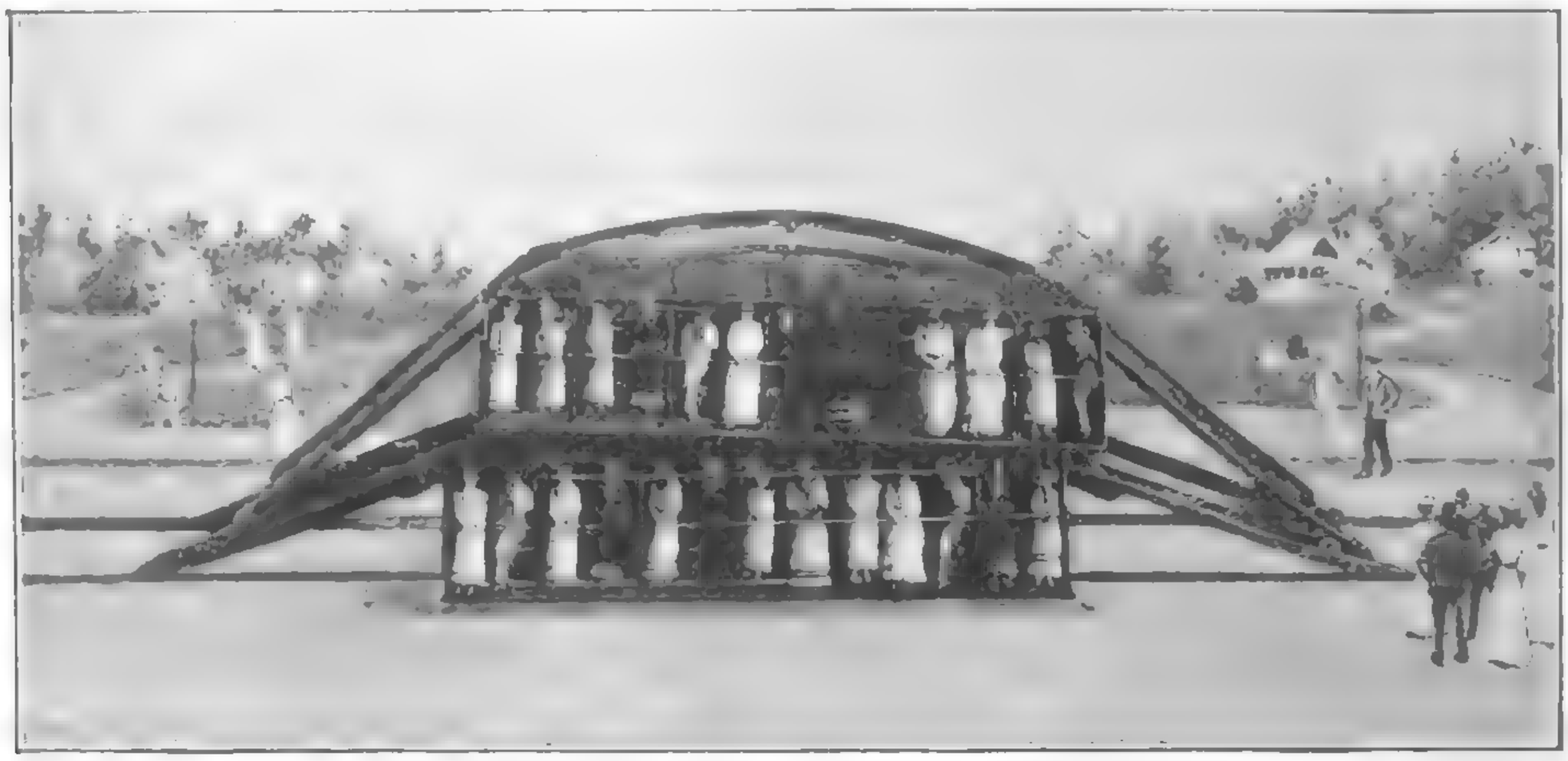
His system is remarkable chiefly for the daring conception which it expresses and for the exceptional skill shown in devising mechanism absolutely safe in its operation.

A single track is used, on which railway-cars are caused to travel. Two cars are rushing towards each other at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, so that a collision would, under ordinary conditions, be inevitable, when suddenly one of the cars runs, not into, but over the top of the other and lands on the track on the other side, where it continues in perfect safety to its destination. The underneath car has proceeded as if nothing had happened.

The cars, although they run upon wheels, are really travelling bridges, with overhanging compartments for the accommodation of passengers. Over the framed structure of the cars thus constituted an arched track is carried, securely fastened to the car and serving the purpose of providing a road-bed for the colliding car. This superimposed track is built in accordance with well-understood principles of bridge construction.

The passengers find accommodation in the cars arranged along each side of the travelling structure. The cars run at a speed of about ten to fifteen miles an hour, and are caused to collide at about eight miles an hour, which is quite sufficient for amusement purposes. The principle upon which these cars are constructed renders it impossible for one to crush the other while going over it.

In this device the speed of the cars is immaterial. One car may be moving very slowly—such as is the case sometimes in crowded streets—and the overtaking car, when meeting with obstructions, though it may be in close proximity, can go straight ahead just as though nothing had happened. In fact, automobiles and carts can go over the cars just as though they were mounting a gradual incline or small hill.



From a] A CAR PASSING OVER ANOTHER ON THE ANTI-COLLISION RAILWAY. *[Photo.*

In cases of street locomotion there is a fender effect for the safety of people crossing the streets, which picks the person up and lands him down on the other side unhurt.

A great deal might be done with a system of this character, and Mr. Stern's next work will be a careful study on the lines of carrying freight, as he believes that a single line of railway may be duplexed in this manner, and thus enable more business to be carried on than by the ordinary railroad having two tracks.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] A GENERAL VIEW OF LHASSA FROM THE EAST. *[Photo.*

The Forbidden City of Lhassa.

By G. T. Tsybikov.

[As soon as the brief telegraphic announcement of M. Tsybikov's remarkable journey reached England we took steps to secure the earliest account in an English magazine of this expedition. At the present moment its value is enhanced by the fact that a British mission is being dispatched into the mysterious land of Tibet. The account of "The Forbidden City of Lhassa" which follows is the first that has been written by a visitor to Lhassa since the French missionary Huc spent a few months there in 1845. It has been translated and edited for THE STRAND MAGAZINE by David B. Macgowan, by permission of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society.]

G. T. TSYBIKOV is by birth a Russian Bouriat from the Trans-Baikal territory. He learned his own, the Mongolian, and the Tibetan languages in infancy and boyhood, and completed his education in the St. Petersburg schools for Oriental languages. He was sent to Tibet by the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, and his success in reaching the Tibetan capital and in remaining there or in its vicinity for more than a year was due in large measure to the careful planning of his journey by the experienced officers of this society. He carried a high-class camera of special construction and returned with a number of excellent photographs, some of which are reproduced with this article.

The explorer left Lhassa on September 10th, 1901, but was detained on his return journey and did not reach the hospitable Russian consulate at Urga until the middle of last year.

The following is his narrative :—

On May 7th, 1900, a caravan of about seventy Mongolian and Amdo Lamas left the Amdo monastery of Goumboum for Lhassa. I had joined it as a simple pilgrim. We rode and carried our belongings on about two hundred horses and mules obtained in Amdo, and lived in seventeen tents. After a journey of twenty-two days across the uninhabited North Tibetan table-land, we pitched camp on the banks of the San-chou, on the northern side of the Boumza Ridge. Here we, for the first time, met with inhabitants of Central Tibet. Our road was, in fact, blocked by the first of a series of military posts maintained to stop the advance of foreigners and to notify the Government of their presence. It was near here that the great Russian explorer, P. M. Przhevalsky, was compelled to turn back upon his third journey into Central Asia. The soldiers of the post at once came to our camp and, observing that ours was an ordinary pilgrim caravan, resumed their usual occupations, which were mainly barter on a small scale and keeping a sharp look-out for any unconsidered trifles which were not tied down.

After four short marches we reached the Nak-chou monastery. Here reside the two governors of the local nomadic tribes—one, called the "Khanbo," being a priest, and the other, called the "Nansal," being a layman. They rule the natives, collect taxes, control the post-stations, and investigate suspicious travellers. I fell into the latter class, thanks to the head of our caravan, who reported that there were Bouriats among the Mon-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

golians. Although it had been recently decided that Bouriats were to be admitted into the country, the "Khanbo" squeezed five "lans" of silver out of me, which sum removed me from the category of suspects and opened the road to Lhassa, where we arrived on August 16th, after a journey of three months from Goumboum.

Lhassa, or Lhadàn as it is sometimes called, means the "land of the gods," or "full of gods." It was founded in the seventh century A.D. by the Khan Srontszan-Gambo, who, it is related, had among his wives a Nepaulese and a Chinese princess, and they brought with them statues of Buddha Sakya Muni. For these statues temples were built in Lhassa, and the Khan settled on the hill where now stands the palace of the Dalai-Lama—the supreme ruler of Tibet both in spiritual and worldly affairs. The city is situated in a broad plain, bordered on one side by the Wi-chou and on the other by the high mountains on its right bank. Not counting Bodalà, the residence of the Dalai-Lama, it is almost circular in form, with a diameter of about one English mile. However, numerous parks to the south and west, the proximity of Bodalà and two other palaces, have caused its girth to be stated as about twenty-five miles. As a matter of fact, the circular road around the city is not more than eight miles long. The devout are in the habit of making the circuit, prostrating themselves continually. A zealous pilgrim can complete the journey in two days, making three thousand prostrations a day. They travel, in fact, on their stomachs, drawing up their legs as far as possible, and pushing themselves forward a body's length at a time, standing erect, however, between the movements and falling flat again. Sometimes the pilgrims protect their hands with boards, though these are not the most fervent devotees. Thus they traverse not only the circuit of the city, but often pass three times and even seven times round it. The last feat takes about a fortnight, and requires forty-two thousand prostrations!

The Tibetans are very fond of parks and forests, and their capital presents a beautiful appearance from a distance, particularly in spring and autumn, when the golden roofs of the two principal temples and the white walls of many-storied houses gleam and glisten among the tree-tops. The enchantment of the view from afar disappears abruptly when one enters the crooked and extremely narrow streets, which during the rainy season are transformed into muddy pools, in which one sees here and there the corpse of a yak or other pack animal.



From a] LHASSA FROM THE NORTH. *[Photo.*

The plain in which the city lies is subject to inundations both from the river and from mountain streams. Dykes and canals have been constructed both inside and outside the city for protection from overflows. The houses of the common people are built of stone plates or of unbaked bricks, one-storied usually, except in the cities, where two and three storied houses prevail. The window openings are either bare or are protected merely with muslin or calico in summer, and with paper in winter. Fire-places are provided only in the kitchen, and are heated only for the preparation of food.

In the centre of the city stands the temple in which the great statue of Buddha is placed. This temple is a rectangular structure about one hundred and forty feet square. It is three

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stories high and has four gilded roofs in Chinese style, with gates and a door opening to the west. The temple contains a number of gloomy chambers lighted with candles, in all of which there are various statues of Buddhas. The chief object of veneration is placed beneath a costly baldachin in the middle room. It is the great statue of Buddha Sakya Muni, just mentioned. It is of bronze, and is distinguished from ordinary images of the Indian sage by its ornaments of hammered gold on head and breast, encrusted with precious stones, mainly turquoises. The face of the statue is decorated with burnished gold, put on in the form of a powder. Golden lamps fed with animal fat, placed on long, bench-like tables, burn before it continually. These lamps are the gifts of worshippers.

Almost equal honour is bestowed upon two other statues in the same temple, that of Avalokiteshvar, who is supposed to be reincarnated in the Dalai-Lamas, and the statue of Bal-Lhamo, the patroness of women. Libations of barley-wine, called the "golden drink," are constantly being poured out before this statue and barley grains are liberally strewn on the ground, supplying inexhaustible food to the multitude of mice which thrive here undisturbed, as they are accounted sacred. They have comfortable nests in the drapery of the statue. The bodies of these mice, when accidentally killed, are regarded as very useful to ladies who are expecting babies, and are exported thousands of miles to Mongolia and Amdo. However, mice in other houses in Lhassa do not share their privileged position, being, as in other countries, the prey of cats.

The ancient palace of the Tibetan kings, shown in the photograph given above, is carefully preserved as a monument of great interest in the history of the city. It was the residence of the last King of Tibet, before the Dalai-Lama received the temporal as well as the spiritual power. It is the only building in Lhassa which is not allowed to be whitewashed.

Above all the buildings of the city rises Bodalà, the palace of the Dalai-Lama, about a thousand yards to the west, and built on a rocky eminence. Although commenced earlier, it was rebuilt and extended, with the addition of the central part, called the "red palace," during the lifetime, or shortly after the death, of the celebrated fifth Dalai-Lama, Agvan Lovsan-chzhiamtso. The palace was evidently built mainly for purposes of defence, being, in fact, the survivor of those ancient castles with whose ruins Tibet is richly strewn, and whose sad fate was largely the work of this very Bodalà.



From a] THE ANCIENT PALACE OF THE TIBETAN KINGS. *[Photo.*

The palace is about fourteen hundred feet long and nine to ten stories high. The front and sides are surrounded by a wall, while the rear is protected by the mountain. In the construction of this palace the Tibetans exhausted all their architectural skill, and it contains much of the wealth and all that Tibet possesses of artistic value, notably the golden epitaph of the fifth Dalai-Lama. The valuables and the Dalai-Lama's apartments are in the central part of the palace, which is called the "red palace," but is really painted brown. In other parts of the palace live various officials, employés, and followers of the Dalai-Lama, including a chapter of five hundred monks. Among the duties of the latter are the recital of prayers for the happiness and long life of the Dalai-Lama.

The mint, the courts of justice, and the prison are situated in a courtyard under the hillside, and a little farther on is the only

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

medical school in Tibet, the "Manba Datsan." It has sixty teachers, supported by the Dalai-Lama. Westward and lower down the hill from the palace and the medical school are the temples of Chinese Buddhists, while two other palaces, one of which is the summer palace of the Dalai-Lama, are situated only a little farther. Lhassa itself contains two faculties for instruction in the mystical cults, embracing together twelve hundred men.

Lhassa is a city of women. The entire population, excluding priests, can scarcely exceed ten thousand persons, and at least two-thirds of these are women. The city might seem more populous owing to the proximity of two great monasteries and to the great ingress, at particular times, of the rural inhabitants and of pilgrims from Lamaitic countries. It is the most important commercial centre of the country, being the intermediary between India and Western Tibet and between China and Eastern Tibet. The market is situated around the great temple, and the lower floors of houses, as well as all free spaces on the streets and public squares, are occupied by shops and booths. The clerks in the shops, excepting those kept by Kashmir and Nepaul merchants, are nearly all women.

Not only Lhassa, but Tibet itself can be described as the land of women and women's rights. This is due to the vast number of celibate priests. The results of this institution to a large part of the female population are complete independence both in business and in personal conduct. In family life both polygamy and polyandry are met with. The marriage of several brothers with one wife, or of several sisters with one husband, is regarded as the ideal condition.

In no country in the world, perhaps, do women play a greater part in business than in Tibet. I can recall no occupation that is carried on in the country in which women are not actively engaged, and they often conduct great undertakings quite independently of men.

The choice of a new Dalai-Lama is put into practice in the following picturesque manner: The names of three candidates, determined upon in a previously agreed manner, are written on separate tickets and then put into a golden urn. The urn is set in front of the great statue of Buddha, and religious services designed to disclose the identity of the "reincarnate"* are held by deputies from the monasteries. The urn is then taken to Bodalà and set down before a small board inscribed with the name of the Emperor, and in the presence of the highest officials, and of deputies from the principal monasteries, the Manchurian Amban—the representative of the Emperor—removes one of the tickets by means of a pair of chop-sticks. The choice so made is confirmed by an Imperial rescript, and the happy, or unhappy, boy is transferred to the palace. From this moment he receives the veneration and the honours due to his station. From his earliest years he is taught reading and writing by a special master selected from among the most illustrious Lamas. After this he is given a purely theological education. For purposes of practical disputation all the theological faculties of the principal monasteries send one of their members. Upon the completion of the prescribed course of study he receives the highest theological degree in the same



From a] MOUNT MAR-BO-RI, AND BODALÀ, THE PALACE OF THE DALAI-LAMA. *[Photo.*

* The "reincarnates" are persons in whom the souls of former saints are supposed to have become reincarnated.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] BODALÀ FROM THE NORTH-WEST. *[Photo.*

manner as other Lamas do, but naturally makes a more lavish distribution of money to the monasteries. As a matter of course his generosity is rewarded by a correspondingly careful selection of questions on the part of the examiners.

The present Dalai-Lama has now, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, attained his majority. Since 1806 there have been five new Dalai-Lamas. Six or seven years ago the present holder of the title entered upon a struggle with his regent, the most illustrious of the Tibetan "reincarnates," and issued from it victorious, thereby escaping the fate of his four predecessors, who died comparatively young, most of them having been put to death by their regents, or the rivals of the latter. The present Dalai-Lama accused his regent of having performed conjurations against his life, confiscated the regent's large estate, and placed him under strict domiciliary arrest. The regent was found dead one fine morning. The Dalai-Lama is evidently an energetic and well-intentioned man. One of his first acts after seizing the reins of authority was the abolition of the death penalty.

The supreme administration is in the hands of a council under the presidency of the Dalai-Lama, known as the "Devashoun." The four principal members are appointed by the Chinese Emperor. Justice is sold, and in general all Government business is carried on by means of bribery. Criminal inquiries are pursued by means of whipping and other tortures, the most cruel of which is probably cauterization with blazing sealing-wax. The penalties are flogging, imprisonment, exile into slavery, blinding, amputation of the fingers, and perpetual fetters or stocks.

Four thousand soldiers are maintained at the cost of the State. Their armament consists of swords, muzzle-loading firearms, and bows and arrows. A helmet decorated with feathers is worn and a small shield is carried, and some wear a cuirass also. The discipline is poor. The soldiers live in their villages, and assemble only periodically for drill in archery and in the use of firearms. The army is divided into cavalry and infantry. The Central Tibetan is averse to war and military service. One often sees a soldier on the way to the drill-ground placidly spinning wool or sewing on a boot-sole, or perhaps employing the time which would otherwise be wasted in telling a rosary or turning a prayer-cylinder. The nomadic clans of Eastern Tibet, who are prone to raiding their peaceful neighbours, strive as a rule to avoid bloodshed, employing intimidation oftener than force. The slightest



From a] BODALÀ FROM THE NORTH. *[Photo.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

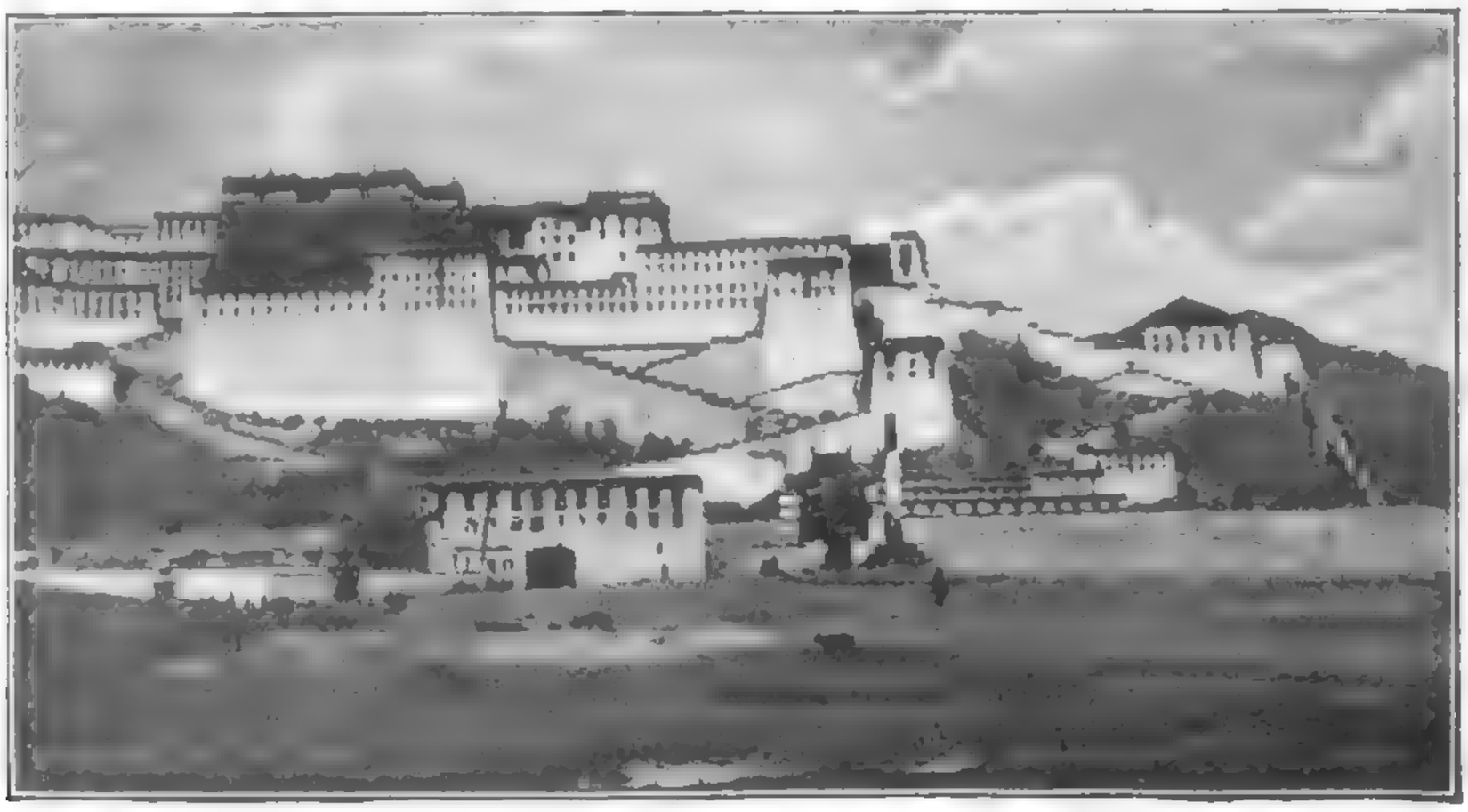
determined opposition sends them back home.

The Tibetans have lately been taking a more and more pronounced fancy for English goods, and Indian rupees have begun to compete with the native coin. Among the articles exported to India are yak tails, sheep's wool, borax, salt, silver and gold, yaks, and horses and asses from Western China.

Both men and women wear local cloth in various colours. The clothing of the poor is usually white, because white is the cheapest. Soldiers wear dark blue, the well-to-do classes prefer red, and the princes and higher officials are privileged to wear yellow. The people are vain and fond of display. They wear jewellery of gold, silver, corals, diamonds, rubies, pearls, turquoises, and other stones.

The principal article of food is flour of roasted barley. It is mixed with tea or barley-wine. The most common vegetable is the radish. The favourite dish of all classes is a porridge of barley-flour mixed with finely-chopped radishes. The best variety of this porridge is prepared with a bouillon of pounded bones, which can be had only by the rich. Tibetans love raw or underdone meat. Yak-meat, mutton, and pork are more highly esteemed than beef. The flesh of asses and horses is not eaten. Fish is eaten by the poor, fowl not at all, chickens being kept only for the sake of eggs. Butter is used principally as fuel for holy lamps. Sour milk, treated in a special way, is highly esteemed as a drink and is the common poetic symbol of pure white. Both men and women drink great quantities of barley-wine, which is but slightly intoxicating and is very cheap. The men smoke leaf tobacco in pipes, the monks crush it into snuff. Tobacco is dear, and it is usually mixed for smoking with leaves of another plant.

The Tibetan is very impressionable and superstitious, and he goes to the Lamas, or oracles, after every event in his life and demands the explanation of it. In case of sickness he puts more faith in a grain of barley blessed by a Lama than in medicine; or he prefers, if able, to send for a Lama to read whole litanies in his presence. However, he is also disposed to be merry, and proves it by singing and dancing on holidays and during carousals.

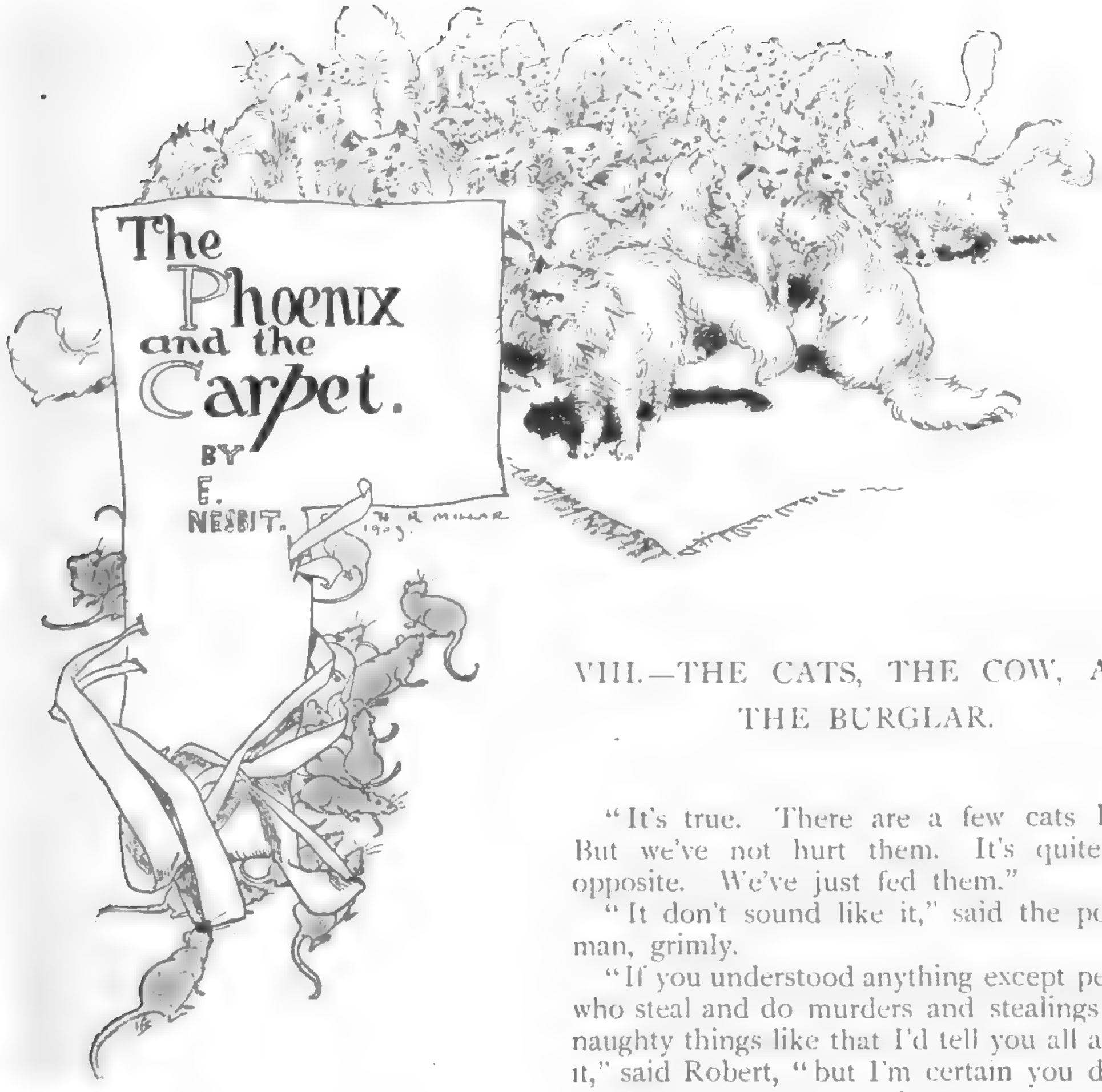


From a] A NEAR VIEW OF THE DALAI-LAMA'S PALACE. *[Photo.*

The Tibetan's requirements are limited. The local coin was worth ten cents during my stay in Tibet. Nevertheless, one of these coins is the highest wage known, that of a Lama for a whole day's prayers. The best spinner in the rural districts receives seven cents a day; the ordinary labourer, whether man or woman, two or three cents. Domestic servants scarcely ever get any money, receiving only food and clothing.

Beggary thrives in Lhassa, this being the sole recourse of criminals who have been blinded, or have lost their hands, or been bound to perpetual fetters or stocks. In fact, begging is regarded with no shame, even when practised by the comparatively well-to-do, especially priests.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



VIII.—THE CATS, THE COW, AND THE BURGLAR.

THE nursery was full of Persian cats and musk-rats that had been brought there by the Wishing Carpet. The cats were mewing and the musk-rats were squeaking so that you could hardly hear yourself speak. In the kitchen were the four children, one candle, a concealed Phœnix, and a very visible policeman.

"Now, then, look here," said the policeman, very loudly, and he pointed his lantern at each child in turn; "what's the meaning of this here yelling and caterwauling? I tell you you've got a cat here, and someone's a-illtreating of it. What do you mean by it, eh?"

It was five to one, counting the Phœnix, but the policeman, who was one, was of unusually fine size, and the five, including the Phœnix, were small. The mews and the squeaks grew softer, and in the comparative silence Cyril said:—

"It's true. There are a few cats here. But we've not hurt them. It's quite the opposite. We've just fed them."

"It don't sound like it," said the policeman, grimly.

"If you understood anything except people who steal and do murders and stealings and naughty things like that I'd tell you all about it," said Robert, "but I'm certain you don't. You're not meant to shove your oar into people's private cat-keepings. You're only supposed to interfere when people shout 'Murder!' and 'Stop thief!' in the street So there!"

The policeman assured them that he should see about that, and at this point the Phœnix, who had been making itself small on the pot-shelf under the dresser, among the saucepan-lids and the fish-kettle, walked on tip-toed claws in a noiseless and modest manner, and left the room unnoticed by anyone.

"Oh, don't be so horrid!" Anthea was saying, gently and earnestly. "We *love* cats —dear, pussy-soft things. We wouldn't hurt them for worlds. Would we, Pussy?"

And Jane answered that of course they wouldn't.

And still the policeman seemed unmoved by their eloquence.

"Now, look here," he said, "I'm a-going to see what's in that room beyond there—and ——"

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

His voice was drowned in a wild burst of mewing and squeaking.

And as soon as it died down all four children began to explain at once, and though the squeaking and mewing were not at their very loudest, yet there was quite enough of both to make it very hard for the policeman to understand a single word of any of the four wholly different explanations now poured out to him.

"Stow it!" he said, at last. "I'm a-going into the next room in the execution of my duty. I'm a-going to use my eyes—my ears are gone off their chumps, what with you and them cats."

And he pushed Robert aside and strode through the door.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," said Robert.

"It's tigers, *really*," said Jane. "Father said so. I wouldn't go in if I were you.''

But the policeman was quite stony; nothing anyone said seemed to make any difference to him. Some policemen are like this, I believe. He strode down the passage, and in another moment he would have been in the room with all the cats and all the rats (musk), but at that very instant a thin, sharp voice screamed from the street outside:—

"Murder! Murder! Stop thief!"

The policeman stopped, with one regulation boot heavily poised in the air.

"Eh?" he said.



"THE POLICEMAN STOPPED, WITH ONE REGULATION BOOT POISED IN THE AIR."

And again the shrieks sounded shrilly and piercingly from the dark street outside.

"Come on," said Robert. "Come and look after cats while somebody's being killed outside." For Robert had an inside feeling that told him quite plainly *who* it was that was screaming.

"You young rip!" said the policeman. "I'll settle up with you bimeby."

And he rushed out; and the children heard his boots going weightily along the pavement, and the screams also going along rather ahead of the policeman, and both the murder-screams and the policeman's boots faded away in the remote distance.

Then Robert smacked his knickerbockers loudly with his palm, and said:—

"Good old Phœnix! I should know its golden voice anywhere."

And then everyone understood how cleverly the Phœnix had caught at what Robert had said about the real work of a policeman being to look after murderers and thieves, and not after cats, and all hearts were filled with admiring affection.

"But he'll come back," said Anthea, mournfully, "as soon as he finds the murderer is only a bright vision of a dream, and there isn't one at all really."

"No, he won't," said the soft voice of the clever Phœnix, as he flew in. "*He does not know where your house is.* I heard him own as much to a fellow-mercenary. Oh! what a night we are having! Lock the door, and let us rid ourselves of this intolerable smell of the perfume peculiar to the musk-rat and to the house of the trimmers of beards. If you'll excuse me I will go to bed. I am worn out."

It was Cyril who wrote the paper that told the carpet to take away the rats and bring milk, because there seemed to be no doubt in any breast that, however Persian cats may be, they must like milk.

"Let's hope it won't be musk-milk," said Anthea, in gloom, as she pinned the paper face-downwards on the carpet. "Is there such a thing as a musk-cow?" she added, anxiously, as the carpet shrivelled and vanished. "I do hope not. Perhaps, really, it *would* have been wiser to let

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the carpet take the cats away. It's getting quite late, and we can't keep them all night."

"Oh, can't we?" was the bitter rejoinder of Robert, who had been fastening the side door. "You might have consulted me," he went on. "I'm not such an idiot as some people."

"Why, whatever——"

"Don't you see? We've jolly well *got* to keep the cats all night—oh, get down, you furry beasts!—because we've had three wishes out of the old carpet now, and we can't get any more till to-morrow."

The liveliness of Persian mews alone prevented the occurrence of a dismal silence.

Anthea spoke first. "Never mind," she said. "Do you know, I really do think they're quieting down a bit. Perhaps they heard us say milk."

"They can't understand English," said Jane. "You forget they're Persian cats, Panther."

"Well," said Anthea, rather sharply, for she was tired and anxious, "who told you milk wasn't Persian for milk? Lots of English words are just the same in French — at least, I know 'miaw' is, and croquet, and *fiancé*. Oh, pussies, do be quiet! Let's stroke them as hard as we can with both hands, and perhaps they'll stop."

So everyone stroked grey fur till their hands were tired, and as soon as a cat had been stroked enough to make it stop mewing it was pushed gently away, and another mewing mouser was approached by the hands of the strokers. And the noise was really more than half purr when the carpet suddenly appeared in its proper place, and on it, instead of rows of milk-cans or even of milk-jugs, there was a *cow*. Not a Persian cow, either; nor, most fortunately, a musk-cow, if there is such a thing, but a smooth, sleek, dun-coloured Jersey cow, who blinked large, soft eyes at the gaslight and mooed in an amiable, if rather inquiring, manner.

Anthea had always been afraid of cows. But now she tried to be brave.

"Anyway, it can't run after me," she said to herself. "There isn't room for it even to begin to run."

The cow was perfectly placid. She behaved like a strayed duchess till someone brought a saucer for the milk and someone else tried to milk the cow into it. Milking is very difficult. You may think it is easy, but it is not. All the children were by this time strung up to a pitch of heroism that would have been impossible to them in their ordinary condition. Robert and Cyril held the cow by the horns, and when she was



"ROBERT AND CYRIL HELD THE COW BY THE HORNS."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

quite sure that their end of the cow was secure Jane consented to stand by, ready to hold the cow by the tail, should occasion arise. Anthea, holding the saucer, now advanced towards the cow. She remembered

Anthea wrapped the embroidered, woolly sofa-blanket round Jane and herself, while Robert and Cyril had a struggle, silent and brief, but fierce, for the larger share of the fur hearthrug.



"ROBERT AND CYRIL HAD A STRUGGLE FOR THE LARGER SHARE OF THE FUR HEARTHRUG."

to have heard that cows, when milked by strangers, are susceptible to the soothing influence of the human voice. So, clutching her saucer very tight, she sought for words to whose soothing influence the cow might be susceptible. And her memory, troubled by the events of the night, which seemed to go on and on for ever and ever, refused to help her with any form of words suitable to address a Jersey cow in.

"Poor pussy, then. Lie down, then, good dog, lie down," was all she could think of to say, and she said it. And nobody laughed—the situation, full of grey, mewing cats, was too serious for that.

Then Anthea, with a beating heart, tried to milk the cow. Next moment the cow had knocked the saucer out of her hand and trampled on it with one foot, while with the other three she had walked on a foot each of Robert, Cyril, and Jane.

Jane burst into tears.

"Oh, how much too horrid everything is!" she cried. "Come away. Let's go to bed and leave the horrid cats with the hateful cow. Perhaps somebody will eat somebody else. And serve them right."

They did not go to bed, but had a shivering council in the drawing-room, which smelt of soot—and, indeed, a heap of this lay in the fender. There had been no fire in the room since mother went away, and all the chairs and tables were in the wrong places, and the chrysanthemums were dead, and the water in their pots nearly dried up.

"It is most truly awful," said Anthea. "And I *am* so tired. Let's let the cats loose."

"And the cow, perhaps?" said Cyril. "The police would find us at once. That cow would stand at the gate and mew—I mean moo—to come in. And so would the cats. No; I see quite well what we've got to do. We must put them in baskets and leave them on people's doorsteps, like orphan foundlings."

"We've got three baskets, counting mother's work one," said Jane, brightening.

"And there are nearly two hundred cats," said Anthea, "besides the cow, and it would have to be a different-sized basket for her. And then I don't know how you'd carry it, and you'd never find a doorstep big enough to put it on, except the church one, and——"

"Oh, well," said Cyril, "if you simply *make* difficulties——"

"I'm with you," said Robert. "Don't fuss about the cow, Panther. It's simply *got* to stay the night, and I'm sure I've read that the cow is a remunerating creature, and that means it will sit still and think for hours. The carpet can take it away in the morning. And as for baskets, we'll do them up in dusters or pillow-cases, or bath-towels. Come on, Squirrel. You girls can be out of it, if you like."

His tone was full of contempt, but Jane and Anthea were too tired and desperate to care; even being "out of it," which at other times they could not have borne, now seemed

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

quite a comfort. They snuggled down in the sofa-blanket and Cyril threw the fur hearthrug over them.

"Ah," he said, "that's all women are fit for—to keep safe and warm while the men do the work and run dangers and risks and things."

"I'm not," said Anthea; "you know I'm not."

But Cyril was gone.

It was warm under the blanket and the hearthrug, and Jane snuggled up close to her sister, and Anthea cuddled Jane closely and kindly, and in a sort of dream they heard the rise of a wave of mewing as Robert opened the door of the nursery. They heard the booted search for baskets in the back kitchen. They heard the side door open and close, and they knew that each brother had gone out with at least one cat. Anthea's last thought was that it would take at least all night to get rid of one hundred and ninety-nine cats by twos. There would be eighty-nine journeys of two cats each, and one cat over. "I almost think we might keep the one cat over," said Anthea; "I don't seem to care for cats just now, but I dare say I shall again some day." And she fell asleep. Jane also was sleeping.

It was Jane who awoke with a start to find Anthea still asleep. As in the act of awakening she kicked her sister, she wondered idly why they should have gone to bed in their boots, but the next moment she remembered where they were.

There was a sound of muffled, shuffled feet on the stairs. Like the heroine of the classic poem, Jane "thought it was the boys," and, as she now felt quite wide awake and not nearly so tired as before, she crept gently from Anthea's side and followed the footsteps. They went down into the basement. The cats, which seemed to have fallen into the sleep of exhaustion, awoke at the sound of the approaching footsteps and mewed piteously. Jane was at the foot of the stairs before she saw that it was not her brothers whose coming had roused her and the cats, but a burglar. She knew he was a burglar at once, because he wore a fur cap and a red and black charity-check comforter, and he had no business where he was.

If you had been stood in Jane's shoes you would no doubt have run away in them, appealing to the police and neighbours with horrid screams. But Jane knew better. She had read a great many nice stories about burglars, as well as some affecting pieces of poetry, and she knew that no burglar will ever hurt a little girl if he meets one when burgling. Indeed, in all the cases Jane had read of his burglarishness was almost at once forgotten in the interest he felt in the little girl's artless prattle. So if Jane hesitated for a moment before addressing the burglar it was only because she could not at once think of any remark sufficiently prattling and artless to make a beginning. In the stories and the affecting poetry the child could never speak plainly, though it always looked old enough to in the pictures. And Jane could not make up her mind to lisp and "talk baby," even to a burglar. And while she hesitated he softly opened the nursery door and went in.

Jane followed—just in time to see him sit down flat on the floor, scattering cats as a stone thrown into a pool splashes water.

She closed the door softly and stood there, still wondering whether she *could* bring herself to say: "What's 'oo doing here, Mithter Wobber?" and whether any other kind of talk would do.

Then she heard the burglar draw a long breath, and he spoke:—

"It's a judgment," he said. "Oh, 'ere's a thing to 'appen to a chap! Cats an' cats an' cats. Let alone the cow. If she ain't the moral of the old man's Daisy! She's a dream out of when I was a lad; I don't mind 'er so much. 'Ere, Daisy, Daisy!"

The cow turned and looked at him.

"*She's* all right," he went on; "sort of company, too. But them cats—oh, take 'em away, take 'em away! Oh, take 'em away!"

"Burglar," said Jane, close behind him, and he started convulsively and turned on her a blank face whose pale lips trembled—"I can't take those cats away."

"Lor'!" exclaimed the man; "if 'ere ain't another on 'em. Are you real, miss, or something I'll wake up from presently?"

"I am quite real," said Jane, relieved to find that a lisp was not needed to make the burglar understand her. "And so," she added, "are the cats."

"Then send for the police, send for the police, and I'll go quiet. If you ain't no realler than them cats I'm done. Send for the police. I'll go quiet. One thing, there'd not be room for 'arf them cats in no cell as ever *I* see."

He ran his fingers through his hair, which was short, and his eyes wandered wildly round the roomful of cats.

"Burglar," said Jane, kindly and softly,

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'IT'S A JUDGMENT,' HE SAID. 'OH, 'ERE'S A THING TO 'APPEN TO A CHAP!'"

"if you didn't like cats, what did you come here for?"

"Send for the police," was the unfortunate criminal's only reply. "I'd rather you would—honest, I'd rather."

"I daren't," said Jane; "and, besides, I've no one to send. I hate the police. I wish he'd never been born."

"You've a feeling 'art, miss," said the burglar. "But them cats is really a little bit too thick."

"Look here," said Jane. "I won't call the police. And I am quite a real little girl, though I talk older than the kind you have met before when you've been doing your burglings. And they *are* real cats—and they want real milk—and—didn't you say the cow was like somebody's Daisy that you used to know? Well, then, perhaps you know how to milk cows?"

"Perhaps I does," was the burglar's cautious rejoinder.

"Then," said Jane, "if you will *only* milk ours, you don't know how we shall always love you."

The burglar replied that loving was all very well.

"If those cats only had a good, long, wet, thirsty drink of milk," Jane went on, with eager persuasion, "they'll lie down and go to sleep as likely as not, and then the police won't come back. But if they go on mewing like this he will, and then I don't know what'll become of us or you either."

This argument seemed to decide the criminal. Jane fetched the wash-bowl from the sink and he prepared to milk the cow. At this instant boots were heard on the stairs.

"It's all up," said the man, desperately. "This 'ere's a plant. *'Ere's* the police." He made as if to open the window and leap from it.

"It's all right, I tell you," whispered Jane, in anguish. "I'll say you're a friend of mine, or the good clergyman called in, or my uncle, or *anything*—only do, do, do milk the cow. Oh, *don't* go—oh—oh, thank goodness, it's only the boys!"

It was; and their entrance had awakened Anthea, who, with her brothers, now crowded through the doorway. The man looked about him as a rat looks round a trap.

"This is a friend of mine," said Jane. "He's just called in, and he's going to milk the cow for us. *Isn't* it good and kind of him?"

She winked at the others, and though they did not understand they played up loyally.

"How do?" said Cyril. "Very glad to meet you. Don't let us interrupt the milking."

The burglar began to milk the cow, and the others went to get things to put the milk in, for it was now spurting and foaming in the wash-bowl, and the cats had ceased from mewing and were crowding round the cow, with expressions of hope and anticipation on their whiskered faces.

"We can't get rid of any more cats," said Cyril, as he and his sisters piled a tray high with saucers and soup-plates and platters and pie-dishes; "the police nearly got us

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as it was. Not the same one—a much stronger sort. He thought it really was a foundling orphan we'd got. If it hadn't been for me throwing the two bags of cat slap in his eye and hauling Robert over a railing, and lying like mice under a laurel bush—well, it's jolly lucky I'm a good shot, that's all. He pranced off when he'd got the cat-bags off his face—thought we'd bolted. And here we are."

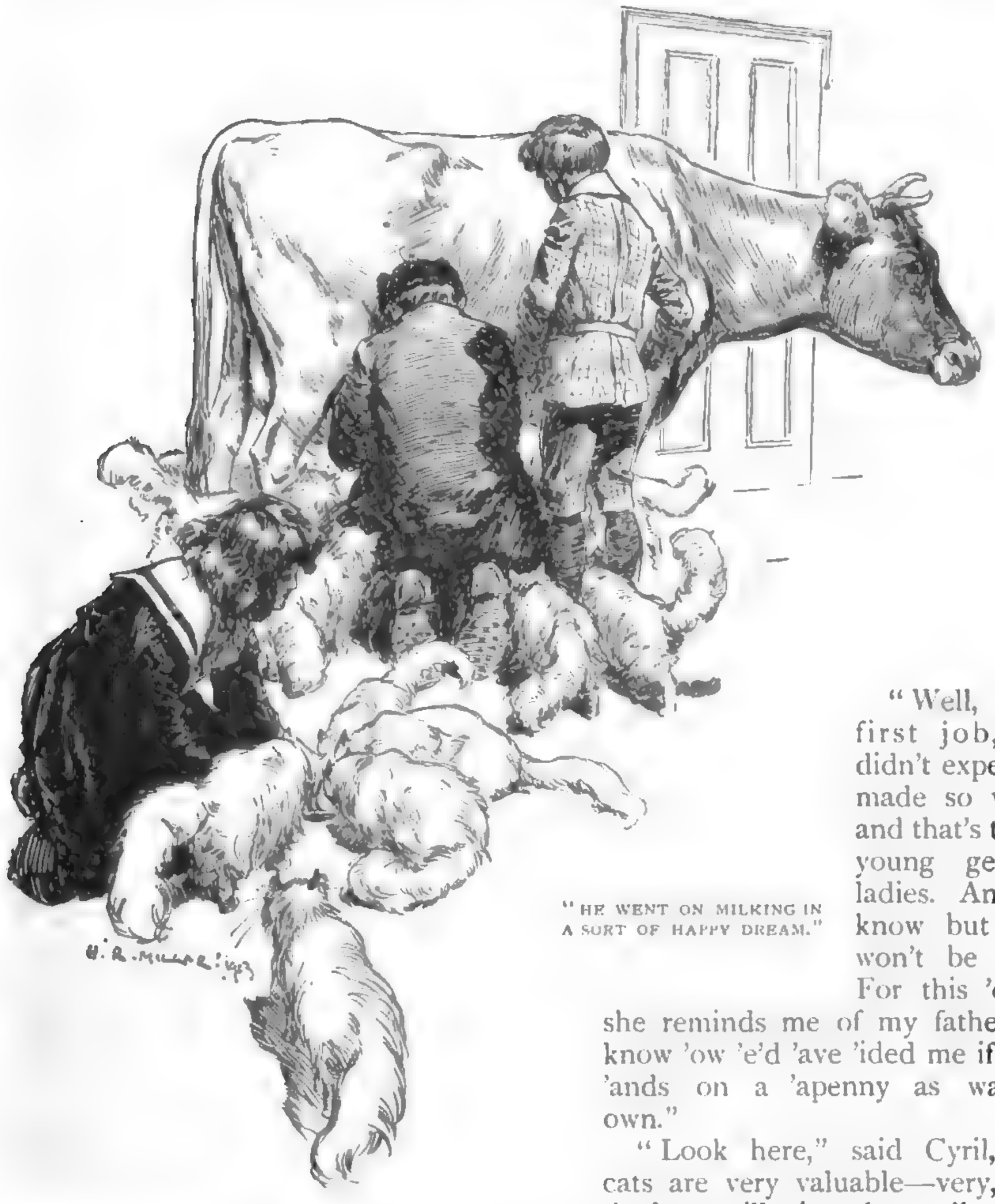
The gentle sameishness of the milk swishing into the hand-bowl seemed to have soothed the burglar very much. He went on milking in a sort of happy dream, while the children got a cup and ladled the warm milk out into the pie-dishes and plates, and platters and saucers, and set them down to the music of Persian purrs and lappings.

"It makes me think of old times," said the burglar, smearing his ragged coat-cuff across his eyes; "about the apples in the orchard at home, and the rats at threshing time, and the rabbits and the ferrets, and how pretty it was seeing the pigs killed."

Finding him in this softened mood, Jane said:—

"I wish you'd tell us how you came to choose our house for your burglaring to-night. I'm awfully glad you did. You *have* been so kind. I don't know what we should have done without you," she added, hastily. "We all love you ever so. Do tell us."

The others added their affectionate entreaties, and at last the burglar said:—



"HE WENT ON MILKING IN A SORT OF HAPPY DREAM."

"Well, it's my first job, and I didn't expect to be made so welcome, and that's the truth, young gents and ladies. And I don't know but what it won't be my last. For this 'ere cow, she reminds me of my father, and I know 'ow 'e'd 'ave 'ided me if I'd laid 'ands on a 'apenny as wasn't my own."

"Look here," said Cyril, "these cats are very valuable—very, indeed. And we will give them all to you if only you will take them away."

"I see they're a breedy lot," replied the burglar; "but I don't want no bother with the coppers. Did you come by them honest, now—straight?"

"They are all our very own," said Anthea.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"We wanted them; but the confidement——"

"Consignment," whispered Cyril.

"——was larger than we wanted, and they're an awful bother. If you got your barrow and some sacks or baskets we would be awfully pleased. My father says Persian cats are worth pounds and pounds each."

"Well," said the burglar, and he was certainly moved by her remarks, "I see you're in a hole; I've got a pal—I'll fetch him along, and if he thinks they'd fetch anything above their skins, I don't mind doin' you a kindness."

Then he went, and Cyril and Robert sent the girls to bed and sat up to wait for his return. It soon seemed absurd to await him in a state of wakefulness, but his stealthy tap on the window awoke them readily enough when he returned. And he did return, with the pal and the barrow and the sacks. The pal approved of the cats, now dormant in Persian repletion, and they were bundled into the sacks and taken away on the barrow, mewing indeed, but with mews too sleepy to attract public attention.

"I'm a fence, that's what I am," said the burglar, gloomily; "I never thought I'd come down to this and all acause er my kind 'art."

Cyril knew that a fence is a receiver of stolen goods, and he replied, briskly:—

"I give you my word the cats aren't stolen. What do you make the time?"

"I ain't got the time on me," said the pal; "but it was just about chucking-out time as I come by the Bull and Gate. I shouldn't wonder if it was nigh upon one now."

When the cats had been removed and the boys and the burglar had parted with warm expressions of friendship there remained only the cow.

"She must stay all night," said Robert. "Cook'll have a fit when she sees her."

"All night?" said Cyril. "Why, it's to-morrow morning if it's one. We can have another wish!"

So the carpet was urged, in a hastily-written note, to remove the cow to wherever she belonged and to return to its proper place on the nursery floor. And the cow could not be got to move on to the carpet. So Robert got the clothes-line out of the back kitchen and tied one end very firmly to the cow's horns and the other end to a bunched-up corner of the carpet, and said, "Fire away!"

And carpet and cow vanished together, and the boys went to bed tired out, and only too thankful that the evening at last was over.

Next morning the carpet lay calmly in its place, but one corner was very badly torn. It was the corner that the cow had been tied on to.



"THEY WERE BUNDLED INTO THE SACKS."

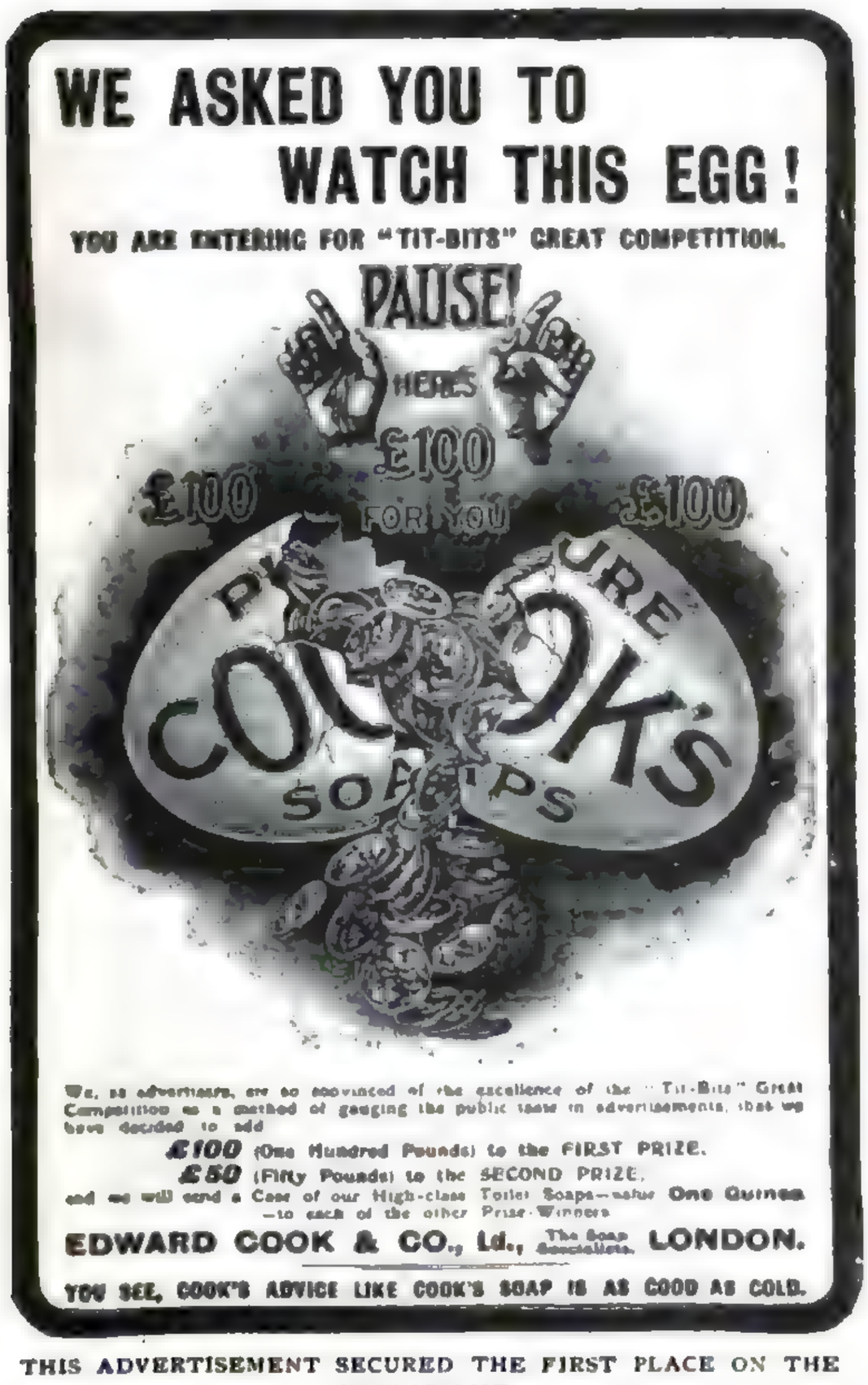
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

What Is a Good Advertisement?

WHAT is a good advertisement? The question was recently asked of the readers of *Tit-Bits*, who were desired to select the best twelve advertisements which appeared in this magazine during six months—the competitor selecting the greatest number of advertisements which corresponded to the choice of the majority being rewarded with a substantial prize. The grounds on which the competitors based their opinions were probably, consciously or unconsciously, very much alike in most instances. It is interesting to consider what these grounds were. We reproduce on this and following pages reduced facsimiles of the twelve winning advertisements, which will serve to illustrate the several points which go to make up a good advertisement.

Moreover, the question is of interest to a greater number of persons than may appear at first sight. To every advertiser, of course — that is, to every man who has anything to sell, from the big firms who spend colossal sums in making known the merits of their productions down to the smallest village tradesman who puts his "ad" into the local paper — the question of how to make the most efficient use of the means at his disposal is of the greatest moment. But the general public, who have no occasion to use advertisements for the purpose of business, have also a direct interest in the question, for the simple reason that striking advertisements are entertaining to read, while commonplace advertisements are dull. From the same point of view the proprietors of periodical publications are con-



THIS ADVERTISEMENT SECURED THE FIRST PLACE ON THE VOTING LIST.



"The glory of a man is his strength." Bovril gives strength to keep well—strength to get well quickly when ill.

THIS SECURED THE SECOND PLACE.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cerned, for it is clearly to their advantage to interest the readers of their advertisements rather than to bore them.

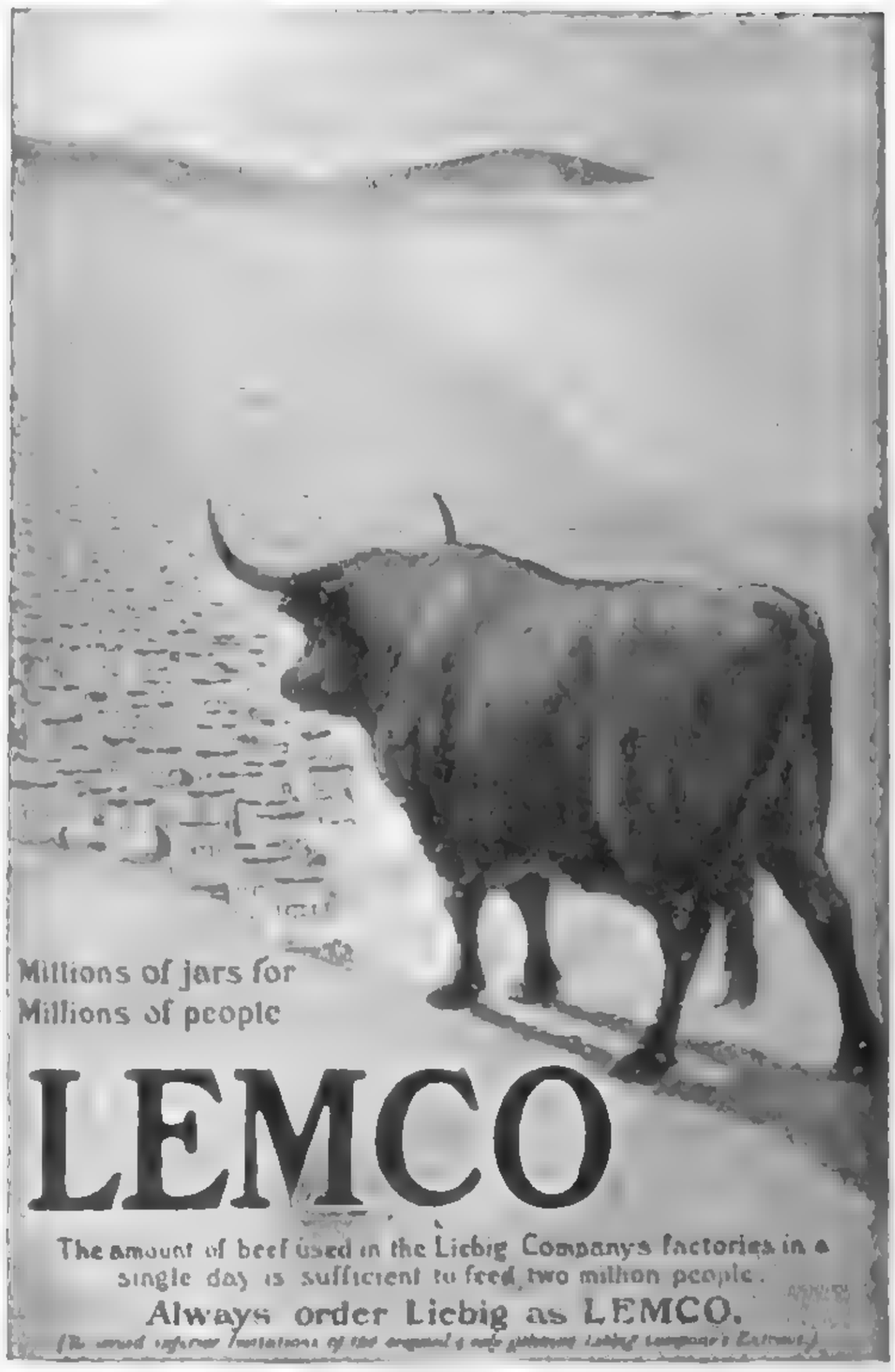
An advertisement has three things to accomplish before it can be called good. First, it must attract attention; secondly, it must arouse interest; and thirdly, it must leave an impression on the brain — the message must have struck home. It may in some cases make you want a particular article, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred its seed lies dormant until the moment arrives for you to make your pur-



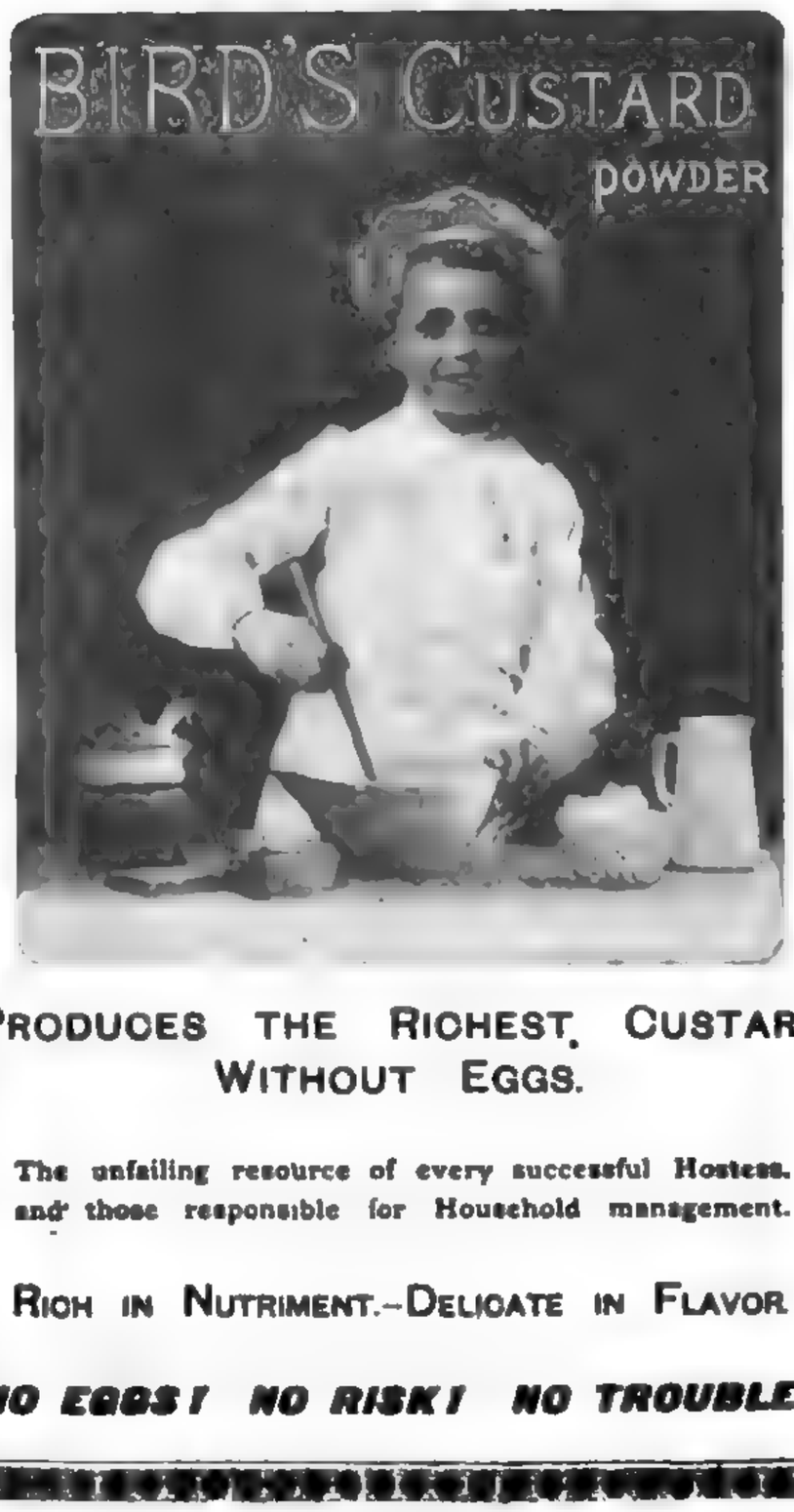
THIRD.

chase; and then, if the advertisement has done its work as a good advertisement should do, your brain couples the article with a certain name, and that particular brand stands a very big chance of finding you a purchaser.

To catch the eye is the first essential of a good advertisement; the first sense to which it appeals is that of sight. The object of the skilful advertiser is to make the space he occupies—whether a page or a portion of a page—the most conspicuous in the publication. Turn for a moment to any page of

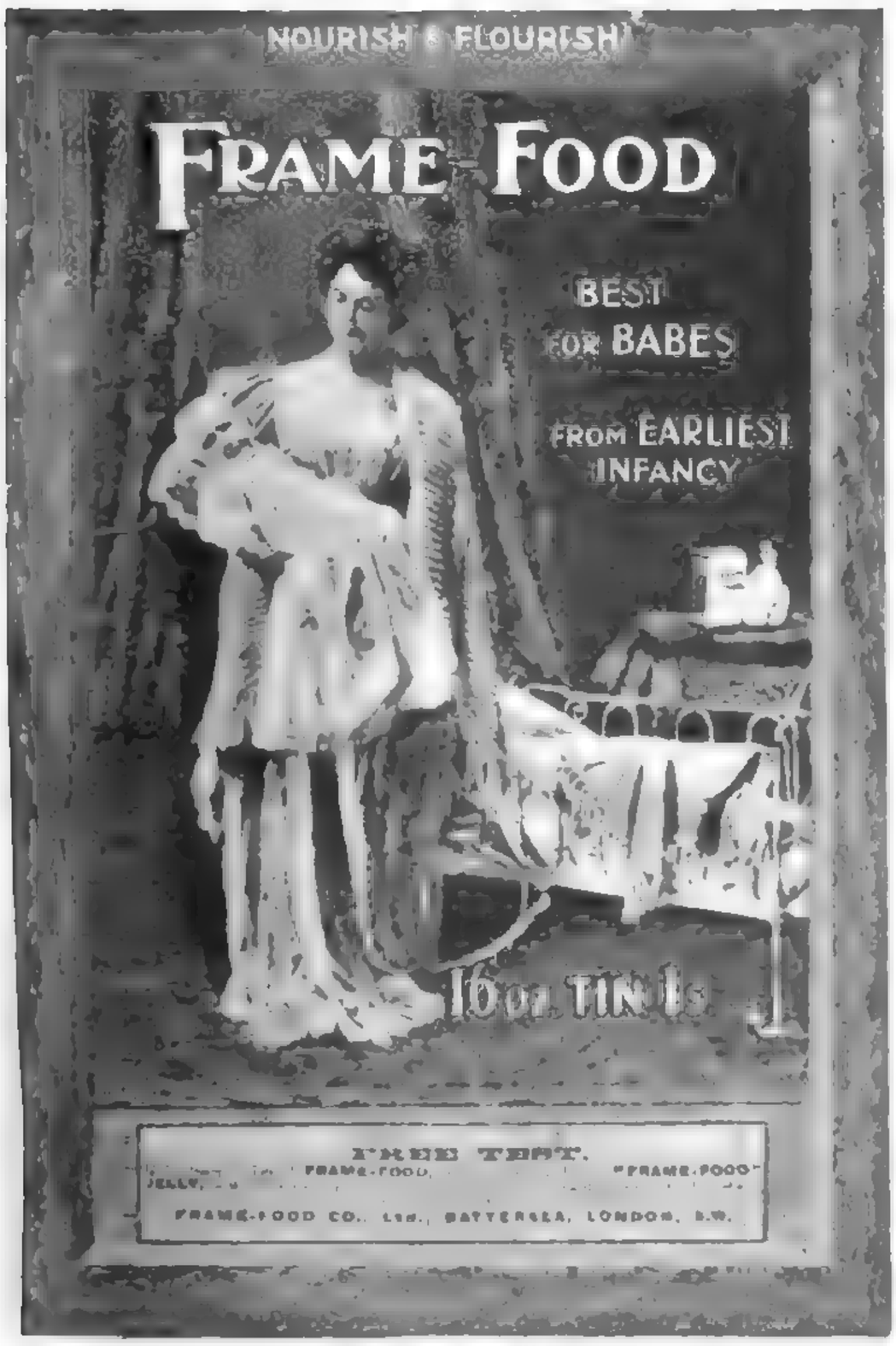


FOURTH.

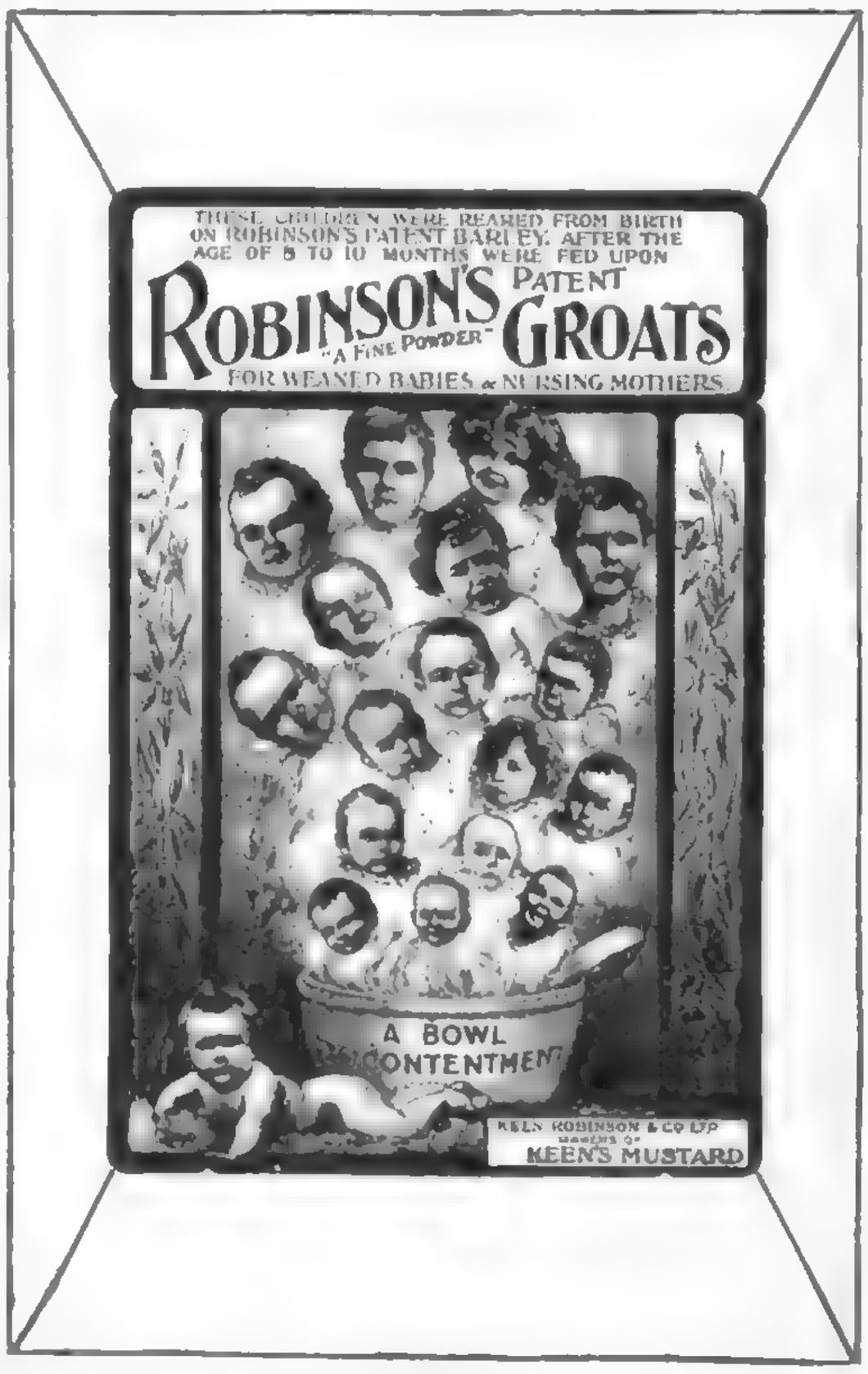


FIFTH.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



SIXTH.



EIGHTH.



SEVENTH.

advertisements you please, open and shut it quickly, and you will generally find that there is one advertisement which has immediately attracted your eye. Let two persons try at the same time, and on comparing notes it will generally be found that the same advertisement has been spotted by both. That one possesses the first essential of a good advertisement more conspicuously than its fellows.

Try again, and this time run through the pages rapidly, so that every leaf of the journal falls quickly from your thumb. There are certain to be one or two pages which will stand out conspicuously and leave their impression on your eye beyond all the rest, and you will turn back to see what it is all about.

The cunning advertiser has thus obtained his audience—it is now his aim to keep it. Here he has to introduce some connecting link to hold the attention until his message has been duly delivered. Where the original design has nothing particular about it to hold the attention, there is no better method than the insertion of some catch sentence,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

generally a question, which you are compelled to read, and, of course, to investigate further.

It may be said that the language of a good advertisement should resemble that of a telegram—straight to the point ; the information is to be given in the most concise, clear, and complete form possible, confined to the main feature or features of the article advertised, so as to convince the prospective buyer of the excellence of the goods in a short, logical manner, and to do this so that fact and not fiction is apparent to the reader.

In drawing up an advertisement there are many ways of incurring failure, and one very sure method is the abuse of one's rivals. An advertisement which is meant to be taken too seriously is rarely a success. Let the reader's eye catch any of the hackneyed phrases, "Beware of Imitations," "Thousands of Testimonials," "Is the Best," and such like, and it will immediately pass on to something else. Such well-worn and unconvincing statements excite in him no interest, but rather a feeling of distrust.

It has been said that a magazine advertisement has three things to accomplish before it can be called good, but in judging the quality of the complete article two more things should be added, of less importance, and really subdivisions of the striking home of the message.

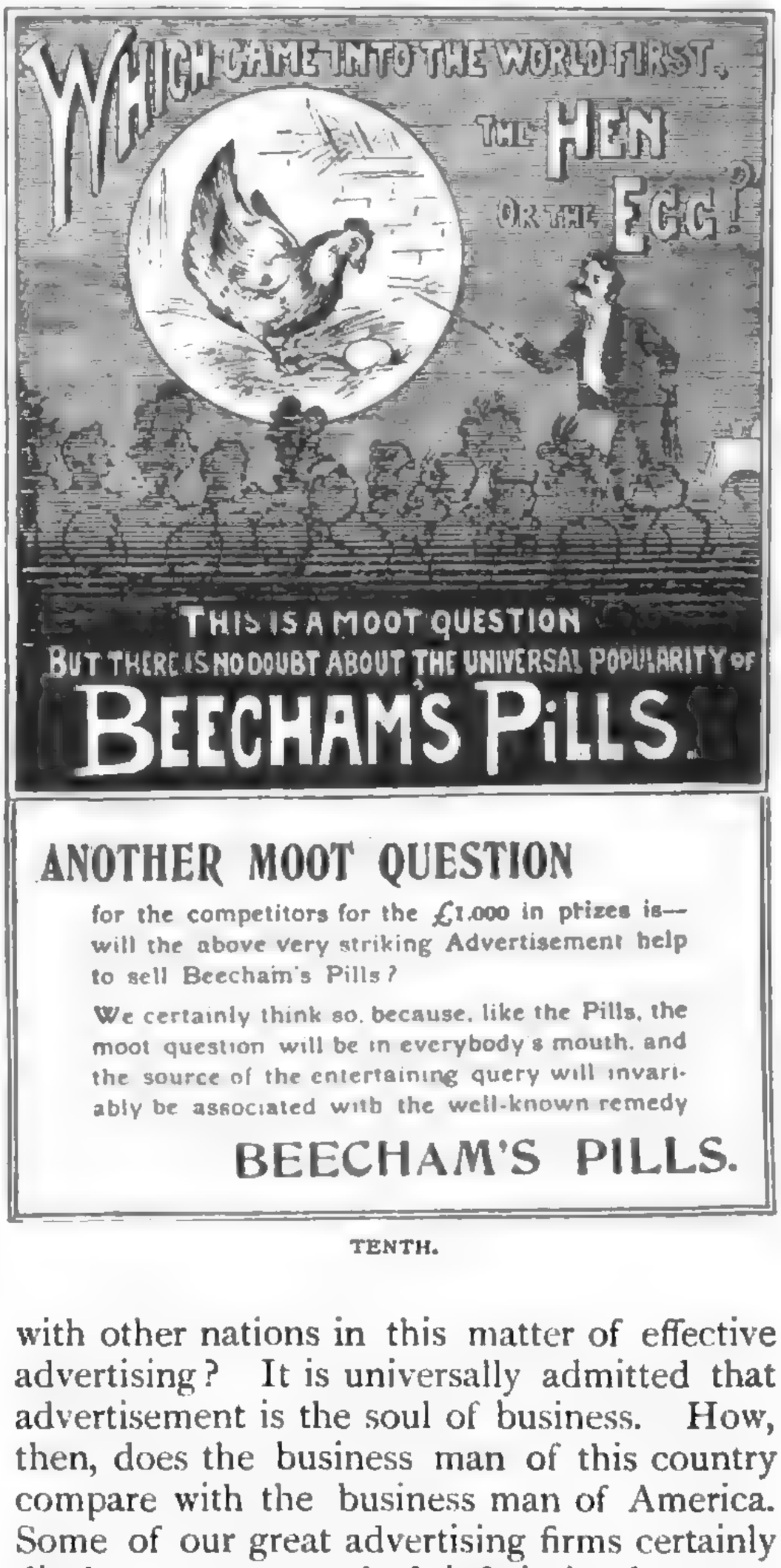
The points one might apportion for each feature might be as follows :—

	Points.
1. Power to attract attention	40
2. Power to hold attention	20
3. Prominence of the article advertised	20
4. Brevity of necessary information ...	10
5. Composition	10

And now, how do we stand in comparison with other nations in this matter of effective advertising? It is universally admitted that advertisement is the soul of business. How, then, does the business man of this country compare with the business man of America. Some of our great advertising firms certainly display no very marked inferiority, but as a rule it is unfortunately true that to glance through the announcements in an American magazine is to be brought face to face with the enormously superior ability in design of the American over the Englishman. Here you



NINTH.



TENTH.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have, as it were, your finger on the pulse of a country's commerce; you can feel the vigorous beats, or the languid and anæmic current. And the main reason is just this: that the American never loses sight of the fact that



ELEVENTH.

the first three essentials in attracting and keeping attention are novelty, novelty, novelty. Their skill in attracting attention in new ways is always a matter of admiration.

The question altogether is one of far more importance than it may seem on first consideration; it is hardly too much to say that the prosperity of a nation's trade depends upon its ability in attractive advertising.

Advertisement is an art of its own, and if you are going to advertise to any considerable extent and do it yourself, either your business must suffer to allow you time to do your advertising well, or your advertising must suffer so that you may properly attend to your business.

Of course, it is the advertising that suffers. If you do it yourself, sooner or later it becomes a worry, and when a reminder arrives that your copy is due very likely your instructions will be to repeat the last, or possibly, if you have a minute or two to spare, you will sit down and grind out a lot of nonsense which no one cares to read. If you wish to make any genuine effort properly



TWELFTH.

to employ the most important factor in commerce, get someone who understands the art to do it for you; engage a good man, and do not expect to get the same for five pounds as you would for ten pounds.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

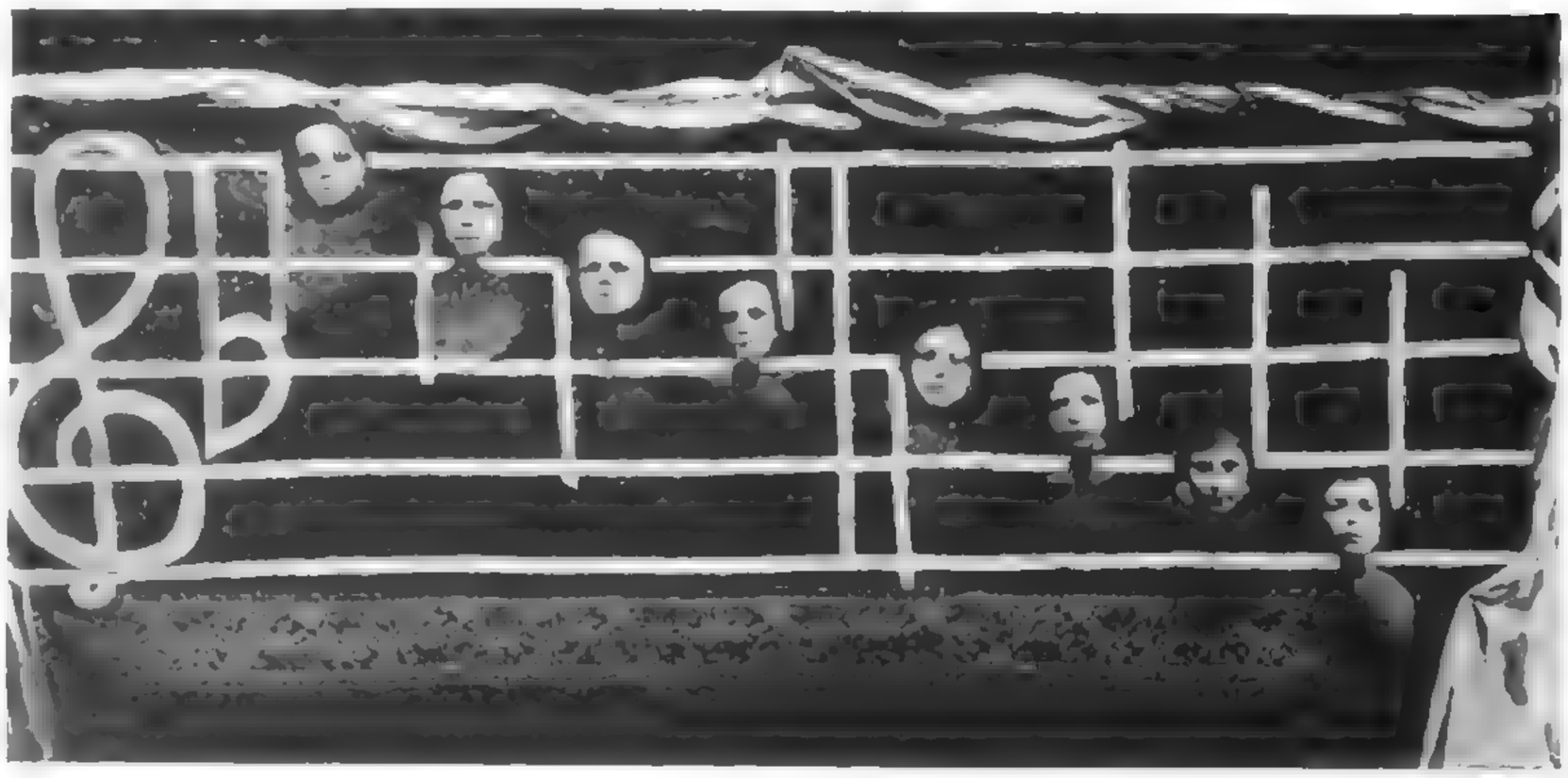
Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Ltd.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

"HUMAN NOTES."

"I beg to send you a photograph of some little boys in this parish who were taking part in a Band of Hope entertainment. The item on the programme was called 'Human Notes,' and the little songsters, each taking the note he represented, sang a peal of bells and extracts from nursery rhymes. I thought the idea might be useful for other places. The framework is easily made and costs little, and was most heartily received wherever tried." — Miss Statham, River Vicarage, Dover. Photo. by Mr. Ray Sherman.



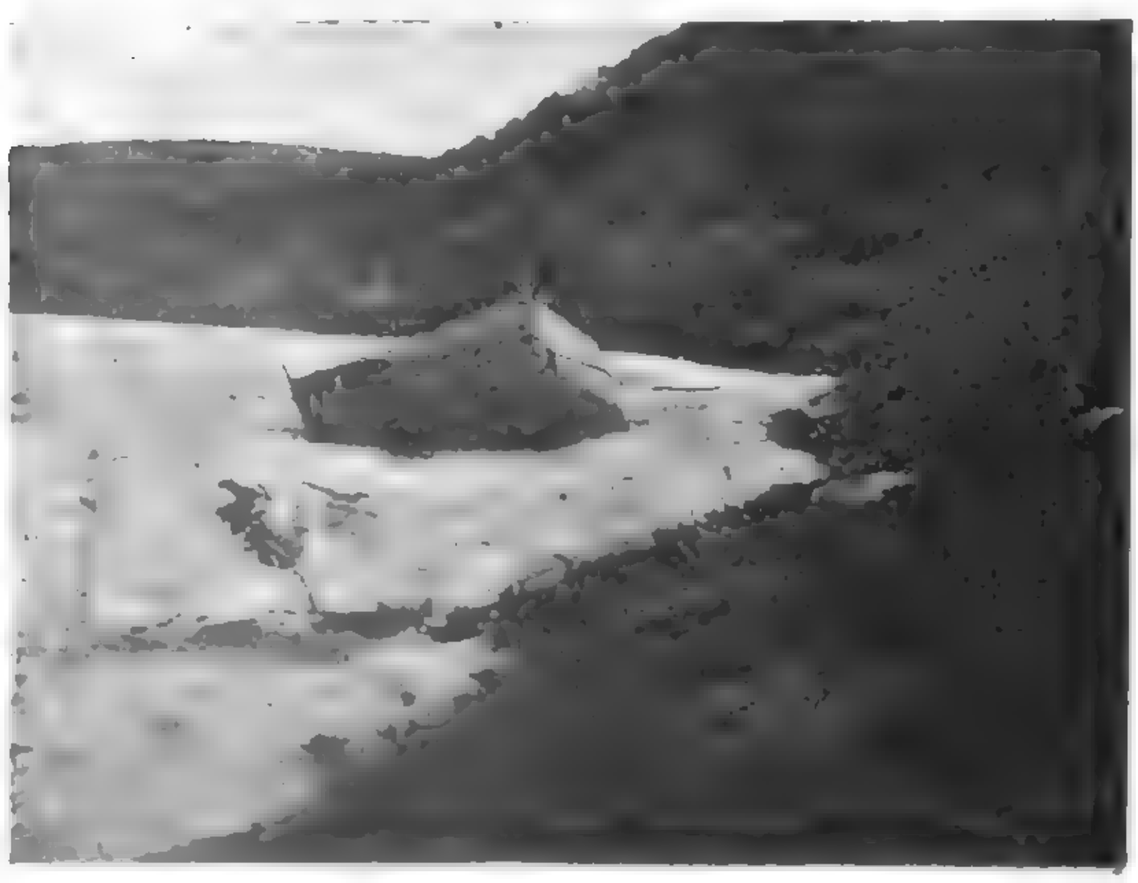


HOW A SHOT BIRD REALLY FALLS.

"Painters of sporting subjects have often portrayed, from memory necessarily, a bird in the act of being shot, either immediately before or after the event. Here, at last, is an actual photograph of a wild duck at the moment of receiving its *coup de grâce*. It was in a lonely, low-lying bay on the West Coast of Ireland. Ducks were homing in fair numbers overhead on their way to the large lakes lying inland, when, telling my photographic friend to get well behind me and snap away as fast as he could, I advanced a few paces and also merrily snapped away. Upon developing the series at home that night we found that between us our snaps had resulted in our obtaining the photograph here reproduced. It shows clearly that a duck—well shot—falls like a plumb to the earth, head foremost, and may serve to correct some of the imaginary pictures of similar incidents."—Mr. Dudley M. Stone, 8, Chichele Road, Cricklewood, N.W.

A FLOATING CHAPEL.

"I took this photograph during the recent heavy floods in Wales. A mission-room had been washed away during the night, and it was an uncommon sight seeing a party of men 'towing' the edifice back to a place of safety. It struck me as being a unique incident, so I forward it on to you."—Mrs. E. L. F. Mansergh, 59, Madeley Road, Ealing, W.



Digitized by Google

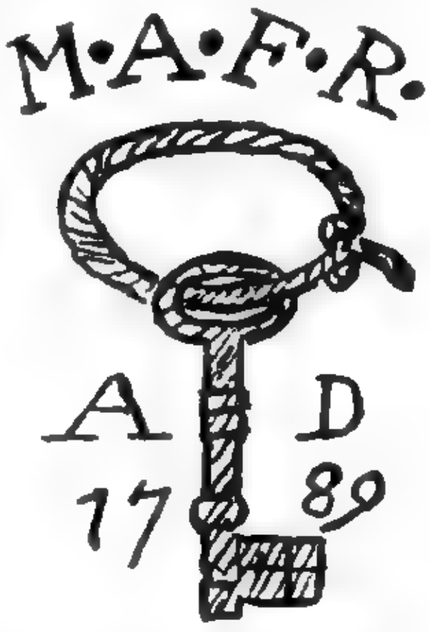
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



HOUSE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.

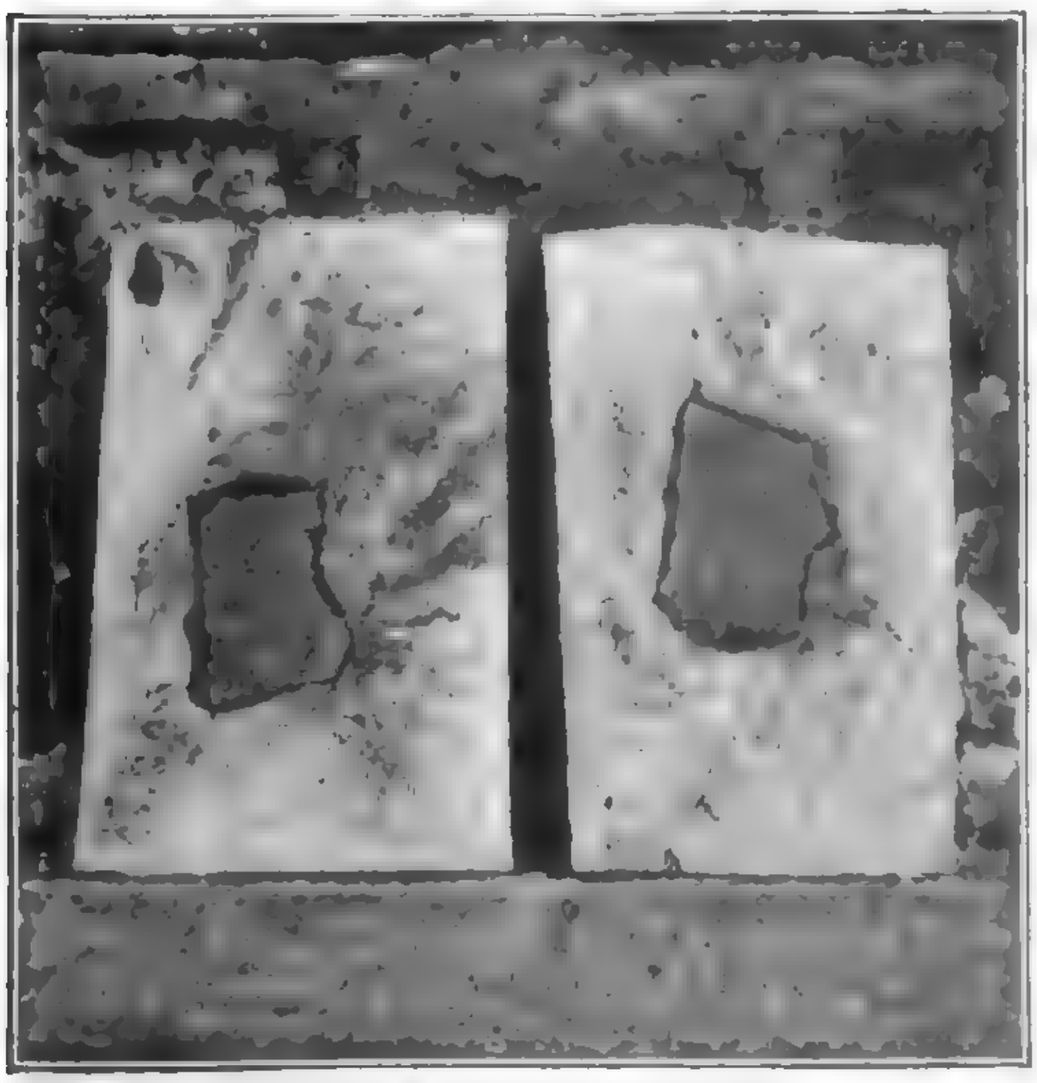
"This extraordinary photograph was taken a short time ago in Pittsburg, Pa., of a house which is being moved up a hill, the former site being bought by a railway company. It is a fifteen or twenty-roomed house, built of brick, the hill is one hundred and fifty feet high, and the cost of moving the house between £6,000 and £7,000."—Mr. D. Munro, 21, Sydney Road, West Ealing, W.

is a dark-green silk ribbon eight inches by one and a half inches, the accompanying letters, figures, and key being beautifully embroidered in silver thread. The dots between the upper letters are small metal discs secured by a tiny metal bead sewn on with yellow silk. The wards of the key are sewn in black silk. The embroidery is backed with canvas and interlined with seemingly soft paper. I found it some years ago in a parcel of doll's finery given to my little daughter by a friend who could throw no light upon it. This badge has been the cause of much guesswork, speculation, and earnest inquiry and search."—Mrs. Anne W. Newton, Ballybeg, Ballinglen, Rathdrum, Ireland.



THE BITER BIT.

"The fox in the photograph was discovered quite dead in this curious position on the morning of November 17th, 1903, by Mr. H. Sparling, dairyman, Tadcaster. The wooden erection is a poultry house, and the hole from which the fox is hanging is, when the door is shut for the night, the only possible means of entering or leaving the same. Reynard had evidently entered by this aperture, for inside were discovered three fowls he had killed. (These are shown at the foot of the photograph.) In leaving by the same means he stuck fast, the hole narrowing to quite a point at the bottom, and the more he struggled the faster he had got, till at last he could struggle no longer, and death intervened, probably from exhaustion."—Mr. John H. Hull, chemist, Tadcaster.



A STONE INSIDE A TREE.

This is a photograph of a piece of oak with a stone in the centre, two inches square, found by Mr. A. Steven, sawyer, St. Mary's Isle Estate, Kirkcudbright. The stone was situated three feet from the ground and three inches in from the bark. Nothing could be discerned of it from the outside.—The photo. is by Mr. A. Kello Henderson, chemist, Kirkcudbright.

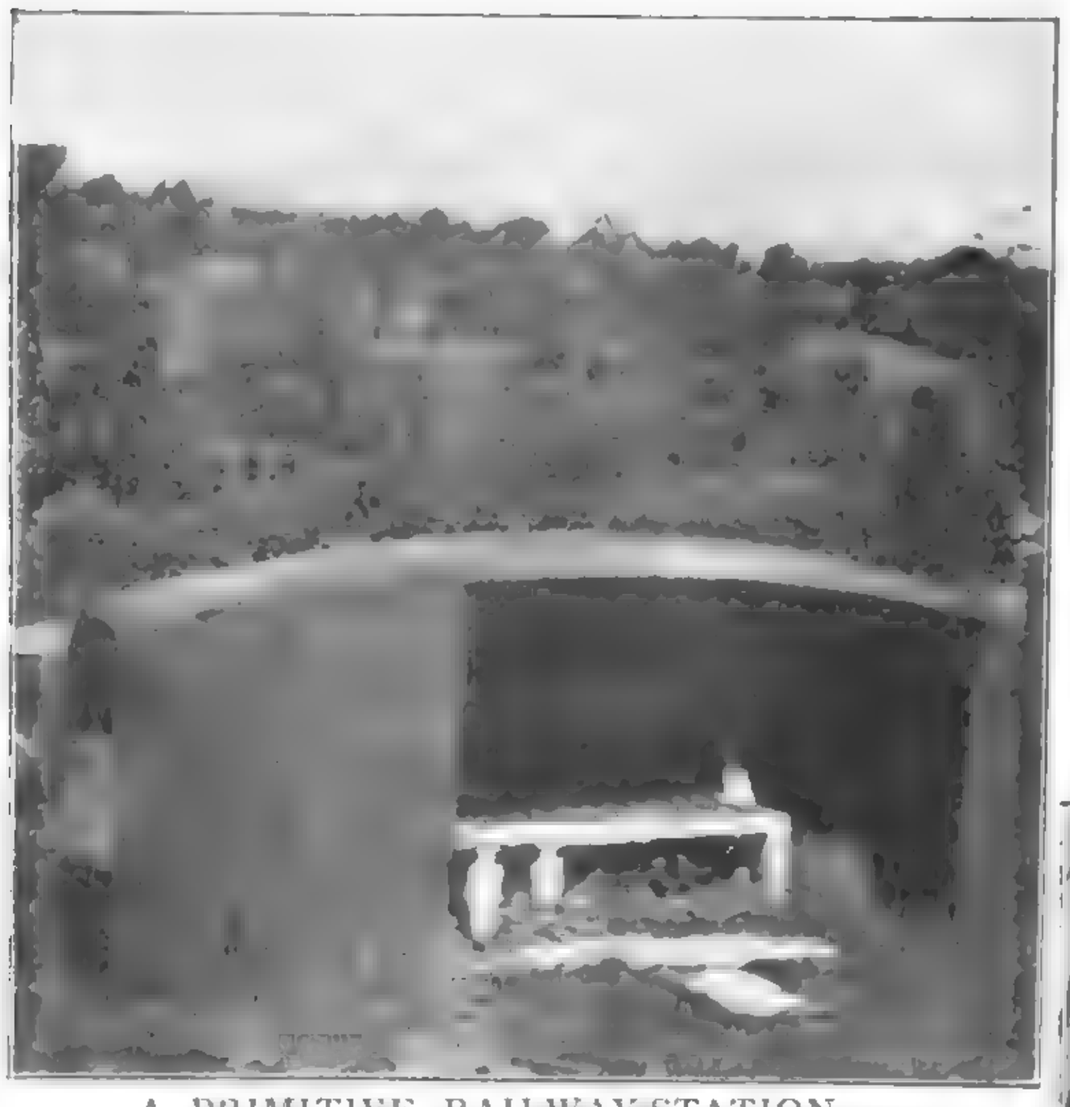


WILL READERS HELP?

"Can anyone give a clue to this 'Curiosity'? It

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A PRIMITIVE RAILWAY-STATION.

"I send you a photo. taken by Mrs. Hind, of Stoke-on-Trent. The photo. shows a railway-station on the Eskdale and Ravenglass line, which consists of a flat-bottomed boat turned up on its side, with a seat inside for passengers. I think it likely this is the most primitive and unique station in the United Kingdom. I may add that the guard is also station-master, ticket-collector, and porter at the different stations along the line, of which there are six or seven.'—Mr. M. Hind, Felsham Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds.

THE PRANKS OF A CYCLONE.

"This strangely-placed house is one of the pranks played by a cyclone that almost destroyed the little town of St. Charles, Minn., U.S.A., on October 6th, 1903. The building was carried from the hill, which may be seen in the left-hand corner of the photo., for the distance of half a mile. At the time the storm picked it up it was occupied by Mrs. Edward Drew and two children, who escaped uninjured. The house itself was practically undamaged, though left in the topsy-turvy condition shown here."—Mr. Geo. E. Luxton, 3,220, Third Avenue Minn.

THE DREAM-PAINTING AT CAVE DAVAAR.

"Cave Davaar, or the Picture Cave, as it is sometimes called, near Campbelltown, Argyllshire, is noted as being the repository of a mural painting of the Crucifixion of our Lord. When the painting was first discovered its author and the manner of its creation were a mystery. Shortly, the story of the picture and its romance is as follows: Upon a smooth mural surface of the rock which forms the inner wall of the interior of the cave, and in a position adjusted to the light which penetrates the cavern, visitors see a life-size representation of Christ on the Cross, measuring seven feet from head to foot, the cross itself being fifteen feet in height. It appears that Mr. McKinnon, a native of Campbelltown, and now of Nantwich, was, it is believed, originally a ship's carpenter by trade, with a strong artistic



taste, which was afterwards afforded proper training through the patronage and assistance of the Argyll family. One night, about twelve years ago, he had a dream. He saw, in his dream, on the inner wall of the Cave Davaar a vivid picture of the Crucifixion, and so strikingly real and soul-stirring was the vision that it continually haunted him in his waking hours. He could not rest, and, as he himself said, 'I took my brushes and materials and went to the cave. I found the smooth surface I had seen in my dream, and set to work and painted. I stopped in the cave for twenty-four hours until I had completed my task, and when I had finished I had painted just the picture I had seen in my dream.'"—Mr. S. J. Oakley, H.M.S. *Northampton*, Special Service.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A TERRIBLE FALL.

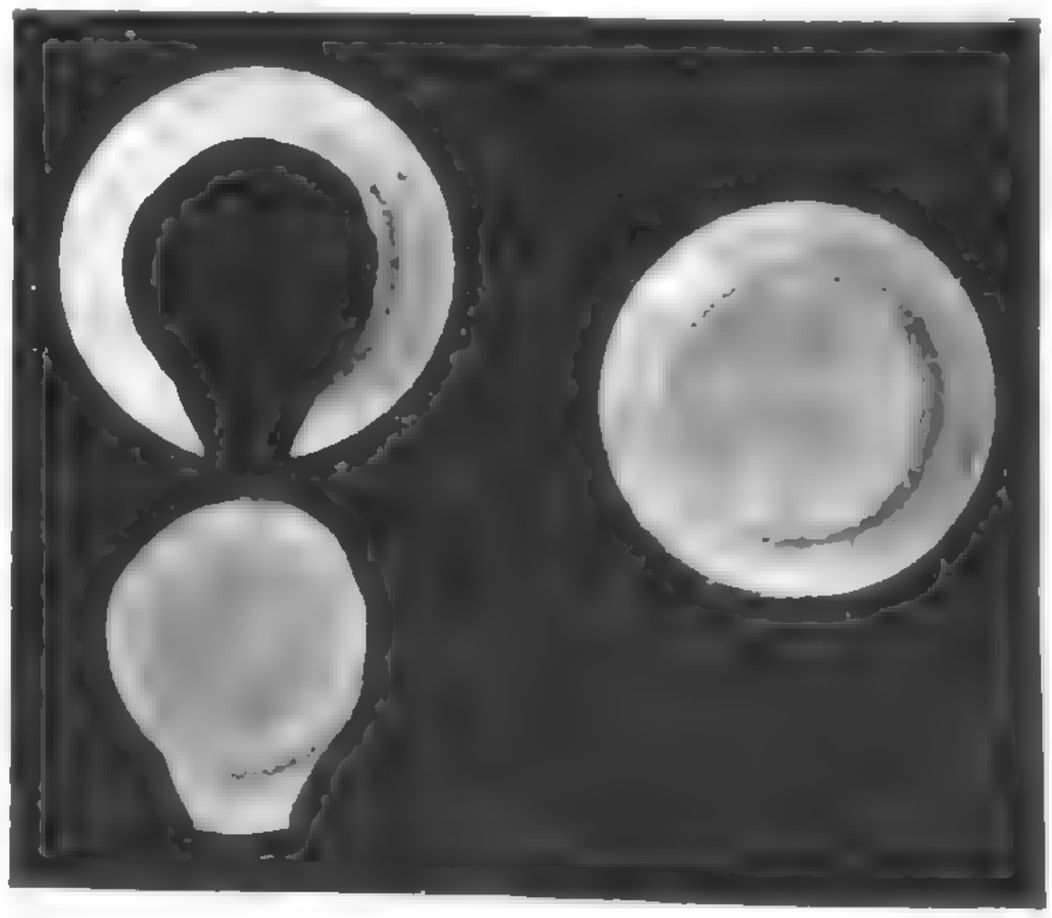
"I send you a snap-shot, taken by me, of a man falling ninety feet! The high-diver (forming part of a street carnival show) climbed up his ninety-foot ladder set up in the main street of Washington, N.C., half an hour before he was to make his daring leap into four feet of water. As he tested the ladder to see if all was in readiness one of the guy-ropes broke, and, to the horror of the crowd below, man and ladder came crashing down to the pavement. With rare presence of mind the athlete turned when he felt the ladder start and slid down for his life, thus lessening the fall by almost half. Strange to say he was not killed, but his legs were badly broken."—Miss Mary Brickell Hoyt, Candler Post Office, Buncombe Co., North Carolina.

AN ENORMOUS ICICLE.

We have published a great many photographs, at different times, of strange and beautiful effects wrought by frost, but the annexed is so striking and peculiar that we have no hesitation in adding it to the number. In the words of the sender: "My photograph is of an enormous icicle, or one might call it a land iceberg on a small scale. The ice was formed during a recent frost by the overflow of a spring which runs from a pipe about eighteen feet from the ground into the branches of a tree. In the full sunlight it was a very pretty and novel sight."—Mr. Chas. W. Chilton, 17, West Gate, Sleaford, Lincs.

WHEN IS A PLATE NOT A PLATE?

"The accompanying photographs are of a kitchen dinner-plate, which, as I discovered by chance, consists of two distinct pieces held together merely by their peculiar conformation. There is enough spring in the outer piece to enable the parts to be separated,



which has been repeatedly done; but when they are reunited the whole will easily pass for a slightly cracked plate. From the colour of the fracture it is evident that the plate was in use in its present condition for at least some weeks."—Mr. S. B. Whanker, 62, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



AN OYSTER IN THE KETTLE.

"Here is the photo. of an oyster-shell which has been in a tea-kettle for seven years. When I put it in it weighed about one and a half ounces, and was not more than three thirty-seconds of an inch thick in any part. Now it is three-quarters of an inch thick and weighs eleven ounces. It had lain out in the garden for a long time and lost all the crust, which accounted for it being so thin at first. No one has ever been able to say what it is, although many have seen it in the glass case in the shop."—Mr. R. G. Foster, Post Office Drug Stores, High Street, Burford, Oxon.

A GEOGRAPHICAL POST-CARD.

"This curious post-card was delivered to me in Richmond thirty-eight hours after being posted in Lausanne. No other clue was given as to the intended destination than that afforded by the physical peculiarities of the 'map' itself—the address on the side of the card being written during transmission. The full address as shown on the 'map' is as follows, and is that of yours faithfully: 'To Edward H. W. Wingfield King, Esq., 5, Spring Terrace, Richmond-on-Thames, Angleterre.'" This is, perhaps, the most curious post-card of the many which we have published, and which does the Post Office the most credit.

ELECTRIC LAMPS AND PLANT LIFE.

"At the present time, when the effect upon the rainfall of the kingdom of multiplying electrical agencies is being discussed, it is interesting to note the results which follow upon the use of electric lamps in the public thoroughfares of our towns. There is to be seen at Southend-on-Sea a remarkable instance of the influence which the electric street lamps have upon the duration of leaves. In Cliff Town Parade those trees contiguous to the lamps were still well covered on December the 1st ult. on the side nearest the light, when the next tree, only a few yards distant, was entirely denuded of leaves. Our photograph gives the first tree in the parade with a good show of leaves on its front half, but the back of the same tree, which has been shaded from the lamp, has entirely shed its leaves. The next few trees are also quite bare of leaves, and looking down the row one sees that only those trees opposite the lamps bear any sign of verdure."—Mr. W. J. Cooper, 162, Stanstead Road, Forest Hill, S.E.





Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE SANK DOWN UPON THE SEA-CHEST, AND LOOKED HELPLESSLY FROM ONE OF US TO THE OTHER."

(*See page* 250.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. MARCH, 1904. No. 159.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

VI.—The Adventure of Black Peter.

I HAVE never known my friend to be in better form, both mental and physical, than in the year '95. His increasing fame had brought with it an immense practice, and I should be guilty of an indiscretion if I were even to hint at the identity of some of the illustrious clients who crossed our humble threshold in Baker Street. Holmes, however, like all great artists, lived for his art's sake, and, save in the case of the Duke of Holdernesse, I have seldom known him claim any large reward for his inestimable services. So unworldly was he—or so capricious—that he frequently refused his help to the powerful and wealthy where the problem made no appeal to his sympathies, while he would devote weeks of most intense application to the affairs of some humble client whose case presented those strange and dramatic qualities which appealed to his imagination and challenged his ingenuity.

In this memorable year '95 a curious and incongruous succession of cases had engaged his attention, ranging from his famous investigation of the sudden death of Cardinal Tosca—an inquiry which was carried out by him at the express desire of His Holiness the Pope—down to his arrest of Wilson, the notorious canary-trainer, which removed a plague-spot from the East-end of London. Close on the heels of these two famous cases came the tragedy of Woodman's Lee, and the very obscure circumstances which surrounded the death of Captain Peter Carey. No record of the doings of Mr. Sherlock Holmes would be complete which did not include some account of this very unusual affair.

During the first week of July my friend had been absent so often and so long from our lodgings that I knew he had something on hand. The fact that several rough-looking men called during that time and inquired for Captain Basil made me understand that Holmes was working somewhere under one of the numerous disguises and names with which he concealed his own formidable identity. He had at least five small refuges in different parts of London in which he was able to change his personality. He said nothing of his business to me, and it was not my habit to force a confidence. The first positive sign which he gave me of the direction which his investigation was taking was an extraordinary one. He had gone out before breakfast, and I had sat down to mine, when he strode into the room, his hat upon his head and a huge barbed-headed spear tucked like an umbrella under his arm.

"Good gracious, Holmes!" I cried. "You don't mean to say that you have been walking about London with that thing?"

"I drove to the butcher's and back."

"The butcher's?"

"And I return with an excellent appetite. There can be no question, my dear Watson, of the value of exercise before breakfast. But I am prepared to bet that you will not guess the form that my exercise has taken."

Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'GOOD GRACIOUS, HOLMES!' I CRIED. 'YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN WALKING ABOUT LONDON WITH THAT THING?'"

"I will not attempt it."

He chuckled as he poured out the coffee.

"If you could have looked into Allardyce's back shop you would have seen a dead pig swung from a hook in the ceiling, and a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves furiously stabbing at it with this weapon. I was that energetic person, and I have satisfied myself that by no exertion of my strength can I transfix the pig with a single blow. Perhaps you would care to try?"

"Not for worlds. But why were you doing this?"

"Because it seemed to me to have an indirect bearing upon the mystery of Woodman's Lee. Ah, Hopkins, I got your wire last night, and I have been expecting you. Come and join us."

Our visitor was an exceedingly alert man, thirty years of age, dressed in a quiet tweed suit, but retaining the erect bearing of one who was accustomed to official uniform. I recognised him at once as Stanley Hopkins, a young police inspector for whose future Holmes had high hopes, while he in turn professed the admiration and respect of a pupil for the scientific methods of the famous amateur. Hopkins's brow was clouded, and he sat down with an air of deep dejection.

"No, thank you, sir. I breakfasted before I came round. I spent the night in town, for I came up yesterday to report."

"And what had you to report?"

"Failure, sir; absolute failure."

"You have made no progress?"

"None."

"Dear me! I must have a look at the matter."

"I wish to heavens that you would, Mr. Holmes. It's my first big chance, and I am at my wits' end. For goodness' sake come down and lend me a hand."

"Well, well, it just happens that I have already read all the available evidence, including the report of the inquest, with some care. By the way, what do you make of that tobacco-pouch found on the scene of the crime? Is there no clue there?"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Hopkins looked surprised.

"It was the man's own pouch, sir. His initials were inside it. And it was of seal-skin—and he an old sealer."

"But he had no pipe."

"No, sir, we could find no pipe; indeed, he smoked very little. And yet he might have kept some tobacco for his friends."

"No doubt. I only mention it because if I had been handling the case I should have been inclined to make that the starting-point of my investigation. However, my friend Dr. Watson knows nothing of this matter, and I should be none the worse for hearing the sequence of events once more. Just give us some short sketch of the essentials."

Stanley Hopkins drew a slip of paper from his pocket.

"I have a few dates here which will give you the career of the dead man, Captain Peter Carey. He was born in '45—fifty years of age. He was a most daring and successful seal and whale fisher. In 1883 he commanded the steam sealer *Sea Unicorn*, of Dundee. He had then had several successful voyages in succession, and in the following year, 1884, he retired. After that he travelled for some years, and finally he bought a small place called Woodman's Lee, near Forest Row, in Sussex. There he has lived for six years, and there he died just a week ago to-day.

"There were some most singular points about the man. In ordinary life he was a strict Puritan—a silent, gloomy fellow. His household consisted of his wife, his daughter, aged twenty, and two female servants. These last were continually changing, for it was never a very cheery situation, and sometimes it became past all bearing. The man was an intermittent drunkard, and when he had the fit on him he was a perfect fiend. He has been known to drive his wife and his daughter out of doors in the middle of the night, and flog them through the park until the whole village outside the gates was aroused by their screams.

"He was summoned once for a savage assault upon the old vicar, who had called upon him to remonstrate with him upon his conduct. In short, Mr. Holmes, you would go far before you found a more dangerous man than Peter Carey, and I have heard that he bore the same character when he commanded his ship. He was known in the trade as Black Peter, and the name was given him, not only on account of his swarthy features and the colour of his huge beard, but for the humours which were the terror of all around him. I need not say that he was loathed and avoided by every one of his neighbours, and that I have not heard one single word of sorrow about his terrible end.

"You must have read in the account of the inquest about the man's cabin, Mr. Holmes; but perhaps your friend here has not heard of it. He had built himself a wooden outhouse—he always called it 'the cabin'—a few hundred yards from his house, and it was here that he slept every night. It was a little, single-roomed hut, sixteen feet by ten. He kept the key in his pocket, made his own bed, cleaned it himself, and allowed no other foot to cross the threshold. There are small windows on each side, which were covered by curtains and never opened. One of these windows was turned towards the high road, and when the light burned in it at night the folk used to point it out to each other and wonder what Black Peter was doing in there. That's the window, Mr. Holmes, which gave us one of the few bits of positive evidence that came out at the inquest.

"You remember that a stonemason, named Slater, walking from Forest Row about one o'clock in the morning—two days before the murder—stopped as he passed the grounds and looked at the square of light still shining among the trees. He swears that the shadow of a man's head turned sideways was clearly visible on the blind, and that this shadow was certainly not that of Peter Carey, whom he knew well. It was that of a bearded man, but the beard was short and bristled forwards in a way very different from that of the captain. So he says, but he had been two hours in the public-house, and it is some distance from the road to the window. Besides, this refers to the Monday, and the crime was done upon the Wednesday.

"On the Tuesday Peter Carey was in one of his blackest moods, flushed with drink and as savage as a dangerous wild beast. He roamed about the house, and the women ran for it when they heard him coming. Late in the evening he went down to his own hut. About two o'clock the following morning his daughter, who slept with her window open, heard a most fearful yell from that direction, but it was no unusual thing for him to bawl and shout when he was in drink, so no notice was taken. On rising at seven one of the maids noticed that the door of the hut was open, but so great was the terror which the man caused that it was midday before anyone would venture down to see what had become of him. Peeping into the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

open door they saw a sight which sent them flying with white faces into the village. Within an hour I was on the spot and had taken over the case.

"Well, I have fairly steady nerves, as you know, Mr. Holmes, but I give you my word that I got a shake when I put my head into that little house. It was droning like a harmonium with the flies and bluebottles, and the floor and walls were like a slaughter-house. He had called it a cabin, and a cabin it was sure enough, for you would have thought that you were in a ship. There was a bunk at one end, a sea-chest, maps and charts, a picture of the *Sea Unicorn*, a line of log-books on a shelf, all exactly as one would expect to find it in a captain's room. And there in the middle of it was the man himself, his face twisted like a lost soul in torment, and his great brindled beard stuck upwards in his agony. Right through his broad breast a steel harpoon had been driven, and it had sunk deep into the wood of the wall behind him. He was pinned like a beetle on a card. Of course, he was quite dead, and had been so from the instant that he had uttered that last yell of agony.

"I know your methods, sir, and I applied them. Before I permitted anything to be moved I examined most carefully the ground outside, and also the floor of the room. There were no footmarks."

"Meaning that you saw none?"

"I assure you, sir, that there were none."

"My good Hopkins, I have investigated many crimes, but I have never yet seen one which was committed by a flying creature. As long as the criminal remains upon two legs so long must there be some indentation, some abrasion, some trifling displacement which can be detected by the scientific searcher. It is incredible that this blood-bespattered room contained no trace which could have aided us. I understand, however, from the inquest that there were some objects which you failed to overlook?"

The young inspector winced at my companion's ironical comments.

"I was a fool not to call you in at the time, Mr. Holmes. However, that's past praying for now. Yes, there were several objects in the room which called for special attention. One was the harpoon with which the deed was committed. It had been snatched down from a rack on the wall. Two others remained there, and there was a vacant place for the third. On the stock was engraved 'Ss. *Sea Unicorn*, Dundee.' This seemed to establish that the crime had been done in a moment of fury, and that the murderer had seized the first weapon which came in his way. The fact that the crime was committed at two in the morning, and yet Peter Carey was fully dressed, suggested that he had an appointment with the murderer, which is borne out by the fact that a bottle of rum and two dirty glasses stood upon the table."

"Yes," said Holmes; "I think that both inferences are permissible. Was there any other spirit but rum in the room?"

"Yes; there was a tantalus containing brandy and whisky on the sea-chest. It is of no importance to us, however, since the decanters were full, and it had therefore not been used."

"For all that its presence has some significance," said Holmes. "However, let us hear some more about the objects which do seem to you to bear upon the case."

"There was this tobacco-pouch upon the table."

"What part of the table?"

"It lay in the middle. It was of coarse seal-skin—the straight-haired skin, with a leather thong to bind it. Inside was 'P. C.' on the flap. There was half an ounce of strong ship's tobacco in it."

"Excellent! What more?"

Stanley Hopkins drew from his pocket a drab-covered note-book. The outside was rough and worn, the leaves discoloured. On the first page were written the initials "J. H. N." and the date "1883." Holmes laid it on the table and examined it in his minute way, while Hopkins and I gazed over each shoulder. On the second page were the printed letters "C. P. R.," and then came several sheets of numbers. Another heading was Argentine, another Costa Rica, and another San Paulo, each with pages of signs and figures after it.

"What do you make of these?" asked Holmes.

"They appear to be lists of Stock Exchange securities. I thought that 'J. H. N.' were the initials of a broker, and that 'C. P. R.' may have been his client."

"Try Canadian Pacific Railway," said Holmes.

Stanley Hopkins swore between his teeth and struck his thigh with his clenched hand.

"What a fool I have been!" he cried. "Of course, it is as you say. Then 'J. H. N.' are the only initials we have to solve. I have already examined the old Stock Exchange lists, and I can find no one in 1883 either in the House or among the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

outside brokers whose initials correspond with these. Yet I feel that the clue is the most important one that I hold. You will admit, Mr. Holmes, that there is a possibility that these initials are those of the second person who was present—in other words, of the murderer. I would also urge that the introduction into the case of a document relating to large masses of valuable securities gives us for the first time some indication of a motive for the crime."

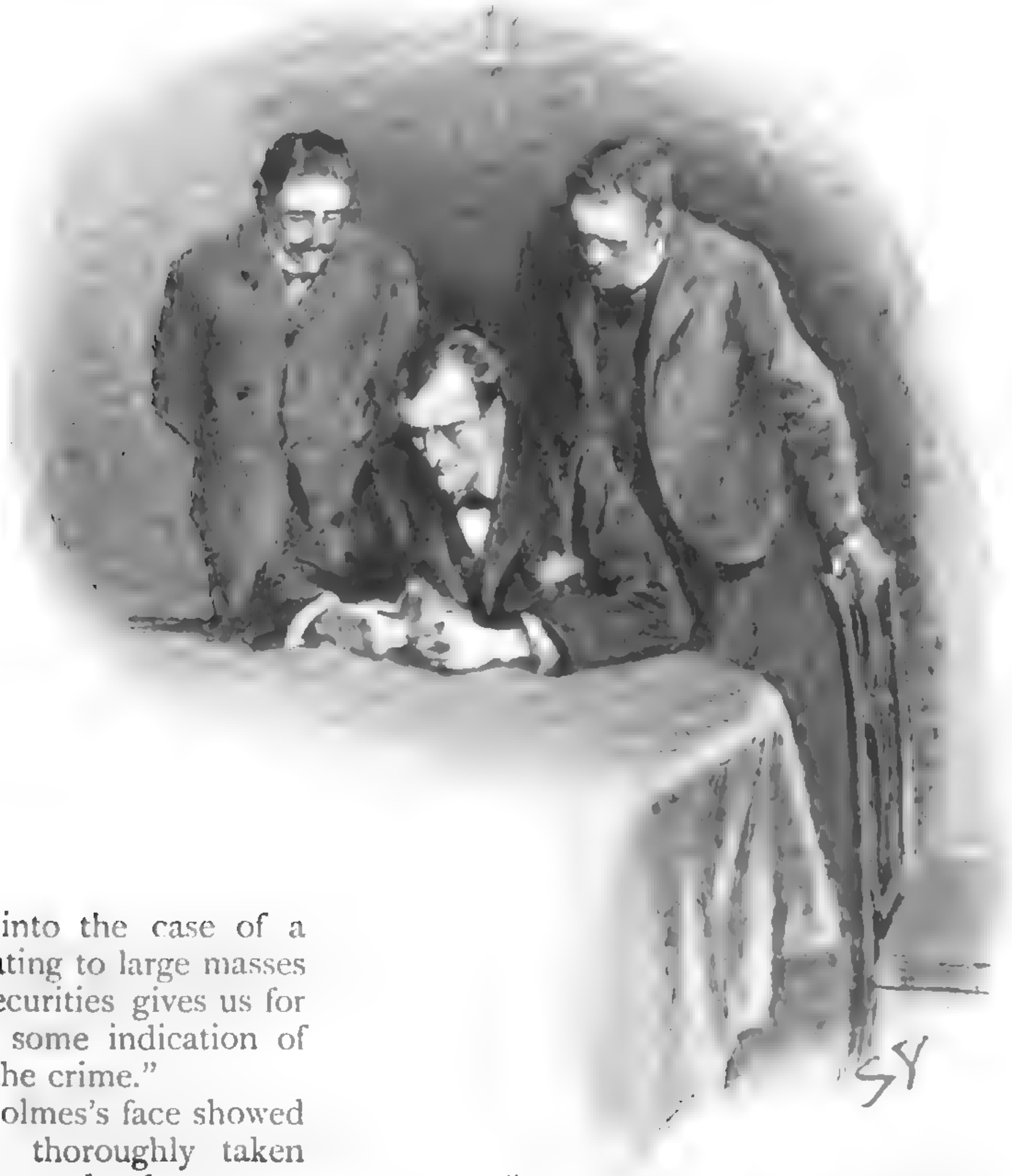
Sherlock Holmes's face showed that he was thoroughly taken aback by this new development.

"I must admit both your points," said he. "I confess that this note-book, which did not appear at the inquest, modifies any views which I may have formed. I had come to a theory of the crime in which I can find no place for this. Have you endeavoured to trace any of the securities here mentioned?"

"Inquiries are now being made at the offices, but I fear that the complete register of the stockholders of these South American concerns is in South America, and that some weeks must elapse before we can trace the shares."

Holmes had been examining the cover of the note-book with his magnifying lens.

"Surely there is some discoloration here," said he.



"HOLMES EXAMINED IT IN HIS MINUTE WAY."

"Yes, sir, it is a blood-stain. I told you that I picked the book off the floor."

"Was the blood-stain above or below?"

"On the side next the boards."

"Which proves, of course, that the book was dropped after the crime was committed."

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. I appreciated that point, and I conjectured that it was dropped by the murderer in his hurried flight. It lay near the door."

"I suppose that none of these securities have been found among the property of the dead man?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any reason to suspect robbery?"

"No, sir. Nothing seemed to have been touched."

"Dear me, it is certainly a very interesting case. Then there was a knife, was there not?"

"A sheath-knife, still in its sheath. It lay at the feet of the dead man. Mrs. Carey has identified it as being her husband's property."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Holmes was lost in thought for some time.

"Well," said he, at last, "I suppose I shall have to come out and have a look at it."

Stanley Hopkins gave a cry of joy.

"Thank you, sir. That will indeed be a weight off my mind."

Holmes shook his finger at the inspector.

"It would have been an easier task a week ago," said he. "But even now my visit may not be entirely fruitless. Watson, if you can spare the time I should be very glad of your company. If you will call a four-wheeler, Hopkins, we shall be ready to start for Forest Row in a quarter of an hour."

Alighting at the small wayside station, we drove for some miles through the remains of widespread woods, which were once part of that great forest which for so long held the Saxon invaders at bay—the impenetrable "weald," for sixty years the bulwark of Britain. Vast sections of it have been cleared, for this is the seat of the first iron-works of the country, and the trees have been felled to smelt the ore. Now the richer fields of the North have absorbed the trade, and nothing save these ravaged groves and great scars in the earth show the work of the past. Here in a clearing upon the green slope of a hill stood a long, low stone house, approached by a curving drive running through the fields. Nearer the road, and surrounded on three sides by bushes, was a small outhouse, one window and the door facing in our direction. It was the scene of the murder!

Stanley Hopkins led us first to the house, where he introduced us to a haggard, grey-haired woman, the widow of the murdered man, whose gaunt and deep-lined face, with the furtive look of terror in the depths of her red-rimmed eyes, told of the years of hardship and ill-usage which she had endured. With her was her daughter, a pale, fair-haired girl, whose eyes blazed defiantly at us as she told us that she was glad that her father was dead, and that she blessed the hand which had struck him down. It was a terrible household that Black Peter Carey had made for himself, and it was with a sense of relief that we found ourselves in the sunlight again and making our way along a path which had been worn across the fields by the feet of the dead man.

The outhouse was the simplest of dwellings, wooden-walled, shingle-roofed, one window beside the door and one on the farther side. Stanley Hopkins drew the



"'SOMEONE HAS BEEN TAMPERING WITH IT,' HE SAID."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

key from his pocket, and had stooped to the lock, when he paused with a look of attention and surprise upon his face.

"Someone has been tampering with it," he said.

There could be no doubt of the fact. The woodwork was cut and the scratches showed white through the paint, as if they had been that instant done. Holmes had been examining the window.

"Someone has tried to force this also. Whoever it was has failed to make his way in. He must have been a very poor burglar."

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said the inspector; "I could swear that these marks were not here yesterday evening."

"Some curious person from the village, perhaps," I suggested.

"Very unlikely. Few of them would dare to set foot in the grounds, far less try to force their way into the cabin. What do you think of it, Mr. Holmes?"

"I think that fortune is very kind to us."

"You mean that the person will come again?"

"It is very probable. He came expecting to find the door open. He tried to get in with the blade of a very small penknife. He could not manage it. What would he do?"

"Come again next night with a more useful tool."

"So I should say. It will be our fault if we are not there to receive him. Meanwhile, let me see the inside of the cabin."

The traces of the tragedy had been removed, but the furniture within the little room still stood as it had been on the night of the crime. For two hours, with most intense concentration, Holmes examined every object in turn, but his face showed that his quest was not a successful one. Once only he paused in his patient investigation.

"Have you taken anything off this shelf, Hopkins?"

"No; I have moved nothing."

"Something has been taken. There is less dust in this corner of the shelf than elsewhere. It may have been a book lying on its side. It may have been a box. Well, well, I can do nothing more. Let us walk in these beautiful woods, Watson, and give a few hours to the birds and the flowers. We shall meet you here later, Hopkins, and see if we can come to closer quarters with the gentleman who has paid this visit in the night."

It was past eleven o'clock when we formed our little ambuscade. Hopkins was for leaving the door of the hut open, but Holmes was of opinion that this would rouse the suspicions of the stranger. The lock was a perfectly simple one, and only a strong blade was needed to push it back. Holmes also suggested that we should wait, not inside the hut, but outside it among the bushes which grew round the farther window. In this way we should be able to watch our man if he struck a light, and see what his object was in this stealthy nocturnal visit.

It was a long and melancholy vigil, and yet brought with it something of the thrill which the hunter feels when he lies beside the water pool and waits for the coming of the thirsty beast of prey. What savage creature was it which might steal upon us out of the darkness? Was it a fierce tiger of crime, which could only be taken fighting hard with flashing fang and claw, or would it prove to be some skulking jackal, dangerous only to the weak and unguarded?

In absolute silence we crouched amongst the bushes, waiting for whatever might come. At first the steps of a few belated villagers, or the sound of voices from the village, lightened our vigil; but one by one these interruptions died away and an absolute stillness fell upon us, save for the chimes of the distant church, which told us of the progress of the night, and for the rustle and whisper of a fine rain falling amid the foliage which roofed us in.

Half-past two had chimed, and it was the darkest hour which precedes the dawn, when we all started as a low but sharp click came from the direction of the gate. Someone had entered the drive. Again there was a long silence, and I had begun to fear that it was a false alarm, when a stealthy step was heard upon the other side of the hut, and a moment later a metallic scraping and clinking. The man was trying to force the lock! This time his skill was greater or his tool was better, for there was a sudden snap and the creak of the hinges. Then a match was struck, and next instant the steady light from a candle filled the interior of the hut. Through the gauze curtain our eyes were all riveted upon the scene within.

The nocturnal visitor was a young man, frail and thin, with a black moustache which intensified the deadly pallor of his face. He could not have been much above twenty years of age. I have never seen any human being who appeared to be in such a pitiable fright, for his teeth were visibly chattering and he was shaking in every limb. He was dressed like a gentleman, in Norfolk

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

jacket and knickerbockers, with a cloth cap upon his head. We watched him staring round with frightened eyes. Then he laid the candle-end upon the table and disappeared from our view into one of the corners. He returned with a large book, one of the log-books which formed a line upon the shelves. Leaning on the table he rapidly turned over the leaves of this volume until he came to the entry which he sought. Then, with an angry gesture of his clenched hand, he closed the book, replaced it in the corner, and put out the light. He had hardly turned to leave the hut when Hopkins's hand was on the fellow's collar, and I heard his loud gasp of terror as he understood that he was taken. The candle was re-lit, and there was our wretched captive shivering and cowering in the grasp of the detective. He sank down upon the sea-chest, and looked helplessly from one of us to the other.



"HE RAPIDLY TURNED OVER THE LEAVES OF THIS VOLUME."

"Now, my fine fellow," said Stanley Hopkins, "who are you, and what do you want here?"

The man pulled himself together and faced us with an effort at self-composure.

"You are detectives, I suppose?" said he. "You imagine I am connected with the death of Captain Peter Carey. I assure you that I am innocent."

"We'll see about that," said Hopkins. "First of all, what is your name?"

"It is John Hopley Neligan."

I saw Holmes and Hopkins exchange a quick glance.

"What are you doing here?"

"Can I speak confidentially?"

"No, certainly not."

"Why should I tell you?"

"If you have no answer it may go badly with you at the trial."

The young man winced.

"Well, I will tell you," he said. "Why should I not? And yet I hate to think of this old scandal gaining a new lease of life. Did you ever hear of Dawson and Neligan?"

I could see from Hopkins's face that he never had; but Holmes was keenly interested.

"You mean the West-country bankers," said he. "They failed for a million, ruined half the county families of Cornwall, and Neligan disappeared."

"Exactly. Neligan was my father."

At last we were getting something positive, and yet it seemed a long gap between an absconding banker and Captain Peter Carey pinned against the wall with one of his own harpoons. We all listened intently to the young man's words.

"It was my father who was really concerned. Dawson had retired. I was only ten years of age at the time, but I was old enough to feel the shame and horror of it all. It has always been said that my father stole all the securities and fled. It is not true. It was his belief that if he were given time in which to realize them all would be well and every creditor paid in full. He started in his little yacht for Norway just before the warrant was issued for his arrest. I can remember that last night when he bade fare-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

well to my mother. He left us a list of the securities he was taking, and he swore that he would come back with his honour cleared, and that none who had trusted him would suffer. Well, no word was ever heard from him again. Both the yacht and he vanished utterly. We believed, my mother and I, that he and it, with the securities that he had taken with him, were at the bottom of the sea. We had a faithful friend, however, who is a business man, and it was he who discovered some time ago that some of the securities which my father had with him have reappeared on the London market. You can imagine our amazement. I spent months in trying to trace them, and at last, after many doublings and difficulties, I discovered that the original seller had been Captain Peter Carey, the owner of this hut.

"Naturally, I made some inquiries about the man. I found that he had been in command of a whaler which was due to return from the Arctic seas at the very time when my father was crossing to Norway. The autumn of that year was a stormy one, and there was a long succession of southerly gales. My father's yacht may well have been blown to the north, and there met by Captain Peter Carey's ship. If that were so, what had become of my father? In any case, if I could prove from Peter Carey's evidence how these securities came on the market it would be a proof that my father had not sold them, and that he had no view to personal profit when he took them.

"I came down to Sussex with the intention of seeing the captain, but it was at this moment that his terrible death occurred. I read at the inquest a description of his cabin, in which it stated that the old log-books of his vessel were preserved in it. It struck me that if I could see what occurred in the month of August, 1883, on board the *Sea Unicorn*, I might settle the mystery of my father's fate. I tried last night to get at these log-books, but was unable to open the door. To-night I tried again, and succeeded; but I find that the pages which deal with that month have been torn from the book. It was at that moment I found myself a prisoner in your hands."

"Is that all?" asked Hopkins.

"Yes, that is all." His eyes shifted as he said it.

"You have nothing else to tell us?"

He hesitated.

"No; there is nothing."

"You have not been here before last night?"

"No."

"Then how do you account for *that?*" cried Hopkins, as he held up the damning note-book, with the initials of our prisoner on the first leaf and the blood-stain on the cover.

The wretched man collapsed. He sank his face in his hands and trembled all over.

"Where did you get it?" he groaned. "I did not know. I thought I had lost it at the hotel."

"That is enough," said Hopkins, sternly. "Whatever else you have to say you must say in court. You will walk down with me now to the police-station. Well, Mr. Holmes, I am very much obliged to you and to your friend for coming down to help me. As it turns out your presence was unnecessary, and I would have brought the case to this successful issue without you; but none the less I am very grateful. Rooms have been reserved for you at the Brambletye Hotel, so we can all walk down to the village together."

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" asked Holmes, as we travelled back next morning.

"I can see that you are not satisfied."

"Oh, yes, my dear Watson, I am perfectly satisfied. At the same time Stanley Hopkins's methods do not commend themselves to me. I am disappointed in Stanley Hopkins. I had hoped for better things from him. One should always look for a possible alternative and provide against it. It is the first rule of criminal investigation."

"What, then, is the alternative?"

"The line of investigation which I have myself been pursuing. It may give us nothing. I cannot tell. But at least I shall follow it to the end."

Several letters were waiting for Holmes at Baker Street. He snatched one of them up, opened it, and burst out into a triumphant chuckle of laughter.

"Excellent, Watson. The alternative develops. Have you telegraph forms? Just write a couple of messages for me: 'Sumner, Shipping Agent, Ratcliff Highway. Send three men on, to arrive ten to-morrow morning.—Basil.' That's my name in those parts. The other is: 'Inspector Stanley Hopkins, 46, Lord Street, Brixton. Come breakfast to-morrow at nine-thirty. Important. Wire if unable to come.—Sherlock Holmes.' There, Watson, this infernal case has haunted me for ten days. I hereby banish it completely from my presence. To-morrow I trust that we shall hear the last of it for ever."

Sharp at the hour named Inspector Stanley

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Hopkins appeared, and we sat down together to the excellent breakfast which Mrs. Hudson had prepared. The young detective was in high spirits at his success.

"You really think that your solution must be correct?" asked Holmes.

"I could not imagine a more complete case."

"It did not seem to me conclusive."

"You astonish me, Mr. Holmes. What more could one ask for?"

"Does your explanation cover every point?"

"Undoubtedly. I find that young Neligan arrived at the Brambletye Hotel on the very day of the crime. He came on the pretence of playing golf. His room was on the ground-floor, and he could get out when he liked. That very night he went down to Woodman's Lee, saw Peter Carey at the hut, quarrelled with him, and killed him with the harpoon. Then, horrified by what he had done, he fled out of the hut, dropping the note-book which he had brought with him in order to question Peter Carey about these different securities. You may have observed that some of them were marked with ticks, and the others—the great majority—were not. Those which are ticked have been traced on the London market; but the others presumably were still in the possession of Carey, and young Neligan, according to his own account, was anxious to recover them in order to do the right thing by his father's creditors. After his flight he did not dare to approach the hut again for some time; but at last he forced himself to do so in order to obtain the information which he needed. Surely that is all simple and obvious?"

Holmes smiled and shook his head.

"It seems to me to have only one drawback, Hopkins, and that is that it is intrinsically impossible. Have you tried to drive a harpoon through a body? No? Tut, tut, my dear sir, you must really pay attention to these details. My friend Watson could tell you that I spent a whole morning in that exercise. It is no easy matter, and requires a strong and practised arm. But this blow was delivered with such violence that the head of the weapon sank deep into the wall. Do you imagine that this anæmic youth was capable of so frightful an assault? Is he the man who hobnobbed in rum and water with Black Peter in the dead of the night? Was it his profile that was seen on the blind two nights before? No, no, Hopkins; it is another and a more formidable person for whom we must seek."

The detective's face had grown longer and longer during Holmes's speech. His hopes and his ambitions were all crumbling about him. But he would not abandon his position without a struggle.

"You can't deny that Neligan was present that night, Mr. Holmes. The book will prove that. I fancy that I have evidence enough to satisfy a jury, even if you are able to pick a hole in it. Besides, Mr. Holmes, I have laid my hand upon *my* man. As to this terrible person of yours, where is he?"

"I rather fancy that he is on the stair," said Holmes, serenely. "I think, Watson, that you would do well to put that revolver where you can reach it." He rose, and laid a written paper upon a side-table. "Now we are ready," said he.

There had been some talking in gruff voices outside, and now Mrs. Hudson opened the door to say that there were three men inquiring for Captain Basil.

"Show them in one by one," said Holmes.

The first who entered was a little ribston-pippin of a man, with ruddy cheeks and fluffy white side-whiskers. Holmes had drawn a letter from his pocket.

"What name?" he asked.

"James Lancaster."

"I am sorry, Lancaster, but the berth is full. Here is half a sovereign for your trouble. Just step into this room and wait there for a few minutes."

The second man was a long, dried-up creature, with lank hair and sallow cheeks. His name was Hugh Pattins. He also received his dismissal, his half-sovereign, and the order to wait.

The third applicant was a man of remarkable appearance. A fierce, bull-dog face was framed in a tangle of hair and beard, and two bold dark eyes gleamed behind the cover of thick, tufted, overhung eyebrows. He saluted and stood sailor-fashion, turning his cap round in his hands.

"Your name?" asked Holmes.

"Patrick Cairns."

"Harpooner?"

"Yes, sir. Twenty-six voyages."

"Dundee, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And ready to start with an exploring ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"What wages?"

"Eight pounds a month."

"Could you start at once?"

"As soon as I get my kit."

"Have you your papers?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Yes, sir." He took a sheaf of worn and greasy forms from his pocket. Holmes glanced over them and returned them.

"You are just the man I want," said he. "Here's the agreement on the side-table. If you sign it the whole matter will be settled."



"'SHALL I SIGN HERE?' HE ASKED."

The seaman lurched across the room and took up the pen.

"Shall I sign here?" he asked, stooping over the table.

Holmes leaned over his shoulder and passed both hands over his neck.

"This will do," said he.

I heard a click of steel and a bellow like an enraged bull. The next instant Holmes and the seaman were rolling on the ground together. He was a man of such gigantic strength that, even with the handcuffs which Holmes had so deftly fastened upon his wrists, he would have very quickly overpowered my friend had Hopkins and I not rushed to his rescue. Only when I pressed the cold muzzle of the revolver to his temple did he at last understand that resistance was vain. We lashed his ankles with cord and rose breathless from the struggle.

"I must really apologize, Hopkins," said Sherlock Holmes; "I fear that the scrambled eggs are cold. However, you will enjoy the rest of your breakfast all the better, will you not, for the thought that you have brought your case to a triumphant conclusion."

Stanley Hopkins was speechless with amazement.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Holmes," he blurted out at last, with a very red face. "It seems to me that I have been making a fool of myself from the beginning. I understand now, what I should never have forgotten, that I am the pupil and you are the master. Even now I see what you have done, but I don't know how you did it, or what it signifies."

"Well, well," said Holmes, good-humouredly. "We all learn by experience, and your lesson this time is that you should never lose sight of the alternative. You were so absorbed in young Neligan that you could not spare a thought to Patrick Cairns, the true murderer of Peter Carey."

The hoarse voice of the seaman broke in on our conversation.

"See here, mister," said he, "I make no complaint of being man-handled in this fashion, but I would have you call things by their right names. You say I murdered Peter Carey; I say I *killed* Peter Carey, and

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

there's all the difference. Maybe you don't believe what I say. Maybe you think I am just slinging you a yarn."

"Not at all," said Holmes. "Let us hear what you have to say."

"It's soon told, and, by the Lord, every word of it is truth. I knew Black Peter, and when he pulled out his knife I whipped a harpoon through him sharp, for I knew that it was him or me. That's how he died. You can call it murder. Anyhow, I'd as soon die with a rope round my neck as with Black Peter's knife in my heart."

"How came you there?" asked Holmes.

"I'll tell it you from the beginning. Just sit me up a little so as I can speak easy. It was in '83 that it happened—August of that year. Peter Carey was master of the *Sea Unicorn*, and I was spare harpooner. We were coming out of the ice-pack on our way home, with head winds and a week's southerly gale, when we picked up a little craft that had been blown north. There was one man on her—a landsman. The crew had thought she would founder, and had made for the Norwegian coast in the dinghy. I guess they were all drowned. Well, we took him on board, this man, and he and the skipper had some long talks in the cabin. All the baggage we took off with him was one tin box. So far as I know, the man's name was never mentioned, and on the second night he disappeared as if he had never been. It was given out that he had either thrown himself overboard or fallen overboard in the heavy weather that we were having. Only one man knew what had happened to him, and that was me, for with my own eyes I saw the skipper tip up his heels and put him over the rail in the middle watch of a dark night, two days before we sighted the Shetland lights.

"Well, I kept my knowledge to myself and waited to see what would come of it. When we got back to Scotland it was easily hushed up, and nobody asked any questions. A stranger died by an accident, and it was nobody's business to inquire. Shortly after Peter Carey gave up the sea, and it was long years before I could find where he was. I guessed that he had done the deed for the sake of what was in that tin box, and that he could afford now to pay me well for keeping my mouth shut.

"I found out where he was through a sailor man that had met him in London, and down I went to squeeze him. The first night he was reasonable enough, and was ready to give me what would make me free of the sea for life. We were to fix it all two nights later. When I came I found him three parts drunk and in a vile temper. We sat down and we drank and we yarned about old times, but the more he drank the less I liked the look on his face. I spotted that harpoon upon the wall, and I thought I might need it before I was through. Then at last he broke out at me, spitting and cursing, with murder in his eyes and a great clasp-knife in his hand. He had not time to get it from the sheath before I had the harpoon through him. Heavens! what a yell



"WE SAT DOWN AND WE DRANK AND WE YARNED ABOUT OLD TIMES."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he gave; and his face gets between me and my sleep! I stood there, with his blood splashing round me, and I waited for a bit; but all was quiet, so I took heart once more. I looked round, and there was the tin box on a shelf. I had as much right to it as Peter Carey, anyhow, so I took it with me and left the hut. Like a fool I left my baccy-pouch upon the table.

"Now I'll tell you the queerest part of the whole story. I had hardly got outside the hut when I heard someone coming, and I hid among the bushes. A man came slinking along, went into the hut, gave a cry as if he had seen a ghost, and legged it as hard as he could run until he was out of sight. Who he was or what he wanted is more than I can tell. For my part, I walked ten miles, got a train at Tunbridge Wells, and so reached London, and no one the wiser.

"Well, when I came to examine the box I found there was no money in it, and nothing but papers that I would not dare to sell. I had lost my hold on Black Peter, and was stranded in London without a shilling. There was only my trade left. I saw these advertisements about harpooners and high wages, so I went to the shipping agents, and they sent me here. That's all I know, and I say again that if I killed Black Peter the law should give me thanks, for I saved them the price of a hempen rope."

"A very clear statement," said Holmes, rising and lighting his pipe. "I think, Hopkins, that you should lose no time in conveying your prisoner to a place of safety. This room is not well adapted for a cell, and Mr. Patrick Cairns occupies too large a proportion of our carpet."

"Mr. Holmes," said Hopkins, "I do not know how to express my gratitude. Even now I do not understand how you attained this result."

"Simply by having the good fortune to get the right clue from the beginning. It is very possible that if I had known about this note-book it might have led away my thoughts, as it did yours. But all I heard pointed in the one direction. The amazing strength, the skill in the use of the harpoon, the rum and water, the seal-skin tobacco-pouch, with the coarse tobacco—all these pointed to a seaman, and one who had been a whaler. I was convinced that the initials 'P. C.' upon the pouch were a coincidence, and not those of Peter Carey, since he seldom smoked, and no pipe was found in his cabin. You remember that I asked whether whisky and brandy were in the cabin. You said they were. How many landsmen are there who would drink rum when they could get these other spirits? Yes, I was certain it was a seaman."

"And how did you find him?"

"My dear sir, the problem had become a very simple one. If it were a seaman, it could only be a seaman who had been with him on the *Sea Unicorn*. So far as I could learn he had sailed in no other ship. I spent three days in wiring to Dundee, and at the end of that time I had ascertained the names of the crew of the *Sea Unicorn* in 1883. When I found Patrick Cairns among the harpooners my research was nearing its end. I argued that the man was probably in London, and that he would desire to leave the country for a time. I therefore spent some days in the East-end, devised an Arctic expedition, put forward tempting terms for harpooners who would serve under Captain Basil—and behold the result!"

"Wonderful!" cried Hopkins. "Wonderful!"

"You must obtain the release of young Neligan as soon as possible," said Holmes. "I confess that I think you owe him some apology. The tin box must be returned to him, but, of course, the securities which Peter Carey has sold are lost for ever. There's the cab, Hopkins, and you can remove your man. If you want me for the trial, my address and that of Watson will be somewhere in Norway—I'll send particulars later."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Slaves of the Lamp."

By F. D. Godwyn.

WHAT is an electrical engineer? The "man in the street" as a rule has but a very hazy idea; he usually connects him with a youth in dirty blue overalls who calls occasionally to see to the lights or bells. But away in the poorest quarter of almost every town or parish there is a large building with a tall chimney, and from the former, day and night, emanate strange whirring and thudding noises; perhaps also through an occasionally open door a glimpse is caught of shining metal and queer-looking machinery, sometimes giving off vicious-looking little blue sparks that recall one's early experiments with a Leyden jar. This is locally known as the electric light works, and it is with the experiences of the men whose lives are passed in such places, and who form a considerable portion of the true genus electrical engineer, that the following incidents deal, serving to show that, although little is heard of it in the outside world, the electrical engineer who takes up this branch of his profession exposes himself to a variety of deaths and maimings that can scarcely be surpassed.

For instance, on September 19th, 1899, at the electricity works of the Manchester Corporation, one of the largest in the kingdom, an accident took place that will not be easily forgotten by those who were fortunate or unfortunate enough, according to temperament, to witness it.

The engine-room at that time contained fourteen engines, each of four hundred horse-power, some of which drove their dynamos by means of leather belts in the old-fashioned way. About six o'clock in the evening, when the station was working almost at its maximum output, one of the belts broke half-way across. Before the engine could be stopped the broken portion of the belt, flapping round like a huge flail, hit the governor, completely wrecking it and allowing the steam to enter the engine in tremendous quantities.

The result of this was that the engine attained a terrific speed, which so increased the centrifugal force of its fly-wheel that the latter literally burst, and in a second fragments weighing several hundredweight were hurtling through the air, dealing destruction right and left. One of these pieces hit the fly-wheel of the adjacent running engine, and, as ill-luck would have it, burst that too, and still more huge masses started on their destructive path.

One would think that mischance could hardly go farther, and that the demons of mischief that are responsible for this sort of thing would have become satiated by their success; but this was evidently not the case, as some of the fragments struck the steam and water pipes that are arranged round the engine-room, bursting them and affording the unfortunate men on duty the chance of being scalded to death by steam at about three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, in addition to that of being crushed by the flying pieces. Strange to say, only two

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HOARSE CRIES ARE MINGLED WITH THE ROAR OF ESCAPING STEAM AND FALLING METAL."

men were injured, and that not seriously. An engine-driver named Edward Tomlinson was knocked down and severely bruised, and one of his mates, Chadwick, injured about the arms.

A scene like this is almost beyond the power of words to describe. Imagine a large engine-room of this description, brightly lit and echoing with the monotonous—but to the engineer peaceful—noise of well-kept engines, flapping belts, and whirring dynamos. Suddenly there is a grating sound, followed by a crash; down go the lamps until they give about as much light as a red-hot hairpin; hoarse cries and the voice of the engineer as he gives his orders are mingled with the roar of escaping steam and the crash of falling metal on the walls and floor; running figures are dimly discerned, stopping here to close a valve and there to open a switch. And in this dimly-lighted inferno the engineer does his duty, risking deaths that are far worse than those the soldier has to face, in cold blood and without a moment's notice.

The man who is reading his paper in the club looks up with a muttered adjuration on the electric light as it sinks to a dull red glow, little thinking that perhaps at that identical moment men are risking most horrible deaths, with no hope of honour or reward, but because it is their duty and the light must be kept in at *any* cost. Electricity, fortunately, played no part in this accident. If it had, the perils of fire would doubtless have been added to those of mangling and scalding.

The man who by mistake started to saw in half a main cable carrying current at a pressure of some two thousand volts is not likely to forget his experience, and such a case came under the writer's personal observation some months back.

One of the many main cables leading from a large generating station to various distributing points in the streets had to be repaired, and to do this it was necessary to cut it in what is termed the "cable pit" in the works, where all the separate mains are laid side by side, looking exactly alike. The current was, of course, shut off the cable to be operated upon, and if a mistake had not been made nothing would have happened. Unfortunately, however, the cables in the pit had been wrongly numbered, and the consequence was, instead of cutting into the "dead" cable, the man started upon one that was very much "alive."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Despite its serpentine appearance, nothing looks more innocent than an electric cable; just a long, round, black thing, lying peacefully in a trench without a sign to show whether it is carrying current or not. But, like the serpent, nothing is so dangerous to tamper with, and no sooner had the saw of the workman pierced the outer coverings of lead and paper insulation, and its blade touched the hidden copper charged to the pressure of two thousand volts, than there was a blinding, roaring flash, and the man was hurled backward, still holding in his hand the remains of the fused saw.



"THERE WAS A BLINDING, ROARING FLASH, AND THE MAN WAS HURLED BACKWARD."

Meanwhile, in the engine-room pandemonium and blue fire reigned supreme. So great was the rush of current that the safety-fuse of the cable failed entirely, and the switchboard, where all such apparatus is situated, was in one part bathed in a vivid flame that roared in accompaniment to the groans of the overloaded dynamos.

Luckily in this case very little was required to put things straight, and the opening of a switch in somewhat unpleasant proximity to the flames speedily put an end to the trouble in the engine-room. The man, fortunately, beyond a bruise or two was not hurt; he received no shock owing to having taken the precaution of wearing a rubber glove, and his fall backward was only occasioned by a very natural desire to place a good distance between the cable and himself in the shortest possible time.

In this case there was literally less than a *sixteenth of an inch* between the man and death, that being the thickness of the rubber glove, but for which, owing to his position when using the saw, the current at a pressure of two thousand volts would have passed through his body; and in connection with this it should be remembered that from one thousand five hundred to one thousand seven hundred volts is all that is used to electrocute criminals in America. It is supposed to be a painless death, but from all accounts, if the victim does survive, the after-results are anything but agreeable.

A friend of the writer relates a very unpleasant experience that occurred to him some years ago at the high-pressure electricity works of the Coventry Corporation one Sunday morning, at the unearthly hour of 4 a.m. In his capacity as what is termed an engineer-in-charge he had occasion to make some alteration in the connections to the main switchboard, where all the current is measured and controlled, highly dangerous work that is usually only entrusted to one of the staff—that is to say, not an ordinary working man.

As a rule, when this kind of work has to be undertaken the current is shut off, but here it was found inexpedient to do so, and consequently the risk of a two thousand-volt shock had to be run. With his sleeves rolled up, and armed with a rubber mat on which to stand and a spanner to slacken the nuts, the narrator proceeded alone behind the switchboard, an out-of-the-way place, where he was shut off from the observation of the rest of the staff on duty. Naturally, he is not able to give minute details of what happened; he remembers standing on the mat and working for a few minutes with the spanner held in his bare hand. Then suddenly there was a flash, a feeling as of a sledge-hammer blow on the back of his head, and he knew no more. His bare arm had touched another portion of the switchboard and the high-pressure current had passed right through it, literally burning its way into the flesh, and leaving scars that

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

are plainly obvious at the present day. He ascertained afterwards from one of the instruments that he lay unconscious for some ten minutes, when coming to his senses he crawled in a half-dazed way into the engine-room, where he found the machinery running merrily, but the supply cut off owing to part of the apparatus having fused.

The instinct of duty is, indeed, a wonderful thing, and is well exemplified here, for, although having just received a shock to his system it is given to few men to get over, he almost unconsciously replaced the fused part and switched on the supply, collapsing as he finished it, and having later on to be carried home, where for a fortnight he lay subject to violent sickness, great bodily pain owing to muscular contraction, frequent attacks of giddiness, and very little sleep.

The American continent seems to be inextricably mixed up with everything that is big, and details of a most extraordinary accident that occurred in Brazil have recently been published in the technical Press under the very apt title of "The Greatest Electric Shock on Record." It took place on August 23rd of last year at the works of the Sao Paulo Tramway Light and Power Company, Brazil, the sufferers this time being an Italian workman named Lazzari, a strongly-built man, and an American engineer, Mr. Bevan, son of the power-station superintendent. In this case the pressure was no less than twenty-four thousand volts—that is to say, about fifteen times as much as is used for electrocution—and the work was again the dangerous operation of altering switchboard connections.



"LEAPING INTO THE AIR SO AS TO INSULATE HIMSELF FROM THE FLOOR."

An eye-witness relates that Lazzari, wishing to speak to Mr. Bevan as he passed him, caught hold of his wrist and turned round, unthinkingly bringing his head close to a bare copper bar charged at the above terrible pressure, at the same time standing with his foot touching an iron bolt sunk in the floor.

Now, electricity at twenty-four thousand volts will pierce through the air quite a distance, and, the workman having approached rather too close, the current immediately sparked on to his shoulder, passed through his body, and emerged at his foot on to the iron bolt, part of it also finding its way to the earth through the wrist and body of Bevan. Muscular paralysis always accompanies severe electric shock, and both men being incapable of movement must shortly have succumbed to the fearful strain on their systems.

But now a thing happened which, as an example of bravery, will hardly find its parallel in the annals of the Victoria Cross. Mr. Bevan senior, who chanced to be present, recognising that a second might mean all the difference between life and death to these men, deliberately hurled himself against them, leaping into the air so as to insulate himself from the floor. His full weight fell on his son, and was sufficient to loosen him from the grasp of Lazzari and to knock the latter away from the charged copper bar, only, however, to fall back upon it and now sustain the full force of the current by himself. But with undaunted pluck Mr. Bevan went at it again, this time trying repeatedly to kick Lazzari's foot from under him, and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thus bring him to the ground away from the bar. But in this he failed ; each time his foot touched that of the unfortunate man he received a shock that sent his leg flying violently back.

All this takes time to relate, but it was scarcely half a minute from the moment of Lazzari receiving the first shock before the relater of the event rushed to the switches and cut the entire current off.

In his account of it he says that he observed a heavy arc or electric flame between the man's foot and the iron bolt, and Bevan junior noticed the same phenomenon between his shoulder and the copper bar. It is to these two arcs that Lazzari unquestionably owes his life, as they absorbed a large portion of the power that would otherwise have been expended on his body. A pressure of twenty-four thousand volts properly applied would in a few seconds shrivel a man up almost beyond recognition.

The victim was terribly burnt on his shoulder and foot, but, strange to say, was conscious very shortly after the accident, and then declared that his senses never left him until the current was cut off, and that he felt no sensation in particular, and was aware of all that was going on. Undoubtedly the violence of the shock completely paralyzed his nervous system, and this incident goes far to prove that death by electric shock is absolutely painless.

Few are the engineers of any experience who, in the course of their career, have not come across instances of that wonderful courage that sometimes sacrifices its owner to duty for duty's sake.

At a certain electricity works in the North of England some few years ago there had been trouble with one of the engines, which necessitated its being taken completely to pieces and overhauled. As the work was urgent it was being carried on night and day, and on the first evening part of the engine, weighing probably about three or four tons, was ready for lifting by the travelling crane that spanned the engine-room.

The leading workman on the job, a trustworthy man and an old sea-going engineer, chose a fairly stout chain with a rather small hook on the end wherewith to sling the engine, and as a matter of form just showed it to the engineer-in-charge, with the remark that it would be quite strong enough. Now, the engineer had his doubts, but being young and inexperienced, and perhaps terribly afraid of betraying ignorance, said nothing, preferring to trust to the greater experience of his subordinate in such matters than to his own intuition that it was *not* strong enough. So the tackle was fixed to the crane, and in a short time the mass of iron hung suspended fifteen feet high on the small hook.

The next proceeding was to run the crane and its burden down to the end of the engine-room, and, the hauling gear being manned, it started on its course, the suspended mass swinging gently as it passed over the tops of the running engines.

It had moved a few feet when suddenly there was the noise of a heavy jerk, accompanied by a small bump that was felt all over the building. All eyes were at once turned on the crane, and the foreman mentioned above, looking sharply up, missed his footing on the slightly raised part of the floor upon which he was standing and fell down on his ankle, spraining it to such an extent as to bring tears to his eyes. For a minute or two he sat there nursing it, giving vent to his feelings in language which is best left unsaid; and meanwhile, nothing further having happened, the crane was again started slowly down the engine-room.

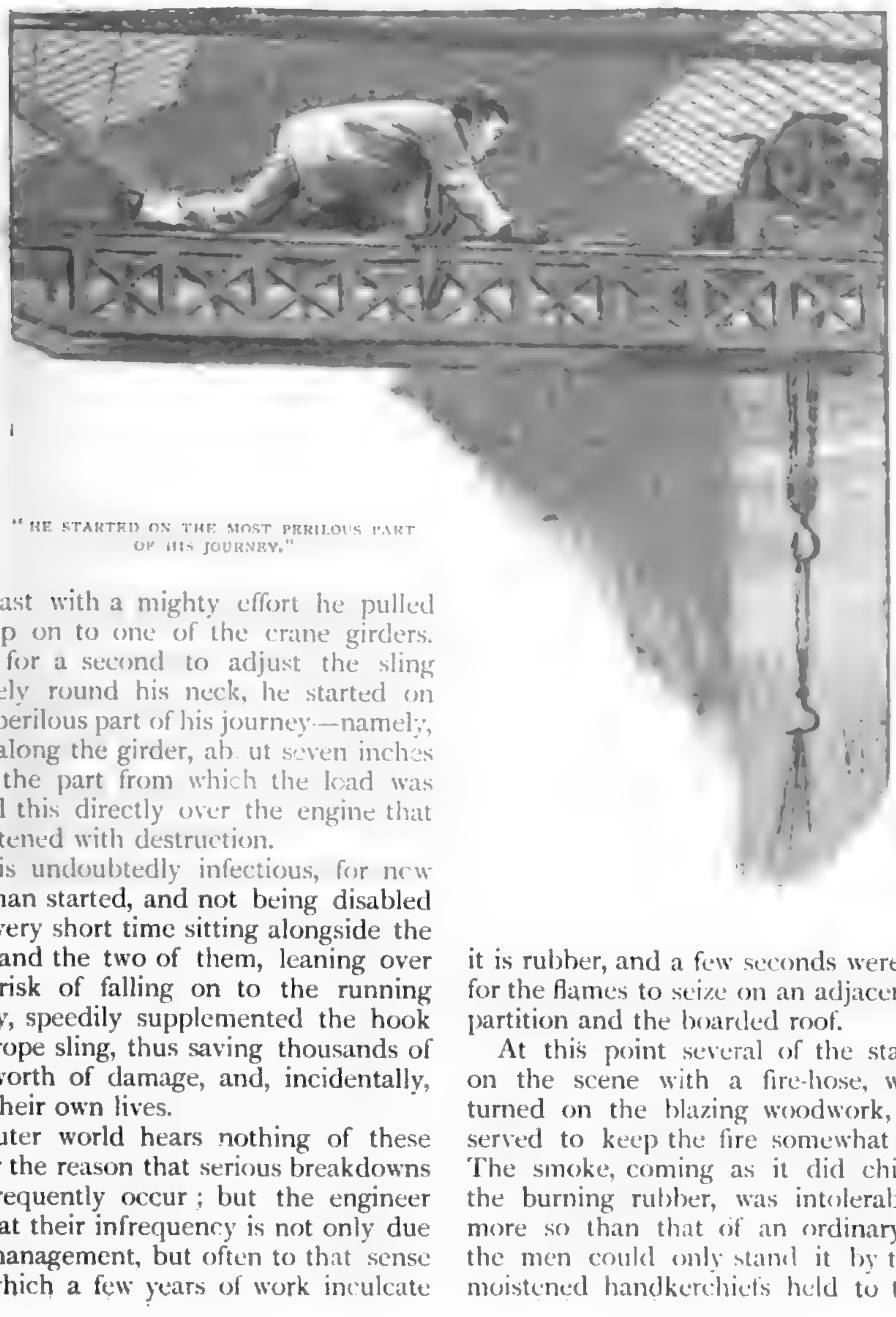
This time it moved scarcely a foot when there was another jerk and a bump, and once more all eyes were fixed aloft trying to solve the mystery of this untoward occurrence. The engineer-in-charge, by this time horribly anxious, moved close underneath the crane, looking upwards, and to his horror discerned that the *hook had opened* and that the entire weight was now sustained practically on the point of it, a position that obviously could only last a very short time.

It flashed through his mind that when the mass fell, as it must upon the slightest movement of the crane, it would descend upon one of the running engines, and the result of that could only be the utter wrecking of the engine and the bursting of its main steam-pipe, carrying steam at a pressure of one hundred and sixty pounds to the square inch and a temperature of about three hundred and sixty degrees. It was only a small engine-room, that would be quickly filled with the steam, and it was a toss-up whether all the men could get out in time to save their lives. Crying out, "The hook's bending," he rushed to the switches to disconnect the dynamo at any rate in the event of disaster; and now the man who was nursing his foot to the accompaniment of strange incantations recognised his mistake, and, despite his sprained ankle, started

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

up with that courage and promptness in emergency that distinguish the sea-going engineer, to rectify his error if possible.

Snatching up a stout rope sling and throwing it round his neck, incredible as it may seem, he started to climb with his disabled foot some twenty feet up the engines and steam-pipes to the crane, deliberately risking a fall that might easily be fatal and the possibility of being caught in this awful position by the scorching steam if the mass fell. Slowly and gradually he worked his way upwards, a foot here and a knee there, now a rest and up a little more,



"HE STARTED ON THE MOST PERILOUS PART OF HIS JOURNEY."

until at last with a mighty effort he pulled himself up on to one of the crane girders. Stopping for a second to adjust the sling more safely round his neck, he started on the most perilous part of his journey—namely, to crawl along the girder, about seven inches wide, to the part from which the load was hung, and this directly over the engine that was threatened with destruction.

Pluck is undoubtedly infectious, for now another man started, and not being disabled was in a very short time sitting alongside the foreman, and the two of them, leaning over at great risk of falling on to the running machinery, speedily supplemented the hook with the rope sling, thus saving thousands of pounds' worth of damage, and, incidentally, possibly their own lives.

The outer world hears nothing of these things, for the reason that serious breakdowns do not frequently occur; but the engineer knows that their infrequency is not only due to good management, but often to that sense of duty which a few years of work inculcate into every man whose lot is cast in dangerous places.

The following experience, related to the writer by one of the participators in it, serves to show from what small causes a disaster will sometimes arise.

A cable about three-quarters of an inch in diameter developed a fault in its insulation or covering close by a large battery of storage cells with which it was in direct connection. The result was immediately a tremendous rush of current through the fault, and the ignition of the rubber insulation of the cable. If there is anything that burns well it is rubber, and a few seconds were sufficient for the flames to seize on an adjacent wooden partition and the boarded roof.

At this point several of the staff arrived on the scene with a fire-hose, which was turned on the blazing woodwork, and just served to keep the fire somewhat in hand. The smoke, coming as it did chiefly from the burning rubber, was intolerable, much more so than that of an ordinary fire, and the men could only stand it by the aid of moistened handkerchiefs held to the nose;

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

opening doors or windows to disperse the smoke was, of course, out of the question.

The corner from which the fire emanated was at once a terrible and beautiful sight; blue and green flashes of a dazzling brightness, and a heat that could be felt several yards off, were darting in and out, converting everything they touched to an intense white heat, and reigniting the woodwork as fast as it was put out by the hose. Unfortunately it was impossible to cut the current off, as there was no switch between the cable and the battery, which was now discharging *hundreds of horse-power* through the leak and transforming it into fire.

Water will not put out the electric arc, and, indeed, only tends to make matters worse, so the hose was kept scrupulously away from the point of all the mischief and only played on the adjacent woodwork. It soon became apparent that there was absolutely no means of stopping this fire. Cutting off the current would mean entering the battery-room and disconnecting some cable, which no man could do and live owing to the overpowering smoke and the risk attendant on breaking such a huge current by anything but a proper switch. So things stood, and it was only possible to keep the woodwork from igniting further and trust to the battery exhausting itself or the cable burning apart.

At this juncture the folding-doors leading to the street opened with a crash, and a brazen-helmed fireman, axe in hand, stepped off the top of a fire-escape that had been brought up, together with several engines. The opening of the doors gave rise to a great draught of air, through them and the hole in the roof; and now a curious thing happened.

The battery had been freshly charged, and was consequently giving off bubbles of oxygen and hydrogen gas, which, as everyone knows, form together one of the most explosive compounds existing. The draught swept



"VIVID FLAMES OF GREEN LIGHT AND THE BLACK, OILY SMOKE OF BURNING RUBBER."

the flames over the top of the battery and ignited the bubbles of gas with a constant roar that can only be compared to the rattle of a Maxim gun; add to this the vivid flames of green light and the black, oily smoke of burning rubber, and we get a picture which appalled even the fireman, used as he was to danger and terrible sights. However, discipline told, and still the men hung on, fighting this fire, fed by hundreds of horse-power, that they knew no power on earth could subdue.

But gradually the reports died away, slowly the lightning flashes grew less and less, with an occasional burst out, and in a minute or two died, excepting for a small crackle here and there and a little pin-point of blue flame. Luckily the cable, as was anticipated, had

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

burnt itself asunder, and the end accumulator of the battery had helped matters by fusing into a shapeless lump of lead and thus breaking the circuit. As soon as possible the battery was disconnected by sawing through a cable—a very nasty job—and by dint of great exertions the current was turned on to the mains again in a few hours.

Everyone has some idea of the dire results of a boiler explosion; to be killed by a shell must be a comparatively painless operation. We are fortunate in this country in possessing a motherly legislation that by its strictness renders such disasters of infrequent occurrence. There are times, however, when the electrical engineer has to run even this risk in order to keep up with the main canon of his professional religion, "Anything rather than lights out." It is a known fact that some years back, in a certain large London electricity works that for obvious reasons shall be nameless, some of the boilers were in such an unsafe condition that the chief engineer had to personally patrol the boiler-room in order to keep the stokers—who were fully aware of the state of affairs—at their posts. The faults were, of course, rectified as soon as possible, but for some time the place was running under these conditions, luckily without any serious mishap.

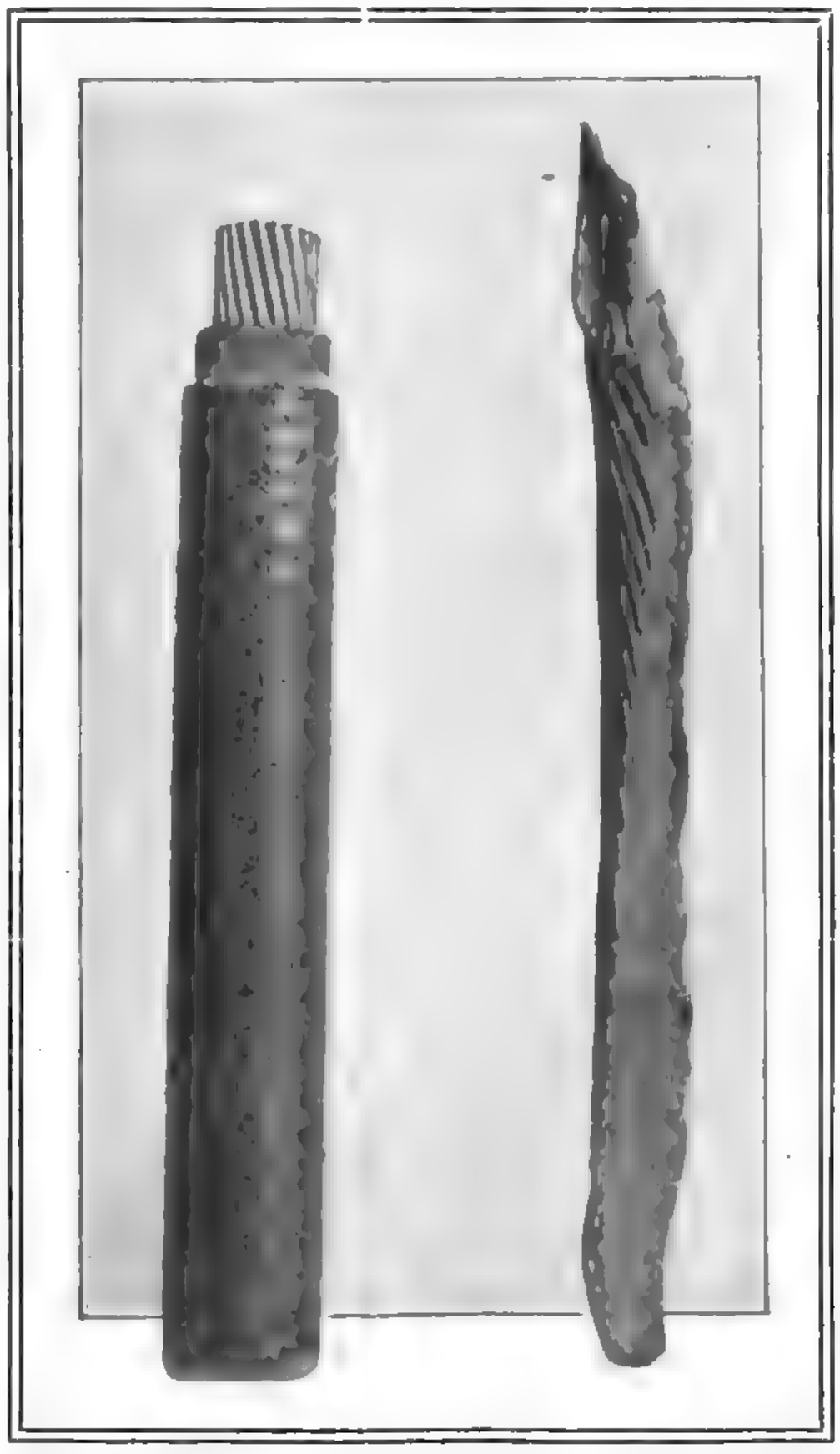


PHOTO. SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE CABLE BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE, AT THE POINT WHERE THE FAULT ORIGINATED.
From a Photo. by] [*George Newnes, Ltd.*

But explosions are not always due to faulty plant; now and again a boiler has to be deliberately run to the danger-point to keep things going. When the water becomes too low in the boiler through carelessness, or something having gone wrong with the pumps used for forcing it in, this point is always reached; and the writer is never likely to forget a personal experience of his own in this direction, when two large boilers, one after the other, were run well into the margin of danger in a vain attempt to keep the machinery running and the lights in.

It was about 2 a.m. on the night watch, and the engineer-in-charge, trying hard to keep awake, was nodding over a pipe and a dull book, to the peaceful hum of the engines. It was nearly time for him to make his half-hourly rounds, and he was lamenting the hard fate that kept him out of his bed at night and obliged him to dance attendance on his troublesome charge, when the voice of the Cockney coal-trimmer thoroughly aroused him with "Please, sir, the stoker sez as 'ow 'e can't git no water into No. 10 biler, and will yer come and 'ave a look at 'er?"

Mentally consigning the stoker, trimmer, and No. 10 "biler" to the nether regions, the engineer went out to the boiler-house, there to find the recalcitrant boiler with just a little water showing in the gauge-glasses and the pumps refusing to work. Obviously the thing to do was to tackle the pumps and find out what was wrong, so to work they fell, trying this, that, and the other expedient, but with no success.

Things were getting unpleasant, for by now the water in the boiler had sunk completely out of sight, and the danger-point was rapidly approaching; but luckily there was another boiler ready standing under banked fires with steam up, so No. 10 was shut off, the fires taken out, and No. 11 put to work instead. This meant half an hour's respite, and back to work went all hands,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

having now got on the track of what was wrong. But could it be rectified in half an hour?—that was the question. Perhaps a few minutes over might do it, but certainly not half an hour, and those few minutes might mean an explosion. Was he justified in risking it? thought the engineer, and, anyway, would the men stand to their posts? And as he thought and worked, down went the water in the gauge-glasses.

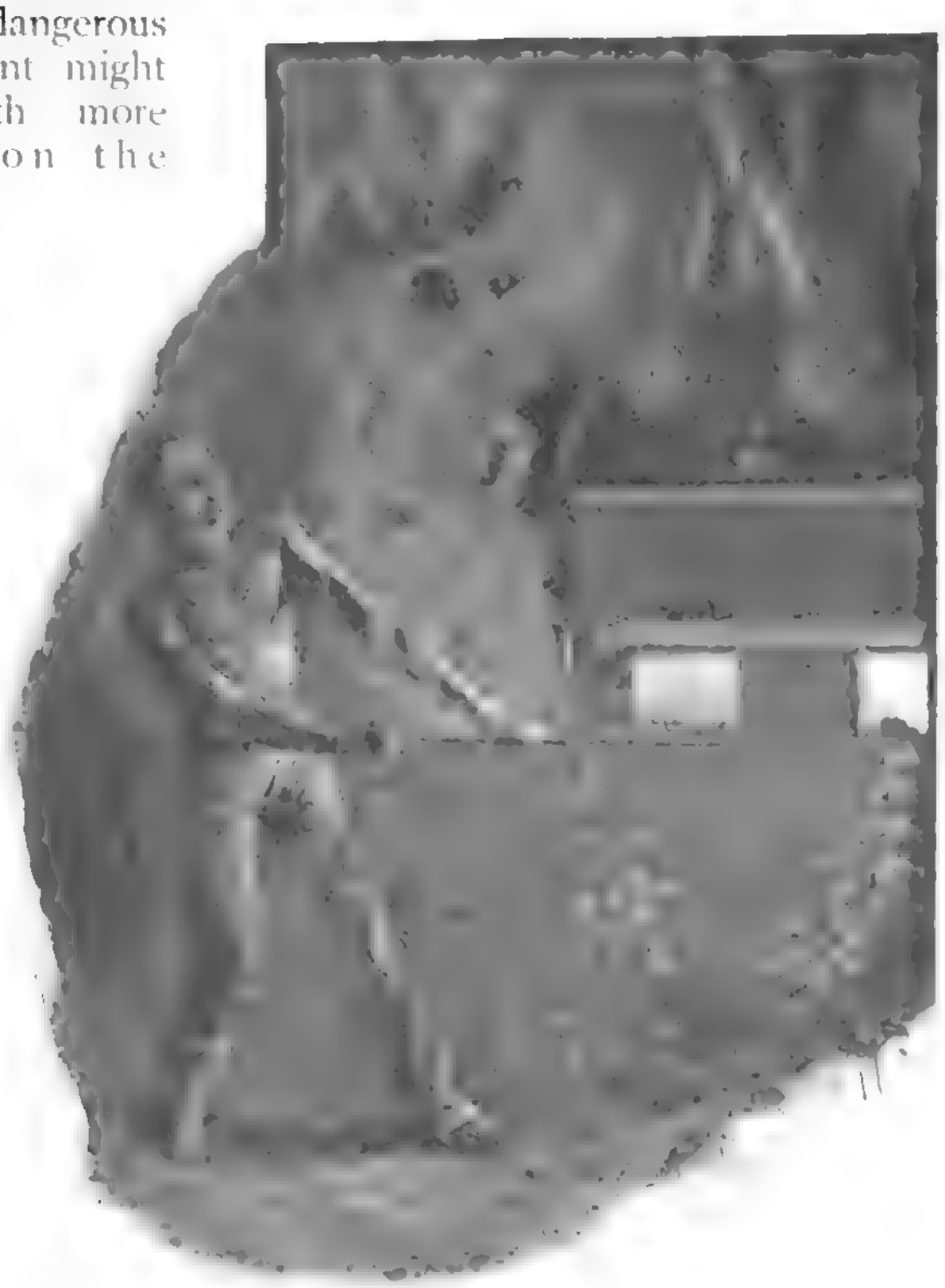
Half an hour passed; another quarter might see the thing through, but now the water was out of sight and had been for a few minutes. Another five minutes and the men began to show signs of wavering; the coal-trimmer disappeared, and the stoker was evidently beginning to think of his wife and children. Was it possible to hold out *another* five minutes? No; the men would not stand—small blame to them—and if they went everything was hopeless.

Obviously it was no good. "Draw the fires," came the order, and never was order—dangerous though its fulfilment might be—obeyed with more alacrity. Out on the checker-plates fell the white-hot flaming mass in a few powerful strokes of the stoker's rake. Bang went the fire doors, and the stoker stood mopping his brow, thankful that he had not played the coward; and into the engine-room went the engineer to perform that to him most painful of all duties, stopping the machinery and putting the lights out.

Doubtless as they faded down and down many an irate consumer showered hearty expletives upon the heads of the men that had failed. Perhaps, had they seen their efforts and appreciated the dangers they had willingly run for their convenience, it might have been otherwise.

In conclusion, it is necessary to point out that such shock and fire accidents as have been detailed here need not be feared by the user of electric light or power. All good house installation work is carried out under rigid rules that completely protect him from harm of any kind, and an electrical pressure sufficient to cause fatal or even harmful shock is never under any conditions allowed to enter a house.

The dangers connected with the generation of electricity are often considerable—many of the above incidents are by no means extraordinary—but the risks, such as they are, are strictly confined to the men who have been so aptly termed "the slaves of the lamp."



"'DRAW THE FIRES,' CAME THE ORDER."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins).

IT was the merest coincidence from beginning to end. Lady Eleanor Lloyd had been flustered by reports of an extensive burglary at a country house nowhere near Fledgeley Manor.

The affair was no doubt a bad one: a housemaid had been killed by a revolver-shot. But all this was in another county, and was universally thought to be traceable to the connivance of a manservant. Nevertheless, in the absence of the Honourable William, her husband, then shooting big game in the Rockies, her ladyship suddenly became convinced that her notorious family jewels would be far safer at the Rectory, "where, you know, my dear, nobody would ever think of looking for valuables," as she earnestly told Mrs. Vyall.

The manner in which the trinkets were smuggled from the Manor to the Rectory was worthy of Sherlock Holmes. Fortunately, Lady Eleanor was a typical Lady Bountiful, and was always sending baskets of grapes, soup, flowers, and baby-clothes to Mrs. Vyall and Marcia for distribution. Laden in this manner, she drove over one warm October day, and a mysterious unpacking took place in the sunny dining-room, with sun-blinds discreetly lowered.

Diamond tiaras, ruby bracelets, aigrettes, rivières, finger-rings, necklaces, and a superb parure of sapphires appeared from the recesses of the harmless-looking baskets, and from a leather travelling bag carried by her ladyship. Marcia's eyes rested fascinated on the coruscations of blazing brilliancy which lay on the dingy serge table-cover; and, being only twenty-two, she heaved a tiny sigh for this sparkling side of life which never could be hers.

Lady Eleanor intercepted the glance and the sigh and laughed good-humouredly.

"Marry a millionaire and you could get some like them, Marcia," said she. "You know you are coming to stay with me for my house-party next month."

Marcia laughed and shook her pretty head, but she blushed a little, too. Marriage and millions had had little part in a brain fully occupied with petty parochial details and the education of numerous small brothers and sisters. This autumn the last of the Rectory children, aged ten, had finally forsaken her tuition and departed to one of the numerous institutions for the free education of the children of the clergy. Marcia could hardly realize her freedom, but felt her solitude keenly.

Not even Clementina, the fine, sturdy North-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

country woman who had served the Rectory for years, was to know of its sudden transformation into a Safe Deposit. So the baskets were cunningly packed one inside the other, the velvet and morocco cases consigned *pro tem.* to the interior of the big ottoman, among hockey sticks, bats, and ping-pong balls; and Clementina innocently brought in tea and found the room just as usual. Afterwards, Lady Eleanor and Mrs. Vyall sat out in the garden in the golden autumn sunset, among the drifting of the beech leaves, while Marcia deftly carried the gorgeous treasures upstairs in instalments, each with a pile of half-made charity garments thrown over it, to delude Clementina should she be encountered on the way. All was deposited in the old oak chest where the Vyalls kept their modest collection of family plate, and which stood in Mrs. Vyall's room. Marcia, when she had packed away everything, compared it all, in her own methodical way, with Lady Eleanor's catalogue; and then locked the chest and carried the keys to her mother, under the tulip tree.

"And now I shall sleep in peace," said Lady Eleanor. "There's plenty of plunder for them still up at the Manor; but they won't get those sapphires that James II. gave to William's ancestress, Beatrice Lloyd, the minx! She had a fine discrimination in gems, however little one may sympathize with her taste in lovers."

She made her adieux, leaving Mrs. Vyall a little perturbed.

"I don't like it; a thing like this always leaks out," she said. "So unnecessary. The things were perfectly safe at the Manor. Of course, it is understood that we are in no sense responsible."

"Well, I suppose they are safer here than they could be anywhere. Nobody would dream of her entrusting them to us," said Marcia. "We have only to forget that they are there and it will be all right. I am certain nobody could possibly know."

"Except Kyrle," said Mrs. Vyall. Kyrle was Lady Eleanor's maid.

It was, perhaps, unreasonable of the rector's wife to be vexed when, the following week, Lady Eleanor went to Brighton. What protection her ladyship, at the Manor, could afford to her valuables at the Rectory it is not easy to say. But Mrs. Vyall seemed to look upon her departure in the light of a kind of betrayal.

But use is a marvellous thing. When Lady Beatrice's ill-gotten sapphires had lain a month in the oak chest, nobody gave them a thought. There they were and there they stayed, while the world went on its trivial round, and precious stones were as naught to the inhabitants of the Rectory in comparison with the fact that the vestry roof leaked and that scarlet fever had broken out at the school to which Archie had so lately been consigned.

Archie was the Benjamin, the Rectory pet; and the daily bulletin was waited for with impatience, which from day to day grew more acute, more painful, until the terrible morning arrived which everyone felt as if they had foreseen from the first, when the account was supplemented by a telegram of such a nature that Mr. and Mrs. Vyall promptly packed a handbag and a hold-all and departed, leaving Marcia to break her heart by herself.

The weather was changed indeed from that calm day of dim October sunshine when Marcia brought her mother the key of the chest, under the tulip tree. A savage, black November had wreaked its spite upon the land, and the day upon which the anxious parents departed was wild, wet, and cold.

In the sudden stress of feeling, the tumult of busy preparation, the rush to accomplish the long drive to the station in time to catch the only train which could land them at St. Richard's School that day, not one of the three custodians gave a single thought to their charge. It was not until, having driven the pony back from the station in the teeth of a wind which was fast becoming a blizzard, she was seated shivering over her solitary slice of cold meat for lunch that the thought of it slid into Marcia's soul with a stirring of vague discomfort. She laughed at herself a moment later. Nobody knew the treasure was there. If they did, and were resolved upon having it, the presence of her father would indeed be a frail barrier.

The jewels were safe; and if they were not, there was no help for it. She had other preoccupations, other miseries, without adding a fear of burglars to her troubles.

She sat down to write the news of Archie's illness to her various brothers and sisters, and as she wrote the tears trickled down her face, blotting the cheap note-paper. While she wrote the darling whose pretty ways had been their delight was fighting for his life! What did burglars matter? Nobody ever burgled in Fledgeley. Many doors were left unsecured all night. She wished her darling's life as safe as Lady Eleanor's trinkets.

Yet, as the brief day closed in upon the wild, wind-vexed forests, she found herself un-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

easy. She had never before been left alone, and though to her parents she had scouted the notion of nervousness, she nevertheless began to experience it. After tea she took her work and sought Clementina's company in the clean, comfortable kitchen. She reflected what a comfort it was that there was now a telegraph-office in a village little more than a mile distant. "They will wire if there is any news," she assured Clementina and herself.

"But not to-night," objected the handmaiden; "they wouldn't get there in time to get a wire through that could be delivered here this evening."

It was a wild night. The wind howled, driving hail in fierce sweeps against the windows. Marcia felt glad that it was a noisy night; she should not be able to lie and listen, in the dead hours, to those cracks and murmurs which for ever break the silence of a house when all is still. It was past nine o'clock, and Clementina had just arisen to pack up the kitchen fire before retiring to bed, when the knock and ring which Marcia had been dreading pealed through the empty house.

She leapt to her feet with a despairing cry. Archie must be dead! Springing forward, she darted out of the kitchen, flew along the hall, and flung the door wide, confronting a biggish, thickset man, with close-cropped, black hair, who carried a brown leather bag in his hand.

She had barely a second in which to realize that he was a complete stranger and carried no orange envelope, when he asked, in a deep, rather forbidding voice, "Is this Fledgeley Rectory?"

"Ye — es," she stammered, confusedly, standing with her hand on the door.

"Perhaps," said the stranger, glancing at her as if wondering who she was, "you would allow me to come in and close the door? The wind amounts to a hurricane. Thanks so much. Is Mr. Vyall at home?"

He closed the door. The howling murmur of the storm receded into outside distance. Marcia felt herself seized with sudden panic.

Who was this man? What did he want? In her dilemma it occurred to her to say that her father was expected home in a few minutes; but against this was her ingrained habit of truth and the presence of Clementina, who, not knowing the dark secret which tugged at Marcia's heart-strings, would probably be at a loss to understand why she should tell a fib.



"'THE RECTOR,' SHE FALTERED, 'IS NOT IN JUST NOW.'"

"The rector," she faltered, "is not in just now. You had better come to-morrow if you wish to see him."

"Well," said the visitor, who had removed a very wet cap from his black head and was wiping the rain from his tanned, weather-beaten face, "if you could allow it, I would rather wait to see him now. I have come from Liverpool and, you see, I can't very well get back there to-night."

Marcia felt quite faint. What could she do? Her natural intelligence came to her aid enough for her to say, timidly, "Would you give me your name, please?"

"Certainly," he answered; and, setting down his bag, produced from his pocket-book a card, inscribed with the name of Marmaduke Selby, with the address, "British African Explorers' Club."

Marcia held the card uncertainly. The

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

name upon it was well known to her. Marmaduke Selby was the friend of her father's boyhood, and she knew he had a son who held a Government appointment in Africa. But it did seem so unlikely that a friend of her father should apply for hospitality at that hour of the night. She wavered visibly.

"Are you Miss Vyall?" asked the stranger, abruptly.

"Yes; my father is—is away," said the girl.

"Have you heard him speak of the Selbys?"

"Oh, yes, often."

"Well," said he, passing his handkerchief over his evidently saturated covert coat, "from what you have heard him say, do you think he would turn me from the door on a night like this?"

"That he wouldn't, I'm sure," broke in Clementina, brusquely. "Surely, Miss Marcia, your mamma would wish you to offer the gentleman a bed."

The girl began to collect herself. "I must ask you to excuse what seemed like rudeness," she said. "I—I thought you were a telegram. My little brother is very ill; I thought it was bad news. Please come into the kitchen; there is no fire anywhere else."

Her visitor took off his coat and hung it up. Then he followed her down the tiled passage to the big, cosy kitchen, with its lamplight and drawn patchwork curtains—pride of Clementina's heart. The sandy cat sat on the snowy deal table, close to Marcia's work-basket and open book. Clementina spread a cloth, found cold meat and pickles, set the kettle to boil for coffee, and began to toast a tea-cake, while Marcia, frozen out of her usual pretty manner, stood embarrassed, staring at the stranger, and trying to make a few conventional remarks about the weather and his long, wet walk. When he had rubbed himself down with a rough towel and was seated by the fire, holding his chilled hands to the blaze, she called Clementina and left the kitchen, carefully shutting the door behind her.

"Clementina," she said, "do you really think it's all right? Must we keep him here?"

"Why, what could be wrong?" asked the Yorkshire woman. "He's the rector's friend. How can you turn him out in such weather at this time of night, with no place to go to inside of three miles?"

"You are sure father and mother will think I did right to keep him?"

"Why, miss, I don't see what other there is to do. Isn't he Mr. Selby's son?"

"He says so," said Marcia, slowly.

"Well, dear heart alive, why should he say so if he wasn't? What should he come here for? Tell me that. I don't suppose a tramp would have Mr. Selby's visiting-card; besides, he's no tramp, as you may see by the looks of him."

"Then you think he looks—all right?"

Clementina did. Marcia surrendered. Her nervous fears were by no means driven away, but they were soothed unreasonably by the servant's failure to grasp the situation. There was nothing she could do, for to tell Clementina that the jewels were there would be to break her given word. Suppose the morning's telegram had been a hoax and her parents had been called off on purpose? They would not arrive at St. Richard's that night in time to dispatch a warning to her. What was her duty? She could not say. Her mind was a chaos as she went to the linen cupboard and took out clean sheets.

"I can put him in your mother's room easy," said Clementina. "In fact, we must; there's no other beds aired."

"Oh, Clementina, no! I won't have it! He must sleep in my room, and I'll sleep in mother's."

"Miss Marcia, you're daft! Where's the use of such a piece of fool's work as that? Look at the state of your carpet, and the looking-glass that won't screw up, not to mention the paint on the washstand, and all your things to move. No; have it my way. Put him in the best room."

Marcia stood rigid. Before her eyes the sapphires that were the King's gift seemed to glow and burn. She was the custodian.

Suddenly turning to Clementina, she laid the sheets across her arms. "Run down and put them to the fire," said she, "and wait till the kettle boils and make his coffee. I'll strip the bed."

The moment she was alone she locked herself into her mother's room, carefully drew down the blinds, found a bag for soiled linen in a cupboard, and, drawing a bunch of keys from her pocket, went down on her knees before the oak chest. As in most old chests of the kind, the lock was massive and strong, but simple: calculated to resist force rather than skill. Opening it, she slipped the cases, one after the other, and the list, in Lady Eleanor's sprawling hand, into her bag, carefully closed the chest again, locked it with an effort demanding the use of both hands, and, with heart beating in her throat,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

stood up, took her candle, and peered out into the passage. All was quiet. Clementina was no doubt engaging the guest in talk below. With the heavy calico bag in hand she walked down the passage to her own door. As she neared it a light wavered on the staircase wall, a head came into sight above the topmost stair, and Mr. Selby appeared, his leather bag in one hand, a candle in the other.

The girl felt her head swim. She had almost screamed. Wildly she hoped that her appearance was not so awful as her sensations.

"Ah! there you are," he said, easily. "Clementina thought you would kindly show me my room. My feet are so wet I want to get into dry socks."

There was a pause, which to Marcia seemed tremendous. She clutched her bag as though her life depended upon it; and, without making a movement or offering to show him the way, she said—and the saying of it was a huge effort — "The third door on your left."

"Thanks," he replied, with a dryness of tone which seemed to reflect upon her obvious lack of cordiality. He passed her without making the snatch she more than half expected, and she crept into her room, bolting the door behind her and shaking in every limb.

He had seen her in the very act. Granting for the sake of argument that he was a thief, he now knew where the booty was as well as she did, and could lay his hands upon it in a moment. She had done the most foolish thing she could, and she felt as though all were lost for one black moment, till suddenly she had an idea.

Pushing the bag out of sight under the bed, she waited till she heard his door open, and then issued into the passage, passing the guest with a nod and a smile, as he emerged with hair newly brushed and clean hands.

"I am going to make your bed; I shall be down directly," said she, entering with an air of unconcern the room he had just left.

Hardly had she passed from sight, however, before she had whisked round and was watching him through the crack of the door. He neither paused nor turned his head, but



"'AH! THERE YOU ARE,' HE SAID, EASILY."

went steadily on down the stairs. She crept to the balustrade and listened; heard the swing-door of the kitchen passage creak behind him; heard the murmur of his voice speaking to Clementina before she was satisfied. Then, darting into her room, she snatched the bag of valuables from the floor and ran upstairs with it to the boys' empty attic bedrooms. In one of these was a set of pegs, thickly hung with boyish garments, and protected in front by a curtain. Marcia hung the bag among these, well hidden, drew the curtain, and crept down again unseen.

Half an hour later, after helping Clementina

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to make the bed, she joined her guest downstairs.

He was seated, as she entered, in a restful attitude in the big Windsor arm-chair. He had finished his supper and was smoking a pipe, a cup of coffee at his elbow; on his dark, purposeful face was the expression of content which comes to a man who, after buffeting the elements, finds himself dried, warmed, fed. He looked up keenly at Marcia as she came in, rose, offered her a chair, and asked if she disliked his smoking. She answered "No," and sat down opposite him on the hearth, her large, dark blue eyes fixed upon him as though searching for some sign which should reassure her or convince her of his villainy. He began to talk at once.

"I am just beginning to realize," he said, "how much cause I have to apologize to you, and I am afraid you are setting me down for a boor. But until Clementina enlightened me just now I never dreamt that you and she were alone in the house. I thought there was a large family of you."

Marcia's answer was not exactly encouraging. "We *are* a large family," she said, unsmilingly.

"I ought not to have come without writing or wiring," he said; "but I thought it would save time to come myself, and somehow I never considered the possibility of the rector's absence. I'm very sorry to hear of the cause that called him away. How long do you think they will be gone?"

"Oh, not long," said Marcia, hastily. "Papa cannot leave the parish; he, at least, is sure to be back to-morrow." She hardly knew what made her say so. She had no reason to suppose it true; and a return to-morrow would be too late to save her—by many hours!

He looked surprised. "Oh, do you think so? Clementina"—with a motion of his head towards the scullery, where the said maiden was washing up—"seemed to think he would be away several days. If you are right I shall not have had my journey in vain after all. I want his signature; it's a case of cabling out supplies to a distant relation of yours whom I came across in Africa, and I thought the rector could vouch for his *bona fides*. But I won't bore you with the story," he broke off. "You look very tired. The truth is"—he leaned forward to tap his pipe against the stove—"you're half-dead with anxiety."

"Anxiety?" flashed Marcia, off her guard, forgetting everything in her absorbing desire to play her part. "Why should I be anxious, pray?"

He gave her a peculiar look. "About your little brother, I understood."

She gave a helpless little laugh. "Of course. I—I seem stupid to-night."

"I can't tell you how much I regret my intrusion," he said, thoughtfully. "I wouldn't stay, only it's the kind of night in which one wouldn't turn out the proverbial dog. Besides," leaning back with a humorous smile, "I shall be a protection to you both, sha'n't I?"

"A protection from what?" asked Marcia, twisting her fingers and staring at the fire.

"From burglars," said he, composedly. "Do you know, when you opened the door to me this evening, you looked as if you thought I was a burglar."

Her lip curled contemptuously. "There are no burglars hereabout," said she; and Clementina, who was now replacing her dishes on the dresser, laughed outright.

"It's much they'd get by coming here," she remarked, as she hurried out to the scullery.

"Burglars have more sense than to waste their skill on the clergy," said Marcia, smiling, with white lips.

"Well, there's a big chest in the room I'm sleeping in that looks as if it might contain valuables," said the visitor, easily; and his eye seemed to pierce her. "However, if they should come, we're ready for 'em. I come from a part of the world where the one that shoots first usually comes out top"; with which he slipped from his pocket a daintily-mounted revolver and laid it on the table, with a smile.

Marcia's heart sank; she thought the hour had come. In a moment that gleaming toy would be levelled at her and she would be requested to hand over Lady Eleanor's jewels. For a moment the room swam, and she fought, as it were, for consciousness.

"You do look bad," she heard the guest say; "you ought to go to bed at once. There's no chance of a wire until to-morrow morning, you know."

His voice seemed to come from a distance. She gathered all her strength and stood up.

"I will wish you good-night," she said. Clementina was pumping noisily in the scullery.

She did not offer to shake hands, but took up her candlestick from the table and went out, leaving Clementina to see the guest upstairs and make all fast for the night. Of course, she had no intention of going to bed

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

or to sleep. She merely exchanged her frock for a warm blue dressing-gown; and then, wrapping herself in the eider-down quilt off her bed, sat down in a chair, with her feet on a hot-water bottle, to watch the night through.

She had made herself a cup of strong coffee, provided herself with an interesting book and an extra candle, and secured from her father's dressing-room a sword, a relic of the Crimea, which she unsheathed and placed beside her. Thus prepared, she hoped to triumph over her usual sleepiness.

She heard Clementina laughing gaily as she escorted Mr. Selby upstairs; heard her pass on to her own quarters above with a cheerful good-night; heard the stranger shut and lock his door, and then quiet settled down upon the house—quiet which grew more profound as the moments ticked by.

The wild wind had dropped. It still moaned in the chimneys and rustled the tree-tops; but it no longer thundered and blustered against the casements, nor roared like distant artillery. Marcia sat hearkening to its mutterings, with ears strained and faculties on the alert. The night lapped its mantle inkily around the old Rectory, and weighed more and more heavily on the healthy frame of the tired girl. Do what she would, she found her head drooping, and came to herself several times with a start before relinquishing the struggle. At last, all unaware, she passed out of consciousness into the land of dreams.

Suddenly she was wide awake. What had roused her? A crash, like the banging of a door or the sudden fall of some hard, heavy thing — such as the lid of the oak chest in her mother's room.

In one second Marcia was on her feet in tense expectancy, mingled with futile rage against herself for having slept. She had dreamed, but she knew that the noise which awoke her was real. Without hesitation she took up her candle and slipped out into the gloom of the passage. In a moment she heard something else: a voice spoke—a man's voice—a short, sharp word, which sounded like a command. As she started to run along to the door of the stranger's room the sharp report of a shot rang out. It was followed by a suppressed cry or scream, and then there was silence again.

Though she had believed that something might happen, yet now that the moment had come she felt a shock of surprise, mingled with the anguish which her failure to keep watch caused her. She believed that Clementina, always a light sleeper, had been awaked by some noise, that she had come downstairs, that she was being murdered in that room. No doubt as to what to do assailed her. She ran to the door, found it locked, darted into her father's dressing-room, and discovered that, as she had hoped, the thief had overlooked the locking of the communicating door, which, on the inner side, was covered with a curtain. She opened this and was within the room in a moment.

A waft of winter air blew cold against her face. The window was wide open, the bed



"BEFORE IT, WITH A CANDLE IN HIS HAND, KNELT THE SOI-DISANT MR. SELBY."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was vacant. The oak chest was also open. Before it, with a candle in his hand, knelt the *soi-disant* Mr. Selby, a jacket and trousers hastily drawn over his sleeping-suit, turning the contents rapidly over and over. Clementina was not there.

"What are you doing?" cried Marcia, impetuously, choking, not with fear, but with the consuming fire of her indignation.

He sprang to his feet, his eyes resting on her with a curious, excited look. "So this was it—you expected this!" he cried, incoherently. "I thought I had better look before seeing to him—he might have put a small thing in his mouth—but he is safe enough—he fell, I think. I had better go and bring him in. Pull yourself together; it's all right."

As he spoke he had got upon his feet, which were bare, hastily donned a pair of slippers, and setting the candle on the dressing-table sprang upon the window-sill, where there seemed to be the top of a ladder. "You go and unbar the front door," he said; "I'll bring him round," with which enigmatical words he disappeared.

Marcia stood thunderstruck, her head swimming. Then she crept across the room and leaned from the window. She could just see the huddled form of a man lying below in the garden-bed, her visitor bending over him; and straightway determining on her course, she shut and bolted the window and, with a great effort, closed the heavy shutters, never used unless the family were all away. Just as she had done this, conscious, as she barred out the light, of an exclamation of annoyance from below, there was an imperative knocking at the door, and Clementina's voice shouted:—

"Open, open! I want to know the meaning of this! I heard a pistol fired, as sure as I'm a living woman!" Then, as the key was turned and the door opened, disclosing Marcia's livid face and wide eyes, the woman turned grey and tottered. "Miss Marcia! In this room! What have I done? Oh, my child, my lamb, for pity's sake speak!" she gasped, with dry lips, and an agony of urgency which the girl mercifully could not understand.

"I was right; he was a thief," she stammered, hoarsely. "I heard a noise, and waked, and came to see. He has another man there outside, and a ladder. They had forced open the chest——"

"You heard a noise—you came to see!" stormed Clementina. "You ought to know your mother would rather lose her last silver spoon than that you should run into danger. Then it was you he fired at?"

"Oh, no; his friend, I suppose," said Marcia, bewildered.

"My dearie, why should he fire at his friend?"

"They—they quarrelled, perhaps," said the girl, with chattering teeth. "Anyhow, we are safe; they are both outside. Let us close all the shutters all round the house. Stay! First let us open this window and quickly, before they guess what we are doing, pull in the ladder. Oh, Clementina!"—as she fumbled with the rusty bolts—"why didn't you let me send him away?"

Clementina's only answer was a groan. She was staring at the gaping chest and the neat little tool which lay upon the floor beside it.

They opened the window very gingerly, but nobody was to be seen. Both the burglars had disappeared; and as they, hauling with all their might, drew the short ladder inside the room they heard a loud knocking at the front door.

"Let them knock!" cried Marcia, full of excitement and triumph. "We can stand a siege now!"

They laid down the ladder—their own ladder, taken from the Rectory barn—carefully upon the floor of the long room, and Clementina, her hands on her hips, stood considering the situation, while Marcia eagerly turned over the christening-cups, tea-pot, and Sheffield candlesticks. "They have taken nothing," she murmured. "They won't let it rest here; they will get in again somehow, if they can. How incomparably stupid of him not to guess that I had them in that bag, when he met me in the passage!"

"I am all mazed," said Clementina. "What any mortal should come burgling here for—and why, when he was having it all his own way in an empty room, he should go firing a shot to cripple his friend and rouse the house!"

"It's some kind of a trick," shivered Marcia, hardly audible for the continuous knocking and ringing below. "They mean us to let them in and then hold a pistol to our heads while they search the house."

Clementina had been keenly investigating the room. "Miss Marcia, use your sense," said she. "If Mr. Selby's a thief he's a madman, too. No sane man could act in the way he's doing. Look here, he isn't even dressed properly! He's huddled on a few things in a desperate hurry. Is it likely he should do that when he meant to carry off

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the silver? It's the other man who's the thief. I believe Mr. Selby woke up, saw a man in the room, fired, and hit him; and we can't let him stay out there, half dressed, and the other bleeding to death for aught we know. I shall go and let him in."

"But—but—Mr. Selby was searching in the chest when I saw him," faltered Marcia, not in the least convinced. "Besides, do you think he could have slept while a man got through the window and prised open a lock? No, Clementina, they are pretending. He means us to think just what you say, but that is only to get back into the house. Oh, Clementina, you don't understand, and I can't make you! They mustn't come in! They mustn't!"

"Well, anyway, I'm going to have a word with him," replied Clementina; and she resolutely marched downstairs, Marcia following. The girl stipulated that the door should not be opened, but that parley should be held through the tiny window that looked into the porch. Thus they questioned Mr. Selby, who declared what had actually happened to be exactly what Clementina had guessed. He slept soundly, awakened to find the thief peering into the chest, ordered him to stand still unless he wanted to be shot, and, on his disregarding the warning and rushing to the window, fired at him and broke his right arm. He had fallen with a crash and was quite unconscious. He must be brought in. Marcia here struck into the conversation from behind, stipulating that the revolver should be handed over before the door was opened, and to this the enemy willingly agreed, and passed the deadly weapon through the little window after unloading it.

"This man here is only armed with a cudgel," he said. "Evidently he believed the room to be empty—I always sleep with my head right under the clothes! He was so sure the rector was away that he didn't even trouble to look, and when I challenged him he did not believe that I was really armed. Come now, Miss Vyall, please open the door; we ought to see the extent of his injuries."

Clementina, with the air of a hero leading a forlorn hope, unbarred the door, and Mr. Selby hauled into the entrance a figure so limp and ghastly that Marcia gave up all idea that he could be shamming, and for the first moment thought him dead. As the lamplight fell upon him Clementina gave a discordant screech.



"MR. SELBY HAULED INTO THE ENTRANCE A FIGURE LIMP AND GHASTLY."

"Why, if it isn't Cripps!" she cried; "him that was butler at the Manor, and keeping company with Kyrle! He bought the Otter's Head across the common, and Kyrle and him was to be married, but I heard he couldn't make the Otter's Head pay. But this makes the puzzle greater than ever."

"On the contrary," said Marcia, gazing

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

down at the man, who was well known to her, "this explains it partly."

"Well," cried Clementina, vehemently, "whatever Cripps come here for he didn't come to thieve."

"I suppose," said Selby, in a low and not very cordial voice to the girl, "that you know what he came for?"

She assented, without speaking.

They laid the wounded man as best they could on the old sofa in the dining-room. He had not lost much blood; the injury seemed to be to the head. The urgent thing was to fetch a doctor, and Selby at once volunteered to be the messenger and turned away to go upstairs and dress himself. He noticed, as he went out of the room, that Marcia followed him. But he was hurt and angry with her, and was determined to give her no opening; he concluded she wished to apologize, and he did not feel forgiving. However, she did not speak, merely coming slowly up behind him. He hurried into his clothes, and on issuing from his room saw her outside in the passage. It then occurred to him that she was keeping an eye on him, and his anger increased. He thought she should have more penetration than to think he was a person in need of the rector's spoons. As he thought of the fortune which he had made and was just come home to enjoy, a grim amusement almost banished his ill-humour, so much was he tickled by the thought of Marcia's poor little hoard.

As he passed her he said, "I suppose I may as well notify the police, too?"

"If you please," said Marcia, and let him go, with no apology either for her suspicions or her barring out. When he had gone she told Clementina to fetch her a clothes-line, and with this she bound the unconscious Cripps, in case he should revive before help came. Then she sat down to keep watch, with a brain which ached and throbbed and a heart which seemed as though it must burst.

Clementina kept up a perfect babble of talk, but she heard none of it; she was thinking of the man who had gone hurrying off to the village at that hour of the night, and who, apparently, really was the only son of her father's oldest friend—a man so certain of a welcome at the Rectory that the idea of apology for his sudden arrival never occurred to him.

It seemed ages before the bell pealed, and when it did it was pulled as though the house were afire. Clementina rushed to the door, and admitted, not Selby and the doctor, as she expected, but the rector himself, half distraught. He staggered in, panting, exhausted, looking wildly around him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "I am too late! You are up; you have lights. What has happened?"

His brow was moist with anguish, his complexion livid, his breath rattled in his throat. Before Clementina could reply he had rushed into the dining-room, and there stood petrified before the sight of his pale daughter mounting guard over the fainting felon.

Marcia seemed past wonder; she could not move. But a spasm of relief flickered over her features as she saw who it was.

"My child, my child!" cried he, quite unnerved, bursting fairly into tears as he crossed the room and folded her to his heart. "From the moment I discovered the telegram to be a forgery, when the same awful thought flashed across your mother's mind and mine, I have been struggling to get to you. It has been like a journey in a nightmare—part in the night express, part in a market cart, part on foot, and all the time the thought in my heart of my darling at the mercy of—— But I can't think of it. God be praised, my child is safe! If the other be gone—well, I can hardly blame myself——"

He broke off. His eye rested on the unconscious burglar. "Why—why, that's Cripps," he whispered. "I see, I see; that is how it leaked out. Marcia, do you feel able to tell me what has happened?"

Clementina did. She burst into bewildered narrative. Why folks should send bogus telegrams for the sake of breaking into the Rectory was more than she could understand. But, however that might be, it was clear that they owed their very lives to Mr. Selby. Before she had finished they heard the wheels of the doctor's gig, and she ran away to admit him, the guest, and the bewildered village constable.

The greeting between Duke Selby and his father's old friend would in any case have been a most cordial one. Now, as having saved the situation certainly, and Marcia's life potentially, he was hailed with a perfect rapture of gratitude. He thought the rector's agitation as much overdone as his daughter's, and wondered at the breathless interest with which he listened to Clementina's assurances that all in the chest was untouched. "But there was—there was more, Marcia," whispered Mr. Vyall, his face that of a man who felt he could bear no more.

Then Marcia got up and went to him, slipping her hand in his and rubbing her

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cheek against his sleeve. "It's all right," she whispered; "I've got them—they're safe. I took them out when Clementina said Mr. Selby must sleep there. I——" She grew scarlet. "You see, I did not know him; I had never seen him, and I was so afraid."

He put his arm about her and kissed her.



"'CAN YOU FORGIVE ME?' SHE FALTERED."

"It was an ordeal, my child," he said, tenderly, "and you have done well. There is no need for more mysteries, for this very morning I shall drive into York and deposit them in the bank. I think it right to explain to you, Selby, and to you, Dr. Ward, that my daughter's fears were more than justified, since she knew that our house contained jewellery valued at one hundred thousand pounds, deposited in our care by Lady Eleanor Lloyd. The easiness of the crime was doubtless the temptation to this poor man, whose sweetheart had evidently told him the hiding-place of the treasure. To get into an empty room and help himself was fatally simple, and our anxiety about our little boy—well known in the village—supplied a pretext of the most obvious kind."

Selby made an impulsive movement and crossed to where Marcia stood. "And all this was in your heart last night when I came in," he said, with feeling accentuated by remorse. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Can *you* forgive *me?*" she faltered, laying her hands in his, and as she looked up in his face the shadow in her sweet eyes was gone, and he saw her smile for the first time. "You said an armed man would be a protection, and so he was. The jewels must have been lost if you had not been there. But for your arrival I should never have dreamed of taking them out of the chest, and Cripps could have carried them off at his leisure."

Lady Eleanor was as extravagant in her gratitude as she was in most other things. When she heard that Duke Selby was a rich man and a celebrity, she invited him to her house-party, during which wonderful week Marcia and he found much opportunity for better acquaintance.

At the end of his visit he informed her ladyship that there were valuables of more than one kind to be found at the Rectory, although she had considered it so unlikely a spot in which to search for them, and she delightedly ordered, for Marcia's wedding gift, a brooch and pendant of sapphires to remind her of the awful night during which she was the keeper of the King's gift.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

VENERABLE BABIES



BY

MARIE CORELLI.

SOME considerable time ago a paragraph in one of the papers alluded with becoming gravity to the birth of an extraordinary phenomenon in the shape of a baby who was born with twenty fingers on each hand and a full beard and moustache. The writer observed that, to see the child lying in its cradle, twirling its moustaches and stroking its beard with its forty fingers, was a "marvellous and appalling spectacle." This story recalls the famous legend of the birth of Merlin, who, in the course of two or three hours, grew into an aged man with a long beard, and began to abuse his mother in the roundest terms and with all the authority of a grandfather. Leaving this legend to keep company with the, of course, unimpeachable veracity of the more modern journalist, it is an undeniable fact that there are many babies who seem to have been born old. They are, as a rule, in spite of legendary lore, quite innocent of beard—they are often totally bald, and their tiny faces are lined with a thousand creases and wrinkles. They have great difficulty in keeping their noses clean—they display a general reluctance to sit up straight, and at this period of their lives people are apt to declare that babies are very uninteresting and very troublesome. Troublesome they may be — uninteresting they never are.

I once made the acquaintance of a baby exactly two months old, and learned a great deal from him. His mother was a gay, pretty little woman of the world, who from her girlhood had entertained the fixed notion that babies were a bore, and I am sorry to say she was not at all gratified at having one of her own. She took no particular interest in him and left him almost entirely to the tender mercies of the nurse, and, startling as my assertion may seem, I am quite certain that the poor mite knew that his mother had very little love for

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

him. The set sternness that his small red countenance would assume at the sight of her was something extraordinary, while the encouraging dimples that appeared on the same little face for the benefit of his nurse were equally surprising. He had a will of his own, too. He roared violently when his mother touched him; he was silent and happy in the careful arms of his father, who adored him. He actually squared his tiny fists at his mother, but he cooed and chuckled musically to his nurse. I sat by his crib on one occasion, and he stared at me persistently for several minutes while I remained in a state of uncertainty as to whether the result would be a howl or a coo. It was neither. It was the funniest, quaintest little fat smile I ever saw on any face, young or old. It was a smile that said: "You'll do. You're not so bad as I expected you would be." Encouraged by his manner, I stooped to kiss him—he graciously permitted me to take that liberty. He even made condescending efforts to pat my cheek—but he soon tired of these, and lay still, with his eyes wide open, staring at me and thinking. Thinking? Yes, certainly. Babies do think, and if only we could get at their thoughts we should possibly treat them with more respect.



"HE WAS SILENT AND HAPPY IN THE CAREFUL ARMS OF HIS FATHER."

It is evident, for instance, that there are many babies who do not care for the senseless efforts made by their mothers and nurses to amuse them. They show their contempt for such vain trifling in the most marked manner, either by refusing to notice the things offered for their attention, or by screams of the most determined resistance. Some American humorist relates the story of his having had to travel a long distance by rail in the same carriage with a baby who looked at least a hundred years old, and who stared at him with fixed and reproachful gravity, maintaining the most absolute silence. "I endured it," says the writer, "as long as I could, but I got the notion into my head that the old baby expected me to say something. So I hazarded a polite remark. I observed, 'Chicky, chicky!' in what I thought was a highly encouraging and amiable tone of voice. But, would you believe it? The creature took offence. It glared at me with positive ferocity—its nose wanted wiping badly, but it didn't mind—it glared, I tell you, with ferocity and scorn, and turned its back on me. Its mother said it was just six months old, but I know better. That child was born before the Flood!"

Aged babies are far commoner than babyish babies. A child does not take much interest in toys or amusements till it is about a year and a half or two years old. "Bless its little heart!" say the nurses of a promising child, "it begins to take notice already!" As if it had not been "taking notice" of everything from its very birth! The curiosity displayed by babies is surprising, but once let their inquiries respecting any one subject be thoroughly answered, they are satisfied. If a baby is once or twice amused by seeing a watch-chain and its appendages dangled before its

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

eyes, it is surely rather absurd to suppose that it will always be equally gratified by the same thing. It tires of the watch-chain, it tires of its coral and bells, it tires of its india-rubber squeaking doll, it often objects to its woolly baa-lamb on wheels, and sometimes its eyes assume a plaintive expression, as though it were mentally searching the whole universe for something new, and, failing in its search, would fain say with Solomon, if it could speak, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity! There is nothing new under the sun!"

Spiteful nurses, who find their infant charges fractiously despising and discarding toys after a few minutes' trifling with them, are apt to say: "Drat the child! It's the most discontented little soul I ever met. It ain't pleased with nothing!"

Yet before laying too much blame on the almost universal discontentment of babies, might it not be well to reflect how very discontented are the grown-up babies—the men and women of this world? Are we ever contented except when we are fast asleep? Do not we soon despise our theatres, our balls and other amusements, which, after all, are nothing but *our* woolly baa-lambs, *our* coral and bells, *our* squeaking toys? Depend upon it, we *were* discontented babies, we *are* discontented babies, and we always shall be. Why? Because we inwardly feel that there is something better than this world, and we reach towards that better thing with an infinite and tender yearning. In our pure religion, in our arts and sciences, in all our aspirations, it is to the far-off Unknown that we look. In moments of thoughtful and solitary musing most of us have felt that there was a time when we lived elsewhere than in this world, and were happier and wiser there than here. Why we have lost our happiness, why we are expelled from that Paradise, we cannot tell. But we feel that we shall know some day. In the meantime, here we are—fretful and easily wearied babies ourselves, and yet apt to be very irritable and captious if the youngest babies are fretful and tired too. Poor little things! They did not ask to be born. Perhaps if they could express their feelings they would say that their coming into the world was a mistake, so far as their desires were concerned; they were never consulted, and if they had been they would not have come.

No wonder so many of them look solemn and old. The way they are bounced up and down by energetic nurses, the number of times they have to listen to "Sh—sh, sh—sh, sh!" the ridiculous and unmeaning remarks that are made to them, the violent manner in which they are rolled about like puddings on a paste-board, to be washed, pinned, un-pinned, tied, and untied—these things are enough to make the youngest of babies look careworn.

We grown-up babies *do* possess a few more advantages. For instance, we are able to dress and undress ourselves, and wash our faces when we like; we can have our tempers, and no one says "Sh—sh—sh." We can even be a little bit restless and fretful without being suddenly seized and dandled up and down in the air, and we can devote a few minutes to silent meditation if we like without being rudely startled out of our thoughts by such an observation as "Wake up, chicky!" or "Tootleums woo-tleums mustn't go to sleep!"

I remember pitying the sorrows of a pretty, sad-faced baby who travelled, accompanied by its parents, in the same railway carriage with me from Brighton to Victoria Station. It was as quiet and meditative a little soul as ever took baby form. It had large, serious blue eyes, and its little mouth was shut in a thoughtful curve shaped like a small folded rosebud. It was a very solemn baby, and it regarded its parents with so fixed and earnest an expression that they became quite embarrassed. The mother, instead of sympathetically admiring the wistful little face of her child, seized it in the usual sudden fashion, dandled it, pinched it, tossed it up, poked it, patted it, and re-arranged its clothes. During these operations the father foolishly chirruped to it after the fashion of a somewhat hoarse sparrow, or as if he thought his offspring was a curious kind of bird which might, if chirped to properly, be soon expected to develop feathers. The chirruping and the tossing and the general distraction of the whole parental pantomime first bewildered the baby and then destroyed its peace and comfort entirely. Its little face puckered into a hundred severe wrinkles—it doubled up its tiny fists and looked defiant; and finally, feeling itself too weak to enter into a boxing-match with its parents, it had recourse to the only way it knew of making its misery known—namely, by breaking into a loud, shrill, ear-piercing scream.

"Sh—sh, sh!" said the silly mother, knocking it about more violently than ever.

"Cheep, cheep! naughty sing!" said the father, dangling an eye-glass before it.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"A LOUD, SHRILL, EAR-PIERCING SCREAM."

Scream the second—eye-glass no go.

"See the pretty tick-tick!" said the mother, holding up a watch that no doubt the poor infant had seen till it was tired of it. "Listen—tick! tick!"

But the "tick-tick" shared the same fate as the eye-glass, and when the family got out at Victoria the unhappy baby was still screaming at the top of its voice, though it had been perfectly happy and quiet till its parents began to pull it about.

When we think of the physical martyrdom the babies go through in the way of dress, and of the mental torture they must endure when they observe how thoroughly and hopelessly they are always misunderstood, can we wonder at the look of age and care that settles so early on their infant brows? We prate a good deal about our own troubles, but we may be sure the babies have theirs too, though they have to learn how to talk before they can bemoan themselves in the eloquent manner we do, when we get our dearest friend into a corner and say with feeling: "You cannot imagine how I have suffered!" as if our suffering were the most important thing in life, when, whatever it is, it can be but a small drop in the great ocean of human sorrow that surges around us in bitter waves every day.

The troubles of a baby are as great in their way as the troubles of a full-grown man or woman. On the very earliest experiences of babyhood depend in a great measure the temperament displayed in childhood. A disappointed baby will become a cynical child; a baby that has been at all neglected will develop into a timid, nervous little mortal, afraid of shadows; a baby that has been too much pinched and prodded will possibly become a bad-tempered, sullen, or suspicious child; while no words can describe the fascinations and graces of the little darling who has been a happy baby, and whose life, from the very day of its birth, has been as if its mother had bathed it every morning in sunshine. But it is a rare thing to meet such a child. Little cynics, little satirists, little withered worldlings—all these are common enough. Only the other day an aged little woman of ten said to me with a sigh, "Ah, I am now at that time of life when I begin to wish I were a little girl again! Do *you* ever feel like that?"

I was so amazed that I could only look at the child in doubt as to whether she were in earnest or joking, but her face was profoundly serious and her eyes were full of regretful sadness.

Another child of seven years old remarked once to me, with an air of mingled cunning

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and worldly wisdom: "Of course, Mr. So-and-so cannot marry Miss X. because he has very little money—and it *is* so expensive to keep a wife!" Comment upon this is needless, but it is inexpressibly painful to hear this kind of observation from such young lips. Let us, for Heaven's sake, try to let the children have their youth unspoilt; and in order to attain to this desirable result it is well to remember that when they are babies they must not be teased or worried into a sorrowful sort of old age which creeps upon them before they can toddle. Grief soon imprints itself upon their young faces, daily vexations soon harass their little minds, and early impressions are never wholly effaced, though it may often seem that children have little or no remembrance of their babyhood. But even if they have no actual and distinct memory of what occurred to them then, the *effect* of what they suffered or enjoyed during the first period of their existence must have had weight in the formation of their characters. It is from the very first day of their lives that happy influences must begin, otherwise the sad and unnatural spectacle of an aged baby will become so common that we shall cease to consider it unnatural, and we shall make up our melancholy minds that there is not only "nothing new under the sun," but also nothing young.



"IT IS SO EXPENSIVE TO KEEP A WIFE!"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Echo.

A Story by Max Pemberton.

I.

THE young soldier had been sleeping at the heat of the day, but his slumber was broken and restless, and he started up at length as though a hand had touched him upon the shoulder and justice had whispered in his ear. All about him the trees stirred to a kindly breeze of summer. A burning sun poured down its searching rays upon the shimmering canopy which the great forest of Fontainebleau uplifted. The sward looked deliciously cool and inviting at such an hour, but Captain Beauregard, for such was the soldier's name, had no eyes for it.

For five days now the gendarmes had hunted him through the forest. Yesterday at sundown a charcoal-burner warned him that the hussars were beating the undergrowth—he understood that he had not many hours of liberty before him; and defiant, resourceful, determined still, he threw himself full length upon the ground and listened for any sounds which should tell him of pursuit. A well-trained ear assured him that he had not been mistaken. Somewhere in the woods a squadron of horsemen followed him. He could hear the brushwood crackling and the tread of hoofs. Flight was his only resource here, and he fled headlong, skirting the wood, which bordered a great heath, and watchful for the opportunity which courage would find.

It was a strange occupation for an innocent man—perhaps the strangest he could have named; but Philip Beauregard had known perfectly well what he was doing when he fled from Paris to save his father's liberty; and every day upon which he could cheat the soldiers of the Republic was so much time gained for one dearer to him than anything in life. Let time help him, and the old Chevalier, his father, whom a driven Government accused of despoiling the War Office of its documents, would certainly find a safe haven in free England. He, Philip, was perfectly convinced that his father was innocent; his own flight from Paris had turned suspicion from the older man, and all the world had said, "There is the traitor!" If the scheme were rash and doomed to failure, it had at least affection for its excuse. "I will save my father from the shame," Philip said, and in that for the day he had succeeded.

There had been a hue and cry for him directly it was known that he had fled from Paris, though he heard little of it in the wilds of the great forest of Fontainebleau. From time to time he had bought a paper in a village or read of himself as he ate his breakfast at a tumble-down inn. Whatever road the authorities believed him to have taken, Fontainebleau did not at first occur to them; and a week of the wild, roaming life almost deceived him to the belief that his retreat was secure.

Then came the night when a dark-eyed girl at an auberge had spoken of gendarmes beating the thickets. Philip took instantly to the darkest places of the woods and lived henceforth like a hunted animal. By-and-by, he said, he would return to Paris and laugh at them all. By then, it might be, his father would be able to produce those proofs of his innocence which he declared to be in existence.

For Philip Beauregard the chase became the finest excitement of his life. The silence and magnificent solitudes of the forest, the little caves he made himself for sleep and rest—here was the true existence, here with Nature and her glorious light and shade.

Then came the news of the gendarmes. They were beating the thickets for him, and had called a squadron of hussars to their aid. Nature had nothing to say to such an unpleasant interruption. Nay, Philip forgot his philosophy and fled like a hare. Thrice within a single day a trooper passed him so closely in the undergrowth that he could have put a hand upon his stirrup-iron. He knew no sleep that was not broken by a suspicious ear, ever ready for the alarm which a footfall might sound. Had it been for any other in the world but his father, Philip would have tired speedily of a game so hazardous. But the honour of his home was at stake and he believed that delay would save it.

Now, he had chosen the hollowed trunk of a great chestnut tree for his hut upon this day of September, when the cavalry started him up and he ran for very life toward a landmark of the forest known as the "Weeping Rock." This was a wild enough place, rocky and full of pits. He had always deter-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mined that the pits should be his refuge from any horsemen who pursued him, and his object was to skirt the wood which had concealed him and then to strike the path through a neighbouring thicket by which he might reach the rock.

In this design he was unhappily frustrated by a glimpse of a horseman threading the forest upon his left hand in the direction in which he was going; and it quickly became apparent to him that the hussars had closed in upon him from three sides and that his only way lay across the open heath, where detection seemed assured. Hesitation would have been fatal alike to this hopeless plan and to any other he might have conceived; and so Philip, casting one quick look about him to be sure that he was not already detected, plunged boldly into the broom and tangled grass of the heath and began to worm through it upon all fours like a fox that is creeping away from the hounds. When he had progressed some thirty or forty yards he lay all in his length in the thick of a clump of osiers, and, covering himself as he might with the matted grass, he cast the die to Fortune and waited for the end.



"HE WAS UNHAPPILY FRUSTRATED BY A GLIMPSE OF A HORSEMAN THREADING THE FOREST UPON HIS LEFT HAND."

From the distance he could hear the soldiers halloaing to each other in the wood. A bugle summoned the laggards to the trot—that would be when they had reached the open of the sward, he thought; and from that instant he counted the seconds mechanically with his lips, and said that in ten, twenty, thirty, a horseman would spy him out and the prick of a sword start him from his hiding-place. Here, however, he was quite wrong; and when a good quarter of an hour passed and none came near him, he ventured to sit up and look about him. To his astonishment, he could not espy so much as a single trooper. The squadron, looking out over the open heath and observing nothing but the melancholy grass and the clump of broom, preferred to believe that the object of their search was still in the woods. So they drew together toward the "Weeping Rock," and, for the moment, Philip might breathe again.

He had been wearing a dark grey tweed suit and a felt hat when he left Paris; but the hat had been replaced by a woodman's cap since he arrived at Fontainebleau, and the grey cloth of the coat was by this time sadly stained by the dust. A lover of spruceness and very particular as to his personal appearance, Philip began to wonder how he would look if this sort of thing went on. Since there were hussars in the forest the inns about would be dangerous places for him. True, he might dine with a charcoal-burner and breakfast at an hospitable farmhouse; but if his description were widely circulated, any ruffian might knock him on the head for the sake of the reward. Still, a man must dine somewhere, and if he could not dine at least he must wash.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Philip remembered that there was a burn at the farther side of the heath—a little dancing burn with a tiny cascade of its own—and a glen of the thicket which no horseman could enter. The cavalry he believed to have gone in the direction of the "Weeping Rock," which lay a mile at least behind him, and, this argument giving him courage, he set to work to worm his way across the desolate moorland, crawling upon all fours until his arms ached intolerably and his back seemed to be broken.

When he gained the woods upon the farther side he spent a good quarter of an hour stamping about and using those exclamations by which men seek to bring the blood coursing in their veins again. Then he set off at a long, swinging stride to find his arbour by the burn. But he was still cautious and wary, and he approached the glen from the height of its little cliff, lying flat upon the grass and dragging himself to its edge. In this position he made the great discovery: the glen already had an occupant.

He had looked for a woodlander, perhaps for charcoal-burners drawing water; or it even might be a troop of hussars resting. What he saw was a girl of eighteen years of age lying her length upon the soft grass and singing to herself a laughing echo song which the woods gave back in dulcet melodies. That she was not a girl of the people her trim black dress bore witness. It had the white collars and cuffs, the methodical primness of the boarding-school; and Philip remembered instantly that there was a little community of English ladies who had a châlet in this quarter of the forest and there received a select dozen of English and French pupils.

"Echo," as he immediately christened the little lady of the glen, was evidently one of the pupils at the school; and fearing nothing from her — nay, leaping at some hope of the meeting—he climbed quickly down the little cliff and saluted her with a soldier's gallantry.

"Mademoiselle, I beseech you have pity upon a soldier in misfortune."

Now Echo, surprised and terrified by the strange voice and the sudden appearance of "man," whom the good sisters had taught her to regard as an enemy, sprang to her feet with a little cry and looked wildly about her, as though Providence would immediately provide her with a pair of stairs up which she might run and a door at the top of them which she might shut. Providence doing nothing of the kind, and it being plain that "man" must either be faced or the foaming burn be forded, Echo stood trembling and afraid while Philip Beauregard, drawing yet nearer, repeated his profound bow and uttered anew his piteous appeal for assistance.



"WHAT HE SAW WAS A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE LYING HER LENGTH UPON THE SOFT GRASS."

"Mademoiselle, I am in great distress. Innocent, I have yet to appear guilty for another's sake. Will you permit me to——"

He stammered, being a little uncertain of that which he should request Echo to do. She, on her part, utterly bewildered and yet

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

strangely attracted by his handsome face, had made up a dozen speeches in poor French with which to answer him. But a strange language failed her in the moment of perplexity; she could say but this at last:—

"I am English—English, monsieur—an English girl from London, which is in England."

She thought afterwards that there was, perhaps, no special necessity to tell such a handsome man, and one obviously so well educated, that London was in England. But it all came out of her nervousness; and when the stranger did not resent it—nay, when he began to speak to her in English as pure and good as her own—her astonishment and pleasure were unbounded.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I should have seen it at once. We have no such faces as yours in France—none with such, do you not say rosy cheeks in English? Yes, I surprise you, but I was educated at Beaument, mademoiselle—the college near Windsor. My father wished me to learn your terrible language. I am grateful to him. Until ten days ago I would have said that it had helped me in the army. I cannot say the same to-day, young lady, because—well, the army denies my acquaintance."

She stared at him with pretty blue eyes very wide open.

"The army denies your acquaintance? You have done something wrong, then?"

He smiled at her pretty simplicity.

"You are with the Sisters Evelyn at the English school, I suppose?" he said. "Perhaps you have seen the hussars yourself, mademoiselle? Gervex—the rogue Gervex—would be in command; a very little man, with a very red moustache. Oh, he is so fond of that moustache, is my friend Gervex. You would recognise him at once if you had seen him."

His look searched her face anxiously. He perceived that she flushed at the name Gervex.

"Yes, I have often seen him," she said, tearing many blades of grass with her little white fingers; "he has been at Fontainebleau for more than a year; he waits in the woods sometimes, but I run—oh, yes, I run like a little kitten. Sister Gertrude, you know, thinks that there is no one but the country people about here. If I told her that your friend Captain Gervex waited for me she would die. But, of course, you know him, and he may have spoken to you about me," she added, looking up suddenly, as though a little afraid of her own confession.

Philip shook his head sadly.

"Captain Gervex has been to the school?" he asked her. She nodded "Yes."

"He has been twice since Sunday. I was in the music-room for my practice, and he peeped round the door and spoke to me. He came again next morning and was a long time with the sisters. They say there is a convict escaped from prison—Captain Gervex wanted to look under the beds for him. Don't you think he is very ridiculous to come to the school, monsieur? I am sure that you do if you are a soldier."

Philip coloured a little at her question. How delightfully childish she was! How different in this frank confidence from the simpering, silent misses of France, waiting for marriage to loose their tongues!

"It is very ridiculous, as you say, young lady," he rejoined, when he had thought upon it a moment. "Especially since we know that this convict is not in the school at all, but here by your side at the glen of Franchard."

He waited to see the effect of his words. Echo turned very pale; but she had a lot of common sense of her own, and when she had stared at him for some minutes in silence she presently said, emphatically:—

"I don't believe it. You are not a convict, and Captain Gervex is not asking for you. You are only joking with me, and it isn't clever."

He sat up and began to finger the grass as she was doing. It was odd, he thought, that the very first person in all the world to whom he told his story should be this blue-eyed, flaxen-haired English girl.

"Listen," he said. "There is an officer of chasseurs in Paris whose father is in great trouble. He has been accused of betraying his employers and stealing the documents of the Government. While he has his liberty it may be possible for him to prove his innocence. This man's son, wishing to gain time for his father, ran away from Paris that people might think him guilty of the crime. And now he is in the glen of Franchard, so hungry, so tired, so desperate, mademoiselle, that, but for his father's sake, he would give himself up to the soldiers and have done with it. Do you understand the little parable? Will you run away to Captain Gervex now and tell him where I am to be found?"

Echo did not answer for quite a long time. The blue eyes looked deep down into his own. She was evidently using all the good wits she had—and that was no inconsiderable quantity.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You know that I will not!" she exclaimed, presently; "it was foolish to say so."

She still continued to gaze at him, and then she went on:—

"I can see that you are telling me the truth; you are innocent. How dreadful it must be to be innocent and afraid of people!"

"It is much worse to be hungry," Philip said, sadly.

Hungry! He was hungry—she had forgotten that. A woman's pity came quickly to her aid. She sprang to her feet and wrestled with so grave a problem.

"I must return at sundown," she said, thoughtfully—"the sisters allow us to be out for an hour. I come here because I can hide myself — yes, they say that women cannot keep a secret, but I can keep mine, Monsieur Philip. I hide up there by the cascade. The little cave is my room—you climb up by the trees, but must be careful. If I go now I can bring you something to eat. Of course you are hungry, and I am sorry."

He tried to thank her, but somehow her childish ardour and interest brought a sob into his voice. Philip had suffered more than he would have confessed during those days in Fontainebleau. He could not thank Echo—and she, pointing upward to the cascade, broke away from him with a laugh, and as she went she cried, with no sense of poetry at all:—

"Sha'n't I catch it, that's all!"



"I HIDE UP THERE BY THE CASCADE."

II.

ECHO had said that the way up to her cave was difficult, and Philip found it so.

Half-way up toward the summit the cliff broke into a ledge, and here—overhung with a trellis of leaves and half hidden by a giant laburnum—was a hiding-place such as Philip had dreamed of often, but had not found in all his wanderings through the forest. Not only had Nature carved and sheltered this little grotto, but a young girl's hand had decked it out with many a dainty ornament. Her sketches hung upon its rocky walls, her mandoline displayed its gaudy ribbons from a splendid shelf, her books were piled up on the deck-chair which stood in the sunlight by the door. More precious than these in Philip's eyes, however, were the teacups and the little oil-stove which went with them. The riches of the Indies could not have appeared a greater treasure in his eyes.

"A kettle!" he cried, holding it up to the sunlight as though it had been a diamond—"a kettle, by all the fairies! Now, if there should be any oil in her stove——"

There *was* oil in her stove and a good pinch of tea in a little Japanese box on the shelf. Philip held the kettle out to the clear, sparkling waters of the cascade and then sat down to watch the water boil. England had taught him how to make a cup of tea, and he declared that this particular tea was very nectar.

The hours of the afternoon seemed long—Philip would have slept under ordinary circumstances, but somehow sleep did not come to him; and while he tried to think of many things, he found himself able to think only

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of Echo. How pretty she was—how quick and sensible! And Gervex wanted to marry her; of course the scoundrel did, or said so, which was by no means the same thing. Philip thought it curious that he should have made a friend of the very one person in all the world who could throw Gervex off the scent. Never for a moment did he doubt Echo. He was as sure she would come back to him as he was of the sun's setting and of its rising again to-morrow. She would come back and bring him food. He had said this about a thousand times when he heard the twigs snapping below him and then, her arms hopelessly full and her hair streaming wild behind her, he saw Echo herself creeping through the bushes by another path altogether from that which he had taken.

"Such an escape!" she cried, looking up at him with laughing eyes. He believed that she spoke of the soldiers, and his face momentarily blanched.

"You have seen Gervex, then?"

"No, no; I mean from the sisters. Jacquette let me out of the kitchen. I told her it was to help a poor blind beggar, and she laughed."

He laughed also.

"She has helped poor blind beggars herself, perhaps. Well, that is awfully good of you, Echo. I quite thought you had seen Gervex."

"Oh, I never wish to see him again, monsieur."

"Just 'Philip,' please, and not 'monsieur.' And tell me that your real name is Echo — I'm sure it must be."

"I would much sooner tell you to eat. Look, here is a whole chicken, and such a cake, monsieur—no, Philip, then. I stole it from the cook after I had given him the paper to read. He says that he's awfully fond of crime, so he'll forgive me. Now, won't you have your dinner? And please don't look at me like that."

Philip obeyed her humbly. He had fasted since the previous evening, and, as he put it, was as voracious as a pike. Never had bread appeared whiter to his eyes, a chicken so delicious, or a cake so tasty. There were scarcely decent crumbs when he had done.

Echo was quite satisfied, and she packed the straw basket with the satisfaction of a little housewife who has made a good bargain.

"I must go at once," she said, decisively, as though the idea had just occurred to her. "If I can come again very, very early I will. Perhaps we were wrong to eat it all up; we may have no breakfast."

Philip, laughing at her drollery, took a little white hand in his and kissed it.

"There is still one dish left, you see," he said, naïvely. "Never mind, Echo, we will breakfast somehow. Remember that I shall count the hours; and I have your books, your own books, to devour also."

She snatched her hand away and went leaping down the path, throwing him a kiss as she went. For a look from such eyes Philip Beauregard would have faced all the hussars in Europe. So he watched her as her dainty ankles turned now upon this rock, now upon that. At the bottom of the glen she made as though to wheel about and send another message up to him; but, startled suddenly by some object which Philip could not see, she stood like a statue, pale and afraid. The next instant Captain Gervex came down the path and saluted her. She



"CAPTAIN GERVEX CAME DOWN THE PATH AND SALUTED HER."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

heard him without protest, though from time to time she twisted the straw basket in her hands, while Philip, crouching flat upon the ledge, did not dare to raise even a hand. Why did not Gervex look up? he asked himself. All would have been known had he done so, the great suspense over for good and all. The answer to this riddle was as old as the story of love. Gervex was devouring Echo with his eyes. He tried to snatch her hand by-and-by; but she, like one released from a spell, darted away at an incredible speed and left him, foolish and baffled, at the burn's edge. His close regard, following every step she took through the brake, gave Philip his opportunity. He slipped back into the grotto and let the trellis of leaves close about its door.

"If Gervex should discover me it will not be good for little Echo," he said to himself, very thoughtfully. For Philip had known many women in his life, and here he believed that he had found one who would sacrifice all that she had held dear in life rather than betray the man who trusted her.

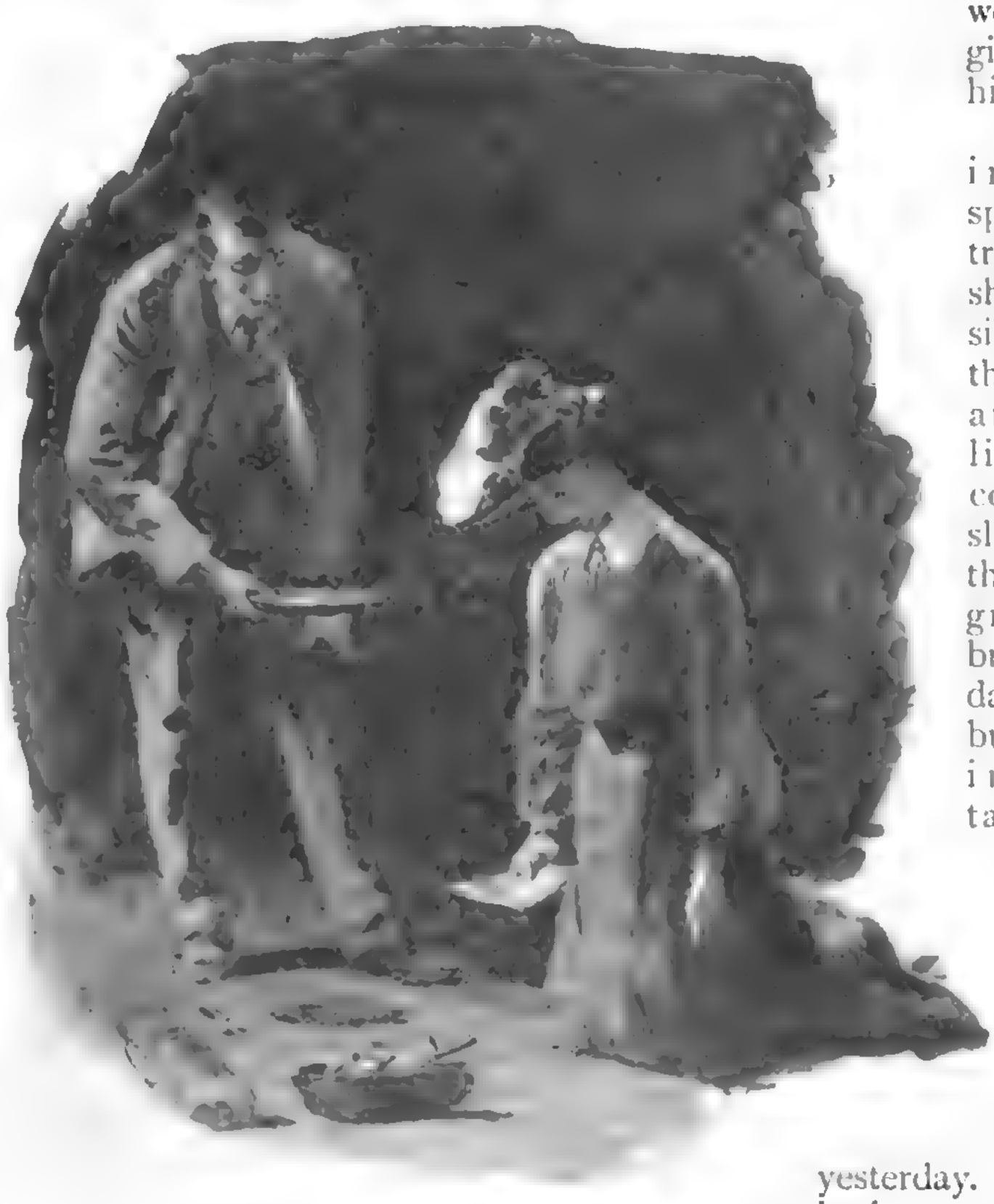
III.

ECHO did not come in the early morning as she had promised, nor did noon bring any news of her. Philip ventured often to the cliffs edge to peer into the glen below; but his restless ears caught nothing but the murmur of the burn. The day was gloriously fine, as all the days of September had been. There came from afar the joyous note of bells, and once or twice the merry, laughing voices of foresters. But no human thing trod the glen's path; and as the hours passed and the sun mounted in the heavens and began to sink again, Philip understood that Echo could not come.

"She is watched," he said; or, again, "She has seen someone about the glen; it is not safe to come."

This conviction left Philip in the gloomiest mood. Sometimes he wished that Gervex's men would find him and make an end of it. He was of another opinion altogether by the evening, however, for Echo came as soon as it was dark, and her basket weighed even more than it did yesterday.

"We must not talk," she said, quickly. "Gervex was at the school this morning. I passed the soldiers as I came here; they are in the wood of Franchard. Please to empty the basket and give it to me back. Jerome would never forgive me if I lost his basket."



"SHE WAS HELPING HIM TO SPREAD OUT HER TREASURES WHILE SHE TALKED."

She was helping him to spread out her treasures while she talked, and silently and methodically she arranged the little dish of cold cutlets, the slices of tongue, the salad, the great yard of bread, and the dainty ingot of butter upon her impromptu table. Philip detected an unusual agitation of manner, a reticence with him which had not been yesterday. He connected it in some way with Gervex and spoke out freely to her about it.

"What did that man say to you last night?" he asked, without excuse.

Echo, keeping her eyes upon the treasures, with a forced little laugh replied:—

"He says that he intends to write to my friends in England."

"About what, Echo? Why should he write to them?"

"Oh, well—perhaps to ask my intentions.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

But you don't understand that in English, do you?"

"Perfectly. Has the fellow been making love to you?"

"All you soldiers do. Now, you know that it is true."

Philip twirled his moustache angrily.

"If he speaks to you again I will knock him down," he said.

"You must not think about me," she said, though the colour was mounting to her neck and cheeks, and her hands trembled upon the dishes. "Please eat your supper at once; there's nine o'clock striking. What shall I say if the sisters catch me?"

Philip did not know what she would say. He sat there, angry and chagrined, to remember how little his threat was worth. Gervex held the master-card assuredly, and would play on the slightest provocation. He, Philip, might threaten as much as he pleased, but his father's liberty might be the price of a single word spoken indiscreetly. Echo, perhaps, understood what was in his mind. She broke away from him without any bright word of farewell, and her manner was strangely embarrassed.

"I will come to-morrow, very, very early," she said as she went. And then she added, as the careful little housekeeper she was, "If there was anything left it would do for breakfast, wouldn't it?"

He tried to laugh.

"How good you are to me!" he said.

"No, no; I am good to myself, Monsieur Philip. If you knew how exciting it was to let yourself from a window by the bed-clothes! But of course you don't; they never think of such things in Paris."

"Ah, that cursed Paris!" he cried, and a dark smile crossed his face.

"And yet you are thinking always how you may return there. Is it not so, Monsieur Philip?"

He would not deny it.

"I would give my fortune if I could return there this night," he said. "Then I should be free to tell my secrets to little Echo."

"But you would have to tell them to-morrow. Think how late it is! And you have not even begun your supper. Ingrate, I will send old Susan, the maid, in the morning."



"'I WOULD GIVE MY FORTUNE IF I COULD RETURN THERE THIS NIGHT,' HE SAID."

He was about to tell her that Susan would find his dead body under the leaves when some sound from below made them both start and look down eagerly toward the glen. The night had fallen still and clear—a great golden moon floated above the forest as a lamp guiding the steps of lovers in their walks. The same clear light showed them the figure of Captain Gervex resting at the stream's edge like one who has named a rendezvous. They knew then that he had discovered them—that all was lost and their dream at an end.

"Stay here," Philip said, as he tried to catch her hand.

She did not seem to hear him. Her heart beat wildly and a look of terror came to her eyes. Little Echo, in that, the supreme moment of her life, had already made up her mind.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I will come to-morrow," she whispered, like one in a dream; "yes, yes, I can save you, Monsieur Philip. Please do not touch me. I know a path and he will not find it. Hush! he is looking up."

Philip crouched instinctively, and when he dared to raise his head again Echo was gone. What she meant to do, how she would escape that evil sentinel, he could not imagine. Heavy reproaches came to trouble him. Why had he let her go? Was it not his plain duty to stand at her side, let the danger be what it might? If Gervex had learned her secret, then he would not fail to exact a heavy price for it. He, Philip, had behaved like a coward—rage, jealousy, fear were all there to taunt him. And yet he understood that one step into the open might undo all that he had striven for during the terrible days at Fontainebleau.

Should this Gervex really press Echo for an answer to his false protestations of love, it might even be that she would promise to become his wife to save the man who had trusted her so greatly. Philip was tortured by the doubt, swayed by self-reproach, incapable of any resolution. Every instant of doubt and delay added to his frenzy. All cowardice deserted him at last, and blindly, madly, fearlessly, he climbed down to the glen and began his quest of her. To-morrow, he said, he would lie in a prison at Paris. Well, what mattered it if Echo were safe?

It was in his mind that she would have taken the forest path which led to the gates of the school kept by the Sisters Evelyn. He could imagine that Gervex would pursue her upon this path, terrifying her with his threats and renewing his importunities. Just at heart he admitted that this man might love Echo as he loved her; nevertheless, a raging jealousy, a mad desire to hear her voice again and to touch her hand, sent him headlong through the thickets.

For quite a long while no human sound but his own heavy footsteps upon the sward reached his ears. There were night birds in the thicket and they mocked him with their music. Prudence had long since deserted him, when he stumbled blindly upon a camp of the very hussars who were seeking him. In reply to his question the sentry at the camp, too incredulous to think that here was the man they sought, told him that Captain Gervex had gone up to the English school. Philip ran from him wildly, without waiting to thank him. If he were too late, he said, Echo might already have given the promise. He believed that she would consent even to become Gervex's wife if thereby she could save him. How should his own safety count against such a chance as this?

He had ceased to run by this time; and, hot and breathless, he peered into every glen, searched with his eyes the moonlit glades, and listened intently for the sound of her voice. Twice a false note sounded in the brake drew him from the straight road on a vain errand. He began to think that Echo had not returned to the school at all, and was about to retrace his steps when, without any warning, she emerged full into the moonlight from a little path upon his left hand, and he saw that she was alone. Philip stood at this like one who has made a fatal blunder and is about to pay the price of it. Why had he not trusted her cleverness? He was asking himself as much when a man sprang out of the brake by Echo's side and confronted her threateningly. At this all Philip's reason went to the winds, and leaping across the sward he struck at the man savagely and laid him his length upon the grass.

It was a mad moment and he lived through it madly. Of the scene about him he had little consciousness. He saw but the dark face before him as the man rose, and he struck at it again and again. When troopers, who had followed him from the camp, flung themselves upon him and tried to drag him down, he seemed to have the strength of ten men. He flung them off again and again; little Echo's wild cry was his watchword; strong arms were holding him down and savage oaths buzzed in his ears. And then came the silence of the forest and men walking stubbornly by his side, and the knowledge that his days of liberty had run, and that to-morrow Paris would know of his arrest. Yes, little Echo was alone now. Philip did not believe that he would ever see her again.

The night which followed seemed like one of dream-pictures to this man who had suffered so much in the name of honour. He recollected appearing before the colonel in camp; he could tell you of a carriage driving over the forest road, of odd hamlets buried in profound darkness; then of a town going to bed. The midnight mail which carried him to Paris was no more than a roar of rolling wheels. He alighted at the Eastern station, and those with him summoned a *fiacre* and bade the driver go to the Ministry of War. The great city with her brightly-lighted streets, the swift-flowing Seine, the open *cafés*, the black throngs of

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE STRUCK AT THE MAN SAVAGELY AND LAID HIM HIS LENGTH UPON THE GRASS."

people, the closed shops, the clear-sounding bells awoke him in the end as from a heavy sleep. He asked the soldiers whither they took him. They answered that he would soon discover.

All was closed at the Ministry of War when the *fiacre* drove up; but bustling messengers were soon awakened, lamps lighted, and sleepy officials summoned. Philip would have said that they kept him waiting the half of a lifetime in the musty reception-room by the porter's door. Alone there, he could reflect upon the folly of the night; but with even greater bitterness upon the price that to-morrow must pay for it. They would banish him to the Isles, he said. Ah, there was his dream of little Echo! And she would return to England—she would marry, perhaps, and have children. Philip ground the stone with his heel and uttered his thoughts aloud in the bitterness of this regret. But he was much astonished when someone answered him, and looking up he perceived before him the pleasant face of one whom he knew to hold high office at the Ministry.

"Monsieur le Comte!" he cried, gladly. "I am fortunate, then."

The man thus addressed slapped him gaily upon the shoulder—then he held out his hand.

"I was at the Jockey Club," he said; "but I came at once for a brave man's sake. Do you know, sir, that you have been absent from Paris without your colonel's leave?"

Philip was almost too astonished to speak. What did this friendliness mean? Why was no mention made of the charge against him?

"Forgive me," he said, "it is not so, Count. I had a fortnight's leave of absence before I left for Fontainebleau."

"Ah! so much the better, though, in any case, Paris would have forbidden us to touch you. Do you not know that you are a hero, my friend? Yes; your father, the Chevalier, returned from England yesterday. He brought the proofs of his innocence in his hand."

Philip said, "Thank Heaven!" The Count caught him suddenly in his strong arms. He knew and understood.

"May every father find such a son!" he said.

Three days afterwards, in the glen of Franchard, Philip found little Echo again. He caught her unawares when she was playing Narcissus by the lazy pool. Her frightened cry, the laugh upon it, surprise, delight, and more than delight in her pretty eyes, were the reward for all that Fontainebleau had cost him.

"I am going to England," he said, earnestly. "I am going to your people, Echo."

She hid her rosy face from him. And when she escaped him at last, and ran away like a startled deer to the gate-house of her school, her lips were still warm with the kisses he had showered upon them.

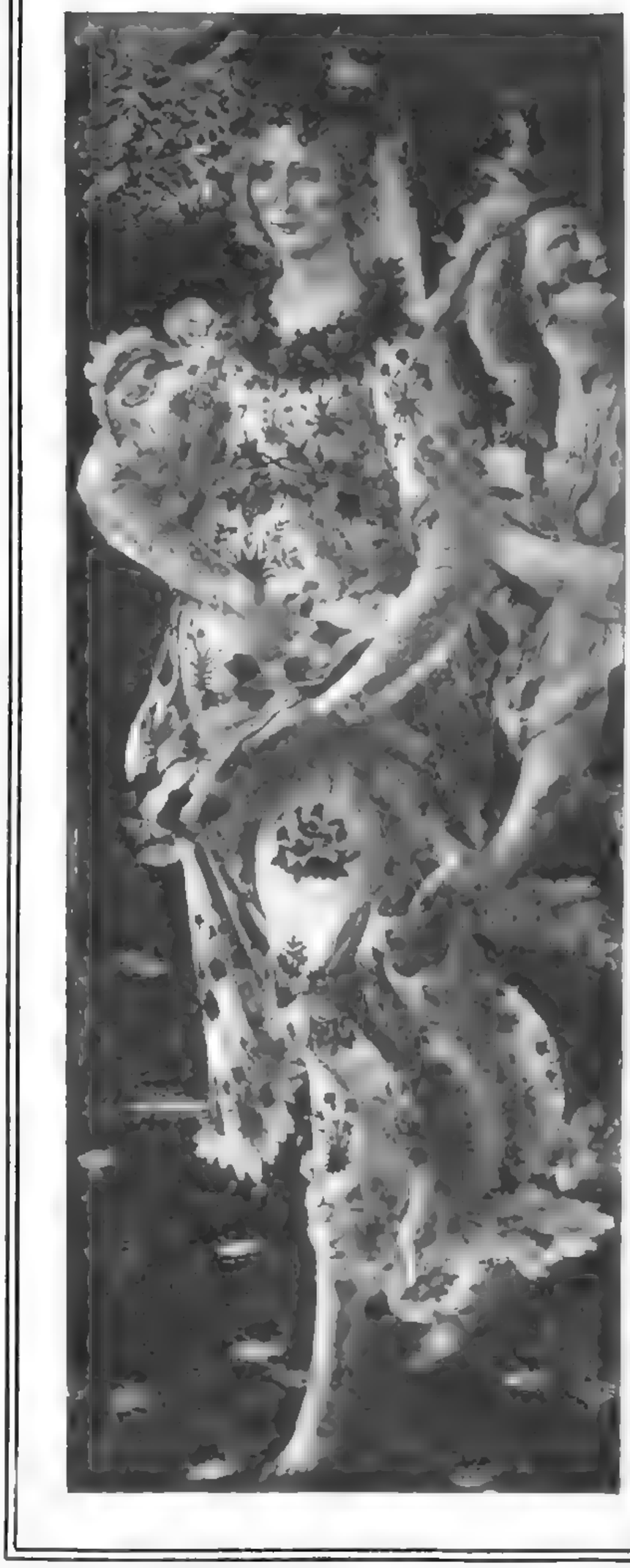
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Artists' Types of Beauty.

IN the biography of the late Sir John Millais we read that on one occasion at the Royal Academy he looked in vain through one room for something harmonizing with his own idea of female beauty. At last he turned to a brother Academician and said: "After all, poor fellows, perhaps they haven't any pretty girls amongst their acquaintance!" Yet beyond question, many of these artists really thought, as Rubens and the early Italian and Dutch masters thought, that they were transcribing the very form and essence of female loveliness.

It has been said that every painter observes a beautiful woman through a special spiritual lens of his own. By this means she becomes endowed in his mind with qualities to which he himself is partial —or, in Rossetti's words, "a beautiful woman, plus his own prejudices and aspirations."

Doubtless, if the truth were known, in the majority of instances it is the artist's partiality for one woman in the flesh that is responsible for the female type he perpetuates on canvas. In other cases it is the type of beauty prevalent in his day, for we all know each age has its own fashionable standard to which the ladies strive to attain. Thus in the fifteenth century in Italy there was the "Botticelli girl," just as in the twentieth in America there is the "Gibson girl," and nobody who studies them can deny that each, if not actually representative of a large class, delineates the ideal of the community generally.



THE BOTTICELLI TYPE OF BEAUTY.
FROM THE FIGURE OF FLORA IN "SPRING."

Botticelli's women existed—perhaps the original model was the Signora Botticelli herself—but they must then have been rare in Italy. In the painter's "Spring" we see a cluster of them, of which the figure of Flora herewith reproduced is an example. They are tall, graceful, blonde women, but they are not to our eyes beautiful. Their expression is hard, and they smile—as the Scot is said to joke — with difficulty. Again, the cheek-bones of all Botticelli's women are too high, the eyes too narrow, and the chins too pointed. Nevertheless, they are the true ancestresses of our modern Burne-Jones women, as we shall see later on. Meanwhile, what a gulf of sentiment and character and ideality separated Botticelli's women from the Rubens woman!

Nothing is stranger to the average man nowadays than how Rubens ever came to paint such great, buxom wenches and believe them beautiful. That they have charms may be admitted, but to label them "Venus," "Diana," "Helen," and "Cleopatra"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE RUBENS IDEAL.
FROM A PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER'S WIFE.

seems almost, if not quite, ludicrous. Yet as such they appeared far more conventional to our great-grandfathers, as anybody may verify by glancing at the portraits of the ladies of Charles II.'s Court, while the cartoons of Rowlandson and Gillray show that *embonpoint* was not considered by any means a drawback amongst the ladies of a hundred years ago.

The original of the "Rubens woman," of whom there are many hundred examples scattered through the picture galleries of Europe, was, of course, the painter's first wife, Elizabeth Brandt, and afterwards her niece, Helena Fourment, whom he espoused on becoming a widower. Other of the old masters — such as Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, and Murillo—painted a type of woman which is easily recognisable as belonging wholly to them, but none are so distinct as the two we have described. It is not until we come to Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805) that we note the masterly founder of a thoroughly different type from all that preceded it. This is the "Greuze girl," of which there are so many examples in the Wallace Collection. Greuze did not invent her. Everything done by an artist must have an original—even Mr. Pickwick—but he elaborated and immortalized her with his brush. It is by his "girls of tender years and beauty still immature, in which he has cunningly mingled seeming simplicity with a voluptuous grace," that Greuze has himself won immortality. And yet he aimed at being a historical painter with his "The Emperor Severus reproaching Caracalla," and died in indigence, unappreciated by his contemporaries.

Let us pass quickly along our gallery of fair



THE GREUZE TYPE.
FROM "A GIRL WITH DOVES."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

women, because Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and the rest had no special type of woman, until we reach the dawn of the Victorian era and the day of the "Keepsake," the "Book of Beauty," and "Dombey and Son." Of these



THE ROSSETTI TYPE.
FROM "THE DAY DREAM."
From a Photo. by J. Caswall Smith, 309, Oxford Street, W.

we will speak when we come to pen draughtsmen.

The distinction of being the first to break away from the "sugary" type of woman popular on the canvases of the late Georgian and early Victorian painters undoubtedly belongs to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It has never been correctly ascertained whether or not Mrs. Rossetti was the original of the "Rossetti girl." Certainly the portrait of her which hangs in the Tate Gallery exhibits all the characteristics of the famous type. But, on the other hand, Rossetti drew all women more or less like that. For him there were no stout, buxom girls, no laughing, merry girls, no thin-lipped girls, no girls with small chins, no girls with slim necks, no girls with melting, deeply lashed eyes. There were no women with fashionable fringes or curly flaxen locks. It is a wonderful type he created, but one cannot help being thankful that England is not peopled with Rossetti women. It would be so monotonous. It would be discouraging to young men wholly lacking æsthetic tendencies.

Of a similar nature, but far less pronounced, and owing more to the inspiration of Botticelli, are the women of Burne-Jones's canvases. They, too,



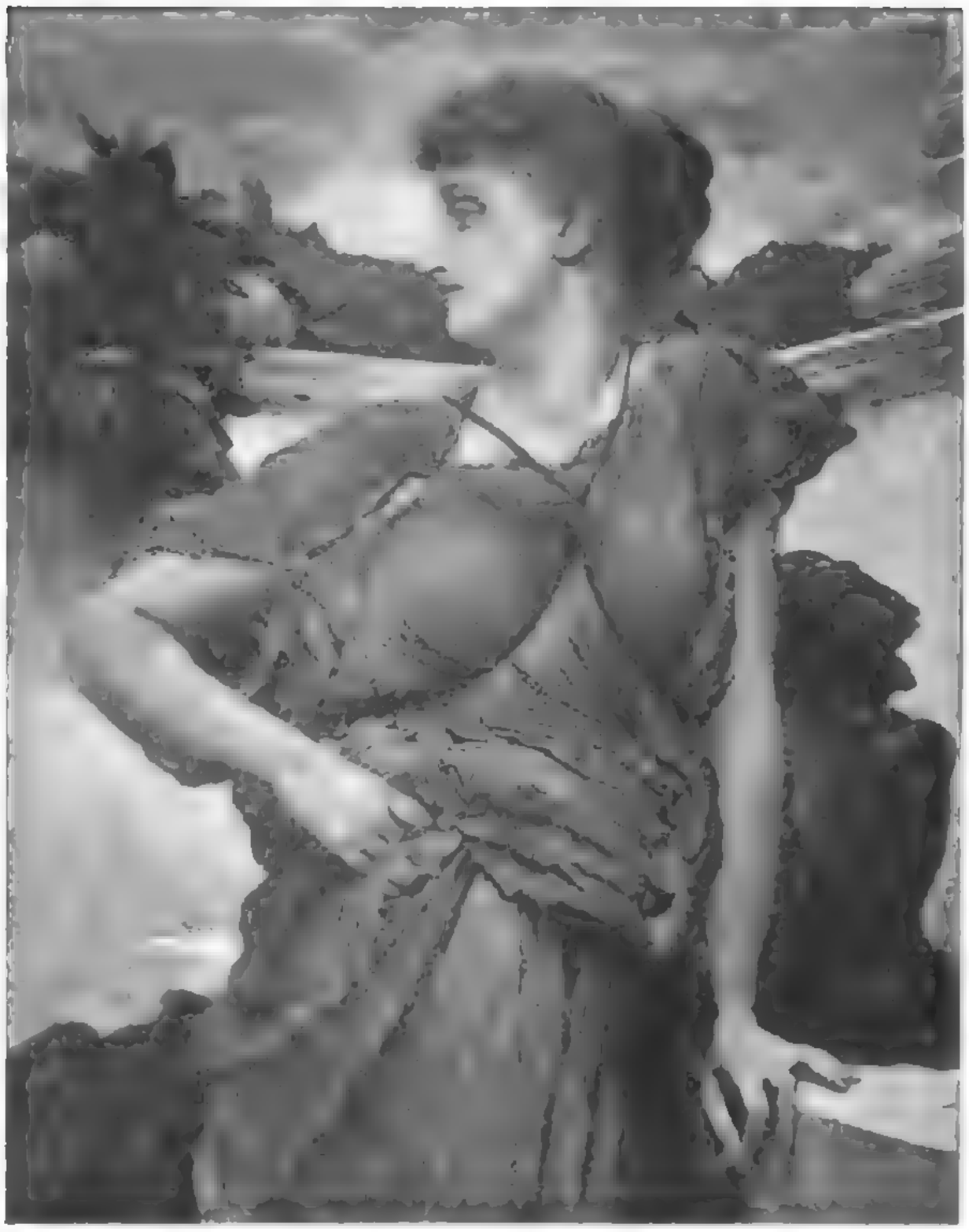
THE BURNE-JONES IDEAL.
FROM "FLAMMA VESTALIS."
From a Photo. by Hollyer.

are soulful; they, too, never relax into a smile. Dreamy creatures, full of the tragedy of life and looking unutterable poetry—these are not the women of actual life; not women to enjoy a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

musical comedy or frivolously "shoot the chutes" at Earl's Court.

How fragile they are compared with Leighton's women—"splendid British animals," as one critic called them—looking peace and strength and good-nature out of every feature and sinew! British they may be—and this is to be expected, seeing that the sisters Deane were Lord Leighton's models—but they approximate more the classic type. The "Leighton girl" is a true sister of the Venus de Milo—tall, large-limbed, and complacent. Of this type also are the women of Albert Moore; if anything, even more Greek and with even closer resemblance facially to statues of the age of Phidias.



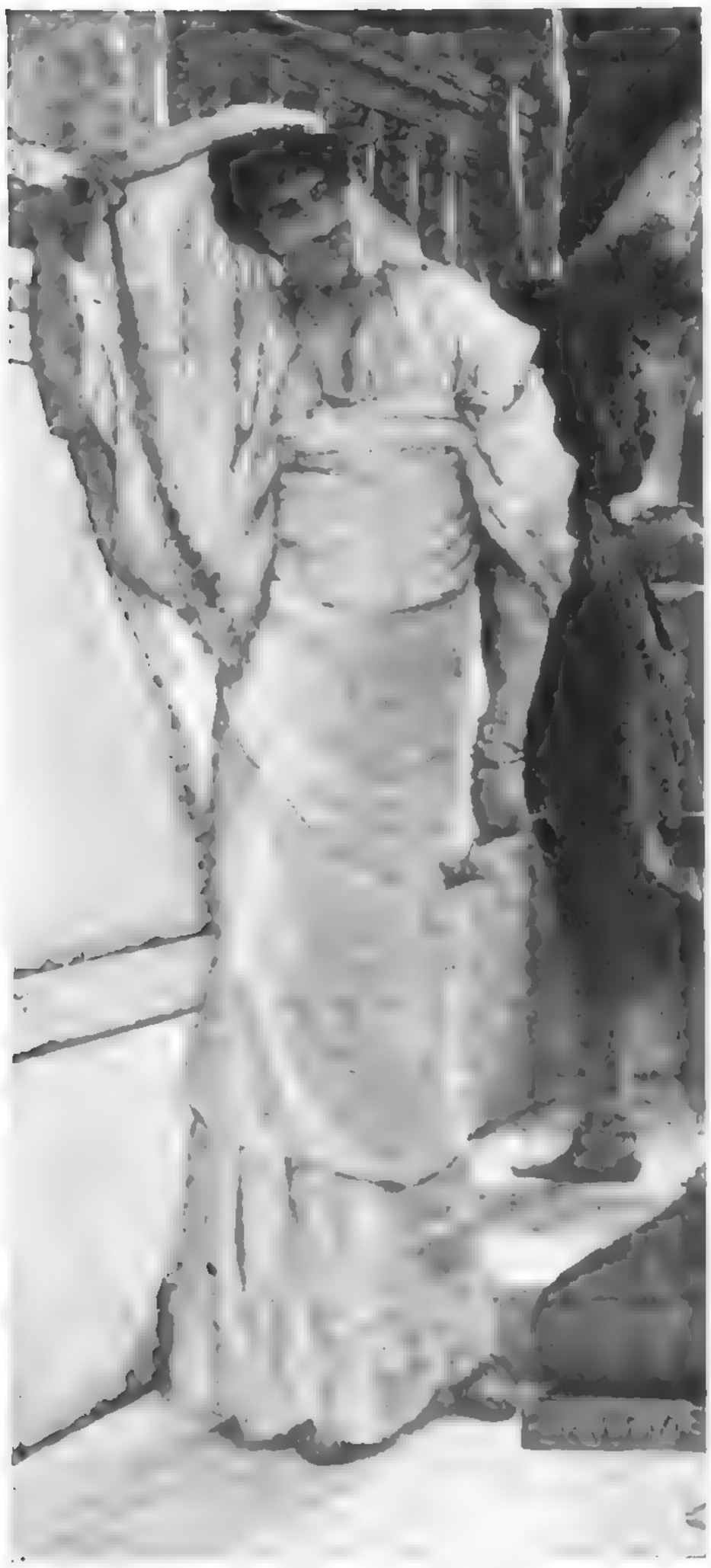
THE LEIGHTON TYPE OF BEAUTY.
FROM A PORTION OF THE PICTURE, "AT THE FOUNTAIN."
(By permission of the Berlin Photo. Co., 133, New Bond Street, W.)

Sir Edward Poynter delights in classical subjects and in the portrayal of women, but in no such sense are his women classical in feature or outline. It has been said that they are perfect women—but not pretty women. They are neither tall nor short, neither plump



THE POYNTER GIRL.
FROM "THE MESSAGE."
(Copyright by Landeker & Brown, Worship Street, London, E.C., Publishers of the large engraving.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

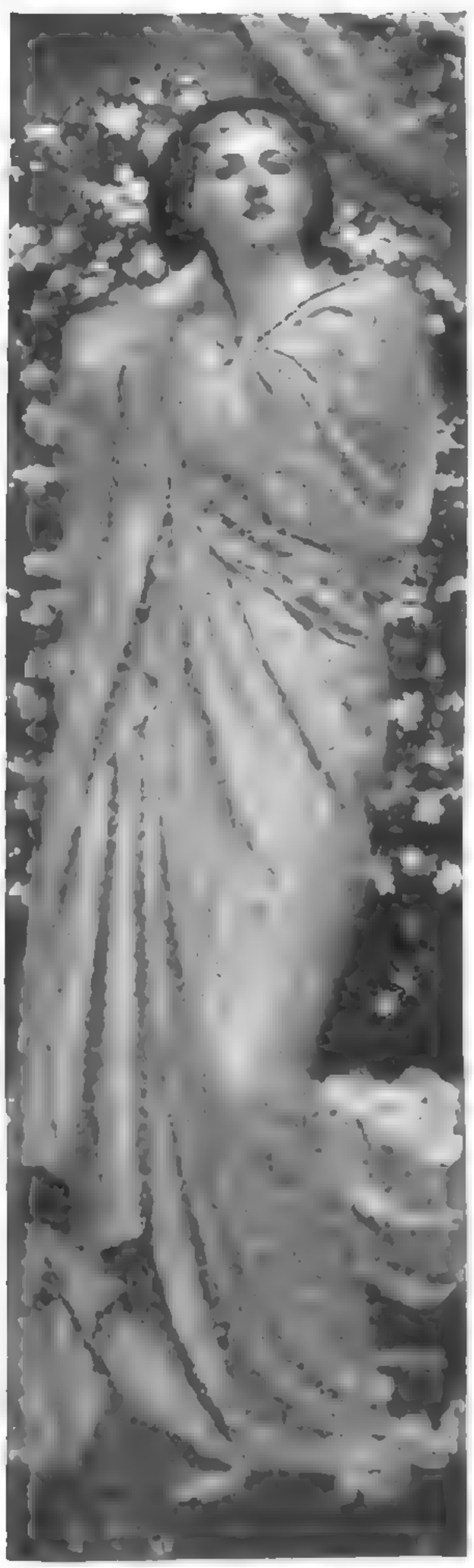


THE ALMA-TADEMA GIRL.
FROM A PORTION OF THE PICTURE, "AT THE SHRINE OF VENUS."
(By permission of the Berlin Photo. Co., 133, New Bond St., W.)

nor slim. No poet would speak of their charms as "indescribable." They are full of grace, and so are Alma-Tadema's women, but without winsomeness.

It has been said that "the re-creator of ancient Rome has never drawn a really pretty woman." And again we say, it all depends on what the beholder regards as a pretty woman. If we take the Hellenic standard, then Leighton's and Albert Moore's women are pretty. We must not, however, forget the naïve confession of a clever artist, recently deceased, that he could "draw anything from a teapot to a County Councillor, but that he couldn't draw a pretty woman if he tried, and he *had* tried thousands of times."

No such avowal as the foregoing could be made by Mr. Marcus Stone. It has been objected to the "Marcus Stone girl" that, in an age of hockey, tennis, and golf, she is a little too sentimental, but then it must be remembered that the "Marcus Stone girl" does not belong to this age. As her author says: "The costume of to-day is not that of to-morrow, and it is not always easy to get it accepted as poetical and artistic. Accordingly, I chose the costume of a generation or two before our own—a costume modern and yet sufficiently remote to stamp it with a certain fixedness and a certain poetry." She made her first bow to the world in 1882, 10r, odd as it may seem, her creator was prior to that time a historical painter, of deserved



THE IDEAL OF ALBERT MOORE.
FROM "BLOSSOMS."
From a Photo. by W. A. Mansell.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE MARCUS STONE GIRL
FROM "HIS SHIP IN SIGHT."
(By permission of the *Illustrated London News*, owners of the copyright.)

repute, the author of such pieces as "From Waterloo to Paris." He himself writes: "I had, after a good deal of thought, come to the conclusion that the artist, like the author, paints best that which he is able to feel most intensely, what he can see himself." And Mr. Marcus Stone had already seen the "Marcus Stone girl"—seen her in Kensington, perhaps, through his "special spiritual lens," and had marked her for his own.

Easily distinguishable from all their compeers on canvas are the women of Mr. Boughton, although they, too, may owe something of their distinction to the costume of a certain fixed period. The "Boughton girl" is plump—not too *spirituelle*—a fine, healthy, practical creature, yet demure withal. Other girls may appear from time to time as this artist's work, but the type we give is the true ideal, oft recurrent, and painted by no other painter of the day.

Similar, and yet dissimilar, is Mr. Storey's young woman, whom every annual visitor to Burlington House instantly recognises and greets as an old friend. Again, who could fail to recognise Mr. Sant's women, with their long, pendulous upper lip—appearing even in portraits of ladies who have no such marked facial trait?

Two artists, Parris and Newton, contrived to delight a whole generation by their women, and sixty years ago it was the great ambition of every young lady, not only in England, but



THE BOUGHTON GIRL.
FROM A PORTION OF "MILTON'S FIRST LOVE."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

in France and America, to emulate the charms of the "Keepsake girl." Yet looking at these portraits to-day we are inclined to wonder at their insipidity.

They are girls without animation, without fire; we fear, without strong commonsense. No wonder Becky Sharp astonished them. It was the age of sentiment. Even the comfortable, rosy little women Dickens loved and Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz") drew fail to evoke our admiration. The example of the girlish occupant of the throne proved so irresistible that small, short



THE "KEEPSAKE" GIRL.
FROM A PICTURE BY PARRIS.

women became fashionable. The strapping six-footer whom Du Maurier worshipped would then have been considered a monstrosity. The "Thackeray girl" was invariably *petite*, and John Leech would never have brought his pencil to portray women who stood above five feet three in their crinolines.

Sir John Tenniel, in the pages of *Punch* and out of it, always drew a woman of grace and distinction—not always an easy feat—even when she lacked beauty, as she certainly does not in the accompanying drawing.

Everybody is familiar with the "Du Maurier girl"—similar in her physical proportions to Leighton's ideal, but infinitely more stately, as she was infinitely modern—modern yet classical, English yet Greek. Anyone who has seen Millais's portrait of Lady Dalhousie will see one source of Du Maurier's inspiration.

"His own weakness," writes one of his intimate friends, Mr. Val Prinsep, "was Size. Though



THE LEECH TYPE.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)



THE TENNIEL GIRL.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

strong and active, he was but a small man himself, and perhaps on that account his highest admiration, whether for man or beast, was reserved for creatures of colossal proportions. His heroes and heroines must all stand three or four inches over six feet." The "Du Maurier girl" is a superb creature, broad-shouldered and erect, and a wonderful contrast to the young women of the "Keepsake" type. Nor must we omit a passing reference to Mr. Bernard Partridge's *petite* women—with their pretty heads "one size too large" and too-slender necks. What a contrast to the stately maidens—chiefly Britannias—of his *confrère*, Mr. Sambourne!

The "Gibson girl" is already of international renown. She may be said to be the American version of the "Du Maurier girl," who was certainly her godparent. Slight, supple, and straight—as straight as an American girl should be—she boasts, moreover, a sweet prominence of chin, also an American girl's endowment. So popular has become the portrayal of this type on the other side of the Atlantic that other artists have followed suit with their conceptions. Wherefore we find the "Stanlaws girl," the "Christy girl," the "Cushing girl," and others. Perhaps none of our English artists in black and white draw a wholesomer, prettier English girl than Mr. Gordon Browne, whose work is very familiar to STRAND readers.



THE DU MAURIER TYPE.
(By permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.)

There will always be fashion in beauty, even though beauty is said to be perennial—"a joy for ever." If we must admire one type we might choose Du Maurier's, the embodiment of grace and good breeding, and exclude Rubens; but the "Rubens girl" may become *à la mode* again, and the Rossetti mystic enslave the fancy of millions of our descendants, who will, perhaps, mildly wonder at the popularity of the *chic* damsels for whom Mr. Dana Gibson is weekly responsible.



THE GIBSON GIRL.
(By permission of James Henderson & Son.)

THE STANLAWS GIRL.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Old Ballads.

IN the olden time, when a soldier fought a battle, a criminal was hanged, a ship was wrecked, or a lover proved faithless, the bards in Grub Street instantly set to work, and the cry of the ballad-monger was heard in the land. It is different now. To stir the great heart of the people is no longer the unchallenged prerogative of the penny lyric. Ships are wrecked, even under the most harrowing circumstances, and we look for the fact in our daily newspaper under the heading "Lloyd's Intelligence." A hundred years ago we might have flung ourselves out into the street and invested in a broadside beginning:—

O listen, while I the dread news convey,
How the *Mary Dale* was wrecked on the sixth of May.

Or:—

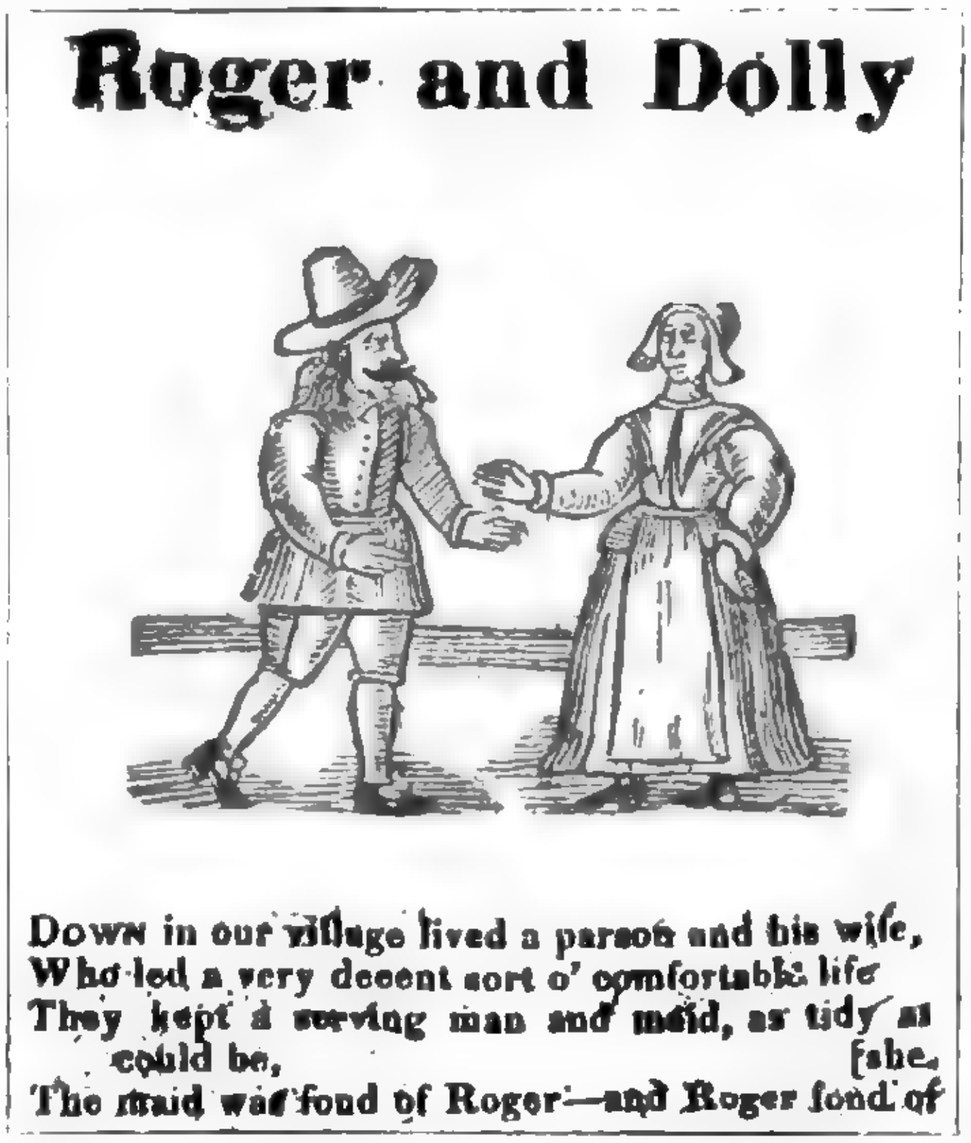
Sad is the tale which we have to tell
Of the ——— and the fate that befell
Those poor fellow-creatures who no one could save;
And ——— poor souls found a watery grave.

The convenient blanks in the chorus could be filled up according to the name and nature of the occurrence.

Then, again, when we want our bosoms stirred by the fictitious joys and sorrows of romance, we of the multitude hie us to the pit of a theatre or borrow a novel from one of Mr. Carnegie's libraries. Our grandfathers were more simple-minded. They sent out to the stationer's or summoned the itinerant hawker, and were moved to laughter and tears over "Roger and Dolly," "Kate, the Bride of St. Giles," and "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," the latter a cheerful, light-hearted thing, with a haunting refrain:—

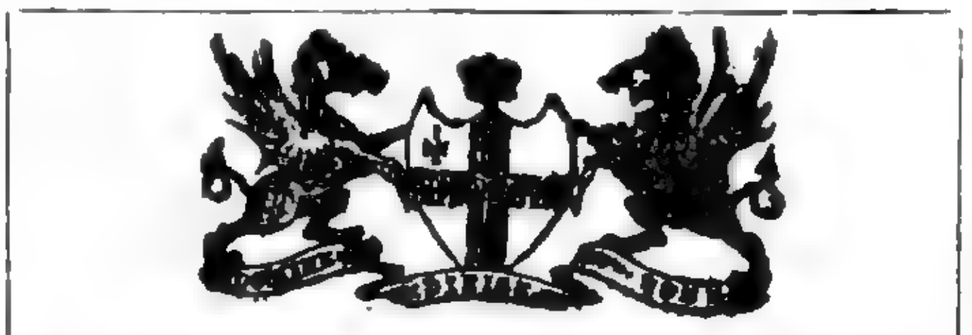
The angels are calling;
I hear
Their voices so sweet in the sky.
Then give me thy blessing, my baby watch o'er,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

What artless lyrics they were! We in this age of noise and journalism, barrel-organs and biographs, could never squeeze out a single tear over the most pathetic of these productions, although they might occasionally raise an unfeeling smile. We have certainly advanced in art. In glancing over a collection of several hundred of these in the writer's possession, nearly three score patriotic ballads round off alternate lines with "boys" or "my boys," "lads" or "my lads." Nowadays, not even the writer of the least sapient musical comedy would condescend to such paltry buttresses to rhythm. Even "Sing Ho, My Lads," is out of date. Then it was "Napoleon Talks of War, Boys," "We've Won a Bloody Fight, Boys," "All Hail to British Oak, Boys," etc., not to mention "She'll Ne'er be View'd Again, My Lads," "Listen to Old Ocean's Roar, Lads." If a ballad-writer of the old school had to revise some of our modern lyrics he would doubt-



Roger and Dolly

DOWN in our village lived a parson and his wife,
Who led a very decent sort o' comfortable life
They kept a serving man and maid, as tidy as could be,
The maid was fond of Roger—and Roger fond of she.



NAPOLEON TALKS OF WAR

Napoleon talks of war, boys,
And boasts his mighty force;
But vain his aim, despite his name,
To ride the world's high horse,
While waters wash the shore, boys,
Our own we will retain—
We've swept the seas before, boys,
And so we can again.

And so we can, so we can,
So we can again,
We've swept the seas before, boys,
And so we can again.

Napoleon talks of war, boys,
And of his fleet does boast;
He thinks it is quite easy
For to land upon our coast.
But let those Frenchmen try to come
Across the briny main;
We have swept the seas before, boys,
And so we can again.

Napoleon talks of war, boys

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

less want to alter them to "Just a Song at Twilight, My Lads," and "Angels Ever Bright and Fair, My Boys," just to lend them the requisite swing and effect.

A very striking and popular feature of all, or nearly all, the old ballads was the wood-cuts by which they were preceded. The tests of art a hundred, fifty, twenty-five years ago were not severe. We are more critical now; but yet it may reasonably be doubted whether even our most unsophisticated extract greater pleasure from a selection of elaborate photogravures than the simple souls of 1804 did from these rude designs. And then, apart from their intrinsic merit, there was their convenience to the printer. What a precious



A Life on the OCEAN WAVE.



What will you do Love?

thing a picture was in those days! It was not an article to be turned out casually by a mechanical process, used for the purpose it was intended to serve, and then thrown aside. No, indeed; it was prized, it was guarded, it became a fixture in the establishment. Take the cut at the head of our first ballad, "Roger and Dolly." It dates back to the time of the Commonwealth at least. After doing duty for a century and a half, and upon scores of touching lyrics, one might suppose this hard-working wood-block to become tired and anxious for well-earned repose. Not so; its constitution is but little impaired, and we find it figuring until quite late in the last century at the top of "The Fickle Lover" and "The Dutchman's Good-bye to Gretchen." Had mechanical engraving not been invented, or the taste of the people altered, we might still have had it on "Dolly Gray" and "Violets." But this old wood-block, like the others in our collection, fulfilled its mission at last. Perhaps it is now lying forgotten amongst the rubbish of some London or provincial printer's cupboard. *Requiescat in pace.*

When "A Life on the Ocean Wave" first made its appearance it was adorned with a spirited illustration of a nondescript belligerent armed with a cutlass and a look of extreme hauteur. To the rising generation who bought that stirring ballad and went round humming it all day this picture was a part of it. Thenceforward the domineering personage in top-boots became indissolubly associated with the maritime career depicted by the poet. They did not know—how could they?—that the drawing had originally appeared upon a playbill, and was then entitled "The Great Henderson as 'Othello.'" Afterwards it doubtless figured on other ballads, but the artist's inclusion of a tiny ship in the remote distance was responsible for its lengthy association with "A Life on the Ocean Wave," one of the most popular ballads of modern times. Perhaps a truer idea of what a sailor was outwardly eighty or a hundred years ago may be got from the picture accompanying the ballad, "What Will You Do, Love?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



What will you do, love, when I am at sea?
What will you do, love, waiting for me?

The late Lord Tennyson used to expatiate on the value of repetition in poetry. A good line could never be driven home too well. That was what the old balladists thought.

What will you do, love—will you be true?
What will you do, love, what will you do?

This sort of thing irresistibly reminds us of those artless bucolics of Mr. Dan Læno's some years ago :—

Down where the red poppies grow,
Down where the red poppies grow,
The poppies, the poppies,
Down where the red poppies grow.
CHORUS: Down where, etc.

Marine disasters were a fruitful source of inspiration to the ballad-maker and of æsthetic pleasure to the ballad-reader. If the story were graced by any particularly agonizing or even blood-curdling details, such as cannibalism, so much the better. We may be sure the luckless couple who figure in the annexed engraving often did duty in connection with the songs of the people.

Closely to the mast they clung and saw the ship go down.
"O Heav'ns, it is our fate," she cried, "it is our fate to drown."

One may be sure that this poor lady was by no means ready to join in the sentiment :—

Then hurrah for the deep, the briny deep,
The boundless, glorious sea ;
In a calm, in a storm, in every form,
A seaman's life for me !

As a pendant to the query of the departed mariner aforementioned, we have a ballad in which a very obvious sailor gives vent to the very unmartial (but on the whole very natural) sentiment, "I'd Rather Stay With You," when describing the glory of carnage which awaits him. Ballads treating of fathers and mothers — more especially mothers — have always been very popular in England, and continue so to the present day, although at this moment music-publishers will tell you that there is rather a slump in "mother" songs. A rather quaint version is supplied by the author of "Dear Mother's Picture," who describes a bereaved spouse taking unto himself a second wife, whereupon (if we are to credit the picture) the voice of one of the old motherless children calls from a distant lamb-pasture :—

Turn mother's face to the wall, dear sister,
We'll never kiss her cheeks no more ;
I know poor father he has missed her,
Her loss I'm sure he does deplore.
Although he'll marry one with riches,
And locks of shining gold so rare,
We know he is our father, sister,
He'll often think of mother dear.

A decided touch of bathos, however, creeps into the ballad when the author goes on to observe :—

Together with father at the alter (*sic*)
Dear mother knelt, *I've heard her say.*

The italics are ours.



I'd rather stay

WITH YOU

Madam, you now my trade is war :
And what should I deny it for?
Whene'er the trumpet sounds from far,
I long to hack and hew.
Yet, madam, credit what I say ;
Were I this moment called away,
And all the troops drawn in array,
I'd rather stay with you.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In another effusion we come across a little maiden, in the costume of 1812 or thereabouts, standing beneath a yew in a churchyard and singing :—

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with grey;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold,
Thy father is passing away.

Which makes us hope the filial kindness has not been postponed until the grave stage suggested by the artist.

The advent of the steam-engine and the consequent disappearance of the old mailcoach gave rise to a whole set of ballads of praise, lament, or satire. "The Wonders of Steam" relates how steam is made to work in a multitude of ways. Even of the politician of the day—

It's steam, boys, steam,
And things are not what they seem;
Though they roar and they bellow to frighten a fellow,
It's steam, lads, steam.

We have spoken of the frequency with which certain pictures appear from time to time on the old ballads. They were not always selected by the printer or publisher with care. They did not always sit serenely at the head of the lyrical feast. Occasionally they bore the appearance of intruders. They seemed to have been lugged in forcibly. A glaring example of what we mean is supplied by "The Old Abbey Ruin." Here we have a sporting scene which might have been drawn by Seymour, Dickens's first illustrator. A worried-looking gentleman is drawing a full perambulator up a steep hill to illustrate such lines as :—

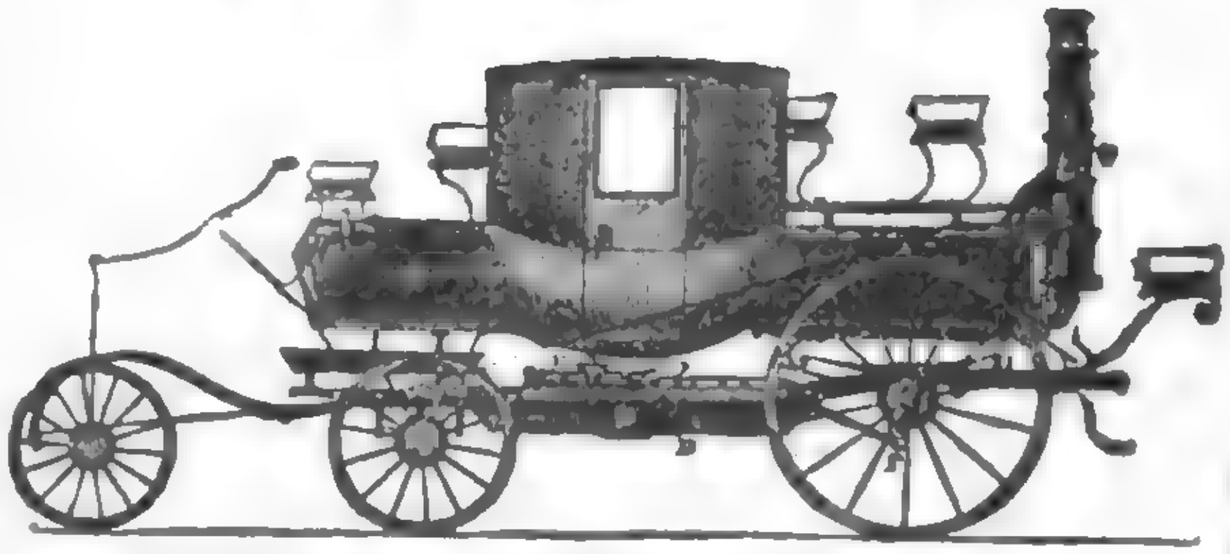
We met by the abbey again and again,
And many bright hours passed away;
She said our parting would cause her much pain,
And timidly pressed me to stay.
CHORUS.
With no eyes to see us, no tongue to tell,
The birds only knew of our doing,
As I fondly embraced her dear little waist
Down by the old abbey ruin.

Another ballad, "Billingsgate Bill," bears a picture apparently from the same ingenious hand. It displays the interior of a public-house—say, the tap-room—but none of the characters therein assembled bear the remotest resemblance to the hero of this early coster-ballad :—

As up and down the streets I go I whistle and I sing,
The bells upon the pony's head so merrily they ring;
And as I travel round the square you can hear me say—
"Fine periwinks or Gravesend shrimps, they're very fresh to-day."

THE

GRAND LONDON RAILWAY.



A View of one of the Steam Carriages.

NOW folks I will tell you, although I'm no clown,
By steam you can ride with speed up and down.
Now that's all the go, I'll tell you for why,
The people are eager to learn for to fly.

CHORUS

You may travel by steam as the folks say,
All the world over upon the railway.





The Old Abbey Ruin.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



BREAK IT GENTLY TO MY MOTHER.

Then, too, why should a faultlessly attired young gentleman of 1840 stand in all his radiant garments in the middle of a bleak valley, strike an attitude, and exclaim, "Break it Gently to My Mother"? Could he have stolen the clothes? Or, perhaps, he was a Scotch shepherd wearing trousers for the first time, and naturally aware of the shock it might give his parent.

Of moral sentiments our collection of ballads is full to overflowing.



OLD JEFF.

'Tis just one year ago to-day,
That I remember well,
I sat down by poor Nelly's side,
And a story she did tell.
'Twas about a poor old darkie, Jeff,
That lived for many a year;
But now he's dead, and in his grave,
No trouble does he fear.
For good old Jeff has gone to rest,
We know that he is free;
Disturb him not, but let him rest
Way down Tennessee.

The poor have always power to console themselves for their poverty by such items as "I'm Hungry but I'm Honest. Can the Squire Say the Same?" The shabby-genteel can better endure their shabby-gentility in singing lustily, "Judge Not a Man by the Coat that He Wears":—

Why should the broadcloth alone be respected,
And the man be despised who in *fustain* appears?
While the angels in heaven have their limbs unprotected,
You can't judge a man by the coat that he wears.

The coming of the Christy Minstrels brought in "Jim Crow" and a swarm of nigger ballads, which, albeit, must not be confounded with the "coon songs" of yesterday. These were as often as not pathetic and sentimental, and great popularity in Limehouse, Stepney, St. Giles's, and the Borough had "Nelly Gray" and "Old Jeff." Modern music-hall audiences would hardly stand a bouncing black "coon" who should come on to the centre of the stage and sing:—

O, since that time how things have changed!
Poor Nelly that was my bride
Is laid beneath the cold grave sod,
Down by her father's side.
I planted there upon her grave,
The weeping-willow tree,
I bathed its roots with many a tear
That it might shelter me.

BRITISH SONGSTER.



Finally, we have the "British Songster"—a group of no fewer than eight sentimental, not to say tearful, lyrics. Here again, why should they be preceded by figures apparently representing Mr. Quilp and Mrs. Gamp strolling beneath a tattered umbrella? True, the poet or his printer might point to the sadness on their faces, and do not the elements weep?

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE hour was midnight and the weather inclement, but the two men who sat over the fire in a room on the second floor of No. —, George Street, Bloomsbury, paid small heed to the tempest without. Each had his pipe and occupied a venerable leather-covered arm-chair; between them a small deal table supported glasses and decanters.

For the space of five years they had occupied the same house: Richard Draycott renting the comparatively luxurious rooms on the first floor, while Martin Pender, his friend, dwelt above.

They frequently met, as now, in the barely furnished upper room; for Pender could seldom be induced to descend, and Draycott humoured him. They had smoked to-night for some time in silence, for before them was the prospect of a separation more painful than either cared to own.

"You see," said Draycott, at length, "if I am ever to get out of this groove it must be by an effort that will land me the other side of the world."

"You may be right. When do you sail?"

"On Saturday."

The talk drifted away to the chances of travel in general, but Draycott said little as to his own plans. He was a man who had reached, writing under the pseudonym of "Eugene Hunt," the position of a popular novelist, and had so far succeeded in making an income amply sufficient for his wants. Yet in his heart he condemned the quality of the work he produced, and had kept the fact of his identity with Eugene Hunt a strict secret even from his publishers.

It was, indeed, known but to one person besides himself—his friend, Martin Pender. Draycott had, however, recently received a legacy of three thousand pounds, and had determined to bid farewell for a time to Eugene Hunt and the obligations which thickened round the name; to free himself from the tribute demanded of the phantom he had created; to seek in travel wider experiences and a more solid basis for his fortunes.

Martin Pender had listened to and understood his views, yet tried to dissuade him from carrying them out. To his mind his friend's position was to be envied, for he knew the bitterness of returned sheets, piles of manuscript, representing years of thought, slowly acquired knowledge, the outcome of sympathy with the facts of life, a desire for

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

truth. They lay now, stored in an old chest, scholarly perfection and poetic thought delicately expressed, fading into impalpable atmosphere with the decay of the paper on which they were inscribed, because in the judgment of the army of publishers (keen judgment, mostly correct) they lacked the elements of success.

Richard Draycott started and Martin Pender was left alone. Not until he returned to his rooms, one grey Saturday afternoon, after seeing the train steam slowly out of the station, did he realize how great and how painful his solitude would be. A sensitive, gentle-natured man, with kind eyes and a bearded face; a trifle careless in his attire, deeming such carelessness the best shield for poverty. Failing in wider ambitions, he had turned to the lowlier walks of journalism—short, unsigned articles, notes and anecdotes; but all his toil brought him a scant hundred pounds a year. Fifteen shillings per week he paid for lodging and such attendance as he claimed; he found that hunger and thirst might not be satisfied under an equal amount, and the surplus for tobacco and general expenses was not large.

Nearly three months had passed since his friend's departure, when Pender read one morning in his daily paper that an English gentleman named Richard Draycott had left the Grande Hotel, in Paris, about two o'clock on the previous afternoon and had not since been seen or heard of.

A week later, in the same paper, appeared a notice to the effect that a body, answering to the general description of Mr. Draycott, had been found in the Seine; and that, although personal recognition was no longer conclusively possible, little doubt existed as to the identity of the drowned man with the missing Englishman.

Muriel Halsworthy was the proprietor of the *Marlborough*, a monthly journal of established credit and large circulation. The entire property had been left to her by her husband's will, as her money had largely contributed to the purchase and advance of the paper. She had married at twenty-two a man of forty, and at twenty-seven found herself a widow. She was now in her thirtieth year.

One morning, about six months after the disappearance of Draycott, Martin Pender found upon his table a note from Mrs. Halsworthy asking him to call upon her at her private residence. She wished to consult him, the letter said, upon a matter of considerable importance and of a common interest.

Pender was greatly perplexed. He knew Mrs. Halsworthy by name, but not personally. He could not imagine the nature of the business in question; but, of course, he obeyed her summons. He found Mrs. Halsworthy in her drawing-room. She had mentioned the tea hour as a convenient time to call. A tall woman in black; a pale face, retaining the rounded contours of youth; dark, soft eyes, a little deeply set, looking as though they had shed many tears; a mouth that smiled readily; white, shapely hands—this was Muriel Halsworthy.

"I have asked you to take this trouble, Mr. Pender," she said, so soon as he was entered, "because of an extraordinary incident. You may be able to throw some light on the matter; I know of no one else who might even presumably be able to give me the information I seek." She spoke in a slow, studied manner, which suggested strong emotion steadily repressed. Martin Pender merely bowed.

"Did you know," she continued, "that I was—a friend—of Mr. Draycott's?"

Pender started slightly. "I never," he said, "heard him, so far as I can remember, mention your name."

"And yet he spoke to me of you so frequently. Perhaps, however, there was a reason; our friendship was of a less even and happy nature — things between us were not always smooth—in fact, I was, I fear, the chief cause of his leaving England."

Martin looked at her suddenly and earnestly. "His death must have been a great grief," he said, gently.

"The thought of it and of the manner of it has been a grief almost too great to be borne—a grief now mercifully ended—for he is not dead."

Pender rose to his feet. "Not dead? You have heard? You know?"

"Yes, I have heard. He has written to me. I have his letter here. It is dated the 4th of April, from a French caravan station in his passage across the desert. He was on his way from Algiers to the frontier. The letter has been unreasonably delayed. I have learned from the Post Office that the mail-bags were detained by the Arabs in some disturbance that arose. But here comes in the most strange part of the affair. Since that letter was written it would seem that Mr. Draycott has himself returned to England. I cannot trace or find him, yet I know him to be here or to have been here quite

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"NOT DEAD? YOU HAVE HEARD?"

recently, unless, indeed, you are able to account for or explain certain circumstances. It is conceivable, you see, that he should hide himself from me, since we parted under a misunderstanding I have been unable to remove; and yet he might have known—his letter shows——"

"What," said Pender, quietly, "are the circumstances you refer to?"

"In his letter he confides to me a secret—too late; he should have told me long ago. But this secret I must entrust you with if you are to help me; although," she added, half jealously, "you may be already aware of it. Did you ever know that Richard Draycott wrote under the pseudonym of Eugene Hunt?"

Martin turned aside, looking down into the polished grate, watching the leaping flames of the fire, which a cold and wet July rendered acceptable.

"Yes, I did know it," he said, briefly.

She looked half mortified. "He trusted you, then," she said, "more than he trusted me. And now you will understand my perplexity and share it; unless, indeed, you can explain it away. In my own journal, in the number just about to be issued, appears the first instalment of a new story by Eugene Hunt."

Pender was manifestly startled.

"The plot thickens," he said.

"One very simple solution of the mystery has occurred to me—namely, that Mr. Draycott left the story in your hands before he went away, and that you have been acting for him."

"That I most certainly have not. But may not the manuscript have been in the hands of your editor prior to last November?"

"Do you think I should fail to make so simple an inquiry? No. The complete manuscript reached the office on the 30th of May. I have informed myself of every detail. An application for a serial story was made to Eugene Hunt so far back as the end of October last. No reply was received until the first week in February; then came the usual type-written letter; the signature of Eugene Hunt was also typed, according to his invariable custom, at any rate when dealing with us. The letter apologized for delay, but promised to supply the story completed by the date named, the 30th of May, if the offer still held good. This was agreed to, and in due course the manuscript arrived. You see, therefore, that unless some person who has acted for him can be found, we must conclude that Mr. Draycott was in England a week after his disappearance in Paris, and again barely two weeks after he wrote to me from Africa."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The cheque——?"

"Was sent, and has been returned to our bank duly endorsed by Eugene Hunt in the usual writing—a large, formal hand that might easily be assumed, quite unlike the writing of Mr. Draycott. I have caused inquiries to be made at the bank where the cheque was paid in, and as the circumstances were peculiar the manager gave some information. He said that Eugene Hunt had had an account there for some years, and that he was not known to the bank under any other name. Early in November last he reduced his balance to a mere trifle, and after our cheque was paid in at the beginning of June the whole amount was almost immediately withdrawn by a cheque bearing the signature of Eugene Hunt, and which excited no suspicion."

"Have you also inquired at the address given by Eugene Hunt?"

"Both the reply to his letter in February and the cheque were sent by his request to a post-office in the north of London, to wait there till called for. The postmistress remembers delivering the June letter to a tall gentleman in a light overcoat who gave the name of Eugene Hunt—nothing more; the sort of description that might apply to a hundred men."

"Did he always employ this method?"

"On previous occasions he gave an address which turns out to be that of a stationer's shop where business letters are received. The proprietor said that Mr. Hunt had not called there since October, and that, as she did not know his private address, several letters which had arrived for him at a later date had been returned to the Post Office."

"You have certainly," said Pender, "done your utmost."

"Oh, I am weary of it! Why should he hide himself from me in this way? Of course, he might think I had had his letter—would have expected me to write—telegraph—something—he would think I was still hard and angry. But he must have known there was so little time. Oh, it is too bewildering!"

Pender passed his hand across his forehead. "Yes; it is very bewildering."

"I have sent for you as my last hope. I have thought that, even if you were not acting as Richard Draycott's agent, you might at least know more of his movements than you seem inclined to tell me; that if I explained to you something of my trouble—my anxiety to—to make amends for any pain I may have caused him—any fault of mine—you would—help me; perhaps take him some message—or even persuade him to come——"

"Would to Heaven," he cried, passionately, "that I could! He was dear to me—the only friend I had—but I know less of his fate than you; I spoke in good faith when I spoke of him as dead. No word or line from him has reached me—if he has been in England I have not known it."

He was manifestly speaking the truth. Mrs. Halsworthy rose and stood near him; her eyes seemed to compel the direction of his, and he met her glance. In his she fancied she saw an expression like that of some wounded animal pleading mutely to be spared any further torture. She could imagine no reason for such a glance, but his whole face, the droop of the mouth, half veiled by a beard touched before its time with grey, was that of a man who silently, patiently awaits calamity.



"SHE PUT OUT HER HAND."

"If that be so," she said, gently, "my last hope for the present is gone."

She put out her hand; he hesitated a moment, looking at its slender fairness, then touched it lightly with his own.

"If there should be anything further at any future time that I can do," he said, rather hoarsely, "command me.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Come and see me again. We can at least talk, plan, conjecture."

His visit to Mrs. Halsworthy began a new era in Martin Pender's life. He went again and found himself cordially welcomed; by degrees he knew that his visits were expected and desired; they became an established custom. She talked with him freely and well; her life for many years had been spent in an atmosphere of literary culture, for her father had been a man of considerable attainments, and, although she steadily refused to write herself any word that could possibly find its way into print, she was an adept critic. Eugene Hunt's story appeared month by month and they discussed it freely. To her it now seemed instinct with Draycott's personality, but she also professed to find in it a finer finish, a more scrutinizing and reflective style than of old. "That is like him," she would say of some passage. "If he had not drifted into this groove of anecdote he would have been a great writer. I think he will become so."

One day the conversation drifted to the source of her disagreement with Draycott.

"I can see now," she said, "that the situation owed its seriousness to Eugene Hunt. I was constantly inveighing against what I called the shallow fiction of the day, and holding Eugene Hunt up to derision, although my own journal owed much of its popularity to his work."

"Then you were inveighing," said Pender, thoughtfully, "not only against your own, but also against his chief source of income. The situation becomes altogether too complex."

"I wanted him to undertake the management of the *Marlborough*—to become the editor. I had vague ideas of turning it into a journal of high-class literature. He laughed at me, and told me I should simply ruin myself. I thought he was poor; I could not tell how he gained money to live—but he would not let me help him; he would take nothing from me. I thought he left me in obstinacy and anger—I never really understood until I received his letter."

It was soon after this that Martin confided to her some of his own aspirations and failures. She insisted then on hearing one of his rejected manuscripts, with which, indeed, she was more in sympathy than with the works of Eugene Hunt. After some criticism and revision she begged to be allowed to advance him the means of publication; but this he refused. He was able, he said, now to undertake the risk. In his moderate way he had of late met with some success.

The book appeared and, if not meeting with the extraordinary and instantaneous popularity which attends some ventures, it was accorded a solid place, a moderate welcome, and proved the corner-stone to its writer's reputation.

On every side Martin Pender's lot had brightened; yet he knew that, with the perversity of man, he was daily committing, encouraging himself in, an error that might ultimately ruin all his chances of peace. He loved Muriel Halsworthy with the absolutism of the man who has husbanded his resources, the capacities of his inward life; and, with his native humility, his innate power of discrimination, he knew that Richard Draycott was, and for ever would be, his rival.

But as the months passed and brought no news of the missing man he grew to think of him once more as dead, or never likely to return. Mrs. Halsworthy made every inquiry practicable, advertising largely in home and foreign papers, but without success, yet for a long while she retained hope and faith; only as the third year of his absence drew to a close she drooped, she talked of Draycott less frequently, she grew suddenly to look ten years older, and her health failed.

In October her doctor advised her to pass the winter in the South of France. In her surrender of hope Pender almost thought he saw the dawning of his own opportunity; he did not follow her south, for he thought absence, perhaps, would cause her to feel the want of his attentions and to send for him. The world was now treating him fairly well, and he attributed the sale of his books, perhaps rightly, to the influence of Muriel Halsworthy both upon his style and his conceptions.

By Christmas he found the solitudes of London in her absence insupportable, and to his chagrin she had not summoned him. For the first time for many years he had the money and the leisure to take a holiday, and he determined to visit the village on the south-west coast where his father had for so many years been vicar. Some of the old people must surely still be there, who would welcome him, if not for remembrance of himself, for the sake of his father and his name.

He arrived at Polwyrn one January afternoon, to find it encompassed by an all too familiar gale; the old inn still stood at the corner of the road that opened out to the little bay at one end and led up to the irregular village street, branching off at the other in a rugged pathway up the cliffs which lined

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the shore; and the landlord of the inn was the son of the man whom, as a boy, he remembered there.

As he had foreseen, his name brought him hearty welcome, and he put up at the inn. He congratulated himself in having come back to the old place. Everything around him tended to his satisfaction, to distract his mind from disappointment and desire, to carry his spirit back across the chasm of years and link him with the peace of an almost forgotten time. The soft sing-song of the voices around was soothing and familiar; the food set before him by the hostess of the inn recalled the meals in the vicarage parlour; the very roaring of the gale without brought back a night of wreck and fear when he had gone with his father to the cliff and seen through spray and darkness a vessel dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The sailors had been saved, hauled up the cliff-side. Through the gale, as he sat by the fire in the inn-parlour, he thought he could hear again the shouts that encouraged the men who made the perilous descent, guiding the ladder to the wreck. Soon, however, he became aware that the shouts had existence outside his imagination; that he heard sounds above the storm and mingling with it which told of the excitement and gathering of the people.



"MEN AND WOMEN WERE HURRYING THROUGH THE STORM."

He left the warm fireside and went to the inn-door. The bar, the public room, the house seemed deserted, but the narrow street was alive; the doors of the fishermen's cottages were opening and shutting, affording glimpses of warm interiors and muffled figures issuing. Men and women carrying lanterns, or laden with ropes, blankets, and restoratives, were hurrying through the storm, streaming towards the narrow pathway up the cliff. He knew well enough what it meant: a ship upon the rocks. The landlord, coming to the door presently, furnished him with some details.

The vessel was supposed to be a tramp from the Mediterranean, that, after discharging some cargo at Falmouth, had been going on to Plymouth. In a few minutes Pender was making his way up the cliff, mingling with the crowd.

The point where the vessel, pierced with sharp rocks, was stranded was about half a mile distant, and impossible to reach along the shore from the bay of Polwyrn except at low tide and in fine weather. The cliff here descended almost sheer, a height of two hundred feet, to a small cove; this cove was now dry, but on either side the waters washed to the base of the cliff; and beyond, stretched out, jagged, relentless, the low line of rocks upon which the vessel lay.

Pender knew the place well; he had scaled the cliff-side as a boy seeking birds' nests; and in fair weather and at low tide had fished from the rocks below or bathed from the cove.

When he reached the place now ropes were being already let down and two men had descended; a third apparatus was being prepared, a chair lashed by ropes from the four corners to a double strand; it was possible that some of the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shipwrecked might be wounded or helpless from exhaustion.

The wreck had been lifted and carried by the breakers so near the cliff that to reach her from the cove was comparatively easy. The chief danger lay in the difficulties of ascent and descent; in the risk in that high wind of being dashed against the cliff or some projecting stone, and in the great need for dispatch. In less than two hours the cove would be covered with the incoming tide.

The work went on bravely. One after another the men from the ship, fast going to pieces, were got ashore and drawn up the cliff. In most cases they were uninjured and able to protect themselves with a pole from the cliff-side; one or two, faint from exhaustion and cold, were drawn up in the chair accompanied by one of the rescuers at his own extreme peril, standing as he best might, clinging with one arm to the ropes, with the other using the pole. One of these men after such a journey fainted from exhaustion, and Pender, stepping forward, offered to take his place on the return journey. There was a demur, but through his insistence, and because of his old knowledge of the place, he was finally allowed to go.

Of that strange descent into the abyss he had ever after the faintest, most confused recollection—the voices of many waters, the rush of winds bent on destruction, the bulging cliffs, the ropes that seemed so frail, and yet strong as the right hand of God and his own brave will. He reached, he scarce knew how, the cove and felt the sand beneath his feet. One or two men were there waiting their turns, and three of the rescuing party. One of these said to him:—

"We think we've got them all off; yet we've heard tell of a passenger, and him we can't find. We think he must ha' been washed off, but I'm game for one more try."

"You go up," said Pender; "I'm fresh to the work and stand a better chance." He had got the rope round him and was scrambling through the surf before the man could reply. His thought was, "To think of one poor loved human creature, perhaps left there to die!"

He reached the ship in safety; all around desolation—no sign of living thing. He peered down the hatches, feeling he was peering into his own doom, for the black water surged below. He took a step down and gave, he scarce knew why, a shout. He heard no answering sound, but his foot struck something. He stooped and felt the wet clothing of a man, an arm thrown forward, and then the hair; the man had fallen face downward on the step in an effort to reach the deck.

He stooped and, clutching him beneath the arm-pits, dragged him up the last two steps of the gangway and laid him on the deck upon his back.

In the light of a moon shining through



"HE SAW THE FACE—PALLID, UNCONSCIOUS, CHANGED."

scud he saw the face—pallid, unconscious, changed, but he believed not dead—the face of Richard Draycott!

He gave one wild cry, that echoed out into the night. Oh, Heaven! what miserable

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

destiny had brought him to this? The one man whom in all the world he desired to know was dead. If he left him there? The ship in another few minutes would go to pieces—who would know? A body washed ashore—perhaps washed off the wreck long before—had they not said they could not find him? Why should this task have been left for him?

And then, with the cold air blowing on his face, Richard Draycott opened his eyes.

"Ah! Where am I? Why — Pender — you?" he smiled, a faint gleam of the old radiance illuminating his whiteness. "*You?*" he repeated.

"Yes, it is I. Come, there is no time to lose; we must get out of this."

"You must leave me; my leg, I think it must be broken. I tried the companion ——"

"There is no leaving. We live or die together—you and I."

Pender spoke gruffly; but he was already crossing as gently as he could the arms of the injured man, and lashing them together a little above the wrists. He then knelt down upon the deck and, causing Draycott to roll a little over on his side, managed to slip the arms, now firmly linked, over his own head. Holding the hands tightly to his chest, he rose slowly, drawing Draycott up with him, until he gained an upright position, having the injured man upon his back. How, with his burden, he made his way from the vessel to the rocks and, cut, bruised, and bleeding, to the shore, he knew not. It was one blind struggle with fate; the manhood in him strung to desperation in a contest with more than Nature's elements and weapons, to more than human effort.



"DRAYCOTT AND PENDER MADE THE ASCENT TOGETHER."

From the cove all were gone but one of the rescue party, who helped to lash Draycott in the chair and was then drawn up himself. Draycott and Pender made the ascent together, Pender wielding the pole.

The following morning Martin sat at the bedside of his friend in a room at the inn. A letter from Muriel Halsworthy, forwarded from town, had just reached him, and he held it now in his hand as he looked at the quiet, sleeping face of the man he had rescued.

"I know, dear friend," Muriel wrote, "that you will rejoice with me. Draycott has written, he is coming home. He will be in London almost as soon as this reaches you; and I am hurrying to meet him. . . ."

Draycott stirred and opened his eyes. Except for the broken limb, which had been set, he was but little injured. "What heavenly peace!" he said — then his eye caught the letter. "Why, surely that is——" He tried to raise himself.

"Lie still," Pender said; "it is Mrs. Halsworthy's writing. She writes to say she is expecting you; I have telegraphed a reply. Probably she will be here to-night or to-morrow morning."

Draycott's face was illumined. Then, "You know her?" he asked, curiously; "you correspond?"

"Only as your friends. I am going to hand you over to her. I must leave this place to-day——"

"Leave? Before Muriel comes? Nonsense. May I see the letter?"

Pender handed it to him.

"How can you talk of leaving?" Draycott said, when he had read it. "How can any happiness of ours be complete without you?"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He stretched out his hand; Pender rose without touching it.

"I have that to tell you which you will see necessitates my going," he said. "In your absence I wrote a novel under the name of Eugene Hunt."

Draycott opened his eyes wider. "The deuce you did." He seemed rather amused.

"It is not a slight matter. I was in great straits. Among some papers which you left with me to be destroyed, papers connected entirely with the affairs of Eugene Hunt, I found an offer for a story to be contributed to the *Marlborough Magazine*."

"By Jove! in the hurry I forgot all about it."

"I accepted the offer, fulfilled the conditions, and received the cheque for five hundred pounds; all under the name of Eugene Hunt. I knew, you see, all your methods of conducting the business. I imagined you dead, and that I was injuring no one."

"I don't see," said Draycott, thoughtfully, "that you did injure anyone very much, anyhow. You merely assumed the name I had done with. It is a curious case, and how the law would decide such a matter I am sure I can't say. At all events, I, for one, am not likely to try. Could such an offer be taken up by any Eugene Hunt that happened to be going? One important point would be whether the magazine suffered by the change."

"I believe not; rather, I imagine, the contrary."

"Then," said Draycott, gaily, "I make over to you Eugene Hunt and all his responsibilities! I was anxious enough to be rid of him, Heaven knows. If I have learned nothing else in my wanderings, I have learned that my vocation is not that of a novel writer. I believe the true instinct of my life to be the commercial instinct; Eugene Hunt and his works never meant more to me than a means to an end—a livelihood. I have turned ivory-merchant, and have not been altogether unsuccessful."

"Then," said Pender, "your old reason for leaving England no longer exists, and your way is clear. But I have something further to tell you which you may find less easy to forgive than anything I have yet said. The letter you wrote to Mrs. Halsworthy soon after your reported death was long delayed in the transit. When she received it she sent for me. Curiously, almost at the same time the first number of the new story by Eugene Hunt was appearing in the *Marlborough Magazine*."

"You told her—explained?"

"I did not tell her. Put yourself in my place. She imagined that you had been in England — twice — without trying to communicate with her—all manner of things."

"Did she think that I was false to her?"

"I believe never."

"No; her letter shows. And you?"

There was a moment of silence, laden with unuttered passion. Draycott was regarding his friend curiously. "She might, you know, have preferred you, justly enough," he said.

"She regards me—has always regarded me," Pender answered, sternly, "merely as your friend, in the light of a link with you. Her letter also proves that, and I—I thank Heaven—have never sought to imply any other feeling; or, if I have, she has not recognised it or been aware of it. Could she otherwise have had the cruelty to write what you have seen? Do not drive me too far."

With sudden impulse Draycott once more stretched out his hand, and this time touched that of his friend.

"You feel it cruelly? Poor old chap. And you saved my life—for her?"

Another three months had passed away, and Martin Pender one afternoon sat once more in his room, alone. The same room on the second floor of No. —, George Street, for, although his circumstances might now have allowed him a greater degree of luxury, he was a man slow to change.

He had left Polwyrn, as he had told Draycott he must leave, feeling it impossible to meet Muriel Halsworthy at that time. He had since received one letter from her, a letter full of expressions of the most kind friendliness, of warmest gratitude, and of admiration for his heroism; not a word or hint concerning that episode of his life which he most dreaded to hear mentioned. Yet he knew that Draycott had told her the truth.

Now for some time he had heard no news either of her or of Draycott, and he wondered sometimes if they were already married, whether they would ever remember him again. Draycott had at first been full of gratitude and affection; but he lived in a different part of London, and by degrees his visits to George Street ceased. Their paths in life seemed quite separated.

There came a quiet tap presently at Martin's door, and in response to his mechanical "Come in," someone entered. He looked up, to see Muriel Halsworthy.

He was so greatly surprised as to be scarcely conscious of the feeling; only of a great gladness.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Your landlady," she said, apologetically, "told me that you were at home, and that she thought I might come up. Why have you been so long without coming to see me?"



"HE LOOKED UP, TO SEE MURIEL HALSWORTHY."

"I scarcely thought you would need me. I have thought of you as happy, contented; but Draycott has not been here for a long while. I have not heard. It seems to me that you are not looking so strong as I had hoped to see you. You have not altogether recovered?"

"Has it never occurred to you," she said, ignoring the matter of her health, "that Richard Draycott has in some way changed, or is it only that he has developed?"

"He is a successful man."

"Yes; and perhaps is now, for the first time, truly himself."

"You have not quarrelled again?"

"We have not met for a long while—more than a month. I have been longing to tell you how it all came about. At first I was so glad; then we found—how was it?—we had drifted apart in all these years; we had less than ever in common. He had become essentially a merchant. We did not quarrel, we grew indifferent."

"You are still unhappy; and I, in saving him, hoped to give you your heart's desire."

"You did more," she said, gravely; "you have helped to save me from a long delusion. I should have worshipped a memory."

Pender walked the length of the room. "Before you separated did he tell you everything that passed between us at Polwyrn?" he asked.

"Everything." Then she, too, rose. "I owe you," she said, gently, "more than I can say. In losing a dream I have awakened to a reality. I have learned——"

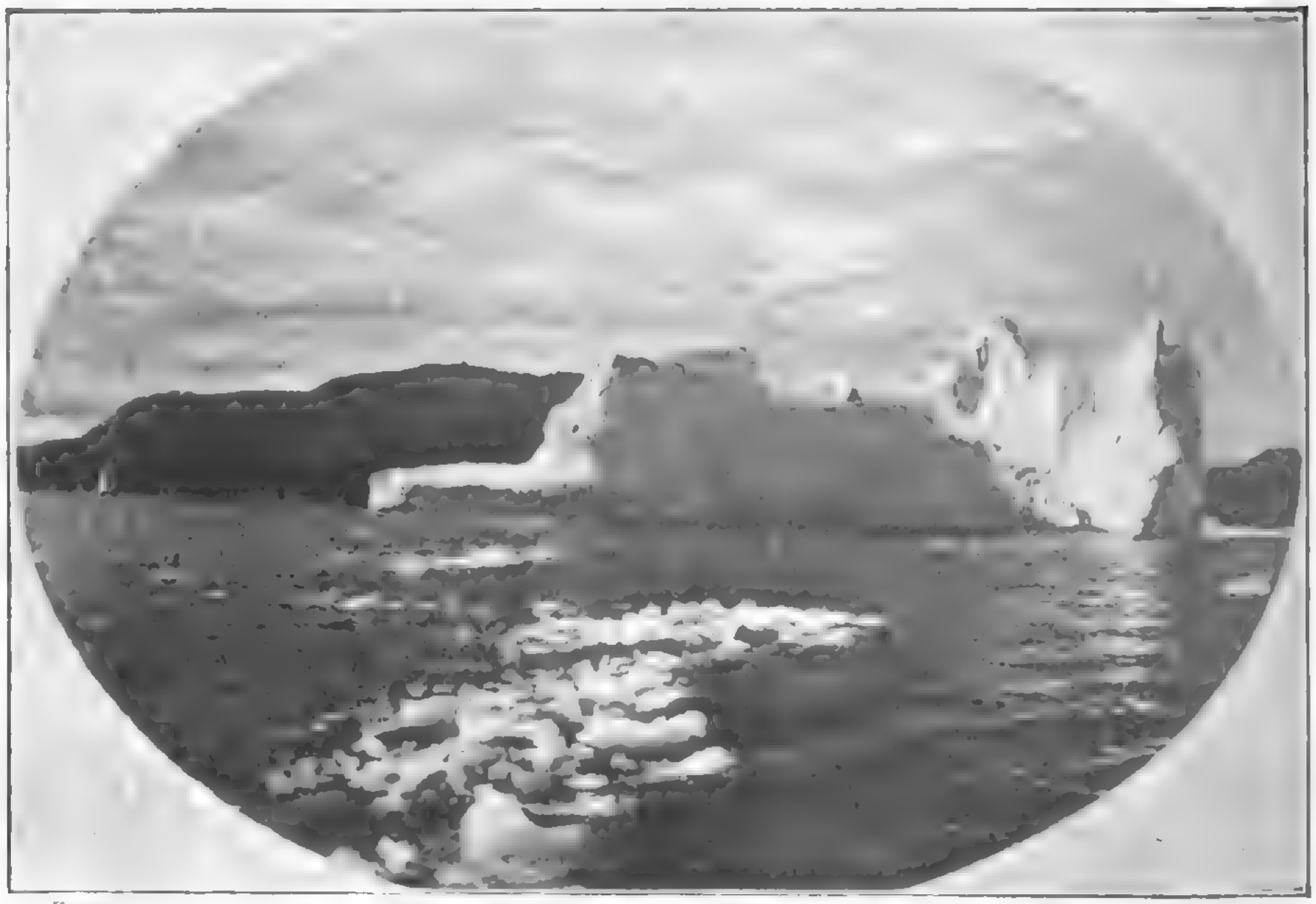
"Yes?"

"There is only one man whom I could ever marry."

"Tell me."

"Eugene Hunt!"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] A TYPICAL ICEBERG OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST. *[Photo.*

Battles with Bergs.

BY P. T. MCGRATH.

THE worst danger that menaces Transatlantic travellers nowadays is that of collision with an iceberg in a dense fog. It is morally certain that the mysterious disappearance of big steamships like the *Naronic* and *Huronian* in recent years is attributable to this cause, for no other agency is powerful enough to work the ruin of a modern liner, with her cellular bottom and watertight bulkheads. One of these mighty structures can defy the most furious storms, so varied are the safe guards she possesses to withstand the buffeting of wind or wave; while fire, the most deadly peril in the bygone times of wooden hulls, is no longer dreaded, for it is easily confined within one steel compartment. Even collision with another ship is not a grievous peril, because rarely is either of the combatants so sorely wounded as to be unable to limp into port. It takes some Titanic influence to overwhelm one of these floating fortresses, usually the overturning of an iceberg through the impact of collision.

The corrosive action of salt water on the submerged mass, with the play of the sun on the exposed portion, often produces such a delicately balanced berg that the touch of a man's hand will upset it. Often Newfoundland fishermen, cutting fragments from bergs to pack round their bait or fish, are destroyed by the huge hummocks rolling right over, sending men and boats to bottom in a miniature maelstrom. Imagine, then, the result when a powerful ocean steamer, impelled at the rate of eighteen or twenty knots an hour, hurls her vast bulk against a rampart of ice which suddenly shows itself through the fog right across the route she must go! It is too late to stop her, no change of helm will bring her clear; those on board can only pray that the berg will stand firm against the shock. If so, she may escape with a battered bow; but if the berg upsets it is easy to understand the appalling consequences of a mass thousands of tons in weight falling over on a ship or smashing in her underbody as it swings up beneath her.

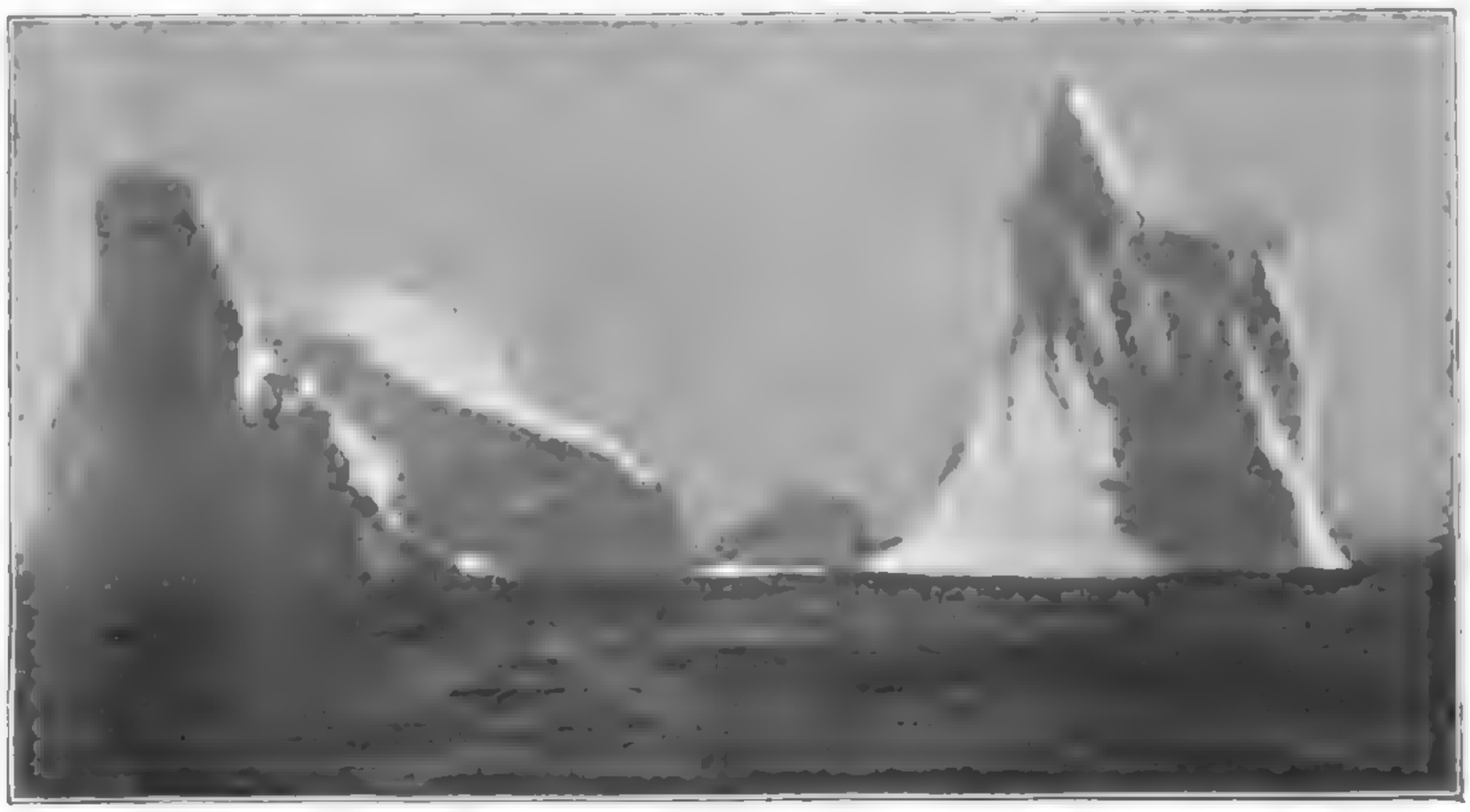
Icebergs are found in the North Atlantic east of Newfoundland the whole year round. They are most numerous in the spring, when they are carried south over the Grand Banks in the midst of the mighty frozen fields which are torn from their Arctic home and sent careering across the wide waste of waters from Greenland to Labrador. In the weekly bulletin of the United States Hydrographic Office for April 8th, 1903, appeared the reports of no fewer than eighty-two steamers arriving at American ports the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

previous seven days and sighting one or more bergs on the passage, while a week later eighty-five reports were published, and the hydrographer appended a note to the effect that a number of others had to be omitted for want of space. As the summer advances and the sun becomes more powerful the bergs are melted into smaller fragments or break into pieces, and being too shoal to ground on the Grand Banks are swept into the Gulf Stream, where they lie in the way of the steamers plying east and west, and cause the shipping casualties which so frequently occur during the summer months.*

Last season bergs were unusually numerous on the Grand Banks, and nearly a score of ships were damaged by striking against the crystal islands, while the frosty apparitions of others, wreathed in fogs, were descried by every steamer traversing these waters until well up in the autumn. A blustering winter with fierce and persistent gales, the worst for ten years, caused the bergs to drift south, in the grip of the Polar current, and hundreds of them of every shape and size, and scattered or in fleets, were carried across the steamship lanes beyond the Banks to imperil the navigation of these waters by passing craft. Farther north the bergs were even more numerous, and many a smack came to an end, with all on board, by striking one in a midnight gloom.

During the spring, when blizzards, fogs, and frozen gales obscure the ocean's face, they are, indeed, a terrible danger, and ships have been known to leave Newfoundland ports and be sunk within four hours of departure, so thickly are the waters there sown with these snow-dusted hummocks. Then the ordinary peril is multiplied many times, for the fogs defy the keenest vision, and the presence of a squat berg may not be known until the forepart grinds against it. Even in summer, when the calm seas and clear horizons make their detection easy and their evasion simple, a curtain of fog may descend and blot out sea and sky, so that the utmost caution is needed to avoid disastrous contact with them. Some of the steamship lines plying between England and Canada have abandoned the Belle Isle route altogether because icebergs are so numerous there, and they now utilize the less perilous, but sufficiently risky, route round Cape Race.



From a] A SPLIT ICEBERG. *[Photo.*

The figures respecting these mighty masses would be deemed incredible but for the ease with which their truth can be attested. The passengers on the mail-boat plying to Labrador often count two or three hundred bergs off that coast on one day. The Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Pelican* in 1902 passed one off Ungava which was nine miles long and two hundred and seventy feet high. The British warship *Charybdis* last year found seventy-eight in White Bay, and one of these was three hundred and eighteen feet high. As a berg shows only one-eighth of its bulk above the surface, their depth can be imagined. The surveying ship *Goldfinch* had to quit work on the Grand Banks in August, 1903, owing to the scores of bergs that infested that area, and several of the Montreal liners plying *viâ* Belle Isle Strait had their bows stove in by colliding with pinnacled masses or stunted ones. Earlier in the year the ocean steamships running to and from New York had to deflect from their regular route because the *Kaiser Wilhelm* almost impaled herself on one, and in June and July, the most dangerous months of the year for them, as the

* On June 18th the steamer *Nomadic* passed by a large berg which broke into four parts, probably through the vibration in the water caused by the blows of her propeller; and on July 17th the steamer *Pennmanor* saw another monster break in two, each section yet remaining a substantial berg.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

current moves south more rapidly, the steamers touching every port from St. John's to Baltimore were reporting the presence in the fairway of these ghostly demons of the deep.

It was as late in the season as November 7th, 1879, that the Guion liner *Arizona*, then the fastest ship afloat, drove against a colossal



From a] THE LINER "ARIZONA," SHOWING HER BOWS CRUMPLED IN BY AN ICEBERG. [*Photo.*

ice-rampart on the Grand Banks while proceeding to Liverpool from New York with five hundred and fifty persons aboard. The collision completely battered in her bows, destroying them in a manner only possible to be understood by referring to the photograph, and crumpling up stout steel beams like so many pieces of straw. The impact made her forepart such a shell of strained plates and girders that she was barely kept afloat until she reached St. John's, the pumps being manned the whole time and all on board fearing that each moment she would sink beneath the waves. After her arrival there some two hundred tons of ice were taken out of her forepeak, the result of her conflict with her silent but deadly enemy. Repairs to enable her to return to New York occupied three months, as she had to have wooden bows put in, and this was a tedious and costly job in a port like St. John's.

The next year the French fishing barque *Montcalm*, with a crew of forty-eight men, struck a berg off Cape Race, and received such injuries that she sank within a few minutes, carrying down her whole ship's company except six men. The Newfoundland fishing-schooner *Trefoil* was destroyed in the same way a few years later, and out of twenty-four souls only two escaped. Many other sailing craft have undoubtedly been lost with all hands from a like cause, leaving no trace of their fate. American fishing-schooners, which are navigated with a recklessness no others attempt, are particularly susceptible to such disasters, and how many of them have been sent to the bottom by ramming bergs will probably never be known. The number can only be conjectured by the total of those which come into collision with the ice-masses and escape in a more or less crippled condition. Several such make Newfoundland ports in a season, and occasionally a starving man in a flimsy boat will be picked up adrift, with a gruesome tale to tell of a midnight horror when a rudely-built fishing-smack went to pieces against a towering, glassy crag.

In 1896 the steamer *Knight Bachelor*, in crossing the Grand Banks in a fog, fouled a berg and tore away her bows so as to leave her a complete wreck forward. Luckily for her, however, she was moving half speed only, and therefore did not strike it with full force, else she would have crumpled up and collapsed like an egg-shell. Even at her low speed she sustained so severe a wound that her escape was little short of a miracle, and she was viewed by thousands after she had made her way into port.

The *Concordia* is another illustration of the damage caused by an iceberg accident. She was steaming out of the Straits of Belle Isle in August, 1899, when she plumped into a sheer wall of ice, an ocean battlement resisting all attacks. Stricken with a gaping wound she backed off and headed away from her immovable antagonist, glad to escape

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE "KNIGHT BACHELOR"—THE RESULT OF AN IMPACT WITH A BERG.
From a] [Photo.

with no worse injury than a bow rent asunder to the foremost bulkhead.

The *Anchoria* some years ago struck a piece of ice with her screw in April and broke her shaft, being then two hundred miles off St. John's. The ship was full of passengers, and, with the winter gales raging over that area, her plight was desperate. A boat's crew volunteered to row for St. John's to get help, and did so in the teeth of the storms, but she was picked up by another steamer and towed along in her wake, reaching there without further mishap, though her passengers were almost crazed with the panic, as the two ships were enmeshed in the floes for a long time, and in danger of being "nipped" by the contending sheets. The *Gascogne*, a French liner, had a similar experience in April, 1898, coming to anchor on the Banks amid the floes and bergs, and being caught there until the piling, rafting masses rose to the height of her rail and threatened to overwhelm her and all on board. She had a total *personnel* of over four hundred, and, there being many women, their terror was extreme, the whole situation proving to be one which nobody on board ever desired a repetition of.

Nothing could be more appalling than the conditions created aboard an ocean steamer filled with passengers when she strikes an iceberg. She is a floating pandemonium, the terror of all accentuated by the fact that there is usually nothing else in sight to take them off if the disaster is of the worst.

In May, 1899, the steamer *Grand Lake*, bound for Boston, went against a berg off Cape Race with two hundred and thirty-five persons aboard, and had to put into St. John's in a sinking condition, lines of passengers with buckets assisting the steamer's pumps in keeping her free of water. The Inman liner *City of Berlin* came near ending her days by poking her prow into a berg on the Grand Banks in a dense fog in April, 1900. Her figure-head was destroyed, her bowsprit carried away, and her stem punctured from deck to keel,



THE SMASHED BOWS OF THE "CONCORDIA," SHOWING THE CARGO.
From a Photo.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] THE "HATASU," AFTER RAMMING TWO BERGS. [*Photo.*

ripping her open well below the water-line. About one hundred tons of ice tumbled on board her, and it was feared at first she would sink. The crash of the onset and the thunder of the ice on deck stampeded the passengers, and they rushed wildly to the deck; but discipline was soon restored, as it was found the ship could still swim so as to make her way to port, which she eventually did after some delay.

A month later the *Hatasu*, a Montreal liner, hit a berg off Cape Race. She ran among a regular fleet of them, it being dense fog at the time, and in steering to avoid one she rammed another. But she was under small headway, and only stove in her stem and plates attached. As the picture shows, her whole stem up to a certain point was crushed back against the bulkhead, the fracture above being as clean as if made with a machine.

It was in a case like this, in 1881, that the steamer *Isabel*, off Cape Race, too, met the accident which sent her to her end with twenty-six souls, only one survivor scrambling on to the berg and being rescued from there a few hours later by a fishing-boat. The *Isabel* in a fog sighted a berg, and altering her helm to pass it by drove against a submerged spur of the flinty crystal, which scored her bottom with a great gash from stem to stern, causing her to turn turtle and go down with all hands but this man, who clung to a grating, and thence made his way up the steep side of the berg, where he was descried later in the day.

In July, 1896, the steamer *John Bright* smashed a great hole in her bows by driving against a berg that lay almost awash, and a similar accident befell the *Rotterdam* only a month later. In



From a] THE "JOHN BRIGHT," STOVE IN BY A LOW-LYING BERG. [*Photo.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

May, 1897, the steamer *Furtor* was disabled by collision with a towering berg, and putting into St. John's was docked, and had a wooden bow constructed. But on resuming her voyage she struck another and shattered this and the bulkhead to which it was fastened, so that she soon filled and sank, her crew being forty hours in open boats before they were rescued. In August, 1898, the *Addington* had her bows beaten in, and in June, 1900, the *Gratia* also impaled herself on a floating hummock. In July, 1903, the steamer *Hedwig* met disaster in a kindred form, and in August the *Baku Standard*, an oil-tanker, hit one of these "growlers," as the Newfoundlanders call them, ripping apart her forepeak.

Sometimes it is a ship's side or bottom that is damaged, just as the point of impact happens to be one or the other. In the summer of 1899 the *Alderney*, threading her way through a berg-strewn region off Cape Race, had one flung against her side, inflicting a wound therein from keel to bulwark, and damaging two compartments so seriously that only the greatest exertion enabled her to reach St. John's in safety. In 1892 the *Imogene* sustained severe damages to her bottom through striking on a submerged shelf of ice, extending several hundred feet from the parent berg to which it was attached. This is one of the greatest risks in traversing waters where bergs are numerous—the fact that the contour above water offers no index to the shape below, a minaret often being superimposed on a vast flat area, stretching out below water in every direction, and a deadly danger to a ship that approaches too near. In 1892 the steamer *Portia*, off St. John's, ran on one of these ledges, and, disturbing the equilibrium of the whole berg, was lifted clear out of water, but broke off the submerged part with her weight and dropped back again with her bottom rent, and her seventy passengers, as well as her crew, panic-stricken at their narrow escape from death, for she would probably have been sunk with all on board but for this fortunate circumstance.



THE "ADDINGTON," WITH HER BOWS BEATEN IN BY A COLLISION WITH A BERG.
From a] [Photo.

But it is not steamers alone which are the victims of contact with these bergs. On May 28th, 1903, the schooner *Wisteria* put into St. John's with her bows stove by having struck a berg a glancing blow in a fog on the Grand Banks the previous night. She was leaking badly, and had she struck the berg head on she must inevitably have foundered. That was the fate of the schooner *Hero*, in July, 1902, in the same vicinity, which collided with a berg under like conditions, only she struck a more direct blow, and shattered every plank in her frame, so that she filled and sank almost instantly, carrying down with her eleven out of the sixteen souls comprising her crew. In September, 1900, off Labrador, the schooner *Czar*, with a fishing crew of sixty-five, came near hurrying them all into eternity when she foundered within an hour after running into a berg. Fortunately another vessel lay near, and she rescued every soul, though by a very small margin. In September, 1903, the barque *Belfast* had to be abandoned off Cape Race because of injuries sustained through collision with a berg, and in October the crew of the French trawler *Vengeur* were found in open boats, their vessel having collided with a fragment and sunk under them.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Outside of the Arctic Circle the region most encumbered by ice is that of which Newfoundland is the centre. Dwellers in other lands can form no idea of the immensity



THE "ALDERNEY," NEARLY SUNK BY AN ICEBERG FALLING AGAINST HER SIDE.
From a Photo.

and strength of the gleaming fields that encircling that seaboard. The winter of 1902-3 was the severest one for a decade, and all classes of shipping were frozen fast in these waters. Ten American fishing-vessels were solidly imprisoned, until spring released them, at Bay of Islands, on the West Coast. The United States cruiser *Seminole*, which was dispatched to their relief, had to abandon the attempt and retreat homeward, fearing to meet a similar fate. Two Canadian cruisers, the *Stanley* and *Minto*, were also enclosed in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Newfoundland mail-boat *Bruce*, although built expressly to contend with ice, was caught for a week near her own coast. On January 18th the steamer *Thorpe*, on a voyage from Nova Scotia to St. John's, encountered immense ice-masses in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, extending beyond the range of vision. It took her eighteen hours to work through the ice, some being forced over the rail, carrying away a section of the bulwarks.

The steel-blue Arctic floes which sweep past these shores bid defiance to every craft that floats. Not even the famous *Ermack*, the Russian ice-breaker, could cope with them. Her work is done in channels, where the ice forms a level field, and where, once having bitten into it, she can crash her way through. But on the Newfoundland coast the floes are formed of Titanic creations rafted many feet high and all welded together by level patches. An ice-drift there resembles nothing so much as a field, with these rafted sections seeming like windrows and bergs here and there like haycocks. The ragged



From a] AN ICEBERG IN THE GRAND BANK WATERS. [*Photo.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ice and chaotic formations, stretching for miles on every side, would daunt the stoutest navigator unaccustomed to such situations, and therefore it is that Newfoundlanders are invariably chosen for this work, and convey to the Arctic regions all the American explorers who venture there by the Greenland route. The officers and crew of the cruiser *Seminole* declared that they would sooner start Poleward than enter the floes near that coast, and assuredly they would be in no greater danger there than they met around this seaboard of the sentinel of the northern seas. Even instances of collisions with crystal masses may fail to impart to the dwellers inland an accurate idea of the gravity and frequency of this peril of floe and berg in the early spring. The passenger even on shipboard does not know how often the course has to be changed to escape them.

There are few more impressive pictures on a fine and clear day than an iceberg, for it can be descried a long distance off, and the sun's rays, playing upon it, make it a spectacle of sublime grandeur. At such times a berg is a scene that none will miss, and even the most sea-sick passengers will crawl on deck when it is reported that there is one in sight. Off the Grand Banks, sometimes, the vistas of bergs are striking in their effects. The passengers on the Red Star liner *Noordland* were treated to the spectacle of eleven bergs, some over two hundred feet high, in sight at the same time in May last, while from the cross-trees the officers could see, about fifteen miles away, the glittering towers of several mammoth floating castles. Such panoramas are not infrequent, and the varied and beautiful forms which the ice-islands assume add immensely to the interest in them.

But nothing more dangerous could be imagined than the presence of one of those ghostly formations looming up through the fog. Look-outs are then doubled, and officers exercise increased caution when the curtain of mist descends over the ice-zone. Liners now signal, by wireless or whistle, the location of bergs which beset their pathway. If they are near or invade the travel-route, the cautious commander will sacrifice a few hours by keeping south a point or two so as to avoid danger. But the movements of bergs are most erratic, they being borne to and fro by the varying currents of the ocean. Therefore no shipmaster can be certain of escaping from them, and usually the first indication he has of their presence is when his ship runs against one. Landsmen talk of sailors detecting the bergs through the drop in the temperature caused by the cold given off from the immense frozen mass becoming noticeable by them, and it is also alleged that they "smell" the bergs; but the Newfoundlanders, the most expert ice-navigators in the world, ridicule this, their experience being that there is no means of becoming aware of the presence of a berg save through the ghostly radiance it throws off as it approaches.

Because of the ice the Grand Bank waters are but little navigated during several months of the year. Even the Atlantic liners had to abandon them owing to the presence of this menace. The experience of all shipping men is that an ice-cumbered ocean is only navigable by specially-built ships, and even then the greatest caution must be observed. That, too, is the experience of other countries with a peri-Arctic aspect. The widespread fields of frigid blue are not to be traversed with impunity by every "tin-pot" of a steamer, built only for contending against wind and wave. The blow of an ice-hummock would fracture the plates of one of these as it would an egg-shell. Russia's troubles in this respect brought out the *Ermack*. On the Great Lakes there are powerful ferries that smash their way through flats of ice many inches thick. But this is but as porridge compared with the massive proportions of the Arctic floe in Newfoundland waters. Seven-eighths of an ice-block are below water, so when one sees an expanse of ice five or six feet high one knows that it is forty feet below the surface and a positive menace to everything near that is the creation of human hands.

The physical difficulties these facts involve are neither few nor trivial, and to cope with them is almost beyond human power. There is nothing that can withstand floes or bergs; they defy every fabric afloat and the most ingenious contrivances of human skill; and unless some extraordinary invention will enable ships to detect the presence of ice in the vicinity through the pall of fog which enshrouds this area, this peril must continue to be the most serious limitation to scientific progress, marine architecture, and business endeavour in the navigating of the North Atlantic.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER V.

MR. CHALK'S expedition to the Southern Seas became a standing joke with the captain, and he waylaid him on several occasions to inquire into the progress he was making, and to give him advice suitable for all known emergencies at sea, together with a few that are unknown. Even Mr. Chalk began to tire of his pleasantries, and, after listening to a surprising account of a Scotch vessel which always sailed backwards when the men whistled on Sundays, signified his displeasure by staying away from Dialstone Lane for some time.

Deprived of his society the captain consoled himself with that of Edward Tredgold, a young man for whom he was beginning to entertain a strong partiality, and whose observations of Binchester folk, flavoured with a touch of good-natured malice, were a source of never-failing interest.

"He is very wide-awake," he said to his niece. "There isn't much that escapes him."

Miss Drewitt, gazing idly out of window, said that she had not noticed it.

"Very clever at his business, I understand," said the captain.

His niece said that he had always appeared to her—when she had happened to give the matter a thought—as a picture of indolence.

"Ah! that's only his manner," replied the other, warmly. "He's a young man that's going to get on; he's going to make his

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mark. His father's got money, and he'll make more of it."

Something in the tone of his voice attracted his niece's attention, and she looked at him sharply as an almost incredible suspicion as to the motive of this conversation flashed on her.

"I don't like to see young men too fond of money," she observed, sedately.

"I didn't say that," said the captain, eagerly. "If anything, he is too open-handed. What I meant was that he isn't lazy.".

"He seems to be very fond of coming to see you," said Prudence, by way of encouragement.

"Ah!" said the captain, "and——"

He stopped abruptly as the girl faced round.

"And?" she prompted.

"And the crow's-nest," concluded the captain, somewhat lamely.

There was no longer room for doubt. Scarce two months ashore and he was trying his hand at match-making. Fresh from a world of obedient satellites, and ships responding to the lightest touch of the helm, he was venturing with all the confidence of ignorance upon the most delicate of human undertakings. Miss Drewitt, eyeing him with perfect comprehension and some little severity, sat aghast at his hardihood.

"He's very fond of going up there," said Captain Bowers, somewhat discomfited.

"Yes, he and Joseph have much in common," remarked Miss Drewitt, casually. "They're somewhat alike, too, I always fancy."

"*Alike!*" exclaimed the astonished captain. "Edward Tredgold like Joseph? Why, you must be dreaming."

"Perhaps it's only my fancy," conceded Miss Drewitt, "but I always think that I can see a likeness."

"There isn't the slightest resemblance in the world," said the captain. "There isn't a single feature alike. Besides, haven't you ever noticed what a stupid expression Joseph has got?"

"Yes," said Miss Drewitt.

The captain scratched his ear and regarded her closely, but Miss Drewitt's face was statuesque in its repose.

"There—there's nothing wrong with your eyes, my dear?" he ventured, anxiously—"short sight or anything of that sort?"

"I don't think so," said his niece, gravely.

Captain Bowers shifted in his chair and, convinced that such a superficial observer must have overlooked many things, pointed out several admirable qualities in Edward Tredgold which he felt sure must have escaped her notice. The surprise with which Miss Drewitt greeted them all confirmed him in this opinion, and he was glad to think that he had called her attention to them ere it was too late.

"He's very popular in Binchester," he said, impressively. "Chalk told me that he is surprised he has not been married before now, seeing the way that he is run after."

"Dear me!" said his niece, with suppressed viciousness.

The captain smiled. He resolved to stand out for a long engagement when Mr. Tredgold came to him, and to stipulate also that they should not leave Binchester. An admirer in London to whom his niece had once or twice alluded—forgetting to mention that he was only ten—began to fade into what the captain considered proper obscurity.

Mr. Edward Tredgold reaped some of the benefits of this conversation when he called a day or two afterwards. The captain was out, but, encouraged by Mr. Tasker, who represented that his return might be looked for at any moment, he waited for over an hour, and was on the point of departure when Miss Drewitt entered.

"I should think that you must be tired of waiting?" she said, when he had explained.

"I was just going," said Mr. Tredgold, as he resumed his seat. "If you had been five minutes later you would have found an empty chair. I suppose Captain Bowers won't be long now?"

"He might be," said the girl.

"I'll give him a little while longer if I may," said Mr. Tredgold. "I'm very glad now that I waited—very glad indeed."

There was so much meaning in his voice that Miss Drewitt felt compelled to ask the reason.

"Because I was tired when I came in and the rest has done me good," explained Mr. Tredgold, with much simplicity. "Do you know that I sometimes think I work too hard?"

Miss Drewitt raised her eyebrows slightly and said, "Indeed! I am very glad that you are rested," she added, after a pause.

"Thank you," said Mr. Tredgold, gratefully. "I came to see the captain about a card-table I've discovered for him. It's a Queen Anne, I believe; one of the best things I've ever seen. It's poked away in the back room of a cottage, and I only discovered it by accident."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"It's very kind of you," said Miss Drewitt, coldly, "but I don't think that my uncle wants any more furniture; the room is pretty full now."

"I was thinking of it for your room," said Mr. Tredgold.

"Thank you, but my room is full," said the girl, sharply.

"It would go in that odd little recess by the fireplace," continued the unmoved Mr. Tredgold. "We tried to get a small table for it before you came, but we couldn't see anything we fancied. I promised the captain I'd keep my eyes open for something."

Miss Drewitt looked at him with growing indignation, and wondered whether Mr. Chalk had added her to his list of the victims of Mr. Tredgold's blandishments.

Drewitt, firmly. "Please don't say anything to my uncle about it."

Mr. Tredgold looked disappointed. "As you please, of course," he remarked.

"Old things always seem a little bit musty," said the girl, softening a little. "I should think that I saw the ghosts of dead and gone players sitting round the table. I remember reading a story about that once."

"Well, what about the other things?" said Mr. Tredgold. "Look at those old chairs, full of ghosts sitting piled up in each other's laps—there's no reason why you should only see one sitter at a time. Think of that beautifully-carved four-poster."

"My uncle bought that," said Miss Drewitt, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Yes, but I got it for him," said Mr. Tred-



"'DONE WITH IT?' REPEATED THE GIRL, IN A STARTLED VOICE."

"Why not buy it for yourself?" she demanded.

"No money," said Mr. Tredgold, shaking his head. "You forget that I lost two pounds to Chalk the other day, owing to your efforts."

"Well, I don't wish for it," said Miss

gold. "You can't pick up a thing like that at a moment's notice—I had my eye on it for years; all the time old Brown was bedridden, in fact. I used to go and see him and take him tobacco, and he promised me that I should have it when he had done with it."

"Done with it?" repeated the girl, in a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

startled voice. "Did—did he get another one, then?"

Mr. Tredgold, roused from the pleasurable reminiscences of a collector, remembered himself suddenly. "Oh, yes, he got another one," he said, soothingly.

"Is—is he bedridden now?" inquired the girl.

"I haven't seen him for some time," said Mr. Tredgold, truthfully. "He gave up smoking and—and then I didn't go to see him, you know."

"He's dead," said Miss Drewitt, shivering. "He died in—— Oh, you are horrible!"

"That carving——" began Mr. Tredgold.

"Don't talk about it, please," said the indignant Miss Drewitt. "I can't understand why my uncle should have listened to your advice at all; you must have forced it on him. I'm sure he didn't know how you got it."

"Yes, he did," said the other. "In fact, it was intended for his room at first. He was quite pleased with it."

"Why did he alter his mind, then?" inquired the girl.

Mr. Tredgold looked suddenly at the opposite wall, but his lips quivered and his eyes watered. Miss Drewitt, reading these signs aright, was justly incensed.

"I don't believe it," she cried.

"He said that you didn't know and he did," said Mr. Tredgold, apologetically. "I talk too much. I'd no business to let out about old Brown, but I forgot for the moment—sailors are always prone to childish superstitions."

"Are you talking about my uncle?" inquired Miss Drewitt, with ominous calm.

"They were his own words," said the other.

Miss Drewitt, feeling herself baffled, sat for some time wondering how to find fault politely with the young man before her. Her mind was full of subject-matter, but the politeness easily eluded her. She threw out after a time the suggestion that his presence at the bedside of sick people was not likely to add to their comfort.

Captain Bowers entered before the aggrieved Mr. Tredgold could think of a fitting reply, and after a hasty greeting insisted upon his staying for a cup of tea. By a glance in the visitor's direction and a faint smile Miss Drewitt was understood to endorse the invitation.

The captain's satisfaction at finding them together was complete, but a little misunderstanding was caused all round, when Mr. Tasker came in with the tea, by the series of nods and blinks by which the captain strove to call his niece's attention to various facial and other differences between his servant and their visitor. Mr. Tredgold, after standing it for some time, created a little consternation by inquiring whether he had got a smut on his nose.

The captain was practically the only talker at tea, but the presence of two attentive listeners prevented him from discovering the fact. He described his afternoon's ramble at such length that it was getting late by the time they had finished.

"Stay and smoke a pipe," he said, as he sought his accustomed chair.

Mr. Tredgold assented in the usual manner by saying that he ought to be going, and instead of one pipe smoked three or four. The light failed and the lamp was lit, but he still stayed on until the sound of subdued but argumentative voices beyond the drawn blind apprised them of other visitors. The thin tones of Mr. Chalk came through the open window, apparently engaged in argument with a bear. A faint sound of hustling and growling, followed by a gentle bumping against the door, seemed to indicate that he —or perhaps the bear—was having recourse to physical force.

"Come in," cried the captain.

The door opened and Mr. Chalk, somewhat flushed, entered, leading Mr. Stobell. The latter gentleman seemed in a surly and reluctant frame of mind, and having exchanged greetings subsided silently into a chair and sat eyeing Mr. Chalk, who, somewhat nervous as to his reception after so long an absence, plunged at once into conversation.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, pleasantly, to Edward Tredgold.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Tredgold, with what Mr. Chalk thought unnecessary abruptness.

"Well—well, because you generally are here, I suppose," he said, somewhat taken aback.

Mr. Tredgold favoured him with a scowl and a somewhat uncomfortable silence ensued.

"Stobell wanted to see you again," said Mr. Chalk, turning to the captain. "He's done nothing but talk about you ever since he was here last."

Captain Bowers said he was glad to see him; Mr. Stobell returned the courtesy with an odd noise in his throat and a strange glare at Mr. Chalk.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"MR. CHALK ENTERED, LEADING MR. STOBELL."

"I met him to-night," continued that gentleman, "and nothing would do for him but to come on here."

It was evident from the laboured respiration of the ardent Mr. Stobell, coupled with a word or two which had filtered through the window, that the ingenious Mr. Chalk was using him as a stalking-horse. From the fact that Mr. Stobell made no denial it was none the less evident, despite the growing blackness of his appearance, that he was a party to the arrangement. The captain began to see the reason.

"It's all about that island," explained Mr. Chalk; "he can talk of nothing else."

The captain suppressed a groan, and Mr. Tredgold endeavoured, but without success, to exchange smiles with Miss Drewitt.

"Aye, aye," said the captain, desperately.

"He's as eager as a child that's going to its first pantomime," continued Mr. Chalk.

Mr. Stobell's appearance was so alarming that he broke off and eyed him with growing uneasiness.

"You were talking about a pantomime," said Mr. Tredgold, after a long pause.

Mr. Chalk cast an imploring glance at Mr. Stobell to remind him of their compact, and resumed.

"Talks of nothing else," he said, watching his friend, "and can't sleep for thinking of it."

"That's bad," said Mr. Tredgold, sympathetically. "Has he tried shutting his eyes and counting sheep jumping over a stile?"

"No, he *ain't*," said Mr. Stobell, exploding suddenly, and turning a threatening glance on the speaker. "And what's more," he added, in more ordinary tones, "he ain't going to."

"We—we've been thinking of that trip again," interposed Mr. Chalk, hurriedly. "The more Stobell thinks of it the more he likes it. You know what you said the last time we were here?"

The captain wrinkled his brows and looked at him inquiringly.

"Told us to go and find the island," Mr. Chalk reminded him. "You said, 'I've shown you a map of the island; now go and find it.'"

"Oh, aye," said the captain, with a laugh, "so I did."

"Stobell was wondering," continued Mr. Chalk, "whether you couldn't give us just a little bit more of a hint, without breaking your word, of course."

"I don't see how it could be done," replied the captain, pondering; "a promise is a promise."

Mr. Chalk's face fell. He moved his chair aside mechanically to make room for Mr. Tasker, who had entered with a tray and glasses, and sat staring at the floor. Then he raised his eyes and met a significant glance from Mr. Stobell.

"I suppose we may have another look at the map?" he said, softly; "just a glance to freshen our memories."

The captain, who had drawn his chair to the table to preside over the tray, looked up impatiently.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"No," he said, brusquely.

Mr. Chalk looked hurt. "I'm very sorry," he said, in surprise at the captain's tone. "You showed it to us the other day, and I didn't think——"

"The fact is," said the captain, in a more gentle voice—"the fact is, I can't."

"Can't?" repeated the other.

"It is not very pleasant to keep on refusing friends," said the captain, making amends for his harshness by pouring a serious overdose of whisky into Mr. Chalk's glass, "and it's only natural for you to be anxious about it, so I removed the temptation out of my way."

"Removed the temptation?" repeated Mr. Chalk.

"I burnt the map," said the captain, with a smile.

"*Burnt* it?" gasped Mr. Chalk. "BURNT it?"

"Burnt it to ashes," said the captain, jovially. "It's a load off my mind. I ought to have done it before. In fact, I never ought to have made the map at all."

Mr. Chalk stared at him in speechless dismay.

"Try that," said the captain, handing Mr. Stobell his glass.

Mr. Stobell took it from mere force of habit, and sat holding it in his hand as though he had forgotten what to do with it.

"I did it yesterday morning," said the captain, noticing their consternation. "I had just lit my pipe after breakfast, and I suppose the match put me in mind of it. I took out the map and set light to it at Cape Silvio. The flame ran half-way round the coast and then popped through the middle of the paper and converted Mount Lonesome into a volcano."

He gave a boisterous laugh and, raising his glass, nodded to Mr. Stobell. Mr. Stobell, who was just about to drink, lowered his glass again and frowned.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," he said, deliberately.

"He can't have been listening," said Mr. Tredgold, in a low voice, to Miss Drewitt.

"Well, it's done now," said the captain, genially. "You—you're not going?"

"Yes, I am," said Mr. Stobell.

He bade them good-night, and then pausing at the door stood and surveyed them; even Mr. Tasker, who was gliding in unobtrusively with a jug of water, shared in his regards.

"When I think of the orphans and widows," he said, bitterly, "I——"

He opened the door suddenly and, closing it behind him, breathed the rest to Dialstone Lane. An aged woman sitting in a doorway said, "*Hush!*"

CHAPTER VI.

MISS DREWITT sat for some time in her room after the visitors had departed, eyeing with some disfavour the genuine antiques which she owed to the enterprise, not to say officiousness, of Edward Tredgold. That they were in excellent taste was undeniable, but there was a flavour of age and a suspicion of decay about them which did not make for cheerfulness.

She rose at last, and taking off her watch went through the nightly task of wondering where she had put the key after using it last. It was not until she had twice made a fruitless tour of the room with the candle that she remembered that she had left it on the mantelpiece downstairs.

The captain was still below, and after a moment's hesitation she opened her door and went softly down the steep winding stairs.

The door at the foot stood open, and revealed the captain standing by the table. There was an air of perplexity and anxiety about him such as she had never seen before, and as she waited he crossed to the bureau, which stood open, and searched feverishly among the papers which littered it. Apparently dissatisfied with the result, he moved it out bodily and looked behind and beneath it. Coming to an erect position again he suddenly became aware of the presence of his niece.

"It's gone," he said, in an amazed voice.

"Gone?" repeated Prudence. "What has gone?"

"The map," said the captain, fumbling his beard. "I put it in this end pigeon-hole the other night after showing it and I haven't touched it since; and it's gone."

"But you *burnt* it!" said Prudence, with an astonished laugh.

The captain started. "No; I was going to," he said, eyeing her in manifest confusion.

"But you said that you had," persisted his niece.

"Yes," stammered the captain, "I know I did, but I hadn't. I was just looking ahead a bit, that was all. I went to the bureau just now to do it."

Miss Drewitt eyed him with mild reproach. "You even described how you did it," she said, slowly. "You said that Mount Lonesome turned into a volcano. Wasn't it true?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE MOVED IT OUT BODILY AND LOOKED BEHIND AND BENEATH IT."

"Figure o' speech, my dear," said the unhappy captain; "I've got a talent for description that runs away with me at times."

His niece gazed at him in perplexity.

"You know what Chalk is," said Captain Bowers, appealingly. "I *was* going to do it yesterday, only I forgot it, and he would have gone down on his knees for another sight of it. I don't like to seem disobliging to friends, and it seemed to me a good way out of it. Chalk is so eager—it's like refusing a child, and I hurt his feelings only the other day."

"Perhaps you burnt it after all and forgot it?" said Prudence.

For the first time in her knowledge of him the captain got irritable with her. "I've not burnt it," he said, sharply. "Where's that Joseph? He must know something about it!"

He moved to the foot of the staircase, but Miss Drewitt laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Joseph was in the room when you said that you had burnt it," she exclaimed. "You can't contradict yourself like that before him. Besides, I'm sure he has had nothing to do with it."

"Somebody's got it," grumbled her uncle, pausing.

He dropped into his chair and looked at her in consternation. "*Good heavens!* Suppose they go after it," he said, in a choking voice.

"Well, it won't be your fault," said Prudence. "You haven't broken your word intentionally."

But the captain paid no heed. He was staring wild-eyed into vacancy and rumpling his grey hair until it stood at all angles. His face reflected varying emotions.

"Somebody has got it," he said again.

"Whoever it is will get no good by it," said Miss Drewitt, who had had a pious upbringing.

"And if they've got the map they'll go after the island," said the captain, pursuing his train of thought.

"Perhaps they won't find it after all," said Prudence.

"Perhaps they won't," said the captain, gruffly.

He got up and paced the room restlessly. Prudence, watching him with much sympathy, had a sudden idea.

"Edward Tredgold was in here alone this afternoon," she said, significantly.

"No, no," said the captain, warmly. "Whoever has got it, it isn't Edward Tredgold. I expect the talk about it has leaked out and somebody has slipped in and taken it. I ought to have been more careful."

"He started when you said that you had burnt it," persisted Miss Drewitt, unwilling to give up a theory so much to her liking. "You mark my words if his father and Mr. Chalk and that Mr. Stobell don't go away for a holiday soon. Good-night."

She kissed him affectionately under the left eye—a place overlooked by his beard—and went upstairs again. The captain filled his pipe and, resuming his chair, sat in a brown study until the clock of the neighbouring church struck two.

It was about the same time that Mr. Chalk fell asleep, thoroughly worn out by the events of the evening and a conversation

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

with Mr. Stobell and Mr. Tredgold, whom he had met on the way home waiting for him.

The opinion of Mr. Tredgold senior, an opinion in which Mr. Stobell fully acquiesced, was that Mr. Chalk had ruined everything by displaying all along a youthful impetuosity sadly out of place in one of his years and standing. The offender's plea that he had thought it best to strike while the iron was hot only exposed him to further contumely.

"Well, it's no good talking about it," said Mr. Tredgold, impatiently. "It's all over now and done with."

"Half a million clean chucked away," said Mr. Stobell.

Mr. Chalk shook his head and, finding that his friends had by no means exhausted the subject, suddenly bethought himself of an engagement and left them.

Miss Vickers, who heard the news from Mr. Joseph Tasker, received it with an amount of amazement highly gratifying to his powers as a narrator. Her strongly-expressed opinion afterwards that he had misunderstood what he had heard was not so agreeable.

"I suppose I can believe my own ears?" he said, in an injured voice.

"He must have been making fun of them all," said Selina. "He couldn't have burnt it—he couldn't."

"Why not?" inquired the other, surprised at her vehemence.

Miss Vickers hesitated. "Because it would be such a silly thing to do," she said, at last. "Now, tell me what you heard all over again—slow."

Mr. Tasker complied.

"I can't make head or tail of it," said Miss Vickers when he had finished.

"Seems simple enough to me," said Joseph, staring at her.

"All things seem simple when you don't know them," said Miss Vickers, vaguely.

She walked home in a thoughtful mood, and for a day or two went about the house with an air of preoccupation which was a source of much speculation to the family. George Vickers, aged six, was driven to the verge of madness by being washed three times in succession one morning; a gag of well-soaped flannel being applied with mechanical regularity each time that he strove to point out the unwashed condition of Martha and Charles. His turn came when the exultant couple, charged with having made themselves dirty in the shortest time on record, were deprived of their breakfast. Mr. Vickers, having committed one or two minor misdemeanours unchallenged, attributed his daughter's condition to love, and began to speak of that passion with more indulgence than he had done since his marriage.

Miss Vickers's abstraction, however, lasted but three days. On the fourth she was herself again, and, having spent the day in hard work, dressed herself with unusual care in the evening and went out.

The evening was fine and the air, to one who had been at work indoors all day, delightful. Miss Vickers walked briskly along with the smile of a person who has solved a difficult problem, but as she drew near the Horse and Groom, a hostelry of retiring habits, standing well back from the road, the smile faded and she stood face to face with the stern realities of life.

A few yards from the side-door Mr. Vickers stood smoking a contemplative pipe; the side-door itself had just closed behind a tall man in corduroys, who bore in his right hand a large mug made of pewter.

"Ho!" said Selina, "so this is how you go on the moment my back is turned, is it?"

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Mr. Vickers, blustering.

"You know what I mean," said his daughter, "standing outside and sending Bill Russell in to get you beer. That's what I mean."

Mr. Vickers turned, and with a little dramatic start intimated that he had caught sight of Mr. Russell for the first time that evening. Mr. Russell himself sought to improve the occasion.

"Wish I may die——" he began, solemnly.

"Like a policeman," continued Selina, regarding her father indignantly.

"I wish I *was* a policeman," muttered Mr. Vickers. "I'd show some of you."

"What have you got to say for yourself?" demanded Miss Vickers, shortly.

"Nothing," said the culprit. "I s'pose I can stand where I like? There's no law agin it."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't send Bill in to get you some beer?" said his daughter.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Vickers, with great indignation. "I shouldn't think of such a thing."

"I shouldn't get it if 'e did," said Mr. Russell, virtuously.

"Whose beer is it, then?" said Selina.

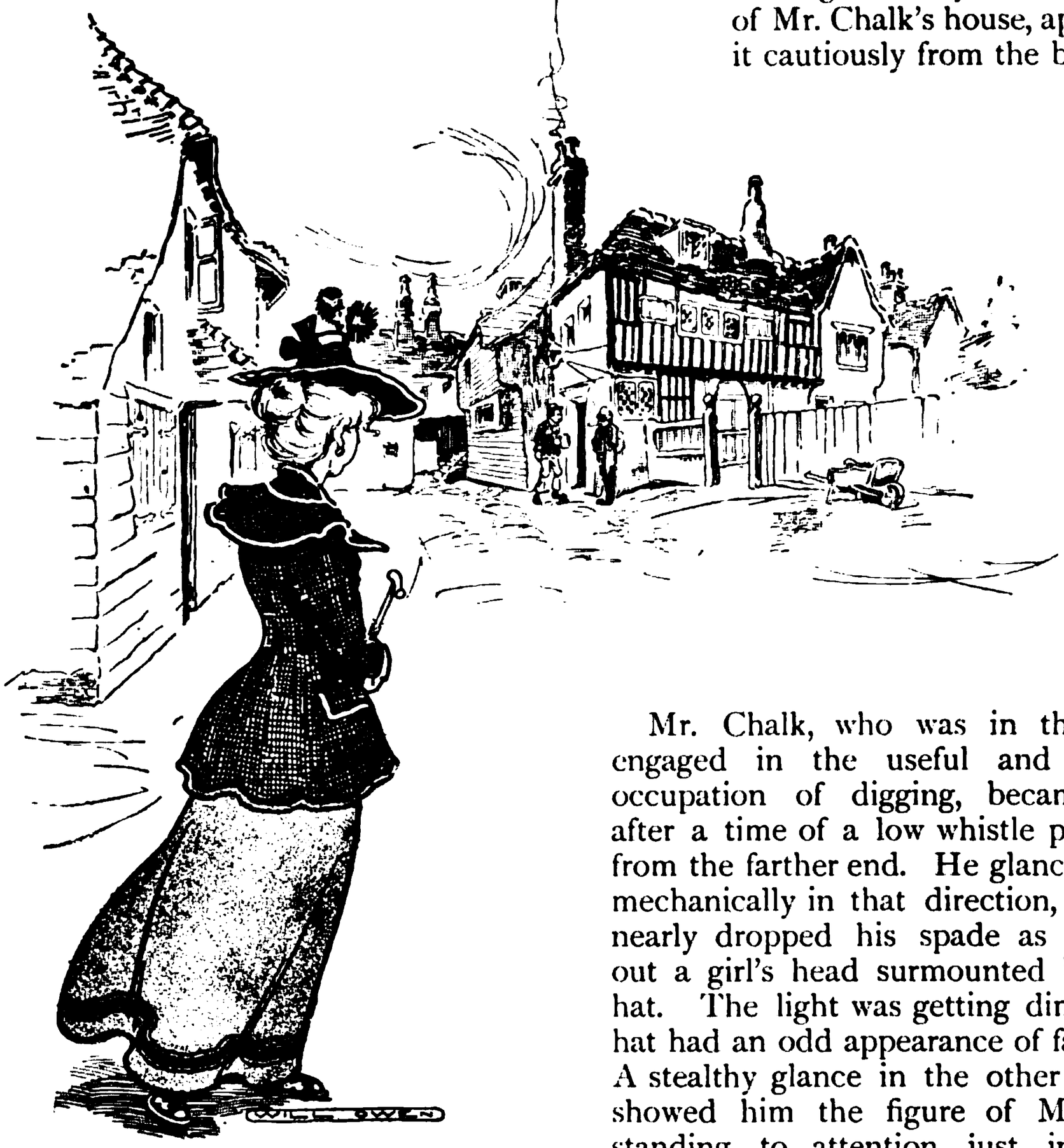
"Why, Bill's, I s'pose; how should I know?" replied Mr. Vickers.

"Yes, it's mine," said Mr. Russell.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Drink it up, then," commanded Miss Vickers, sternly.

Both men started, and then Mr. Russell, bestowing a look of infinite compassion upon



"SHE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH THE STERN REALITIES OF LIFE."

his unfortunate friend, raised the mug obediently to his sensitive lips. Always a kind-hearted man, he was glad when the gradual tilting necessary to the occasion had blotted out the picture of indignation which raged helplessly before him.

"I 'ope you're satisfied now," he said severely to the girl, as he turned a triumphant glance on Mr. Vickers, which that gentleman met with a cold stare.

Miss Vickers paid no heed. "You get off home," she said to her father; "I'll see to the Horse and Groom to-morrow."

Mr. Vickers muttered something under his breath, and then, with a forlorn attempt at dignity, departed.

Miss Vickers, ignoring the remarks of one or two fathers of families who were volunteering information as to what they would do if she were their daughter, watched him out of sight and resumed her walk. She turned once or twice as though to make sure that she was not observed, and then, making her way in the direction of Mr. Chalk's house, approached it cautiously from the back.

Mr. Chalk, who was in the garden engaged in the useful and healthful occupation of digging, became aware after a time of a low whistle proceeding from the farther end. He glanced almost mechanically in that direction, and then nearly dropped his spade as he made out a girl's head surmounted by a large hat. The light was getting dim, but the hat had an odd appearance of familiarity. A stealthy glance in the other direction showed him the figure of Mrs. Chalk standing to attention just inside the open French windows of the drawing-room.

The whistle came again, slightly increased in volume. Mr. Chalk, pausing merely to wipe his brow, which had suddenly become very damp, bent to his work with renewed vigour. It is an old idea that whistling aids manual labour; Mr. Chalk, moistening his lips with a tongue grown all too feverish for the task, began to whistle a popular air with much liveliness.

The idea was ingenious, but hopeless from the start. The whistle at the end of the garden became piercing in its endeavour to attract attention, and, what was worse, developed an odd note of entreaty. Mr. Chalk, pale with apprehension, could bear no more.

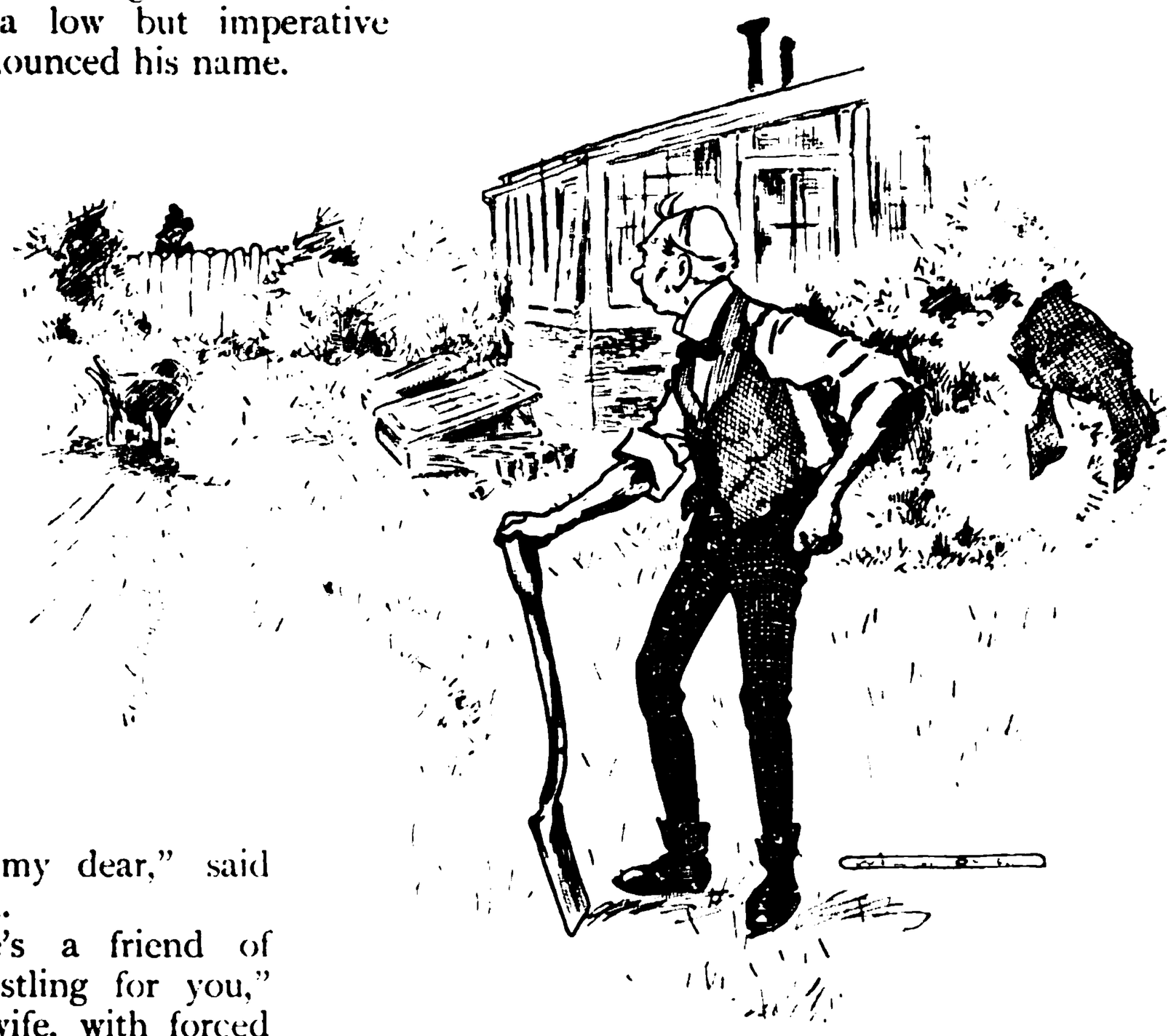
"Well, I think I've done enough for one night," he observed, cheerfully and loudly, as

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he thrust his spade into the ground and took his coat from a neighbouring bush.

He turned to go indoors and, knowing his wife's objection to dirty boots, made for the door near the kitchen. As he passed the drawing-room window, however, a low but imperative voice pronounced his name.



"HE MADE OUT A GIRL'S HEAD SURMOUNTED BY A LARGE HAT."

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.

"There's a friend of yours whistling for you," said his wife, with forced calmness.

"Whistling?" said Mr. Chalk, with as much surprise as a man could assume in face of the noise from the bottom of the garden.

"Do you mean to tell me you can't hear it?" demanded his wife, in a choking voice.

Mr. Chalk lost his presence of mind. "I thought it was a bird," he said, assuming a listening attitude.

"*Bird?*" gasped the indignant Mrs. Chalk. "Look down there. Do you call that a bird?"

Mr. Chalk looked and uttered a little cry of astonishment.

"I suppose she wants to see one of the servants," he said, at last; "but why doesn't she go round to the side entrance? I shall have to speak to them about it."

Mrs. Chalk drew herself up and eyed him with superb disdain.

"Go down and speak to her," she commanded.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Chalk, braving her, although his voice trembled.

"Why not?"

"Because if I did you would ask me what she said, and when I told you you wouldn't believe me," said Mr. Chalk.

"You—you decline to go down?" said his wife, in a voice shaking with emotion.

"I do," said Mr. Chalk, firmly. "Why don't you go yourself?"

Mrs. Chalk eyed him for a moment in scornful silence, and then stepped to the window and sailed majestically down the garden. Mr. Chalk watched her, with parted lips, and then he began to breathe more freely as the whistle ceased and the head suddenly disappeared. Still a little nervous, he watched his wife to the end of the garden and saw her crane her head over the fence. By the time she returned he was sitting in an attitude of careless ease, with his back to the window.

"Well?" he said, with assurance.

Mrs. Chalk stood stock-still, and the intensity of her gaze drew Mr. Chalk's eyes to her face despite his will. For a few seconds she gazed at him in silence, and then, drawing her skirts together, swept violently out of the room.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LXXIII.—A VINERY OF MELONS.



From a] THE COMBINATION PICTURE, MADE UP OF THE THREE FOLLOWING. [*Photo.*

SOME time ago an Eastern lady visited California, and on her return home she, of course, had something to say about the wonderful size of Californian fruits. She had not a very good memory for figures; but her reports were patiently enough received until she spoke of grapes weighing such an incredible number of pounds to the bunch that her auditors had to protest. With a view to vindication she thereupon wrote to her Western friends asking for a photograph showing just how grapes do grow in California. In due time she received the picture of the loaded grape-arbour above reproduced.

To old-fashioned folk who think that photographs, like figures, do not lie, this picture is an excellent example of what an expert photographer can do with his negatives. It is, in fact, printed from a combination of

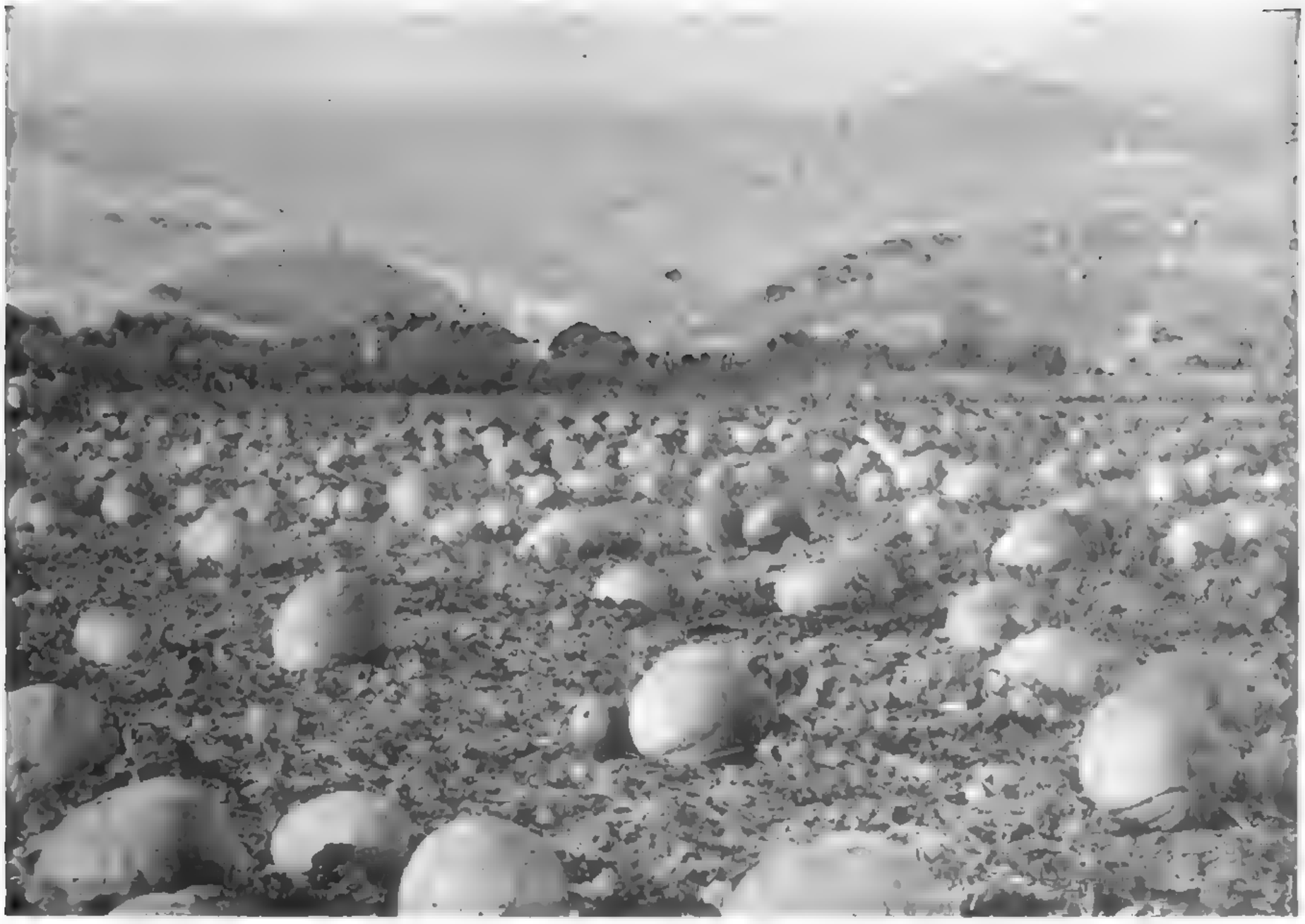


A GRAPE-VINE AT CARPENTERIA, CALIFORNIA, FROM WHICH THE VINE IN THE COMBINATION PICTURE IS TAKEN.

From a] [*Photo.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A FIELD OF MELONS—THE LOWER PORTION OF THIS PICTURE, TURNED UPSIDE DOWN, PRODUCES IN THE COMBINATION PICTURE THE EFFECT OF MELONS HANGING ON THE VINE.
From a] [*Photo.*

three negatives, carefully pieced together, which represent three entirely different scenes, and which are also reproduced with this. The basis of the combination picture, at the bottom of the previous page, shows the huge grape-vine at Carpenteria, California, supported from its extensive arbour.

Upon the negative of this was superimposed, but upside down, the lower half of the photograph shown above, which is the picture of a field of Californian pumpkins ready for harvesting. Then a section of the last photograph, showing the farmers loading the pumpkins upon the waggon, was added, and the result was the combination photograph representing grapes as big as pumpkins. The credit of this ingenious picture, which, it is perhaps needless to say, was intended only for a joke, is due to Mr. N. H. Reed, Santa Barbara, California.



PART OF THIS PICTURE WILL ALSO BE SEEN REPRODUCED IN THE COMBINATION PHOTOGRAPH.
From a Photo.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LXXIV.—THE ROMANCE OF A RUG.

By G. Lynch.

In the museum of Oriental art of M. Pardo, at Constantinople, is to be seen what is probably the most precious carpet in the world.

Its history is very interesting. In the fourteenth century there was great rivalry between Turkey and Persia in that branch of textile art in which both countries excelled. The rivalry and competition had been so keen that the Shah Abbas sent to Mahomet III. five carpets by way of a triumphant challenge to the Turkish artists. He believed that nobody in Turkey could equal, much less surpass, them, and the chronicles of the time recount that they were beautiful beyond anything that had hitherto been seen in the East. Celebrated as these carpets were, thrown down as a challenge-glove, they disappeared utterly, and up to eighteen months ago, despite the efforts of collectors, they seem to have been completely lost.

One day a very old man, shabbily dressed, came to M. Pardo's office and told him that he had an old rug which had been in his family for generations. The family legend connected with it was that in the reign of Mahomet III. a very beautiful daughter of the house had been selected for the harem of the Sultan, with whom she had become a great favourite. As is customary with those who occupy that position, she was allowed to send to her family presents of articles from the palace, and it was in this way that the rug had come into the possession of his family. He said that he would like M. Pardo to look at it, to see if it were of any value.

It was a matter of daily occurrence in M. Pardo's establishment to have people coming to offer old carpets for sale, and it was not until after a second visit that the old man induced M. Pardo to go and inspect it. When he did so he was struck dumb with astonishment and, as he told me himself, his heart began to palpitate so violently that he did not know what was going to happen to him. A connoisseur and expert from his youth upwards, he realized the magnitude of his discovery. Here was a piece of work surpassing anything that he had ever seen, and which could be nothing else than one of those five carpets sent by the Shah of Persia at the time of that international duel. It was not in good preservation, and that portion of the pattern which had been covered with gold thread had almost entirely disappeared, but even as it stood it was to carpets what the Venus de Milo is to statuary.

Filled with suppressed excitement and scarcely trusting himself to speak, he left the old man with the understanding that he should hear from him later on. He spent a sleepless night, troubled with conflicting emotions. He felt he could not tell the old man that the carpet was worthless and obtain it from him, as he might, for a few pounds. On the other hand, if he were to inform him that he was in the possession of a treasure it would inevitably result in the competition of many rival bidders. He also felt that he was entitled to the reward of his discovery.

Finally he returned to the old man, told him that the carpet was certainly worth fifty pounds, but that he was prepared to give him one hundred pounds if he sold it to him there and then, without offering it to the competition of other buyers. The owner refused, however, to part with it at all. It is needless to go into the particulars of seven weeks' negotiation, during which time M. Pardo says that he did not enjoy a single night's sound sleep. The old man was not so hard up that it was absolutely necessary for him to part with his treasure. He spoke frequently of showing it to the curator of the Constantinople State Museum, which would have been fatal to M. Pardo.

One fine day a policeman came to the old man and told him that it had come to the ears of the Sultan that he was the possessor of this carpet, and that before night it was going to be confiscated. Within an hour of that time M. Pardo came along; the owner seemed more willing to sell, but at a higher price than he had been already offered. Roll after roll of notes came from Pardo's pockets; he felt recklessly excited when so near grasping his prize. Finally a bargain was struck, and he wound the rug like a cummerbund inside his overcoat, donned a Turkish disguise of beard, spectacles, and green-turbaned fez, with which he had provided himself for the purpose of greater precaution, and so reached a closed carriage which he had in waiting for him a mile away and drove to his house as fast as the horses could go.

The expenditure on its acquisition was small in comparison to that required for the work of restoration which lay before him.

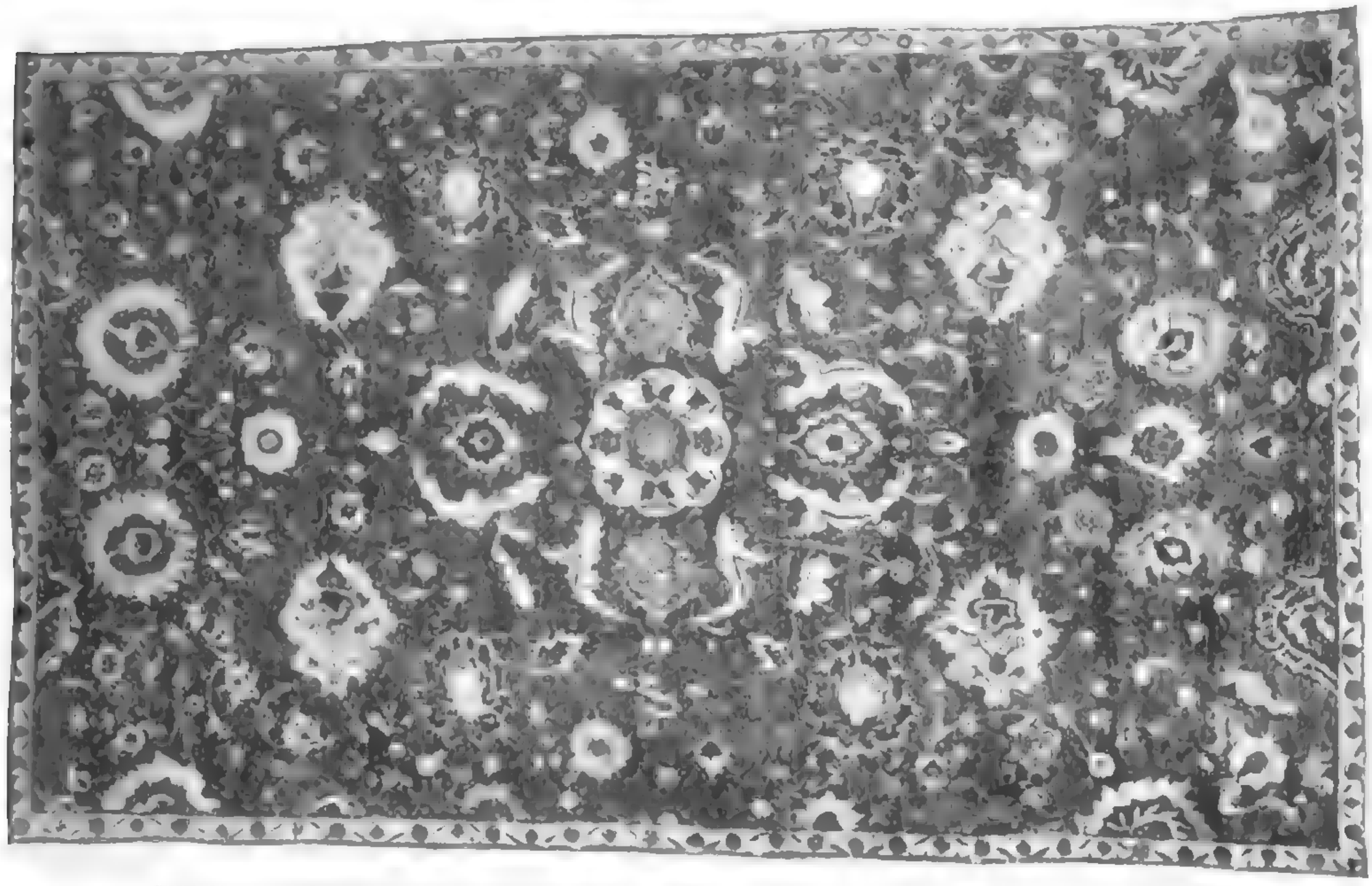
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

So fine was the texture of the carpet that he found it almost impossible to procure any workers of sufficient knowledge and delicate dexterity to be capable of dealing with the task. The secret of replacing the goldwork seemed to be altogether lost. After a long and tiring search he at length discovered two Armenian girls, sisters, who could deal with it. The services of these he secured by agreeing to pay them ten shillings a day each for the remainder of their lives.

Watching them, as I have done, at their work I obtained an idea of how trying and difficult it is. The fine gold thread used is taken from very old pieces of embroidery, and the strain on the eyesight of the workers is such that at most they can work only two or three hours a day. With each stitch one holds the tightly-drawn thread underneath, while the other works on the opposite side of the fabric. Although M. Pardo is the most gentle and considerate of masters he says he has known both the girls, each of whom is very delicate, to faint while at their work. If either were to fall sick or die he says he absolutely knows of no others to take their places, and his supreme ambition is to have this rug finished in time for the St. Louis exhibition.

When I asked him where he expected to find a buyer for such a costly and unique treasure, he said that one of the great European museums would probably buy it, or that perhaps it would go to America, where of late most of the best rugs were going. Mr. Harry Walters, of Baltimore, for instance, had recently beaten the records of all collectors by the choice specimens he had bought.

English connoisseurs were the first to appreciate and go in for buying the best carpets of the Orient; then followed the French, and now the Americans buy the best either of the old specimens or what are newly manufactured.



THE MOST PRECIOUS RUG IN THE WORLD, MADE IN A CHALLENGE BETWEEN TURKEY AND PERSIA.
From a Photo.

One great thing about these carpets or rugs is that they practically never wear out. They are everlasting, and whatever signs of wear appear tone down their colours and make them more artistically attractive. It seems to me quite in the fitness of things that now the best art work of this kind should be found to be going to the United States, where, with such costly and limited house space, the walls should not be the only place for displaying works of art. The rich and harmonious colours of pictures of these Oriental artists are not to be despised because we have to look down upon them, and are not to be the less treasured by the genuine connoisseur—the lover of things beautiful—because they are trodden on by his feet.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LXXV.—A BURNING SHIP.

By Arthur E. Fraser.



From a] TWO MINUTES AFTER THE FIRE BROKE OUT. [*Photo.*

THE set of pictures herewith taken by me at Kobé, Japan, shows very vividly the terrors of a fire on board ship—perhaps unique representations of a stern and awful fact. The ship in the photographs is the French mail steamer *Tonkin*, owned by the Messageries Maritimes de France, which at 2 p.m. on August 6th last year, was lying peacefully at her moorings in Kobé harbour. At one minute past two my attention was called to a small curl of smoke issuing from the fore-hold of the *Tonkin*, and by the time I got out the camera it had increased to the amount as seen in the first picture. The second picture was taken at about three minutes past two, and the third picture as soon as I could turn round the film again.

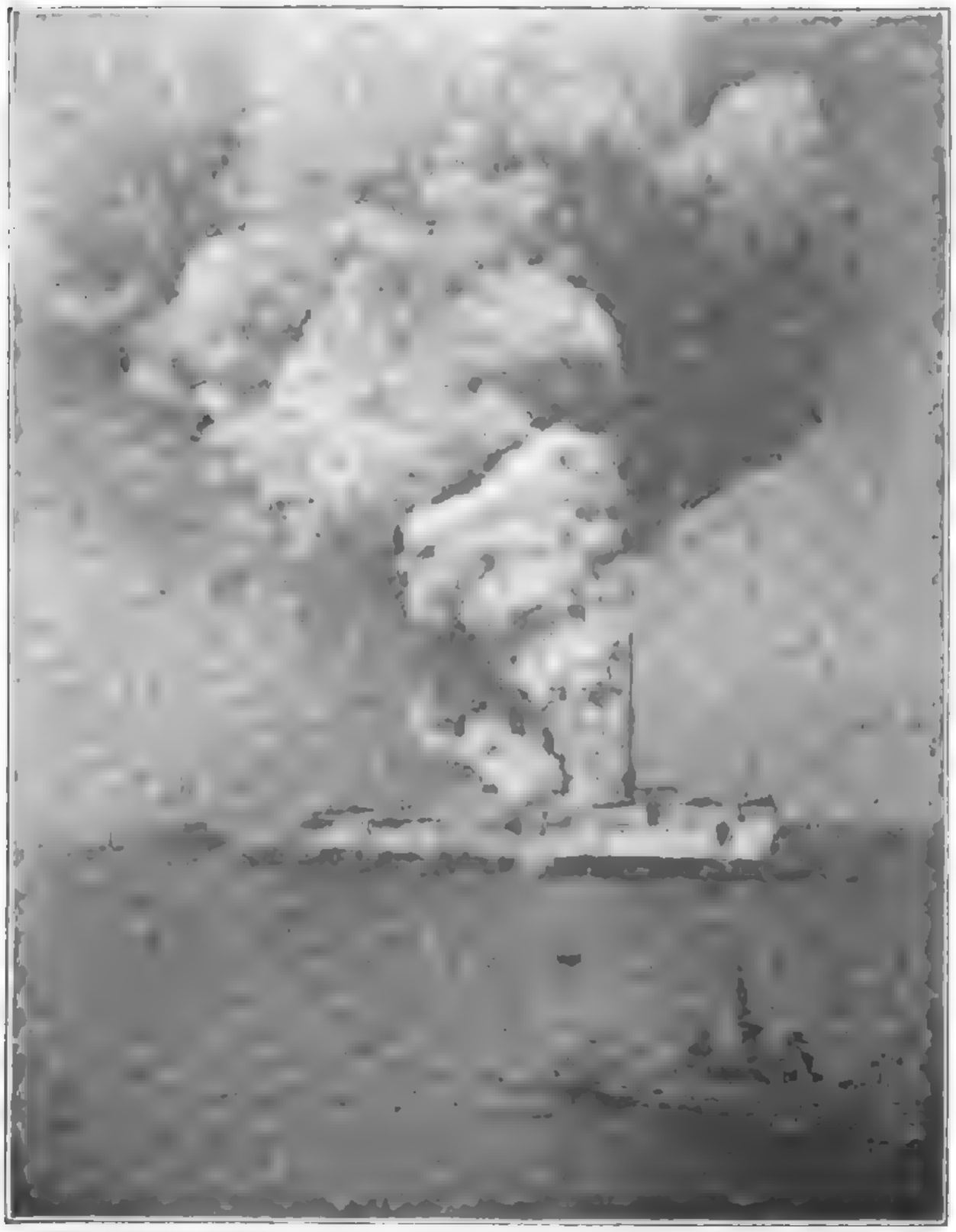
It was an appalling sight, the roar of the flames and smoke sounding like a huge blast-furnace. In ten minutes the whole of the bridge, chart-room, and officers' quarters were a mass of flames, and a strong wind that was blowing at the time soon carried the flames aft, towards the saloon. The fourth picture was taken about three hours after the fire started, and shows the ship surrounded by launches, fire-boats, and other craft. A close inspection will show about twelve hoses hanging over the starboard bow.

By this time the flames on the fore-bridge



From a] ONE MINUTE LATER. [*Photo.*

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



ANOTHER MINUTE LATER, SHOWING CHLORATE OF POTASH BLOWING UP.
From a Photo.

and for'ard part of the upper promenade deck were fairly under control, but blazing chunks of wood still kept dropping from the iron skeleton, which was practically all that remained of this portion of the steamer. The port side seemed to have fared worse than the starboard, for it was still too uncomfortably dangerous to invite mere onlookers to risk their skins. The port midship boat was entirely destroyed, while on the starboard side the steam launch had been gutted of its woodwork.

In order to prevent the flames from the fore-part of the *Tonkin* spreading to the after-part while the vessel still lay bows on to the wind, an awning had quickly been spread, and this was speedily thrown overboard when it was no longer needed. This step indeed was rendered necessary as the flames had caught in several places, and so that no obstacle or fitting of an inflammable nature should remain chairs and other things had been quickly thrown overboard. It is stated that the fire was due to a coolie dropping a cigarette in the fore-hold, wherein two thousand kegs of chlorate of potash were stowed, of which only about two hundred had been discharged.

Many great artists have attempted to depict on canvas the horrors of a fire at sea. Such painters, as well as writers who have endeavoured to achieve the same result in words, have not escaped suspicion, among those who have had no actual experience of such an event, of sometimes exaggerating the horrors of the scene for the sake of artistic effect, but such a series of photographs as these serve to acquit them of the charge.

It is true that this ship was burnt in harbour and that no lives were lost. But conceive the scene if such a fire had broken out in mid-ocean on board a vessel crowded with passengers. Add, in imagination, to the dense volumes of smoke, the red and lurid glare of flames which the camera is incapable of reproducing, and it will be admitted that even such a painting as Turner's burning of the slave ship provides but a pale representation of the reality.



From a] THE FIRE SUBSIDING, TAKEN ABOUT THREE HOURS LATER. *[Photo,*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Heart of the Footballer.

By C. B. Fry.

THE footballer, the name without initials or a "Mr." in the Saturday team lists, has he a heart? The heart, I mean, of a man and a sportsman; the heart of a brother.

A curious question, maybe. In Sheffield or Manchester, nay, in parts of London, what a curious stare would answer it! But sensible enough, needing no answer at a meet of the Quorn, say, or at lunch in a West-end club.

At lunch in a West-end club there sat and smoked cigars, with a side-glance out at the cold, misty river, with a little chat on ethics of literature and psychology of belief, three editors, an author, and "a mere athlete." And at a turn of the talk, haphazard, he alone, the "mere one," believed and affirmed the true and abiding sportsmanship of the footballer.

The old epigrams, the old catch-phrases, clever (and oh! so ignorant), quoted themselves to prove how the venom of a smart alliteration, of a question-begging epithet, can breed false opinion and thoughtless acceptance of untruth.

"You are wrong, wrong, wrong," upspake the "mere one." "You condemn what you know as little as I know the strings of Kubelik's violin. These men you lightly class in some murky category of qualified ruffianism are—men, most of them, clean of skin and clean of mind, simple and hard and brave. Give me to lead a picked regiment of modern footballers, trained and armed, against any reasonable odds—for my life at stake. Nay, Roberts of Kandahar never led a regiment such as these could be! Grit to the core; smelling of clean health—salt eau-de-Cologne; and—Britons."

Excited words; but how truly nearer the truth than the unwitting cynicism of the epigrams.

The heart of the footballer? Honour it while you may, or learn to honour it: the heart that, under other names, has done greatly for England at Crecy, at Waterloo, at Inkerman, at Rorke's Drift, at Ladysmith.

Granted, there are middling sorts in every crew. But why sit down and extract the worst from football *viâ* the moderate kind of football paper? Why—and at second-hand, too—take this as the essence of the players? Why? When there is such an infinity of good in the game, however seldom recorded. One player one month is ordered off the field for ill-temper; one ground one year is banned for a semi-riot. Granted; and is that the whole story?

Nay, there are other memories. For, as the "mere one" said:—

"Football has many aspects and can be turned this way or that to appear in any shape you please. Rough, hideous, brutal, venal, clean, honourable, grand, magnificent, all at once, according as you see it. But the foundation of the matter is the simple human delight in the physical contest where physical prowess is displayed. It is a tale as old as the Greek legends of Hector and Achilles, and the thread runs through the history of mankind—the Olympian games, the Roman amphitheatre, the mediæval tournament, the prize-ring, football."

And again: "Paid players? Yes: but what is it to these twenty-two athletes, eleven against eleven, that they will take each his bit o' money at week-end? Here on the field they are footballers with naught in mind but to win a football match—footballers pure and simple, clean men with clean blood, supple joints, and tough, elastic muscles, just flinging into their play all their disciplined co-operative skill, a skill acquired not without hard trying and much self-denial. You can make other pictures of players, but this is one, and radically true. No place near this true picture for your cynic, pale and bloodless, with his epigram; nor for your sceptic, fat and feeble, with his philosophic doubt. It is deeds here, action and sympathy with action—a human struggle for a known and simple end—a win at football."

Here in England of to-day there is a world strangely unknown to many a leading lady and London citizen—a great, live world where, if you spun fine phrases about football being a mere pastime and recreation, you would be met by a grim, misunderstanding smile; a world where football is football—the chief branch of sport—to be taken very seriously for the brief ninety minutes it lasts, to be talked about in the workshop and factory amid hard work, to be anticipated and remembered; a world where a footballer is a man and a brother, with points to mark and discuss—a man and a brother to be loved and honoured for his prowess—not, as is often the case elsewhere, an alien automaton for any seedy pen to spill its wit upon.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

And the "mere one" said again: "You cannot properly understand football or the footballer unless some time in your life you have spent an open-eyed week or two in a Midland or northern town. There among the smoke-stacks and the mine-heads, the cobbled streets and the solid, grimy little houses, lives a spirit of football which you would never discover in familiar London or in the quiet agricultural towns of the southern counties; a spirit of football the very existence of which you would doubt did you mis-know football only as it appears in the average newspaper. Up in the North and the Midlands there is, on the one hand, hard work, real work—busy, long hours in the workshop and factory; and the wheels whiz and whirl, and the tall chimneys push forth their trails of heavy black smoke over the bleak hills. And, on the other hand, there is sport at week-ends and at odd times, sport in the form of bowls and brassies and knurr-and-spell and football—chiefly football. The game is human and deep in human hearts—perhaps for a little harm, and surely for a great big good. Believe me!"



EDGAR CHADWICK.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

And they believed him, for he spake of what he knew—a world where he had lived and moved and had part of his being. The breath of truth blew fresh across his memory of men and things. He could tell of the hard, grey weather of a northern football town; of the murky grimness of the ground, with its barriers of smoke-soiled, side-swept snow and straw. He knew the hardy, pale-faced crowd behind the barriers; the man—in thousands—with a tight strip of spotted flannel round his neck, who means to see if he pays to go in and means to shout his will, hoarse and crisp, in picture-making northern burr.

An unconventional world it is where football grows and is fostered best; where the whole busy town from head-man to hind-man, from mayor and corporation to him that works the electric-tram points with a spike, all of them believe in football and love the game. There is a little town up North where coal and iron are common, a rich little town chock-full of football. It owns a fine team, and if anything goes wrong with a player, so they say, the football manager goes to the mouth of a coal-pit and whistles down the pipe—"Send up a left half-back"; and up shoots the clanking iron cage with Bill, the left half-back, inside, fit to play in a First League match, hard as his own hammer, with a cropped bullet-head and the joy of football in his feet. And to a man the ten thousand crowd at the match knows Bill on sight, even if he has never played for the club before. The mayor says, "Why, surely, that's Bill Thorpe, from Jackson's pit!" The small boy whistles through his fingers and shouts, "Good lad, Bill; good lad!"

The ten thousand crowd has its uncouth parts—perhaps its rough edges; but enjoy—well, it does enjoy: black-fisted, wholesome, hearty, entirely game enjoyment of the game it loves. A player hurts his ankle and limps lamely to the sanctuary of the touch-line; the trainer, in shirt-sleeves, gallops out with a towel and a bottle of his own "rubbing stuff." The crowd near the touch-line murmurs kind and loud, "Be hard, lad; be hard." And in three minutes back goes the patient to the throbbing, quick-footed fray, cheered to the next six towns for his recovery. Get hurt and recover if you would feel a real football cheer. Uncouth, perhaps, but they do enjoy: like Vikings.

The memory clings happily still of a Cup-tie at Bury. They jeered us for troubling to come all the way from Southampton; whistled their tunes at us; twisted nerve-racking rattles at us; waved their crude colours at us. See them stand and sway through the tense ebb and flow of the game—that keen-witted, close-observing crowd! Then! Hear them cheer us, cheer us to the echo of the far-off hills, when we beat them; beat their own home team—the darling team of their week-long hopes and fears; cheer us with a deep, organ-voiced cheer when we beat them. Such memories keep the escutcheon of "paid football" fairly clean. You see it bright even through a passing breath of tarnish.

The more so when you have played many and many a ringing game with and against

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

these various men; some of them dandy, well-dressed accountants, some of them guiltless of collars and livers on the game; but everyone a footballer to the toe-caps. All sorts of sportsmen.

Edgar Chadwick of Liverpool might meet you any day in the streets of, say, Blackburn. He would show you, no doubt, as well-baked bread as any in the North. He bakes bread, or has it baked, they say, when there is no football on. They say he has saved every penny he has made as a football professional. They say he is a land-owner in some wealthy little sporting place up North. A leading citizen. You may be sure he owns a window-garden, and knows every reason why the plant grows as it does. His house would be neat and tidy, with very white sills and door-steps. And Mrs. Chadwick goes to see him play, whatever and wherever, you may be quite sure, with an understanding eye for every twist and turn of the game, especially for "off-side." And such a critic! He, Edgar, owns the clearest, star-like, twinkling eye ever seen on the morning of a final Cup-tie — twinkling with delight at the thought of a nervous game. Eyes! He is full of them for football; studded with them; on his poll, on his knees, on his ankles, on his toes: all over; and they all see into the other goal at every angle. He plays football. He might have been a polo-pony that needed no hand on the bridle, no leg behind the girth; he would gallop correct throughout, passage and bend and what-not to a hair, for the love of polo. A fine little charger for a light-weight colonel, sure-footed and cool, in a cavalry scurry. But he is a man, and wears big shin-pads and plays club-football with all his heart, just as he used to for England against Scotland.



ARTHUR CHADWICK.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.



ALBERT BUICK.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

There is another Chadwick—Arthur—no relation, who plays for Portsmouth, and has played for England: a centre half-back, red-headed, and very fit to see. He is an expert maker of lace, they say, and a judge of lace. Master baker, master lace-maker, footballers, sportsmen, good men on a side.

Excellent Scots drift South. From the Hearts of Midlothian there came this way to Hampshire one of the best — Buick of Portsmouth—just a Scot, and a cabinet-maker. Small rather and slight, with yellow hair and double-jointed hips, he sets himself on the field to play the entire opposing team with skill and consummate observance of all rules. He might have no other trade than football, yet he would be known apart from football. Only a footballer—but it is enough: if you play as he does, with all your soul laid headlong into the game. Is it nothing to be a familiar Saturday afternoon guiding star to six thousand or thrice six thousand eyes, guiding all unwittingly with a humble example of "always play the game and play your best"? Is it too much to say that such a player does far more than play his game? Well, the keen young Scot lives fit and cares to do so. And, after all, limber energy and uncompromising dash are something, even in a game. The man, just Albert Buick of Portsmouth Football Club, plays his game with the heart of a sportsman.

There are other memories, similar and as pleasant, some sixteen miles away at Southampton. Old comrades these, George Molyneux and Harry Wood. Of a good hunter, wise and a clean jumper, men say the horse has a heart. Of these two footballers, who that has seen them play would deny a heart as big after its kind?

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



GEORGE MOLYNEUX.
From a Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

George Molyneux, for instance, was born some twenty-seven years ago with the shadow of being in earnest thrown over him for ever. He was once a plumber. He came into a football world and found himself therein, and made his many-wrinkled, clean-shaven face welcome in any team: a healthy, hard-bitten, kindly face. Who would doubt the heart of such a true fellow, with such dry humour and such a ready smile? Simply a safe, determined, cool back, clever at kicking and tackling, with the knack of keeping his goal unmolested. Whoever partners him on the football field or off it has a comrade as sound as the Bank of England. A little thing it may sound among all the great things of the world, but comradeship, even in a game, means something. What of the goals saved? Nay, it gives a rare good sporting soul-fillip to remember goals saved, the saving of which meant every fibre of nerve and muscle strained to go one better than the would-be goal-getter. Live memories these, quick with the red blood of good comradeship, memories of effort to do one's co-operative best in tough League games and tougher Cup-ties—effort which somehow with its extra bit of try might lift one up the steep and narrow way as well as any quiet recited prayer. Think of the grim, quick football fight—put Molyneux there with the goal to clear; think how he will try all out. A footballer fond of cricket in the August, summering in the North, wintering in the South. But his best football effort, alongside of you, surely it will oil your joints for you when you grow old and the air is keen and the wind drives low.

Then Harry Wood of the undimmed spirit, once a worker in iron, firm and heavy to meet, hearty and cheery, see him move down the steep stone stairs of his football home, Southampton Dell. His style jumps at your vision so you have eyes to see—resourceful, unselfish, tactical, strategic on the field of play and an easy-handed, firmly gentle captain off the field, a pattern to his team, thinking friendly thoughts of all the world and smoking a big, wholesome pipe in the evening. But a most persevering, unquenchable spirit pervading a game is his—such that, when the game seems lost and over, something rustles round in the minds of his team: "No, not all over yet; another hard try, a full tilt to the bitter end; anything may happen—two goals in the last five minutes." This is merely in a game of football, but the same sort of spirit, grown bigger and older, has kept the flag flying in sterner places—at Lucknow, at Mafeking. If Harry Wood has sons they might do good work for England, with strong bodies and observant minds, in all sorts of ways.



HARRY WOOD.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

Turn far northward to shipping Sunderland and see Doig the goal-keeper, who came



DOIG.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

long ago from Arbroath, in Forfarshire. He might have stayed in Scotland and lived where the cold mists rise quickly and the purple of the heather is blotted out in grey; a shepherd with a long plaid thrown round him, waiting in the rain on his own Scottish hills to fetch the sheep—one dog away rounding them home, the other dog sitting at heel and listening for trouble, and Doig's keen ear and eye over all, kind and far-feeling. But he is not a shepherd, you say; nothing so useful. Perhaps not. But he might have been; and as it is, he is a very perfect goal-keeper in busy Sunderland and the joy of thousands in League matches. Dour at times, no doubt, but game as a pebble washed spherical by a brown burn. Did you see the twinkle in his eye, hear the mellow ring of his voice, see the ruddy, seasoned health-glow on his cheek, as he stood up at Tottenham last year to receive the Sheriffs' Shield from Lord Kinnaird? A kindly man: a timekeeper in a big shipyard.



JOCK ROBERTSON.
From a Photo. by the Globe Photo. Co.

Pass farther north to Tynedale, to neighbouring emulous Newcastle, where quick-firing guns are made and battleships. There discover McColl, the erstwhile centre forward of Queen's Park, the amateur club of Scotland, but a clever accountant, now in a Newcastle firm and a professional in the Newcastle ranks. Which does he work the better, his books or his play? Doubtful; he is full of method and level of head. He, the fast runner in deep mud, the decisive rapid dribbler, the well-poised placer of what weight he has, home like a flash. Nonchalant, imperturbable, patient, swift of action, a sudden danger to goal-keepers. Just a methodical Scot, looking for chances and rarely missing them. The stuff a business man is made of; a business-like centre forward, leaving his mark of method in football, and the thrill of his dash in the heart of the crowd.

Farther north, across the Border, there plays for the Rangers in Glasgow a captain of Scotland, Jock Robertson, a left half-back with scarcely a rival. Once, a curly-headed flaxen youth, he played for a south-coast club, and played like a demon and a law-abiding footballer. But the North snared him back, the crisp air of the North and the busy bustle of the Clydeside shipyards. There he works in the week, helping to shape timber into floating form, spending his evenings to better himself with a Pitman's shorthand book and a typewriter. Good stuff this from the employer's point of view: and such a player when the football turn comes on!



MCCOLL.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.



JACK SHARP.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

Or you might, on your way home, put in at Everton and see Jack Sharp, once of Hereford Thistle and Aston Villa. In the winter a dashing right-wing forward in a dark blue shirt for Everton, with a true centre.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In summer a plucky, hard-hitting batsman for Lancashire with a red rose on his cap; a daring spirit in cricket, with nervous power and a strong will; young and light-hearted and merry; difficult to stop. Born a healthy sportsman, he plays where big crowds always watch him. And what but good do they gain from his style? A trier of this sort has little to fear on the score of example. A pleasure to see him come out with his smart touch-line run, or to see him bowl his soul out against a difficult batsman. He runs a business of some sort between whiles—surely with success. And, maybe, has a very happy home; he is of that kind. So sorry to fail, so sincerely proud when his best comes off. Why not set him down on the credit page of football, and along with him Sagar of Bury, without inquiry, a tall, long-limbed, beautiful player with lozenge eyes and a natural bent for fair, effective football. Space for doing things no object with a ball at his feet; a frequent winner of Cup-ties. A faithful forward for Bury for many seasons, and faithful in other things. Most Bury players are mill-hands five days a week.



C. SAGAR.
From a Photo. by Barbour.



TOM CRAWSHAW.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

Faithful, too, to Sheffield Wednesday, the club that holds the championship of the League, through fair weather and foul, is Tom Crawshaw, the centre half-back, Sheffield born. The book says: "Has been one of the mainstays of the Wednesday Club for many seasons. His height gives him an advantage in heading, at which branch of the game he is a past-master. Has played for England against Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, having altogether seven caps." Such is his football character. But has that tall, well-knit form, that manly, boyish face, that square jaw and high forehead—have they no history outside football? I wonder.

"Goodalls all good," they say, or ought to say, in Derby: Archie and John. Archie comes from Ireland; and what a heart beats inside that sturdy frame—a heart unbeaten! It may beat a shade more thoughtful now after all these struggling years; his mind may have a solemn turn towards what was once a game of games to him. But no one who ever met him will ever remember the day when Archie's body did not resist the opposing side with some portion of his own. Don't talk of last year's Final. Strong, young, rushing Bury won, all over and anyway; it was their day. But gratitude looks back on Archie's years. Recall the roll of goals saved and scored. See the opposing goal-keeper shuddering at the recollection of Archie's hurtle! Hear the goal net twang and stretch at the whistling cannon—shot from his foot. These are things to remember; and the man's hard-working influence on his side. Good memories locked in the store and labelled "A. Goodall, Sportsman, Trier." Is the wind bleak and cold? Is the



ARCHIE GOODALL.
From a Photo. by Dereakt.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ground ice-bound and rough? Nothing to an Irish footballer who never smokes and never drinks; live-hewn from human granite for football and for life.

Then there is brother John, another veteran, but English. The book says: "One of the grandest players who ever stepped on the football field and a model for all players." His memory is in the store labelled like his brother's. A long-headed, long-footed, silent, calculating centre forward, ready to play inside right or outside right or anywhere, or to coach a team. And no man has a word to say save to his credit.



JOHN GOODALL.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

land citizen, ready to trade with the world and to make a fair profit in return for "Made in England" goods. No bad sample. He might be an architect.

Then Crabtree, the master artist of football, is he not to be reckoned a "great heart" if only for his immortal football? Leave him in football: seek not beyond: it is enough.

Or take a London man, John Cameron of Tottenham Hotspur—the secretary, the manager, the tactful man of counsel, the resourceful forward. Ready to play at a pinch untrained and not to make a mess of it. Methodical.



HOWARD SPENCER.
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.



J. W. CRABTREE.
From a Photo. by A. Greenwood.

A citizen of Birmingham, creditable in renown and a business-like master of ironware or some such commodity, is Howard Spencer. This is the man who has done such service as back for the great Aston Villa Club and for England; one of the steadiest, finest, and most honourable of backs. Nothing but what is broad-minded and generous about this player's play; on to the field goes his home life of iron, smoothed into the velvet of perfect law and order as these are known in football. The broad back and well-brushed hair of a thorough Mid-



JOHN CAMERON,
From a Photo. by R. Thiele & Co.

and with not one ounce of fuss; on hand to play, on hand to organize. One who comes off the field seeing the good points of the other side, winners or losers as the case may be. A sound sporting player, with nerve and knowledge and science. Able to write many letters morning and evening, and to rummage through intricate finance and balance-sheets. What they would like to all men; always his true self.

Random fancies, selected impressions, taking the best or some of it, neglecting the rest. Yes, but true as they go. And the footballer has a heart.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A Picture-Puzzle Train.

By Emory James.

SOME say that the picture-puzzle train has been devised for the express benefit of the stout old lady who never knows where to find her luggage in a crowded train. The inventor would be the first to deny this impeachment, and, according to his own language, he would probably "have right." The picture-puzzle train has been devised, not for the benefit of the aged and obese, but for all humanity. It has come into being as a panacea for one of the traveller's greatest woes—namely, the difficulty of finding, in a long and crowded railway train, a seat temporarily left; and it has its reason for being in the fact that the pictorial appeals to all. On this account the nickname of "Picture-Puzzle Train" given to the Paris-Cherbourg express by one of the London papers, when that train began to run a short time ago, is not altogether happy. The pictures were put upon the train not that travellers should be confused, but that their confusion might be prevented. At first there was, it is true, a little wonderment at the meaning of the symbols, coupled with expressions of amusement from those casual frequenters of the Gare St. Lazare who happened to catch sight of the window menagerie, but wonderment and jibe quickly gave way to a feeling of amazement that the usefulness of the idea had not been thought of before.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE ENAMELLED PICTURES WHICH ARE FIXED UPON THE CARRIAGE WINDOWS.

It is the idea of M. Edouard Cros, a well-known civil and mining engineer of Paris, and was first tried, we believe, with success on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean system. It consists in placing on the corner window of each compartment of a train a small enamelled picture, about a foot square, so distinctive in character that no one will be likely to forget it. One of these is shown in the first illustration on this page. The following pictures are for use as luggage labels, and will be referred to later on. There are elephants, lions, balloons, windmills, guitars, monkeys, flags, anchors, bunches of grapes, trees, stars, crescents, ships, cannon, rhinoceroses—in fact, everything under the sun that lends itself to illustration. The more novel and bizarre the design, the more likely is it to serve its purpose.

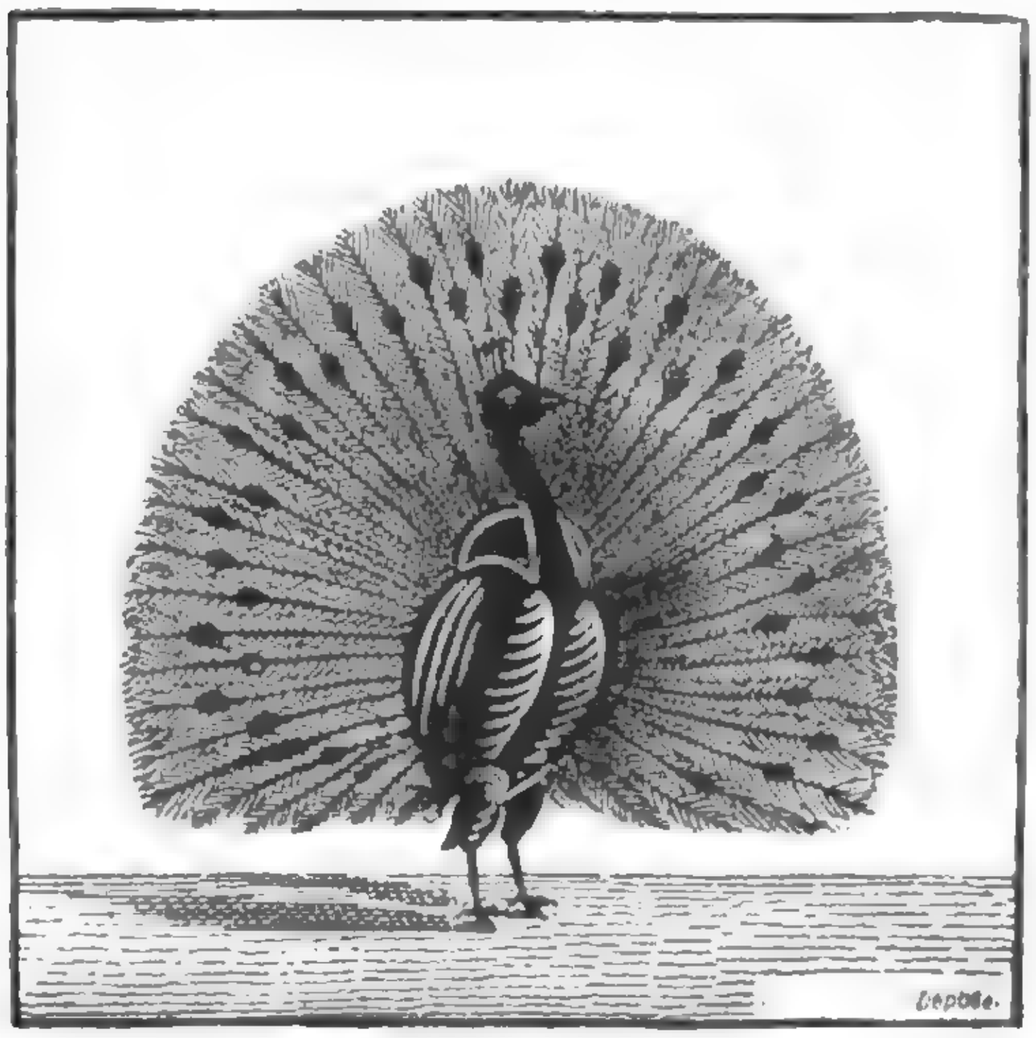
What this purpose is needs little amplification to explain. It is indeed most difficult, as those who travel greatly will admit, to distinguish one railway carriage from another in these days of long-distance travelling and lengthy trains. Especially has the difficulty been increased since the railways began to paint the coaches a uniform colour, and if on a journey of four or five hours one stops to fortify the inner man at a buffet one is apt to get the sandwich but to lose the train.



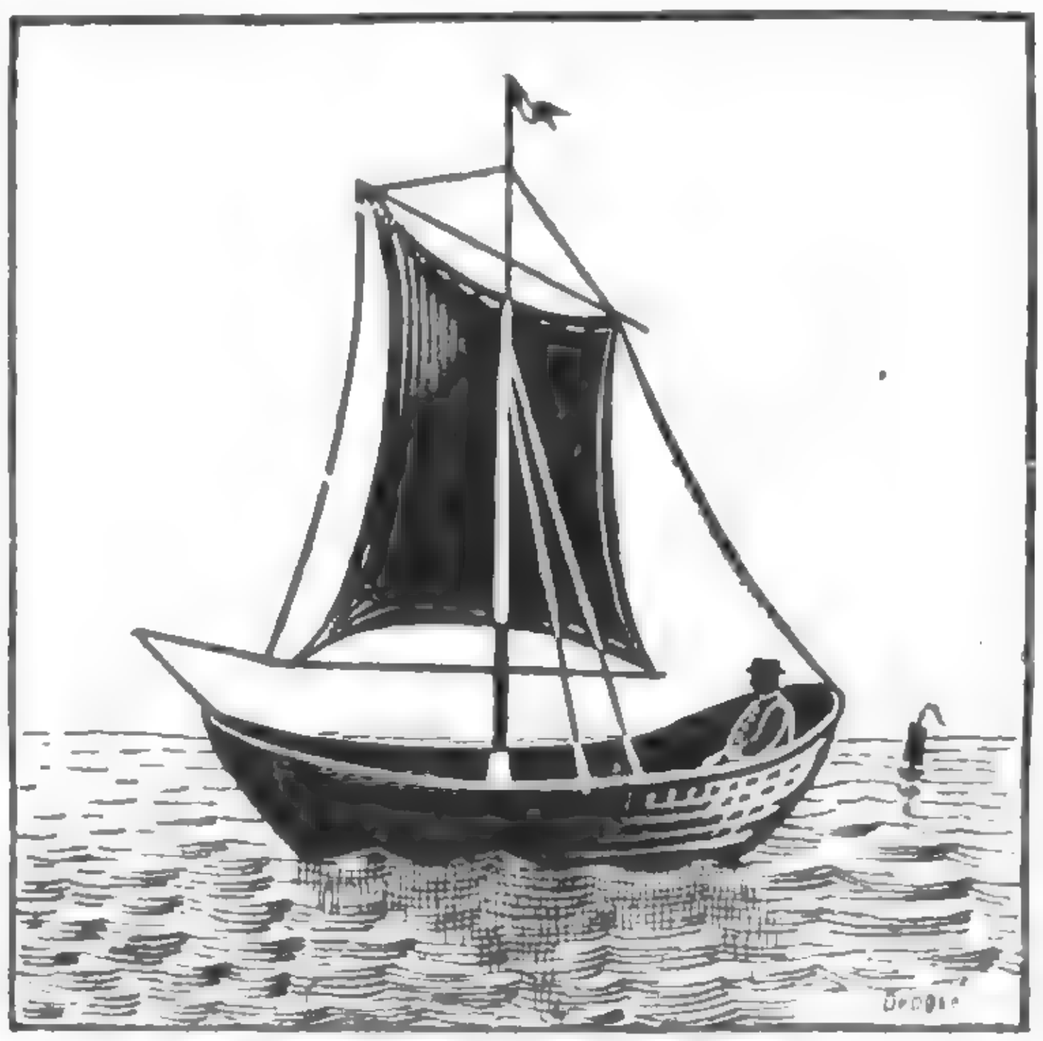
THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PICTURES SHOW THE VARIETY OF THE DESIGNS FOR WINDOWS AND LUGGAGE LABELS.

It happens over and over again on French lines and on many English ones that travellers jump from their compartments

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



without taking notice of the carriage they have left, and in the rush necessitated by the brief halt find themselves running after a moving train and jumping into any carriage merely because unable to find their proper compartment. The little glass sign, with its embossed elephant or bunch of grapes, aids the traveller in this rush against time, and the experience of those who have used the Paris-Cherbourg express points to the belief that the laughed-at device of a few months ago is already becoming an actual necessity.



The possibilities in the proper use of this device are many, but the convenience to the public is the most important. Granted, for instance, that two travellers, one of whom has already taken his seat in the train, have met on the station platform during the pretty little jaunt of observation which takes place on Continental platforms before the train departs.

"Halloa, old chap!" says one. "You going by this train?"

"Yes," is the prompt reply.

"Then let us sit together. Put your bag in where you see that elephant. That's where I'm sitting," and the thing is done without undue loss of brain tissue.

If a seat has already been taken the traveller can instruct his porter to place his luggage in the compartment ornamented by the remembered sign. The system seems, indeed, simplicity itself, and should be as beneficial to the jaded porter as to the traveller.

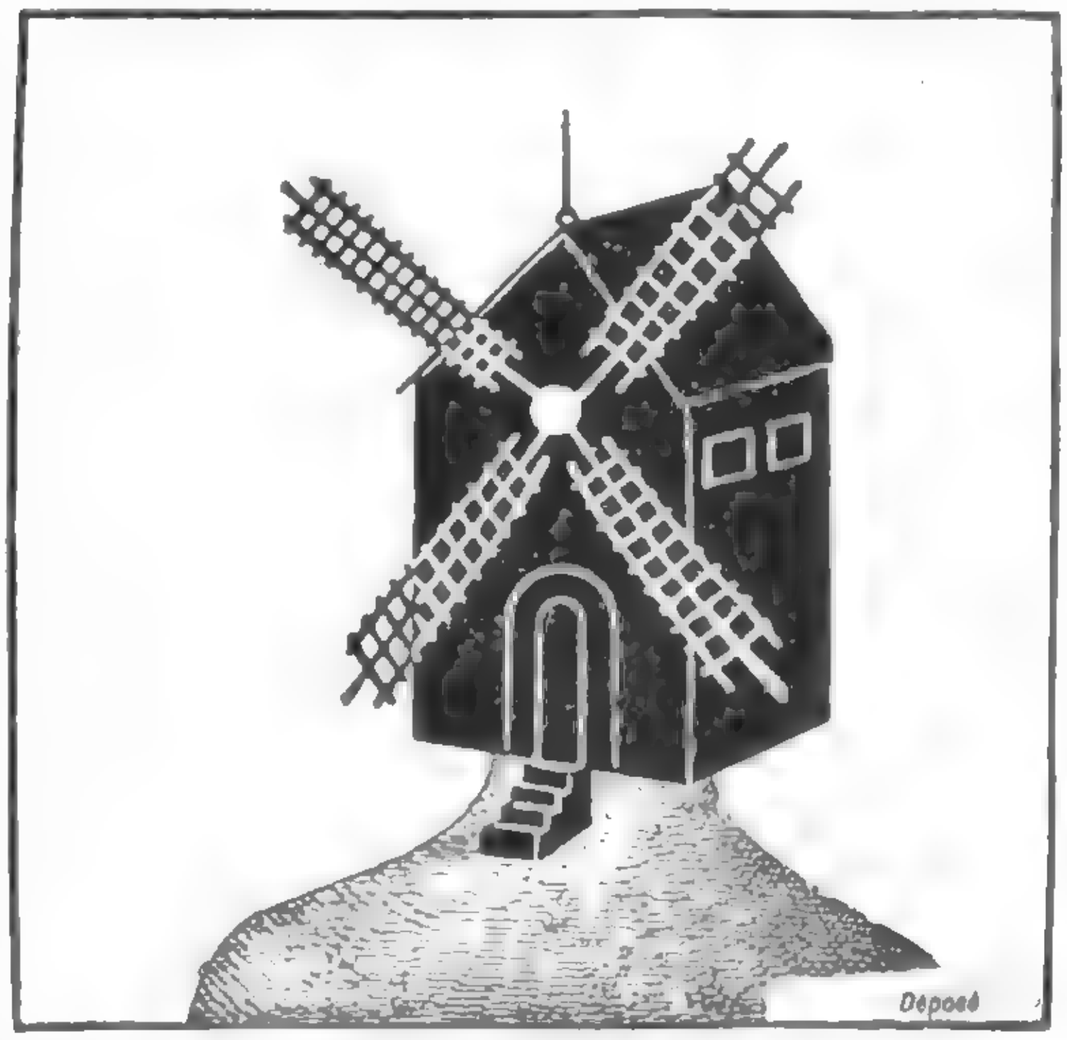
In a little pamphlet issued by M. Cros, entitled "The Power of the Picture Applied to Railways," the inventor has pointed out the benefit of his system not only for passenger traffic, but for luggage and goods traffic. He points out that the railways, which are continually increasing the facilities for travelling, have done not a little to increase the neurasthenia of the present day, owing to the shaking of the train and the special mental excitement caused in those who undertake long journeys.

He cites the case of an official who enters a buffet and cries out to the travellers there assembled, "You have still ten minutes." The inventor naïvely remarks: "It often happens that this announcement produces an effect opposite to that intended. The majority precipitate themselves tumultuously as if the train were already on the move." At the start and on



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



arrival at the destination, moreover, a sort of confusion reigns supreme when popular expresses are running, especially on holidays, which, he points out, can be minimized by means of these little designs. He shows conclusively that the numbers on the carriages are of little use in finding one's seat, because in hunting for that seat the traveller finds more trouble in seeking for the number than for the picture. Moreover, it is exceedingly difficult to remember a compound number of four or five figures. On the other hand, an association of ideas takes place in the traveller's brain between the picture and its situation on the windows of the train.

In regard to luggage the system is even more simple. The various designs used to mark the traveller's bags and trunks are square pieces of white gummed paper, with the design prominent in the middle. When the tourist arrives at a station each piece is labelled alike, say with a balloon or a crescent, and when the train arrives at a station each traveller's luggage is easily sorted out. The designs on the luggage labels, from which we have made a selection for illustration in this article, are as varied and amusing as those enamelled on the windows of the train.

We venture here to say that the system, simple as it is, seems less convenient than the check system used in America, by which the traveller obtains a small piece of numbered brass, to be carried in his pocket, upon delivery of which he receives his property. The American system prevents theft, whereas the system of M. Cros does not, and after the initial expense has been met it saves money for the railways. The American brass checks are used repeatedly, whereas the paper labels, having once served their purpose, are destroyed.

English railway officials, we are told, have scoffed somewhat at the picture-puzzle train. To an evening paper the manager of one of the great southern lines said, "I don't think that system will ever be introduced here. What would be the good of it? If a man has a grain of common sense at all he can locate his compartment before he goes into the buffet, and will know exactly where to go when he comes out. I admit that there sometimes is a difficulty, but I don't see that you are to mend matters very much by filling carriage windows with a series of picture puzzles. If a man is running along a platform in a desperate hurry looking for a compartment, he will not be able to distinguish an elephant from an ostrich or a fiddle from a guitar. No, it won't do."

Another manager said that the tendency is to do away with the present system of cars with doors for each compartment, and that the carriages of the future would be more like the American style, with a door at each end. He remarked also that the buffet difficulties are gradually being solved by the introduction of trains on which passengers could obtain their food without recourse to the station buffet, and another remarked that the system of sending luggage in advance is doing away with the difficulties now common on the English railways.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



By E. Nesbit.

IX.—THE BURGLAR'S BRIDE.

THE morning after the adventure of the Persian cats, the musk-rats, the common cow, and the uncommon burglar, all the children slept till it was ten o'clock, and then it was only Cyril who woke; but he attended to the others, so that by half-past ten everyone was ready. "Let's go somewhere by carpet," he said.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said the Phœnix, yawning, as it swooped down from its roost on the curtain-pole. "I've given you one or two hints—but now concealment is at an end, and I see I must speak out."

It perched on the back of a chair and swayed to and fro, like a parrot on a swing.

"What's the matter now?" said Anthea. She was not quite so gentle as usual, because she was still weary from the excitement of last night's cats. "I'm tired of things happening. I sha'n't go anywhere on the carpet. I'm going to darn my stocking."

"Darn?" said the Phœnix, "darn? From those young lips these strange expressions——"

"Mend, then," said Anthea, "with a needle and wool."

The Phœnix opened and shut its wings thoughtfully.

"Your stockings," it said, "are much less important than they now appear to you. But the carpet! Look at the bare, worn patches; look at the great rent at yonder corner. The carpet has been your faithful friend—your willing servant. How have you requited its devoted service?"

"Dear Phœnix," Anthea urged, "don't talk in that horrid lecturing tone. You make me feel as if I'd done something wrong. And really it *is* a Wishing Carpet, and we haven't done anything else to it—only wishes."

"Only wishes," repeated the Phœnix, ruffling its neck-feathers angrily; "and what sort of wishes? Wishing people to be in a good temper, for instance. What carpet did you ever hear of that had such a wish asked of it? But this noble fabric on which you trample so recklessly" (everyone removed its boots from the carpet and stood on the linoleum), "this carpet never flinched. It did what you asked, but the wear and tear must have been awful. And then last night! I don't blame you about the cats and the rats, for those were its own choice; but what carpet could stand a heavy cow hanging on to it at one corner?"

"I should think the cats and rats were worse," said Robert; "look at all their claws——"

"Yes," said the bird, "eleven thousand

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

nine hundred and forty of them—I dare say you noticed? I should be surprised if these had not left their mark."

"Good gracious," said Jane, sitting down suddenly on the floor, and patting the edge of the carpet softly, "do you mean it's *wearing* out?"

"Its life with you has not been a luxurious one," said the Phœnix. "French mud twice. Sand of sunny shores twice. Soaking in Southern Seas once. India once. Goodness knows where in Persia once. Musk-rat-land once. And once, wherever the cow came from. Hold your carpet up to the light, and with cautious tenderness, if *you* please."



"IT WAS FULL OF LITTLE HOLES."

With cautious tenderness the boys held the carpet up to the light; the girls looked, and a shiver of regret ran through them as they saw now those eleven thousand nine hundred and forty claws had run through the carpet. It was full of little holes; there were some large ones, and more than one thin place. And at one corner a strip of it was torn, and hung forlornly.

"We must mend it," said Anthea; "never mind about my stockings. I can sew them up in lumps with sewing cotton if there's no time to do them properly. I know it's awful, and no girl who respected herself, and all that; but the poor, dear carpet's more important than my silly stockings. Let's go out now, this very minute."

So out they all went and bought wool to mend the carpet, but there is no shop in Camden Town where you can buy Wishing-wool—no, nor in Kentish Town either. However, ordinary Scotch heather-mixture fingering seemed good enough, and this they bought, and all that day Jane and Anthea darned and darned and darned. The boys went out for a walk in the afternoon, and the gentle Phœnix walked up and down the table—for exercise, as it said—and talked to the industrious girls about their carpet.

"It is not an ordinary, ignorant, innocent carpet from Kidderminster," it said; "it is a carpet with a past: a Persian past. Do you know that in happier years, when that carpet was the property of caliphs, viziers, kings, and sultans, it never lay on a floor?"

"I thought the floor was the proper home of a carpet," Jane interrupted.

"Not of a *magic* carpet," said the Phœnix. "Why, if it had been allowed to lie about on floors there wouldn't be much of it left now. No, indeed. It has lived in chests of cedar-wood, inlaid with pearl and ivory, wrapped in priceless tissues of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with gems of fabulous value. It has reposed in the sandal-wood caskets of princesses, and in the rose-attar-scented treasure-houses of kings. Never, never, had anyone degraded it by walking on it, except in the way of business, when wishes were required, and then they always took their shoes off. And *you*——"

"Oh, *don't*," said Jane, very near tears. "You know you'd never have been hatched at all if it hadn't been for mother wanting a carpet for us to walk on."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You needn't have walked so much or so hard," said the bird. "But come, dry that crystal tear, and I will relate to you the story of the Princess Zuleika, the Prince of Asia, and the Magic Carpet."

"Relate away," said Anthea. "I mean, please do."

"The Princess Zuleika, fairest of Royal ladies," began the bird, "had in her cradle been the subject of several enchantments. Her grandmother had been in her day——"

But what in her day Zuleika's grandmother had been was destined never to be revealed, for Cyril and Robert suddenly burst into the room, and on each brow were the traces of deep emotion. On Cyril's pale brow stood beads of agitation and perspiration, and on the scarlet brow of Robert was a large black smear.

"What ails ye both?" asked the Phœnix, and it added tartly that story-telling was quite impossible if people would come interrupting like that.

"Oh, do shut up, for my sake," said Cyril, sinking into a chair.

Robert smoothed the ruffled golden feathers, adding, kindly: "Squirrel doesn't mean to be a beast; it's only that the *most awful* thing has happened, and stories don't seem to matter so much. Don't be cross. You won't be when you've heard what's happened."

"Well, what *has* happened?" said the bird, still rather crossly; and Anthea and Jane paused with long needles poised in air, and long needlefuls of Scotch heather-mixture fingering wool drooping from them.

"The most awful thing you can possibly think of," said Cyril. "That nice chap, our own burglar, the police have got him—on suspicion of stolen cats. That's what his brother's missis told me."

"Oh, begin at the beginning," cried Anthea, impatiently.

"Well, then, we went out, and down by where the undertaker's is, with the china flowers in the window—you know—there was a crowd, and, of course, we went to have a squint. And it was two bobbies and our burglar between them, and he was being dragged along; and he said, 'I tell you them cats was *giv'* me. I got 'em in exchange for me milking a cow in a basement parlour up Camden Town way.'

"And the people laughed. Beasts! And then one of the policemen said perhaps he could give the name and address of the cow and the young ladies and gents; and he said no, he couldn't, but he could take them there if they'd only leave go of his coat-collar and give him a chance to get his breath. And the policeman said he could tell all that to the magistrate in the morning. He didn't see us. And so we came away."

"Oh, Cyril, how *could* you!" said Anthea.

"Don't be a pudding-head," Cyril advised. "A fat lot of good it would have done if we'd let him see us. No one would have believed a word *we* said either. They'd have thought we were kidding. We did better than let him see us. We asked a boy where he lived, and he told us—and we went there—and it's a little greengrocer's shop, and we bought some Brazil nuts. Here they are." The girls waved away the Brazil nuts with loathing and contempt.

"Well, we had to buy *something*, and while we were making up our minds what to buy we heard his brother's missis talking. She said when he came home with all them miaoulers she thought there was more in them than met the eye. But he *would* go out this morning with the two likeliest of them, one under each arm. She said he sent her out to buy blue ribbon to put round their beastly necks, and she said if he got three months' hard it was her dying word that he'd got the blue ribbon to thank for it—that and his own silly thieving ways, taking cats that anybody would know he couldn't have come by in the way of business, instead of things that wouldn't have been missed, which Lord knows there are plenty such, and——"

"Oh, *stop!*" cried Jane. And indeed it was time, for Cyril seemed like a clock that had been wound up and could not help going on. "Where is he now?"

"At the police-station," said Robert, for Cyril was out of breath. "The boy told us they'd put him in the cells and bring him up before the Beak in the morning. I thought it was a jolly lark last night, getting him to take the cats. But now——"

"The end of a lark," said the Phœnix, "is the beak."

"Let's go to him," cried both the girls, jumping up. "Let's go and tell the truth. They *must* believe us."

"They *can't*," said Cyril. "Just think! If anyone came to you with such a tale you couldn't believe it, however much you tried. We should only mix things up worse for him."

"There must be something we could do," said Jane, sniffing very much; "my own dear pet burglar! I can't bear it. And he was so nice, the way he talked about his mother, and how he was going to be so extra honest.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Dear Phœnix, you *must* be able to help us. You're so good and kind and pretty and clever. Do, do tell us what to do!"

The Phœnix rubbed its beak thoughtfully with its claw.

"You might rescue him," it said, "and conceal him here till the law-supporters had forgotten about him."

"That would be ages and ages," said Cyril, "and we couldn't conceal him here. Father might come home at any moment, and if he found the burglar here *he* wouldn't believe the true truth any more than the police would. That's the worst of the truth. Nobody ever believes it. Couldn't we take him somewhere else?"

Jane clapped her hands.

"The sunny southern shore," she cried, "where the cook is being Queen. He and she would be company for each other."

And really the idea did not seem bad, if only he would consent to go.

So, all talking at once, the children arranged to wait till evening, and then to seek the dear burglar in his lonely cell.

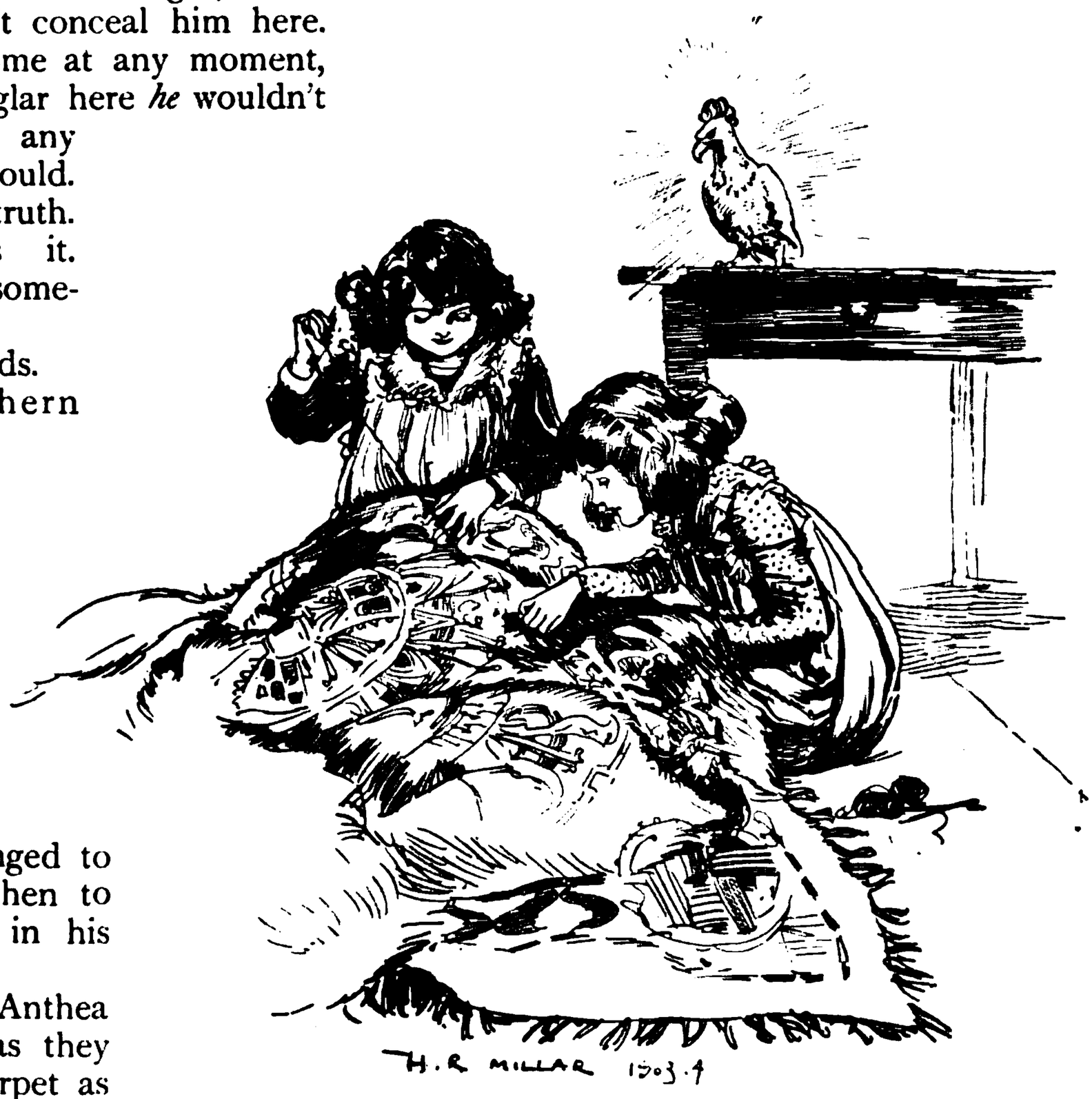
Meantime Jane and Anthea darned away as hard as they could, to make the carpet as strong as possible. For all felt how terrible it would be if the precious burglar, while being carried to the sunny southern shore, were to tumble through a hole in the carpet, and be lost for ever in the sunny southern sea.

The servants were tired after Mrs. Wigson's party, so everyone went to bed early, and when the Phœnix reported that both servants were snoring in a heartfelt and candid manner the children got up. They had never undressed. Just putting their nightgowns on over their things had been enough to deceive Eliza when she came to turn out the gas. So they were ready for anything, and they stood on the carpet and said:—

"I wish we were in our burglar's lonely cell."

And instantly they were.

I think everyone had expected the cell to be the "deepest dungeon below the castle moat." I am sure no one had doubted that the burglar, chained by heavy fetters to a ring in the damp stone wall, would be tossing uneasily on a bed of straw, with a pitcher of water and a mouldering crust untasted beside him. Robert, remembering the underground passage and the treasure, had brought a candle and matches, but these were not needed.



"JANE AND ANTHEA DARNED AWAY AS HARD AS THEY COULD."

The cell was a little, whitewashed room about twelve feet long and six feet wide. On one side of it was a sort of shelf sloping a little towards the wall. On this were two rugs, striped blue and yellow, and a waterproof pillow. Rolled in the rugs and with his head on the pillow lay the burglar, fast asleep. (He had had his tea—though this the children did not know; it had come from the coffee-shop round the corner, in very thick crockery.) The scene was plainly revealed by the light of a gas-lamp in the passage outside, which shone into the cell through a pane of thick glass over the door.

"I shall gag him," said Cyril, "and Robert will hold him down. Anthea and Jane and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the Phœnix can whisper soft nothings to him while he gradually awakes."

This plan did not have the success it deserved, because the burglar, curiously enough, was much stronger, even in his sleep, than Robert and Cyril, and at the first touch of their hands he leapt up and shouted out something very loud indeed.

Instantly a foot was heard outside. Anthea threw her arms round the burglar and whispered, "It's us — the ones that gave you the cats. We've come to save you, only don't let on we're here. Can't we hide somewhere?"

Heavy boots sounded on the flagged passage outside, and a firm voice shouted:—

"Here—you—stop that row, will you?"

"All right, governor," replied the burglar, still with Anthea's arms round him; "I was only a-talkin' in my sleep. No offence."

It was an awful moment. Would the boots and the voice come in? Yes!—No!—the voice said:—

"Well, stow it, will you?"



"'ALL RIGHT, GOVERNOR,' REPLIED THE BURGLAR, STILL WITH ANTHEA'S ARMS ROUND HIM."

And the boots went heavily away, along the passage and up some sounding stone steps.

"Now, then," whispered Anthea.

"How the blue Moses did you get in?" asked the burglar, in a hoarse whisper of amazement.

"On the carpet," said Jane, truly.

"Stow that," said the burglar. "One on you I could 'a' swallowed, but four—*and* a yellow fowl."

"Look here," said Cyril, sternly; "you wouldn't have believed anyone if they'd told you beforehand about your finding a cow and all those cats in our nursery."

"That I wouldn't," said the burglar, with whispered fervour.

"Well, then," Cyril went on, "just try to believe what we tell you and act accordingly. It can't do you any *harm*, you know," he went on, in hoarse, whispered earnestness. "You can't be very much worse off than you are now, you know. But if you'll just trust to us, we'll get you out of this right enough. No one saw us come in. The question is—where would you like to go?"

"I'd like to go to Boolong," was the instant reply of the burglar. "I've always wanted to go on that there trip, but I've never 'ad the ready at the right time of year."

"Boolong is a town like London," said Cyril, well meaning, but inaccurate. "How could you get a living there?"

The burglar scratched his head in deep doubt.

"It's 'ard to get a 'onest living anywheres nowadays," he said; and his voice was sad.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Jane, sympathetically. "But how about a sunny southern shore, where there's nothing to do at all unless you want to?"

"That's my billet, miss," replied the burglar. "I never did care about work—not like some people, always fussing about."

"Did you never like any sort of work?" asked Anthea, severely.

"Yes," he answered; "gardening was my 'obby, so it was. But father died afore 'e could bind me to a nurseryman, an——"

"We'll take you to the sunny southern shore," said Jane; "you've no idea what the flowers are like."

"Our old cook's there," said Anthea; "she's Queen——"

"Oh, chuck it," the burglar whispered, clutching at his head with both hands. "I don't know whether I'm a-standing on my hat or my boots. If you *can* get me out, get

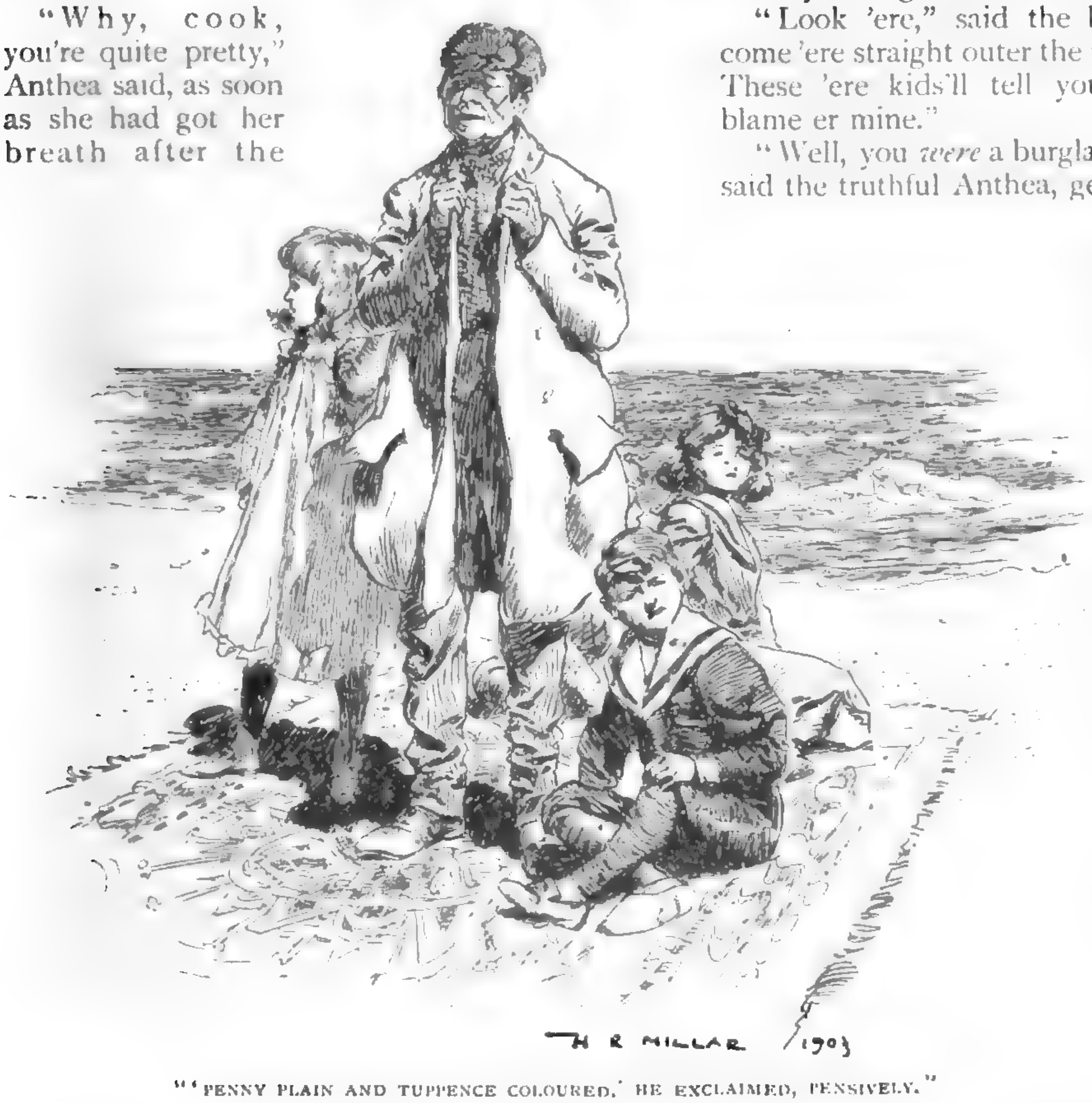
Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

me ; and if you can't, get along with you, for goodness' sake, and give me a chanst to think it over, what'll be most likely to go down with the Beak in the morning."

"Come on to the carpet, then," said Anthea, gently shoving. The others gently pulled, and the moment the feet of the burglar were planted on the carpet Anthea wished.

"I wish we were all on the sunny southern shore where cook is." And instantly they were. There were the rainbow sands, the tropic glories of leaf and flower, and there, of course, was the cook, crowned with white flowers, and with all the wrinkles of crossness and tiredness and hard work wiped out of her face.

"Why, cook, you're quite pretty," Anthea said, as soon as she had got her breath after the tumble, rush, and whirl of the carpet. The burglar stood rubbing his eyes in the brilliant tropic sunlight and gazing wildly round him on the vivid lines of the tropic land.



H R MILLAR 1903

"'PENNY PLAIN AND TUPPENCE COLOURED,' HE EXCLAIMED, PENSIVELY."

"Penny plain and tuppence coloured," he exclaimed, pensively, "and well worth any tuppence, however hard-earned."

The cook was seated on a grassy mound with her Court of copper-coloured savages around her. The burglar pointed a grimy finger at these.

"Are they tame?" he asked, anxiously. "Do they bite or scratch, or do anything to yer with poisoned arrows or oyster-shells or that?"

"Don't you be so timid," said the cook. "Lookee 'ere. This 'ere's only a dream what you've come into, an' it being only a dream there's no nonsense about what a young lady like me ought to say or not, so I'll say you're the best-looking fellow I've seen this many a day. And the dream goes on and on, seemingly, so long as you behaves. The things what you has to eat and drink tastes just as good as real ones, and——"

"Look 'ere," said the burglar, "I've come 'ere straight outer the pleece-station. These 'ere kids'll tell you it ain't no blame er mine."

"Well, you *were* a burglar, you know," said the truthful Anthea, gently.

"Only because I was druv to it by dishonest blokes, as well you knows, miss," rejoined the criminal. "Blowed if this ain't the 'ottest January as I've known for years."

"Wouldn't you like a bathe," asked the Queen, "and some white clothes, like me?"

"I should only look a juggins in 'em, miss, thanking you all the same," was the reply; "but a bath I wouldn't resist—and my shirt was only clean on week before last."

Cyril and Robert led him to a rocky pool, where he bathed luxuriously. Then, in shirt and trousers, he sat on the sand and spoke.

"That cook, or Queen, or whatever you

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

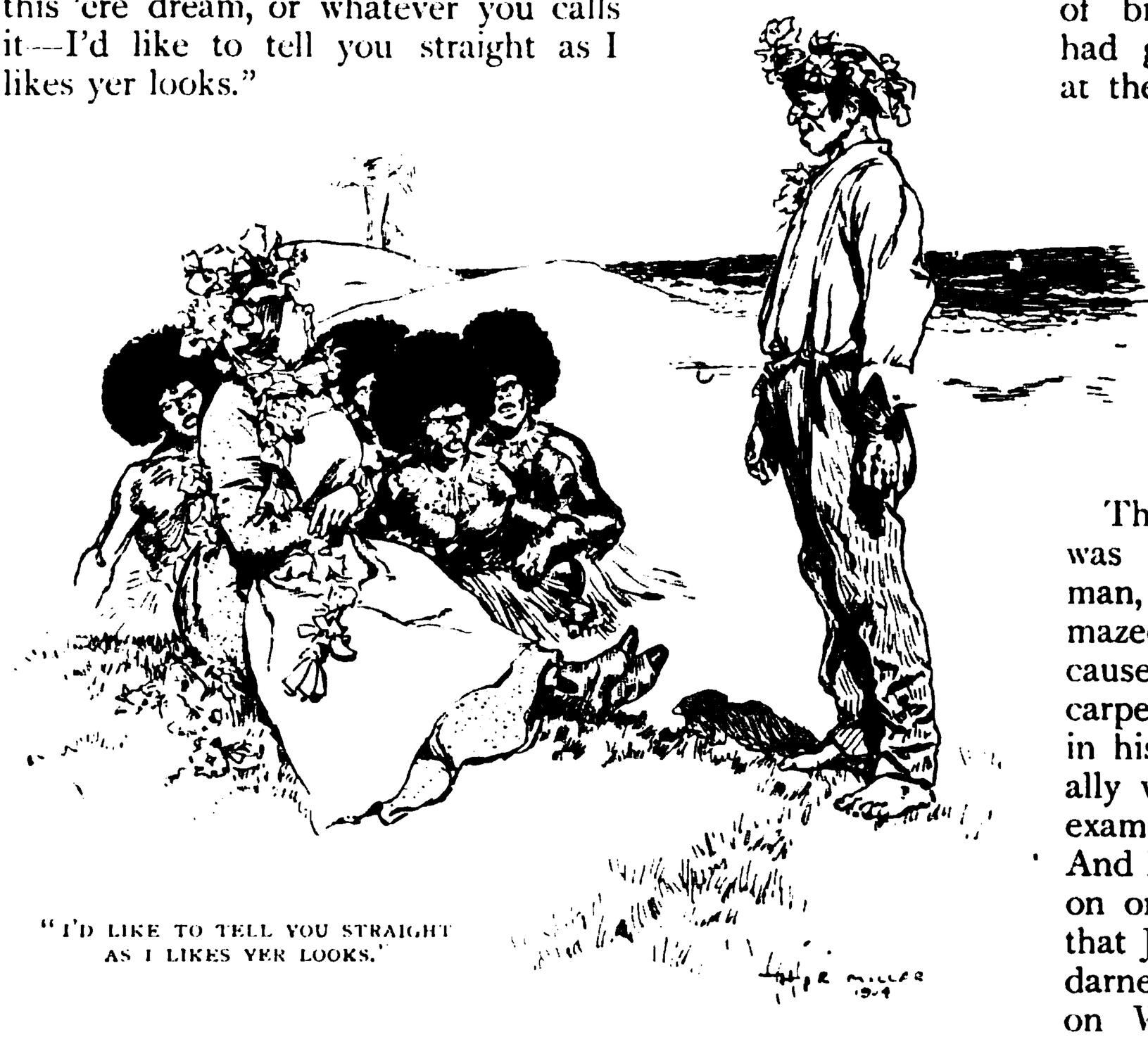
call her—her with the white bokay on her 'ed—she's my sort. Wonder if she'd keep company?"

"I should ask her."

"I was always a quick hitter," the man went on; "it's a word and a blow with me. I will."

In shirt and trousers and crowned with a scented, flowery wreath which Cyril hastily wove as they returned to the Court of the Queen, the burglar stood before the cook and spoke:—

"Look 'ere, miss," he said. "You an' me bein' all forlorn-like, both on us, in this 'ere dream, or whatever you calls it—I'd like to tell you straight as I likes yer looks."



"I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU STRAIGHT AS I LIKES YER LOOKS."

The cook smiled and looked down bashfully.

"I'm a single man—what you might call a batcheldore. I'm mild in my 'abits, which these kids'll tell you the same—and I'd like to 'ave the pleasure of walkin' out with you next Sunday."

"Lor'!" said the Queen-cook; "'ow sudden you are, mister!"

"Walking out means you're going to be married," said Anthea. "Why not get married and have done with it? *I* would."

"I don't mind if I do," said the burglar. But the cook said:—

"No, miss; not me. Not even in a dream. I don't say anythink agin the young chap's looks—but I always swore I'd be married in church if at all—and anyway I don't believe these here savages would know how to keep a register's office, even if I was to show 'em. No, mister, thanking you kindly, if you can't bring a clergyman into the dream I'll live and die like what I am."

"Will you marry her if we get a clergyman?" asked the match-making Anthea.

"I'm agreeable, miss, I'm sure," said he, pulling his wreath straight. "'Ow this 'ere bokay do tiddle a chap's ears, to be sure!"

So very hurriedly the carpet was spread out and instructed to fetch a clergyman. The instructions were written on the inside of Cyril's cap with a piece of billiard-chalk Robert had got from the marker at the hotel at Lyndhurst.

The carpet disappeared and, more quickly than you would have thought possible, it came back, bearing on its bosom the Reverend Septimus Blenkinsop.

The Reverend Septimus was rather a nice young man, but very much mazed and muddled; because when he saw a strange carpet laid out at his feet in his own study he naturally walked on to it to examine it more closely. And he happened to stand on one of the thin places that Jane and Anthea had darned, so that he was half on Wishing Carpet and half on plain Scotch heather-mixture fingering, which has no magic properties at all.

The effect of this was that he was only half there—so that the children could just see through him, as though he had been a ghost. And as for him, he saw the sunny southern shore, the cook and the burglar, and the children quite plainly, but through them all he saw quite plainly also his study at home, with the books and the pictures and the marble clock that had been presented to him when he left his last situation.

He seemed to himself to be in a sort of insane fit, so that it did not matter what he did—and he married the burglar to the cook. The cook said that she would rather have had a solider kind of clergyman, one

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that you couldn't see through so plain, but perhaps this was real enough for a dream.

And, of course, the clergyman, though misty, was really real, and able to marry people, and he did. When the ceremony was over the clergyman wandered about the island collecting botanical specimens, for he was a great botanist, and the ruling passion was strong even in an insane fit.



"THE CLERGYMAN, THOUGH MISTY, WAS REALLY REAL, AND ABLE TO MARRY PEOPLE."

There was a splendid wedding feast. Can you fancy Jane and Anthea and Robert and Cyril dancing happily in a ring, hand in hand with copper-coloured savages, round the happy couple, the Queen-cook and the burglar consort? There were more flowers gathered and thrown than you have ever even dreamed of, and before the children took carpet for home the now married-and-settled burglar made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "and savages of both kinds, only I know you can't understand what I'm a-saying of, but we'll let that pass. If this is a dream, I'm on. If it ain't I'm onner than ever. If it's betwixt and between—well, I'm honest, and I can't say more. I don't want no more 'igh London society. I've got someone to put my arm around of, and I've got the whole lot of this 'ere island for my allotment; and if I don't grow some broccoli as'll open the judge's eye at the cottage flower shows — well, strike me pink! All I ask is as these young gents and ladies'll bring some parsley-seed into the dream, and a penn'orth o' radish - seed, an' three-penn'orth of onion, and I wouldn't mind goin' to four-pence or fip-pence for mixed kale, only I ain't got a brown, so I don't deceive you. And there's one thing more. You might take away the parson. I don't like things what I can see 'alf through. So here's how." He drained a cocoanut shell of palm wine.

It was now past midnight, though it was tea-time on the island.

With all good wishes the children took their leave. They also collected the clergyman and took him back to his study and his presentation clock.

The Phœnix kindly carried the seeds next day to the burglar and his bride, and returned with the most satisfactory news of the happy pair.

"He's made a wooden spade and started on his allotment," it said, "and she is weaving him a shirt and trousers of the most radiant whiteness."

The police never knew how the burglar got away. In Kentish Town police-station his escape is still spoken of with bated breath as the Persian mystery.

As for the Reverend Septimus Blenkinsop, he felt that he had had a very insane fit indeed, and he was sure it was due to over-study. So he planned a little dissipation and took his three kind aunts to Paris, where they enjoyed a dazzling round of museums and picture-galleries, and came back feeling that they had indeed seen life. He never told his aunts or anyone else about the marriage on the island, because no one likes it to be generally known that he has had insane fits, however interesting and unusual.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

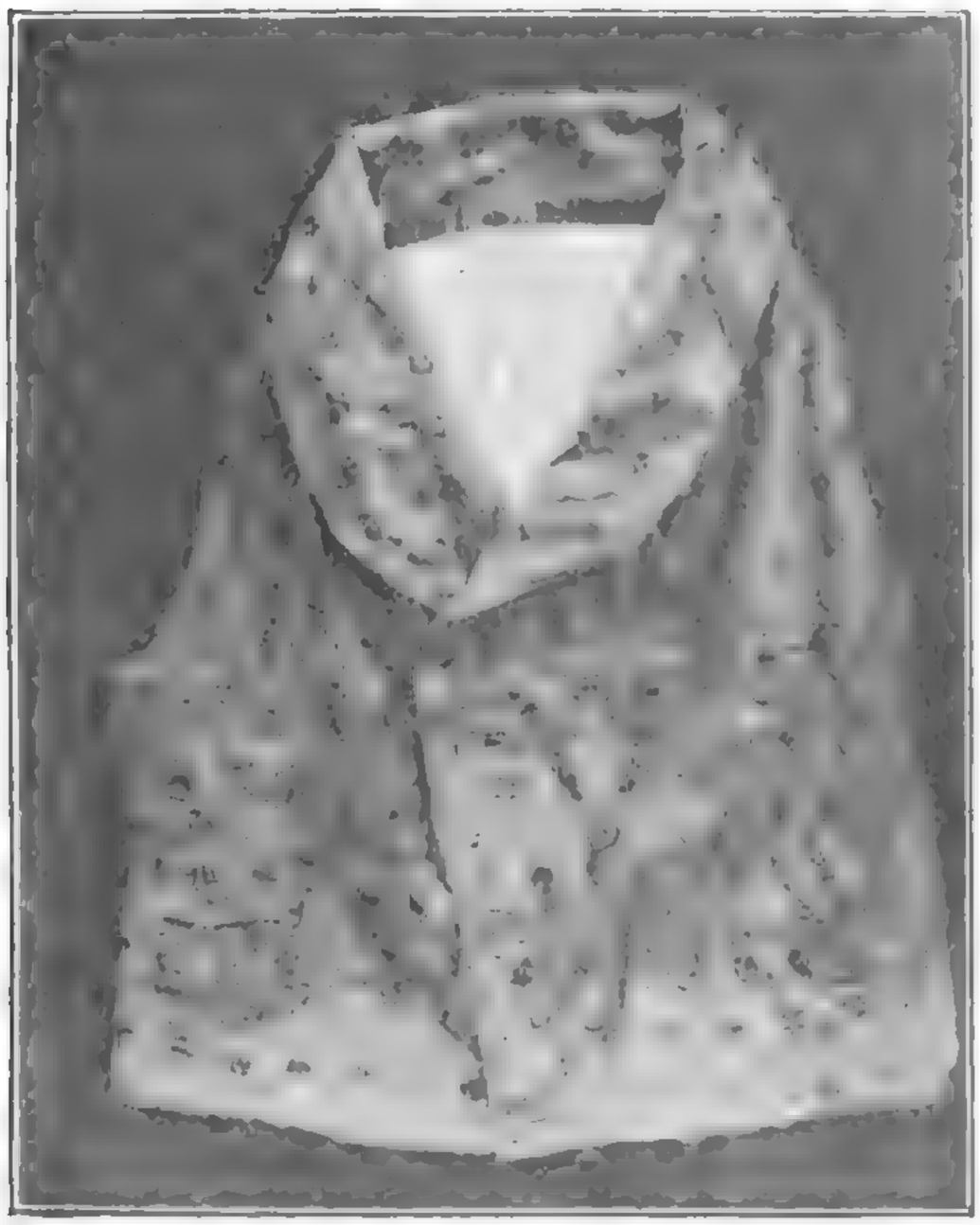
Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Ltd.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

AN INTERESTING WAISTCOAT.

"The waistcoat illustrated here is probably quite unique among its kind, being made from a square yard of material cut from a dress worn by Queen Elizabeth. There were originally three such pieces, which were sold at a sale many years ago, and the piece out of which this waistcoat was made was bought by E. H. Budd, the well-known cricketer and sportsman, who had it made up in this form so as to



preserve it from harm. When he died he left it, with the rest of his wardrobe, to Mr. Wm. Richens, 14, Exemouth Street, Swindon, in whose possession it now is."—Mr. George V. Owen Bulkeley, Yendon House, Victoria Road, Swindon.

FOUNDATIONS, OR WHAT?

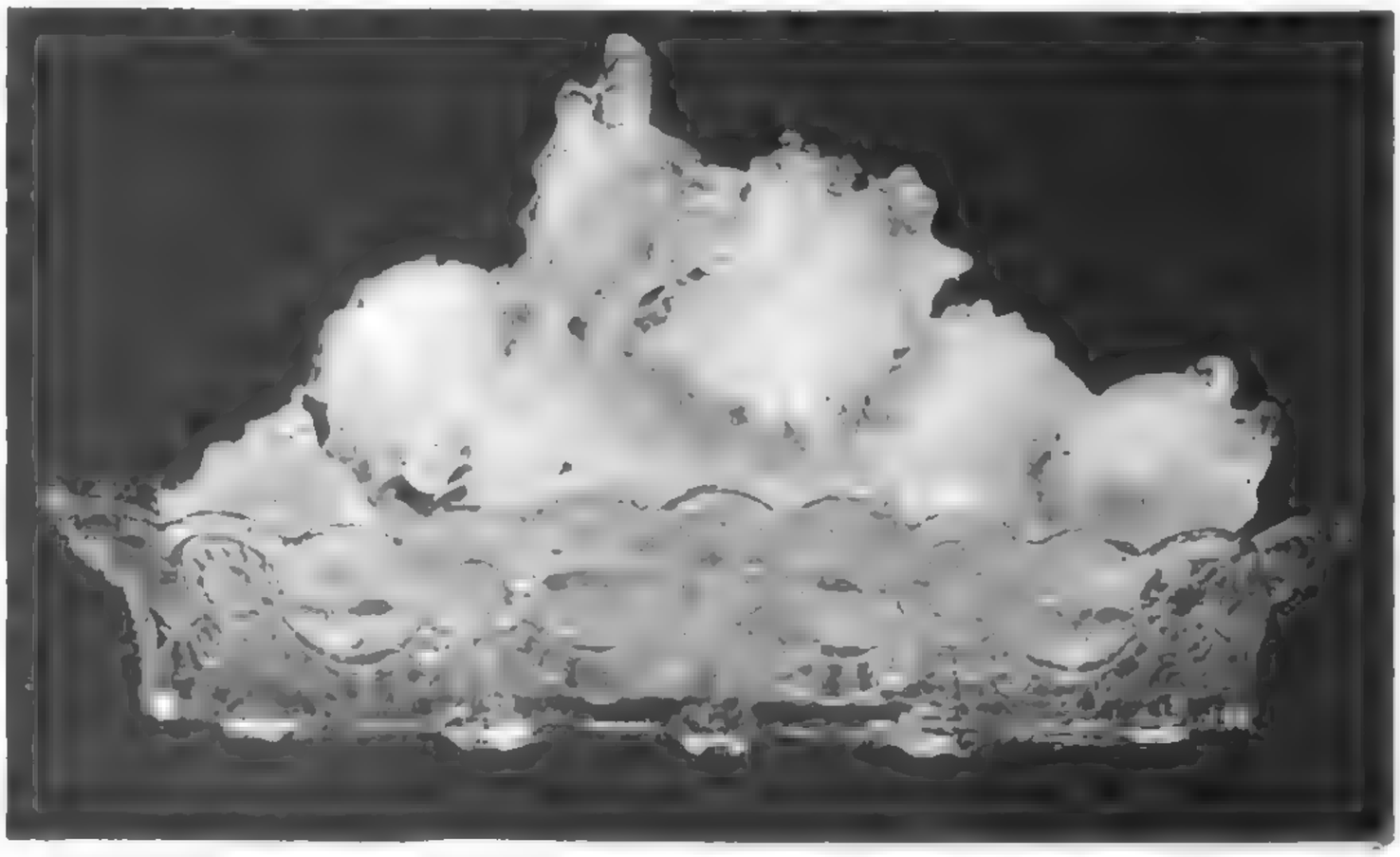
"This grand stand is situated in the county of Yorkshire, and may be seen any time on the Stockton racecourse. The course is a mile or so from Stockton. This stand is out of plumb, and from what I can learn on the matter it seems to be a somewhat strange building. It projects about two feet out at the top—that is when the stand is just as it is shown in the photograph. The most interesting and yet pecu'iar incident is that of race days. When the stand is being used it falls back to something like ten inches,



thus leaving about one foot two inches to be accounted for some way or other. This peculiar happening is a mystery which has yet to be solved, but by all accounts the stand has to be pulled down later on, and then the mystery may show itself at the foundations."—Mr. R. Bradburn, 41, Ewbank Street, Stockton.

MURDEROUS HAILSTONES.

"Here is a photograph of some hailstones that fell in the city of Grahamstown, Cape Colony, some little while ago. They were larger than hens' eggs, and some idea of their destructiveness may be gathered from the fact that they killed a little girl who was coming home from school. Over four hundred window-panes were broken in various parts of the city. The photograph was sent to me by a South African friend who is resident in the city."—Mr. Archibald A. Maytham, 5, Crescent Road, Egremont, Cheshire.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

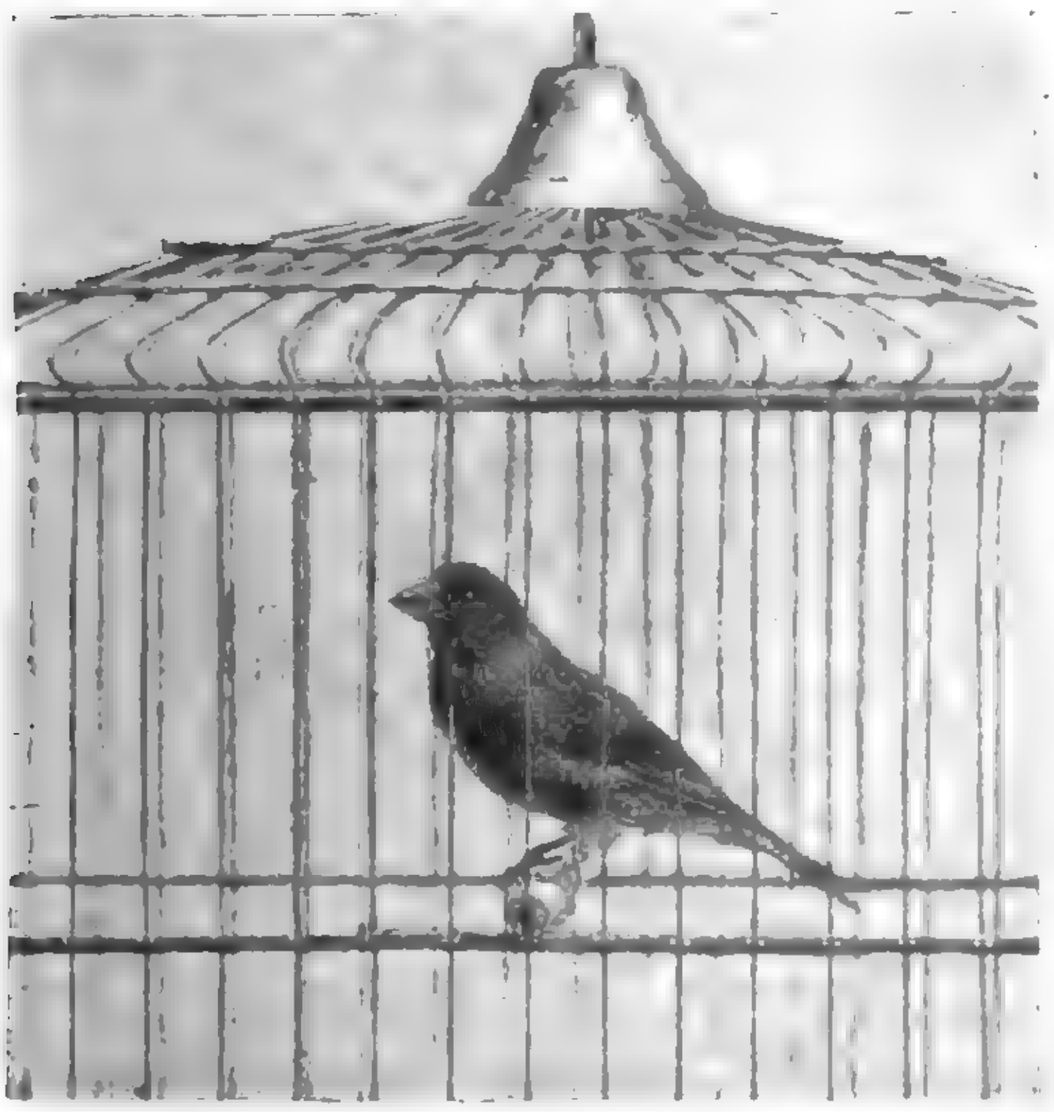
CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

"I send you a photo. of an Armenian Kaffir store in Dordrecht, S.A. You will notice the curious inscription on same. The photograph was taken by my brother, Mr. Ravenhill Clifford."—Kathleen R. Clifford, National Bank House, Tipperary.



A TALKING CANARY.

"The man who ventured to say that he had heard a canary talk would be liable to be set down as a follower of Munchausen. Still, it is a fact that there exists at the present time a canary that can repeat entire sentences quite distinctly. This wonderful bird is in the possession of Mr. James Eccles, 19, New Bank Road, Blackburn. It learned the art of



speech from a green parrakeet, which is itself a clever specimen of its kind. Bred in Blackburn by a local fancier, from a German canary hen and a brown linnet cock, it was acquired by Mr. Eccles for its singing powers. Thanks to the parrot's constant mocking, it soon became mute, and dejectedly sat a rumpled bundle of fluff upon its perch. Its first owner took it back for a few weeks with the object of inducing it to sing by placing it among his other birds. His efforts were unsuccessful and he returned the canary to its purchaser. A few days after its arrival a member of the family was amazed to hear it repeat quite distinctly, 'Waiter, waiter, bring Polly a pint of beer, quick, quick, and don't forget the change, old boy.' Since that day it has learned to repeat many of the sentences uttered by the parrot, among others: 'Bring Polly a glass of water, Polly's tee-tee'; 'Call the cat, puss, puss, mew, mew'; 'Call the dog, Toby, Toby'; 'Give us a kiss, come on'; 'Pretty Polly, dressed in green, Going out to see the Queen,' 'Three cheers for the Queen, Hip, hip, hooray.' To sit and hear the parrot and the canary repeating these phrases in a sort of dialogue is an experience one does not easily forget. Photo. by Wyatt, Blackburn."—Mr. S. Higinbottom, 70, Bay Street, Blackburn.

WHAT IS A FOUNTAIN TREE?

"The tree shown in the photograph has been tapped and furnishes water for a road trough near Shelby, Ohio. The township trustees of Cass Township, Richland County, had a spring which ran along the road at this point. They took a willow post and bored a hole in it from the bottom for a couple of feet, and then placed the spout in the side of the post to run the water into the tank. This was about ten years ago. The willow post took root, threw out branches, and to-day stands as a large water-producing tree. The photographer was unable to get a view of the top of the tree on account of having to be so close, in order to show the water running out of the spout."—Mr. C. S. Moore, Shelby, Ohio.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



PAVEMENT MADE OF BOTTLES.

"What is it? Simply another example that nothing goes to waste in Mexico. This is a photograph of a series of steps in the Parque de Doña Carmen Romero de Diaz, at Cuernavaca, State of Morelos, in this Republic. The pavement is of broken beer bottles, bottom up."—Mr. Eugene Forsey, San Juan de Letran 7, Mexico City.

ARISTOCRATIC SCARECROWS.

"Mr. Woodrow, the head gamekeeper of Mr. Aubrey Harcourt, Nuneham Park, is an ingenious man. He has manufactured the extraordinarily life-like scarecrows shown in the photograph with such simple materials as poles, straw, and old clo'. At a little distance they look very much like real human beings, and, apart from effectually scaring away crows and other birds, there is no doubt that many a would-be poacher has been frightened away by them."—Mr. Warland Andrew, Royal Thames Studio, Abingdon-on-Thames.



THE CRAB'S GLASS HOUSE.

"This is the portrait of a peculiar kind of land-crab which is in the habit of carrying its own house about with it. In the case of this one the crab must have had some accident and



lost its house, for, as can be seen in the picture, it now owns a piece of broken bottle which it carries about in place of its late abode. These crabs are usually called 'Ungavule' out here, but they will, perhaps, be better known as 'hermit crabs.' This specimen measures about four inches."—Mr. H. C. Monckton, Suva, Fiji.

A SIX-BARRELLED GUN.

"This gun was used in shooting ducks and



geese for the markets of California. It is fired from the shoulder of the hunter, who gets as near the game as possible by concealing himself behind a trained ox or steer, which quietly grazes along until the hunter is within shooting distance, when the animal moves ahead and leaves the hunter within good range. As many as seventy-one geese and over one hundred ducks have been secured at one discharge. The gun is made of three separate double-barrels soldered together, which are of three different gauges—eight, nine, and ten-bore. They are loaded at the muzzle and are fired by percussion-caps in the same way as the regular muzzle-loaders. The weight of the gun is twenty-one pounds seven ounces and length of barrels twenty-four inches. Photo. by E. Clark."—Mr. Geo. P. Martin, 320, Main Street, Watsonville, Cal.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

BUTTONS USED FOR FALSE TEETH.

"The most extraordinary example of home-made dentistry in existence is probably the unique device pictured in the accompanying illustration. This represents the economical expedient of an old lady of large means living near the picturesque city of Pittsfield in Massachusetts. The lady in question some years ago found her side teeth falling out, and employed a fashionable dentist to manufacture a set for her in the latest style. The five artificial teeth were mounted on a solid gold plate. Several years later the lady's natural front teeth also began to drop from their places. The memory of the dentist's bill for the original set, however, deterred the thrifty dame from again consulting that artist. Instead she set to work to do a little dentistry at home. Piercing the gold plate at the proper place with a needle, she sewed on an ivory button. As additional front teeth fell out she added more buttons to the plate, until at last she



displayed four of these useful articles whenever she laughed and chatted with her neighbours. The buttons were sewed on with strong linen thread. One day, however, the old lady was compelled to call on her dentist to extract a large back tooth that was giving her trouble. The dentist made the discovery that his client was wearing buttons instead of teeth, and proposed to make her a full set of new teeth on the most approved pattern if she would give him the old set. Deeming it a good bargain, the patient accepted the offer. This prize curiosity among all known dental freaks is now in the dentist's possession. When the dentist examined the masticatory buttons he found that those which had been longest in use had worn off on one side. The picture shows this. The lower side of the second button from the left is quite straight, while the upper side of the button on the right shows that it had been greatly worn down until the ingenious economist had turned it"—Mr. J. H. Williams, c.o. *San Francisco Chronicle*, San Francisco.

A CHIMNEY BUILT OF TIN CANS.

"The curious shanty herewith is a miner's house in West Australia. The chimney is



as curious as the remainder of the building, being made of empty fruit-cans and mud, the top consisting of two kerosene cans. The photo. was taken by Mrs. W. Broadbridge, wife of the manager of the Sons of Gwalia Gold Mine, W.A."—Mr. W. Broadbridge, Leonora, W.A.

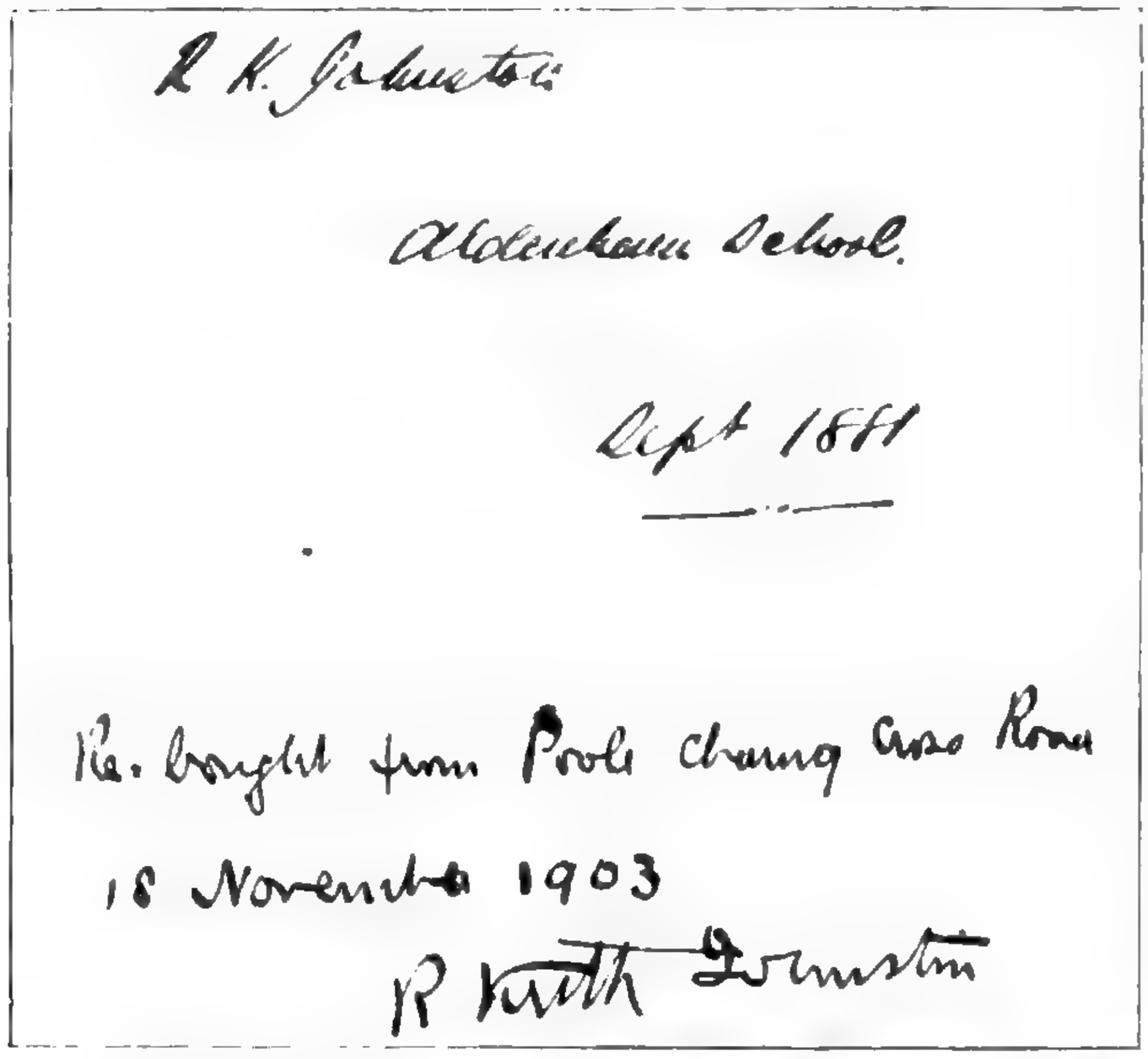
A NATIVE NURSE.

From Matanzas, Cuba, comes a very curious illustration of island customs. One might call the picture "A Native Nurse." The thoroughly contented expression of the suckling baby speaks well for the novel system. Not, of course, that there is any novelty in feeding a baby on goat's milk, for this is well known to be one of the best of all forms of nourishment for young children; but for the baby to suckle it direct from the mother-goat, instead of from a bottle, is an idea which does not seem to have occurred to anyone before. The goat is apparently as well contented with the arrangement as the infant; indeed, it might possibly occur to a humorist to remark that, having lost her own kid, she was delighted to be supplied with another.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

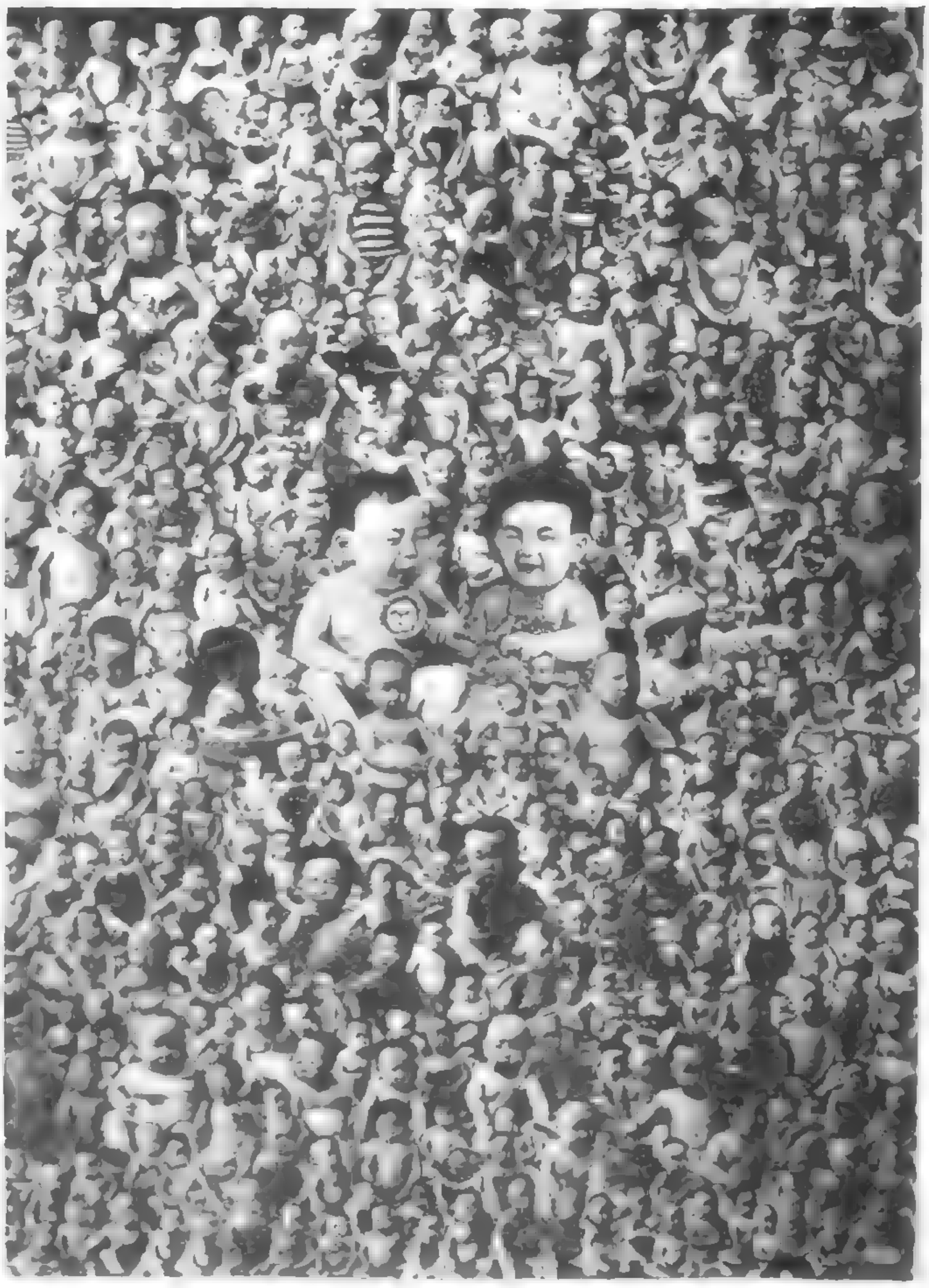


AFTER MANY DAYS.

"The long arm of coincidence" is a phrase which is constantly used by critics as a term of disparagement whenever a novelist or a playwright makes use of the device. But no novelist or playwright would venture to make use of such incredible coincidences as, nevertheless, happen every day. The copy of Shakespeare's "King Lear," the fly-leaf of which is reproduced above, provides a remarkable example. Its owner, being in need of an annotated copy of the play to read with a pupil, went to Messrs. Poole and Co., the Educational Booksellers, in Charing Cross Road, and asked for "a copy of 'King Lear,' Aldis Wright's Edition." The shopman whistled up a speaking-tube, and in a couple of minutes this copy came down the lift and was placed on the counter with a request for eightpence. Taking up the book the customer noticed on the cover a name exactly the same as his own, and thinking it a curious coincidence that some present-day schoolboy should have the same name and initials as himself, he opened the book and was astounded to find on the fly-leaf not only his own name, but that of his old school, in the unmistakable handwriting which most Aldenham boys of his time used in unconscious imitation of the late head master. Convinced then that this was indeed his very own school copy of "King Lear," the customer placed his eightpence upon the bookseller's counter and became possessed for the second time of the book, which had evidently, from its good condition, known no intermediate owner, and had been waiting, for more than twenty-two years, until its original possessor came to claim it!

A THOUSAND BABIES.

"I send a photo. of a thousand Japanese and Chinese babies of every size and variety, which I picked up in a store here. Probably your readers can discover how it was taken and how the photographer managed to keep all the babies quiet at the same time. I should judge that individual photographs were taken and then cut out and pasted on one large card, and the joint picture made from that."—Mr. Louis Meyer, 1,329, Beretania Street, Honolulu."



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



SARAH BERNHARDT, AT THE AGE OF TWELVE, AND HER MOTHER.

From an Unpublished Photograph by C. Robert, Paris.

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. APRIL, 1904. No. 160.

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

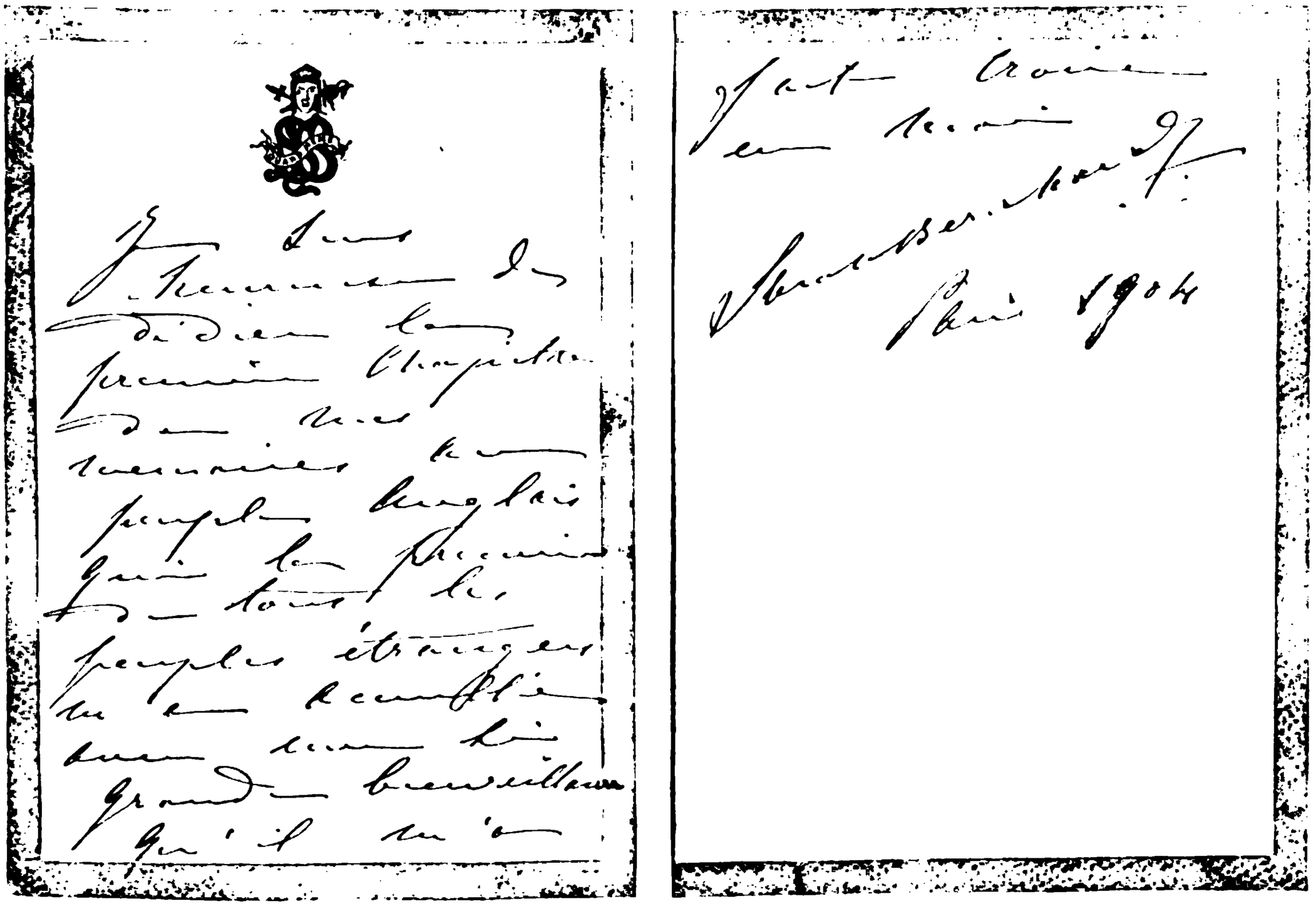
[These Memoirs, written by the greatest actress of our time, will give not only the story of her career in the theatrical world, but also in social life, in which she has, of course, met nearly all the celebrated people of the day, from Royalties downwards, and will be found throughout of the most striking interest to all classes of readers.]

CHAPTER I.—CHILDHOOD.

MY mother was fond of travelling: she would go from Spain to England, from London to Paris, from Paris to Berlin, and from there to Christiania; then she would come back, embrace me, and set out again for Holland, her native country. She used to send my nurse clothing for herself and cakes for me. To one of my aunts she would write: "Look after little Sarah; I shall return in a month's time." A month later she would write to another of her sisters: "Go and see the child at her nurse's; I shall be back in a couple of weeks."

My mother's age was nineteen; I was three years old, and my two aunts were seventeen and twenty years of age; another aunt was fifteen, and the eldest was twenty-eight, but the last one lived at Martinique, and was the mother of six children. My grandmother was blind, my grandfather dead, and my father had been in China for the last two years. I have no idea why he had gone there.

My youthful aunts always promised to come to see me, but rarely kept their word. My nurse hailed from Brittany and lived near Quimperlé, in a little white house with a low thatched roof, on which wild gillyflowers grew.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT'S DEDICATORY LETTER.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THIS MAGAZINE.

"Je suis heureux de dédier le premier chapitre de mes Mémoires au peuple anglais, qui, le premier de tous les peuples étrangers, m'a accueillie avec une si grande bienveillance qu'il m'a fait croire en moi.—SARAH BERNHARDT, Paris, 1904.

TRANSLATION.—"I am pleased to dedicate the first chapter of my Memoirs to the English people, who, first among all foreign nations, welcomed me with such great kindness that they made me believe in myself."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

That was the first flower which charmed my eyes as a child, and I have loved it ever since. Its leaves are heavy and sad-looking, and its petals are made of the setting sun.

Brittany is a long way off, even in our present epoch of velocity. In those days it was the end of the world. Fortunately my nurse was, it appears, a good, kind woman, and, as her own child had died, she had only me to love. But she loved after the manner of poor people, when she had time.

One day, as her husband was ill, she went into the fields to help gather in potatoes; the over-damp soil was rotting them, and there was no time to be lost. She left me in charge of her husband, who was lying on his Breton bedstead suffering from a bad attack of lumbago. The good woman had placed me in my high chair, and had been careful to put in the wooden peg which supported the narrow tablet for my toys. She threw a fagot in the grate, and said to me in Breton language (until the age of four I only understood Breton), "Be a good girl, Milk Blossom." That was my only name at the time. When she had gone I tried to withdraw the wooden peg which she had taken so much trouble to put in place. Finally I succeeded in pushing aside the little rampart. I wanted to reach the ground, but—poor little me!—I fell into the fire, which was burning joyfully.

The screams of my foster-father, who could not move, brought in some neighbours. I was thrown, all smoking, into a large pail of fresh milk. My aunts were informed of what had happened; they communicated the news to my mother, and for the next four days that quiet part of the country was ploughed by stage-coaches, which arrived in rapid succession. My aunts came from all parts of the world; and my mother, in the greatest alarm, hastened from Brussels with Baron Larrey, one of her friends, who was a celebrated doctor, and a surgeon whom Baron Larrey had brought with him. I have been told since that nothing was more painful to witness, and yet so charming, as my mother's despair. The doctor approved of the "mask of butter," which was changed every two hours.



From a] SARAH BERNHARDT'S HOME IN BRITTANY WHEN SHE WAS A CHILD. *[Photo.*

Dear Baron Larrey! I often saw him afterwards, and now and again we shall meet him in the pages of my Memoirs. He used to tell me in such charming fashion how those kind folks loved Milk Blossom. And he could never refrain from laughing at the thought of that butter. There was butter everywhere, he used to say; on the bedsteads, on the cupboards, on the chairs, on the tables, hanging up on nails in bladders All the neighbours used to bring butter to make masks for Milk Blossom.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mother, admirably beautiful, looking like a Madonna, with her golden hair and her eyes fringed with such long lashes that they made a shadow on her cheeks when she bent her eyes, distributed money on all sides. She would have given her golden hair, her slender white fingers, her tiny feet, her life itself, in order to save the child. And she was as sincere in her despair and her love as in her unconscious forgetfulness. Baron Larrey left for Paris, leaving my mother, Aunt Rosine, and the surgeon with me. Forty-two days later mother took in triumph to Paris the nurse, the foster-father, and me, and installed us in a little house at Neuilly, on the banks of the Seine. I had not even a scar, it appears. My skin was rather too bright a pink, but that was all. My mother, happy and trustful once more, began to travel again, leaving me in care of my aunts.

Two years were spent in the little garden at Neuilly, which was full of horrible dahlias, growing close together and coloured like woollen balls. My aunts never came there. My mother used to send money, bonbons, and toys. The foster-father died, and my nurse married a concierge, who used to pull open the door at 65, Rue de Provence.

Not knowing where to find my mother, and not being able to write, my nurse—without telling any of my friends—took me with her to her new abode.

The change delighted me. I was five years old at the time, and I remember the day as if it were yesterday. My nurse's abode was just over the doorway of the house, and the window was framed in the heavy and monumental door. From outside I thought it was beautiful, and I began to clap my hands on reaching the house. It was towards five o'clock in the evening in the month of November, when everything looks grey. I was put to bed, and no doubt I went to sleep at once, for there end my souvenirs of that day.

The next morning there was terrible grief in store for me. There was no window in the little room in which I slept, and I began to cry, and escaped from the arms of my nurse, who was dressing me, so that I could go into the adjoining room. I ran to the round window, which was an immense "bull's-eye" above the doorway, I pressed my stubborn brow against the glass and began to scream with rage on seeing no trees ; no box-wood, no leaves falling, nothing, nothing but stone —cold, grey, ugly stone, and panes of glass opposite me. "I want to go away. I don't want to stay here. It is all black, black ! It is ugly ! I want to see the ceiling of the street ! " and I burst into tears. My poor nurse took me up in her arms and, folding me in a rug, took me down into the courtyard. "Lift up your head, Milk Blossom, and look ! See, there is the ceiling of the street ! "

It comforted me somewhat to see that there was some sky in this ugly place, but my little soul was very sad. I could not eat, and I grew pale and became anæmic, and I should certainly have died of consumption if it had not been for a mere chance, a most unexpected incident. One day I was playing in the courtyard with a little girl named Titine, who lived on the second floor, and whose face or real name I cannot recall. I saw my nurse's husband walking across the courtyard with two ladies, one of whom was most fashionably attired. I could only see their backs, but the voice of the fashionably-attired lady caused my heart to stop beating. My poor little body trembled with nervous excitement.

"Do any of the windows look on to the courtyard ? " she asked.

"Yes, madame, those four," he replied, pointing to four open ones on the first floor.

The lady turned to look at them, and I uttered a cry of joy.

"Aunt Rosine ! Aunt Rosine ! " I exclaimed, clinging to the skirts of the pretty visitor. I buried my face in her furs, stamping, sobbing, laughing, and tearing her wide lace sleeves in my frenzy of delight. She took me in her arms and tried to calm me, and, questioning the concierge, she stammered out to her friend, "I can't understand what it all means ! This is little Sarah ! My sister Youle's child ! "

The noise I made had attracted attention, and people opened their windows. My aunt decided to take refuge in the concierge's lodge, in order to come to an explanation. My poor nurse told her all that had taken place —her husband's death and her second marriage. I do not remember what she said to excuse herself. I clung to my aunt, who was deliciously perfumed, and I would not let go of her.

She promised to come the following day to fetch me, but I did not want to stay any longer in that dark place. I asked to start at once with my nurse. My aunt stroked my hair gently, and spoke to her friend in a language I did not understand. She tried in vain to explain something to me—I do not know what it was—but I insisted that I

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



RUE DE PROVENCE, WHERE SARAH BERNHARDT, AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WAS TAKEN TO LIVE WITH HER NURSE.
From a Photo. by [*C. Robert, Paris.*

wanted to go away with her at once. In a gentle, tender, caressing voice, but without any real affection, she said all kinds of pretty things, stroked me with her gloved hands, patted my frock, which was turned up, and made any amount of charming, frivolous little gestures, but all without any real feeling. She then went away, at her friend's entreaty, after emptying her purse in my nurse's hands. I rushed towards the door, but the husband of my nurse, who had opened it for her, now closed it again. My nurse was crying, and, taking me in her arms, she opened the window, saying to me: "Don't cry, Milk Blossom; look at your pretty aunt. She will come back again, and then you can go away with her."

Great tears rolled down her calm, round, handsome face. I could see nothing but the dark, black hole which remained there immutable behind me, and in a fit of despair I rushed out to my aunt, who was just getting into a carriage. After that I knew nothing more; everything seemed dark; there was a noise in the distance. I could hear voices far, far away. I had managed to escape from my poor nurse and had fallen down on the pavement in front of my aunt. I had broken my arm in two places and injured my left knee-cap. I only came to myself again a few hours later, to find that I was in a beautiful wide bed which smelt very nice. It stood in the middle of a large room, with two lovely windows, which made me very joyful, for I could see the ceiling of Heaven through them.

My mother, who had been sent for immediately, came to take care of me, and I saw the rest of my family, my aunts and my cousins. My poor little brain could not understand why all these people should suddenly be so fond of me, when I had passed so many days and nights only cared for by one single person.

As I was weakly and my bones were small and friable, I was two years recovering from this terrible fall, and during that time was nearly always carried about. I will pass over these two years of my life, which have left me only a vague memory of being petted, and of a chronic state of torpor.

One day my mother took me on her knees and said to me, "You are a big girl now, and you must learn to read and write." I was then seven years old and could neither read, write, nor count, as I had been five years with the old nurse and two years ill. "You must go to school," continued my mother, playing with my curly hair, "like a big girl." I did not know what all this meant, and I asked what a school was.

"It's a place where there are many little girls," replied my mother.

"Are they ill?" I asked.

"Oh, no. They are quite well, like you are now, and they play together, and are very gay and happy."

I jumped about in delight and gave free vent to my joy, but on seeing tears in my mother's eyes I flung myself in her arms.

"But what about you, mamma?" I asked. "You will be all alone and you won't have any little girl."

She bent down to me and said, "God has told me that he will send me some flowers and a little baby."

My delight was more and more boisterous. "Then I shall have a little brother!" I

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

exclaimed, "or else a little sister! Oh, no, I don't want that; I don't like little sisters!"

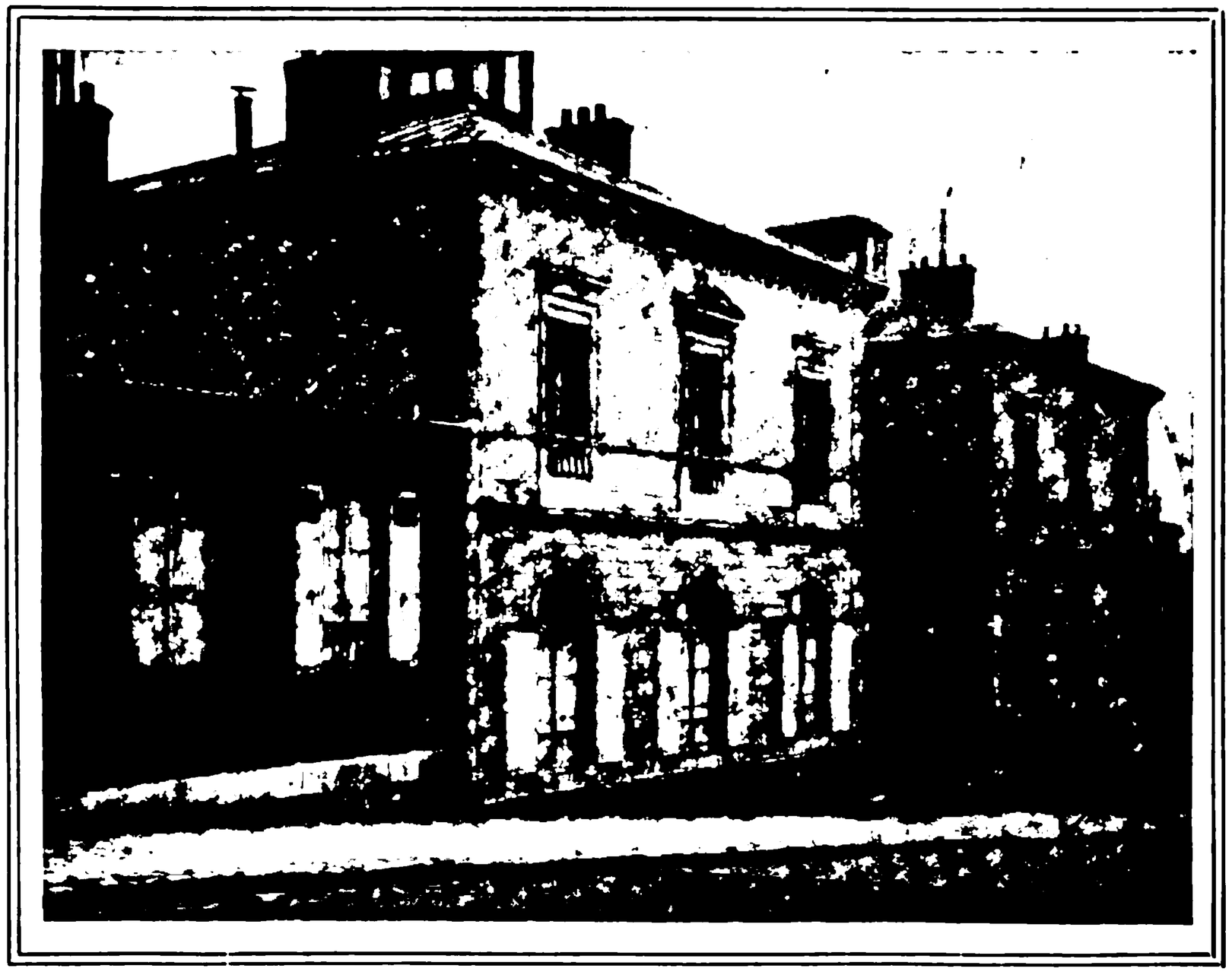
Mamma kissed me very affectionately, and then I was dressed, I remember, in a blue corded velvet frock, of which I was very proud. Arrayed thus in all my splendour, I waited impatiently for Aunt Rosine's carriage, which was to take us to Auteuil.

It was about three o'clock when she arrived. The housemaid had gone on about an hour before, and I had watched with delight my little trunk and my toys being packed into the carriage. The maid climbed up and took the seat by the driver, in spite of my mother protesting at first against this. When my aunt's magnificent equipage arrived, mamma was the first to get in, slowly and calmly. I got in slowly too, giving myself airs because the concierge and some of the shopkeepers were watching. My aunt then sprang in lightly, but by no means calmly, after giving her orders in English to the stiff, ridiculous-looking coachman, and handing him a paper on which the address was written. Another carriage followed ours, in which three men were seated: Régis L——, a friend of my father's, General de P——, and an artist named Fleury, I think, whose pictures of horses and sporting subjects were very much in vogue just then.

I heard on the way that these gentlemen were going to arrange about a little dinner near Auteuil to console mamma for her great trouble in being separated from me. Some other guests were to be there to meet them. I did not pay very much attention to what my mother and my aunt said to each other. Sometimes when they spoke of me they talked either English or German, and smiled at me affectionately. The long drive was greatly appreciated by me, for, with my face pressed against the window and my eyes wide open, I gazed out eagerly at the grey, muddy road, with its ugly houses on each side and its bare trees. I thought it was all very beautiful—because it kept changing.

The carriage stopped at 18, Rue Boileau, Auteuil. On the iron gate was a long, dark signboard, with gold letters. I looked up at it, and mamma said: "You will be able to read that soon, I hope." My aunt whispered to me, "Boarding School. Madame Fressard," and, very promptly, I said to mamma: "It says, 'Boarding School. Madame Fressard.'"

Mamma, my aunt, and the three gentlemen laughed heartily at my assurance, and we entered the house. Mme. Fressard came forward to meet us, and I liked her at once. She was of medium height, rather stout, with a small waist, and her hair turning grey "en Sévigné." She had beautiful, large eyes, rather like George Sand's; very white teeth, which showed up all the more as her complexion was rather tawny. She looked healthy, spoke kindly; her hands were plump and her fingers long. She took my hand gently in hers and, half-kneeling, so that her face was level with mine, she said, in a musical voice, "You won't be afraid of me, will you, little girl?" I did not answer, but my face flushed as red as a coxcomb. She asked me several questions, but I refused to reply. They all gathered round me. "Speak, child!" "Come, Sarah, be a good girl!" "Oh, the naughty little child!"



THE EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT AT AUTEUIL WHERE SARAH BERNHARDT PASSED SOME OF HER EARLY YEARS.
From a Photo. by [*C. Robert, Paris.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was all in vain. I remained perfectly mute. The customary round was then made of the bedrooms, the dining-hall, the class-rooms, and the usual exaggerated compliments were paid. "How beautifully it is all kept! How spotlessly clean everything is!" and a hundred stupidities of this kind about the comfort of these prisons for children. My mother went aside with Mme. Fressard, and I clung to her knees so that she could not walk. "This is the doctor's prescription," she said, and then followed a long list of things that were to be done for me.

Mme. Fressard smiled rather ironically. "You know, madame," she said to my mother, "we shall not be able to curl her hair like that." "And you certainly will not be able to uncurl it," replied my mother, stroking my head with her gloved hands. "It's a regular wig, and they must never attempt to comb it until it has been well brushed. They could not possibly get the knots out otherwise, and it would hurt her too much. What do you give the children at four o'clock?" she asked, changing the subject. "Oh, a slice of bread and just what the parents leave for them."

"There are twelve pots of different kinds of jam," said my mother, "but she must have jam one day and chocolate another, as she has not a good appetite, and requires change of food. I have brought six pounds of chocolate." Mme. Fressard smiled in a good-natured but rather ironical way. She picked up a packet of the chocolate and looked at the mark.

"Ah! from Marquis? What a spoilt little girl it is!" She patted my cheek with her white fingers, and then, as her eyes fell on a large jar, she looked surprised. "That's cold cream," said my mother. "I make it myself, and I should like my little girl's face and hands to be rubbed with it every night when she goes to bed."

"But——" began Mme. Fressard.

"Oh, I'll pay double laundry expenses for the sheets," interrupted my mother, impatiently. (Ah! my poor mother, I remember quite well that my sheets were changed once a month, like those of the other pupils.)

The farewell moment came at last, and everyone gathered round mamma, and finally carried her off, after a great deal of kissing, and with all kinds of consoling words. "It will be so good for her." "It is just what she needs." "You'll find her quite changed when you see her again," etc., etc.

The General, who was very fond of me, picked me up in his arms and tossed me in the air.

"You little chit," he said; "they are putting you to the barracks, and you'll have to mind your pace!"

I pulled his long moustache, and he said, winking, and looking in the direction of Mme. Fressard, who had a slight moustache, "You mustn't do that to the lady, you know!"

My aunt laughed heartily, and my mother gave a little stifled laugh, and the whole troop went off in a regular whirlwind of rustling skirts and farewells, whilst I was taken away to the cage where I was to be imprisoned.

I spent two years at this school, and I learned to read, write, and do sums. I also learned plenty of new games, and to sing *rondeaux* and embroider handkerchiefs for mamma.

I was comparatively happy on the whole, because we went out on Sundays and Thursdays, and I had a sort of sensation of liberty on those days. The sun in the street seemed to me quite different from the sun in the big garden belonging to the school. My Aunt Felix Faure (no relation to the wife of the late President) often fetched me and took me out with her. There was a little brook running through the grounds round her house at Neuilly, and I used to spend hours fishing in it with my two cousins, a boy and a girl.

These two years passed by peacefully enough, the chief events being my terrible fits of temper, which upset the whole school occasionally, and ended usually by my spending two or three days in the sick-room. One day Aunt Rosine arrived suddenly, to take me away altogether. My father had written giving orders as to where I was to be placed, and these orders were imperative. My mother was travelling, so she had sent word to my aunt, who had hurried off at once between two dances, to carry out the instructions she had received.

The idea that I was to be ordered about without any regard to my own wishes or inclinations put me into an indescribable rage. I rolled about on the ground, uttering the most heartrending cries. I yelled out all kinds of reproaches, blaming mamma, my aunts, and Mme. Fressard for not finding some way to keep me with her. The struggle lasted two hours, and while I was being dressed I escaped twice into the garden and attempted to climb the trees and to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

throw myself into the pond, in which there was more mud than water.

Finally, when I was completely exhausted and subdued, I was taken off sobbing in my aunt's carriage.

I stayed three days at her house, as I was so feverish that they all thought I was sickening for some illness. It proved to be nothing but the result of my wild fit of anger.

I will pass over some pages which my readers will find later on in my Memoirs, and will go on to the time when I was at the Grand Champ Convent at Versailles, whither I had been taken after various events.



From a Photo. by] THE GRAND CHAMP CONVENT, VERSAILLES. *[O. Robert, Paris.*

Endowed with a lively imagination and with an extremely sensitive nature, the Christian legend appealed both to my heart and mind. The Divine Martyr became my ideal, and the Mother with the Seven Sorrows I simply worshipped.

An event which seemed simple enough in itself, but which was very important, as, indeed, everything is which disturbs, if only for an hour, the tranquillity of convent life, served to attach me more strongly than ever to this peaceful home. It seemed to me to be the place for all earthly happiness and the road to eternal peace in the next world.

The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Sibour, was to honour the convent by paying a sacerdotal visit. It was not only the father coming to look after the welfare of his children, but, and more particularly this, it was the Prince of the Church condescending to appear in the midst of these humble and holy women and pure children. It was a Divine Majesty coming down from the throne to mingle with his human subjects.

The whole convent was in a state of great excitement when the good news was received, and I must own that there was more enthusiasm than solemnity visible during the time that preceded the visit. The chapel was decorated with all its most special ornaments for this most special reception. The whole house was filled with flowers, and what particularly delighted me and several of my companions was that a play taken from a Biblical subject was rehearsed for the benefit of Monseigneur. I should not like to affirm that the privileged ones who were chosen to take part in this play had no vanity on their conscience on that particular day. It was no small glory to appear before a public, limited certainly in number, but so wonderfully select.

I was only a fragile child at that time, interesting rather than pretty, in spite of my rose-coloured lips, my "heavenly eyes," as the nuns called them, and my light gold hair. It

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

is from that far-back time that my earliest theatrical souvenirs date. It was St. Catherine's Day, a general holiday in all the convents for girls, but with us, this year, it was a very great day. Much more attention than usual had been given to the rehearsals of the play that was to be performed. The subject of the piece had been taken from the Bible. It was the journey of young Tobias, and had been written by Sister Thérèse.

The girls who had *rôles* were wild with delight. They had had committee meetings, at which they discussed the quality of the piece, and I may add that it was unanimously pronounced perfectly wonderful. All around me I heard nothing but exclamations of joy and admiration, and I alone was wretched, absolutely wretched, for I had no *rôle*. What misery I endured in the midst of all this joy! My dear Mother—as we called the elder girls who looked after us—never thought of trying to comfort me nor yet to reason with me; she was too much taken up herself with the great event. I could, therefore, weep and fume to my heart's content. I knew all the *rôles* by heart, and I thought that most of the girls recited their parts very badly. Finally I undertook to coach Louise Bugnet in her *rôle*. She was to play the part of the guiding angel, and she could not manage it at all. She was ten years old, and I liked her very much. She was my special friend. "How silly you are!" I said to her. "If I were in your place I should not be at all nervous. Listen! this is how I should say it." And standing in front of her I went through her part, and she then repeated it much better after me. But the next day, at the final rehearsal, in the large room which we used on holidays, she was seized with such a trembling fit that she could not utter a single word. We were all there together, and Mother Sainte-Appoline was drilling us in her own way. She imitated Monseigneur Sibour, who was to be present at the performance, and she said, "When he does like this you must all clap," and when she clapped her long, delicate hands together, it sounded as though there were cotton-wool between them.

I should have enjoyed all this immensely if I had not been furious. I knew all the *rôles* and had not a single word to say. Most of the girls were beaming with pride; Louise Bugnet alone was crying and sobbing. I thought her very stupid.

"That child will never get through her part," exclaimed the Mother Superior.

"Oh, no, I can't; I am sure I can't!" sobbed my poor little friend.

There was a general uproar, and all at once I felt my childish heart leap with the wildest joy. The blood seemed to boil in my veins, and, rushing from the platform, I jumped on to a form. "Mother! Mother!" I exclaimed, "I know the *rôle*. Would you like me to take it?"

Everybody was looking at me. I was trembling, but I felt quite brave. I knew the part and was sure of myself.

Mother Sainte-Sophie, the Superior of the Convent, an adorable creature (one of the happy memories of my childhood), answered: "Well, my dear, let me hear you."

I tossed back my refractory hair, and, bold and panting, proceeded to recite the *rôle* of the guiding angel.

"There!" I exclaimed, when I came to the end.

My schoolfellows laughed, the sisters smiled, but, very much encouraged, I mounted on to the little platform and the rehearsal commenced.

"It will be all right," everyone said, and I felt very proud, but still I was afraid lest I should not get through well enough.

When the rehearsal was over the luncheon bell rang, but I could neither eat nor drink; I felt choked and oppressed. How many times since then I have had this same sensation of physical anguish!

On the table there was a special treat that day—a dish of custard. I was very fond of this, but I could not possibly swallow anything. I glanced anxiously at the girls to see if they were looking or listening. They were eating and laughing. Louise Bugnet took my share of the custard. "Look here!" she said, "you've taken my *rôle*, so I can eat your custard." I began to cry, for I was very fond of custard. Fortunately, just then Sister Sainte-Marie came to fetch me to be dressed, otherwise I should have had a fit of temper, and it is quite probable that my silver goblet and my pewter plate would have landed in the middle of the table. I was taken into the large committee-room. I had never been in it before, and to my childish imagination there was something mysterious about it.

I shuddered on entering, for it seemed to me I should hear all those rules that were discussed in there twice a month. A looking-glass had been brought in, the only one I ever saw in the convent. It belonged to Père Larcher, the gardener, the only man who was free to come in and out of the house. The glass was too small and was framed in oak, with a bird carved on the top.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] THE GRAND CHAMP CONVENT FROM THE GARDEN. *[C. Robert, Paris.*

I can see it now, with the tinfoil worn off in patches and marks all over it which interfered with its transparency. The nuns kept at a safe distance from it as though it were a danger, and their black veils were lowered over their white crêpe ones. The sister who attended to the turning-box, the only one in the convent who was not cloistered (because it was she who had to deal with the tradesmen), was told off to dress us. She put a long white gown on me with large sleeves, and two beautiful white wings were then fastened on to me. My hair had been well curled and was tied over my forehead with a gold lace.

Oh, dear, how my poor little heart was beating!

Suddenly the convent bells began to peal gaily; a carriage rolled up into the court-yard and Monseigneur Sibour made his appearance.

I was too little and could not see, although I did my utmost to make myself higher. Père Larcher lifted me up in his arms, and then what a magnificent sight I beheld.

Monseigneur had alighted from his episcopal carriage and Mother Sainte-Sophie, our Mother Superior, was kneeling down and kissing his ring. All the nuns, with bowed heads, were awaiting the signal to kneel down and receive his blessing.

I thought all this very beautiful. All these black gowns with white caps, and then this tall man in violet, with white hair, so majestic looking, and yet with such a kind, fatherly expression on his face. Then, too, there were the carriage and the fat coachman, all bedizened and yet sitting up straight and looking so solemn on his draped seat, and our chaplain, both gentle and severe—I thought it was all superb, and I decided to become a nun.

An hour passed by, during which I knew absolutely nothing of what was said or done.

I was waiting, very tired after all my emotion, and half asleep, too, in the arm-chair which belonged to the old Mère Sainte-Alexis, the most aged member of the community.

A light touch woke me. I was dreaming of my *rôle*, and was not, therefore, at all surprised. I exclaimed, as I rushed towards the door, "Ah, they are going to commence!"

Unfortunately, I had forgotten my long dress, and I fell down in the middle of the room. The merriment which my accident caused put me in such a rage that the tears which the pain in my knees brought to my eyes dried up promptly. "I haven't hurt myself, there now!" I exclaimed, furious, and then went into the small room which was to serve as our green-room.

The stage was represented by a plank of wood, which prevented our passing the limits arranged. There was, of course, no sign of a curtain. A wooden bench and a table, upon which was the frugal repast of old Tobias, constituted the scenery.

Ah! there were also two stools, which one of the girls had to move about as required. When I entered our green-room the entertainment had commenced, but it was not time for our play. The eldest boarder was reciting the address which had been composed in honour of Monseigneur. Her hard, dry voice, repeating correctly the words she had learned, sounded to me like the creaking of a door. We were eleven little girls in this small room, and not one of us uttered a word. We could hear the beating of our hearts. Our feverish little hands, clasped

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

together from habit in prayer, were clenched now in terror.

This opening number was over at last, and the girl was presented with a cross that had been blessed. She assured us that she had not been nervous, and that it was quite easy. We had only to look at the bright light which the sun threw on the frame of the large picture representing Heaven, with all the angels. In this way each one could imagine herself alone.

After this Marie Hubart played a pianoforte solo. Nothing was spared for this great ceremony, and then, at last, it was our turn. I will not give the details of the piece, as it is well known. I tell this as one of my souvenirs, as it was my *début*. I came very near entering a nunnery. It seemed to me that there was nothing better, nothing which could make me happier. In my childish imagination I could see angels drawing me heavenwards. The only way appeared to be through the convent. In the meantime I was about to appear on the stage.



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.
From a Photo. by Lafayette.

I felt paralyzed, and a shudder ran through me from the back of my neck to my feet. I fancy that I missed the right moment for appearing on the scene, as one of the girls pushed me forward, just as my professor, Monsieur M. Provost, had to do some years later when I made my *début* in "Iphigenia" at the Comédie Française. My entrance was a success, for I had a sudden fit of self-assurance, although I was really half delirious with fright, and I went through my part very well, adding whole phrases to it. I scarcely knew what I was saying, but I continued nevertheless.

When the piece was over the guiding angel was sent for by Monseigneur. I was perfectly triumphant.

"What's your name, my child?" asked Monseigneur.

"Sarah," I replied.

"That name must be changed," he said, smiling.

"Yes," answered the Superior, "her father wants her to be baptized and to be called Henriette; the ceremony is to take place in a month."

"Well, Sarah or Henriette," said Monseigneur, "here is a medal that you must always wear, and the next time I come here you must recite some poetry, 'Esther's Prayer,' for me."

Monseigneur then kissed me, and this caused some jealousy. I promised him that I would learn "Esther's Prayer" for his next visit. I had only a vague idea of what he meant by poetry. I knew some fables, but was not aware that they were poetry. I asked to have something to learn at once for Monseigneur, and "Esther's Prayer" was given to me. I began to study it without a moment's delay. Alas! I was never to recite it to him. A few days later, one morning after prayers, when we were all assembled in the chapel, the almoner, who was deeply moved, told us in a short address that Monseigneur Sibour had just been assassinated.* Little had we expected to hear such terrible news.

All feelings of envy and triumph, together with the joyful remembrance of our *fête*, were swept away in this great grief, which, for my part, I have never forgotten.

Assassinated! A wave of terror seemed to pass over us, and the dread word, echoing through the church, smote me more particularly. Had I not been marked out as the favourite of the moment? It was to me as though the murderer, Verger, had robbed me at the same time of my little share of glory. I began to cry, more with regret than sorrow, and the prayers for the dead, that we were told to say, brought my grief to a climax. I was carried away in a fainting-fit, and it was from that time that I was taken with an ardent love for mysticism, which was encouraged by our religious observances, the *mise-en-scène* of our services, and perhaps, too, by the fervent and cajoling approval of the women who were educating me. They were very fond of me and I adored them, so that even now the memory of them thrills my heart with affection.

* He was killed by the Abbé Verger, a priest who had been suspended from office, Jan. 1, 1857.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

VII.—The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton.

IT is years since the incidents of which I speak took place, and yet it is with diffidence that I allude to them. For a long time, even with the utmost discretion and reticence, it would have been impossible to make the facts public; but now the principal person concerned is beyond the reach of human law, and with due suppression the story may be told in such fashion as to injure no one. It records an absolutely unique experience in the career both of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and of myself. The reader will excuse me if I conceal the date or any other fact by which he might trace the actual occurrence.

We had been out for one of our evening rambles, Holmes and I, and had returned about six o'clock on a cold, frosty winter's evening. As Holmes turned up the lamp the light fell upon a card on the table. He glanced at it, and then, with an ejaculation of disgust, threw it on the floor. I picked it up and read:—

CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON,
APPLEDORE TOWERS,
AGENT. HAMPSTEAD.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The worst man in London," Holmes answered, as he sat down and stretched his legs before the fire. "Is anything on the back of the card?"

I turned it over.

"Will call at 6.30—C. A. M.," I read.

"Hum! He's about due. Do you feel a creeping, shrinking sensation, Watson, when you stand before the serpents in the Zoo and see the slithery, gliding, venomous creatures, with their deadly eyes and wicked, flattened faces? Well, that's how Milverton impresses me. I've had to do with fifty murderers in my career, but the worst of them never gave me the repulsion which I have for this fellow. And yet I can't get out of doing business with him—indeed, he is here at my invitation."

"But who is he?"

"I'll tell you, Watson. He is the king of all the blackmailers. Heaven help the man, and still more the woman, whose secret and reputation come into the power of Milverton. With a smiling face and a heart of marble he will squeeze and squeeze until he has drained them dry. The fellow is a genius in his way, and would have made his mark in some more savoury trade. His method is as follows: He allows it to be known that he is prepared to pay very high sums for letters which compromise people of wealth or position. He receives these wares not only from treacherous valets or maids, but frequently from genteel ruffians who have gained the confidence and affection of trusting women. He deals with no niggard hand. I happen to know that he paid seven hundred pounds to a footman for a note two lines in length, and that the ruin of a noble family was the result. Everything which is in the market goes to Milverton, and there are hundreds in this great city who turn white at his name. No one knows where his grip may fall, for he is far too rich and far too cunning to work from hand to mouth. He will hold a card back for years in order to play it at the moment when the stake is best worth winning. I have said that he is the worst man in London, and I would ask you how could one compare the ruffian who in hot blood bludgeons his mate with this man, who methodically and at his leisure tortures the soul and wrings the nerves in order to add to his already swollen money-bags?"

I had seldom heard my friend speak with such intensity of feeling.

"But surely," said I, "the fellow must be within the grasp of the law?"

"Technically, no doubt, but practically not. What would it profit a woman, for example, to get him a few months' imprison-

Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ment if her own ruin must immediately follow? His victims dare not hit back. If ever he blackmailed an innocent person, then, indeed, we should have him; but he is as cunning as the Evil One. No, no; we must find other ways to fight him."

"And why is he here?"

"Because an illustrious client has placed her piteous case in my hands. It is the Lady Eva Brackwell, the most beautiful *débutante* of last season. She is to be married in a fortnight to the Earl of Dovercourt. This fiend has several imprudent letters — imprudent, Watson, nothing worse — which were written to an impecunious young squire in the country. They would suffice to break off the match. Milverton will send the letters to the Earl unless a large sum of money is paid him. I have been commissioned to meet him, and—to make the best terms I can."



"CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON."

At that instant there was a clatter and a rattle in the street below. Looking down I saw a stately carriage and pair, the brilliant lamps gleaming on the glossy haunches of the noble chestnuts. A footman opened the door, and a small, stout man in a shaggy astrachan overcoat descended. A minute later he was in the room.

Charles Augustus Milverton was a man of fifty, with a large, intellectual head, a round, plump, hairless face, a perpetual frozen smile, and two keen grey eyes, which gleamed brightly from behind broad, golden-rimmed glasses. There was something of Mr. Pickwick's benevolence in his appearance, marred only by the insincerity of the fixed smile and by the hard glitter of those restless and penetrating eyes. His voice was as smooth and suave as his countenance, as he advanced with a plump little hand extended, murmuring his regret for having missed us at his first visit. Holmes disregarded the outstretched hand and looked at him with a face of granite. Milverton's smile broadened; he shrugged his shoulders, removed his overcoat, folded it with great deliberation over the back of a chair, and then took a seat.

"This gentleman?" said he, with a wave in my direction. "Is it discreet? Is it right?"

"Dr. Watson is my friend and partner."

"Very good, Mr. Holmes. It is only in your client's interests that I protested. The matter is so very delicate——"

"Dr. Watson has already heard of it."

"Then we can proceed to business. You say that you are acting for Lady Eva. Has she empowered you to accept my terms?"

"What are your terms?"

"Seven thousand pounds."

"And the alternative?"

"My dear sir, it is painful to me to discuss it; but if the money is not paid on the 14th there certainly will be no marriage on the 18th." His insufferable smile was more complacent than ever.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Holmes thought for a little.

"You appear to me," he said, at last, "to be taking matters too much for granted. I am, of course, familiar with the contents of these letters. My client will certainly do what I may advise. I shall counsel her to tell her future husband the whole story and to trust to his generosity."

Milverton chuckled.

"You evidently do not know the Earl," said he.

From the baffled look upon Holmes's face I could clearly see that he did.

"What harm is there in the letters?" he asked.

"They are sprightly — very sprightly," Milverton answered. "The lady was a charming correspondent. But I can assure you that the Earl of Dovercourt would fail to appreciate them. However, since you think otherwise, we will let it rest at that. It is purely a matter of business. If you think that it is in the best interests of your client that these letters should be placed in the hands of the Earl, then you would indeed be foolish to pay so large a sum of money to regain them." He rose and seized his astrachan coat.

Holmes was grey with anger and mortification.

"Wait a little," he said. "You go too fast. We would certainly make every effort to avoid scandal in so delicate a matter."

Milverton relapsed into his chair.

"I was sure that you would see it in that light," he purred.

"At the same time," Holmes continued, "Lady Eva is not a wealthy woman. I assure you that two thousand pounds would be a drain upon her resources, and that the sum you name is utterly beyond her power. I beg, therefore, that you will moderate your demands, and that you will return the letters at the price I indicate, which is, I assure you, the highest that you can get."

Milverton's smile broadened and his eyes twinkled humorously.

"I am aware that what you say is true about the lady's resources," said he. "At the same time, you must admit that the occasion of a lady's marriage is a very suitable time for her friends and relatives to make some little effort upon her behalf. They may hesitate as to an acceptable wedding present. Let me assure them that this little bundle of letters would give more joy than all the candelabra and butter-dishes in London."

"It is impossible," said Holmes.

"Dear me, dear me, how unfortunate!" cried Milverton, taking out a bulky pocket-book. "I cannot help thinking that ladies are ill-advised in not making an effort. Look at this!" He held up a little note with a coat-of-arms upon the envelope. "That belongs to—well, perhaps it is hardly fair to tell the name until to-morrow morning. But at that time it will be in the hands of the lady's husband. And all because she will not find a beggarly sum which she could get in an hour by turning her diamonds into paste. It *is* such a pity. Now, you remember the sudden end of the engagement between the Honourable Miss Miles and Colonel Dorking? Only two days before the wedding there was a paragraph in the *Morning Post* to say that it was all off. And why? It is almost incredible, but the absurd sum of twelve hundred pounds would have settled the whole question. Is it not pitiful? And here I find you, a man of sense, boggling about terms when your client's future and honour are at stake. You surprise me, Mr. Holmes."

"What I say is true," Holmes answered. "The money cannot be found. Surely it is better for you to take the substantial sum which I offer than to ruin this woman's career, which can profit you in no way?"

"There you make a mistake, Mr. Holmes. An exposure would profit me indirectly to a considerable extent. I have eight or ten similar cases maturing. If it was circulated among them that I had made a severe example of the Lady Eva I should find all of them much more open to reason. You see my point?"

Holmes sprang from his chair.

"Get behind him, Watson! Don't let him out! Now, sir, let us see the contents of that note-book."

Milverton had glided as quick as a rat to the side of the room, and stood with his back against the wall.

"Mr. Holmes, Mr. Holmes," he said, turning the front of his coat and exhibiting the butt of a large revolver, which projected from the inside pocket. "I have been expecting you to do something original. This has been done so often, and what good has ever come from it? I assure you that I am armed to the teeth, and I am perfectly prepared to use my weapons, knowing that the law will support me. Besides, your supposition that I would bring the letters here in a note-book is entirely mistaken. I would do nothing so foolish. And now, gentlemen, I have one or two little interviews this evening,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"EXHIBITING THE BUTT OF A LARGE REVOLVER, WHICH PROJECTED FROM THE INSIDE POCKET."

and it is a long drive to Hampstead." He stepped forward, took up his coat, laid his hand on his revolver, and turned to the door. I picked up a chair, but Holmes shook his head and I laid it down again. With a bow, a smile, and a twinkle Milverton was out of the room, and a few moments after we heard the slam of the carriage door and the rattle of the wheels as he drove away.

Holmes sat motionless by the fire, his hands buried deep in his trouser pockets, his chin sunk upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the glowing embers. For half an hour he was silent and still. Then, with the gesture of a man who has taken his decision, he sprang to his feet and passed into his bedroom. A little later a rakish young workman with a goatee beard and a swagger lit his clay pipe at the lamp before descending into the street. "I'll be back some time, Watson," said he, and vanished into the night. I understood that he had opened his campaign against Charles Augustus Milverton; but I little dreamed the strange shape which that campaign was destined to take.

For some days Holmes came and went at all hours in this attire, but beyond a remark that his time was spent at Hampstead, and that it was not wasted, I knew nothing of what he was doing. At last, however, on a wild, tempestuous evening, when the wind screamed and rattled against the windows, he returned from his last expedition, and having removed his disguise he sat before the fire and laughed heartily in his silent inward fashion.

"You would not call me a marrying man, Watson?"

"No, indeed!"

"You'll be interested to hear that I am engaged."

"My dear fellow! I congrat——"

"To Milverton's housemaid."

"Good heavens, Holmes!"

"I wanted information, Watson."

"Surely you have gone too far?"

"It was a most necessary step. I am a plumber with a rising business, Escott by name. I have walked out with her each evening, and I have talked with her. Good heavens, those talks! However, I have got all I wanted. I know Milverton's house as I know the palm of my hand."

"But the girl, Holmes?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't help it, my dear Watson. You must play your cards as best you can when such a stake is on the table. However, I rejoice to say that I have a hated rival who will certainly cut me out the instant that my back is turned. What a splendid night it is!"

"You like this weather?"

"It suits my purpose. Watson, I mean to burgle Milverton's house to-night."

I had a catching of the breath, and my skin went cold at the words, which were slowly uttered in a tone of concentrated resolution. As a flash of lightning in the night shows up in an instant every detail of a wide landscape, so at one glance I seemed to see every possible result of such an action—the detection, the capture, the honoured career ending in irreparable failure and disgrace, my friend himself lying at the mercy of the odious Milverton.

"For Heaven's sake, Holmes, think what you are doing," I cried.

"My dear fellow, I have given it every consideration. I am never precipitate in my actions, nor would I adopt so energetic and indeed so dangerous a course if any other were possible. Let us look at the matter clearly and fairly. I suppose that you will admit that the action is morally justifiable, though technically criminal. To burgle his house is no more than to forcibly take his pocket-book—an action in which you were prepared to aid me."

I turned it over in my mind.

"Yes," I said; "it is morally justifiable so long as our object is to take no articles save those which are used for an illegal purpose."

"Exactly. Since it is morally justifiable I have only to consider the question of personal risk. Surely a gentleman should not lay much stress upon this when a lady is in most desperate need of his help?"

"You will be in such a false position."

"Well, that is part of the risk. There is no other possible way of regaining these letters. The unfortunate lady has not the money, and there are none of her people in whom she could confide. To-morrow is the last day of grace, and unless we can get the letters to-night this villain will be as good as his word and will bring about her ruin. I must, therefore, abandon my client to her fate or I must play this last card. Between ourselves, Watson, it's a sporting duel between this fellow Milverton and me. He had, as you saw, the best of the first exchanges; but my self-respect and my reputation are concerned to fight it to a finish."

"Well, I don't like it; but I suppose it must be," said I. "When do we start?"

"You are not coming."

"Then you are not going," said I. "I give you my word of honour—and I never broke it in my life—that I will take a cab straight to the police-station and give you away unless you let me share this adventure with you."

"You can't help me."

"How do you know that? You can't tell what may happen. Anyway, my resolution is taken. Other people beside you have self-respect and even reputations."

Holmes had looked annoyed, but his brow cleared, and he clapped me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, my dear fellow, be it so. We have shared the same room for some years, and it would be amusing if we ended by sharing the same cell. You know, Watson, I don't mind confessing to you that I have always had an idea that I would have made a highly efficient criminal. This is the chance of my lifetime in that direction. See here!" He took a neat little leather case out of a drawer, and opening it he exhibited a number of shining instruments. "This is a first-class, up-to-date burgling kit, with nickel-plated jemmy, diamond-tipped glass-cutter, adaptable keys, and every modern improvement which the march of civilization demands. Here, too, is my dark lantern. Everything is in order. Have you a pair of silent shoes?"

"I have rubber-soled tennis shoes."

"Excellent. And a mask?"

"I can make a couple out of black silk."

"I can see that you have a strong natural turn for this sort of thing. Very good; do you make the masks. We shall have some cold supper before we start. It is now nine-thirty. At eleven we shall drive as far as Church Row. It is a quarter of an hour's walk from there to Appledore Towers. We shall be at work before midnight. Milverton is a heavy sleeper and retires punctually at ten-thirty. With any luck we should be back here by two, with the Lady Eva's letters in my pocket."

Holmes and I put on our dress-clothes, so that we might appear to be two theatre-goers homeward bound. In Oxford Street we picked up a hansom and drove to an address in Hampstead. Here we paid off our cab, and with our great-coats buttoned up, for it was bitterly cold and the wind seemed to blow through us, we walked along the edge of the Heath.

"It's a business that needs delicate treatment," said Holmes. "These documents

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

are contained in a safe in the fellow's study, and the study is the ante-room of his bed-chamber. On the other hand, like all these stout, little men who do themselves well, he is a plethoric sleeper. Agatha—that's my *fiancée*—says it is a joke in the servants' hall that it's impossible to wake the master. He has a secretary who is devoted to his interests and never budges from the study all day. That's why we are going at night. Then he has a beast of a dog which roams the garden. I met Agatha late the last two evenings, and she locks the brute up so as to give me a clear run. This is the house, this big one in its own grounds. Through the gate—now to the right among the laurels. We might put on our masks here, I think. You see, there is not a glimmer of light in any of the windows, and everything is working splendidly."

With our black silk face-coverings, which turned us into two of the most truculent figures in London, we stole up to the silent, gloomy house. A sort of tiled veranda extended along one side of it, lined by several windows and two doors.

"That's his bedroom," Holmes whispered. "This door opens straight into the study. It would suit us best, but it is bolted as well as locked, and we should make too much noise getting in. Come round here. There's a greenhouse which opens into the drawing-room."

The place was locked, but Holmes removed a circle of glass and turned the key from the inside. An instant afterwards he had closed the door behind us, and we had become felons in the eyes of the law. The thick, warm air of the conservatory and the rich, choking fragrance of exotic plants took us by the throat. He seized my hand in the darkness and led me swiftly past banks of shrubs which brushed against our faces. Holmes had remarkable powers, carefully cultivated, of seeing in the dark. Still holding my hand in one of his he opened a door, and I was vaguely conscious that we had entered a large room in which a cigar had been smoked not long before. He felt his way among the furniture, opened another door, and closed it behind us. Putting out my hand I felt several coats hanging from the wall, and I understood that I was in a passage. We passed along it, and Holmes very gently opened a door upon the right-hand side. Something rushed out at us and my heart sprang into my mouth, but I could have laughed when I realized that it was the cat. A fire was burning in this new room, and again the air was heavy with tobacco smoke. Holmes entered on tiptoe, waited for me to follow, and then very gently closed the door. We were in Milverton's study, and a *portière* at the farther side showed the entrance to his bedroom.

It was a good fire, and the room was illuminated by it. Near the door I saw the gleam of an electric switch, but it was unnecessary, even if it had been safe, to turn it on. At one side of the fireplace was a heavy curtain, which covered the bay window we had seen from outside. On the other side was the door which communicated with the veranda. A desk stood in the centre, with a turning chair of shining red leather. Opposite was a large bookcase, with a marble bust of Athene on the top. In the corner between the bookcase and the wall there stood a tall green safe, the firelight flashing back from the polished brass knobs upon its face. Holmes stole across and looked at it. Then he crept to the door of the bedroom, and stood with slanting head listening intently. No sound came from within. Meanwhile it had struck me that it would be wise to secure our retreat through the outer door, so I examined it. To my amazement it was neither locked nor bolted! I touched Holmes on the arm, and he turned his masked face in that direction. I saw him start, and he was evidently as surprised as I.

"I don't like it," he whispered, putting his lips to my very ear. "I can't quite make it out. Anyhow, we have no time to lose."

"Can I do anything?"

"Yes; stand by the door. If you hear anyone come, bolt it on the inside, and we can get away as we came. If they come the other way, we can get through the door if our job is done, or hide behind these window curtains if it is not. Do you understand?"

I nodded and stood by the door. My first feeling of fear had passed away, and I thrilled now with a keener zest than I had ever enjoyed when we were the defenders of the law instead of its defiers. The high object of our mission, the consciousness that it was unselfish and chivalrous, the villainous character of our opponent, all added to the sporting interest of the adventure. Far from feeling guilty, I rejoiced and exulted in our dangers. With a glow of admiration I watched Holmes unrolling his case of instruments and choosing his tool with the calm, scientific accuracy of a surgeon who performs a delicate operation. I knew that the opening of safes was a particular hobby with him, and I understood the joy which it gave him to be

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE STOOD WITH SLANTING HEAD LISTENING INTENTLY."

confronted with this green and gold monster, the dragon which held in its maw the reputations of many fair ladies. Turning up the cuffs of his dress-coat—he had placed his overcoat on a chair—Holmes laid out two drills, a jemmy, and several skeleton keys. I stood at the centre door with my eyes glancing at each of the others, ready for any emergency; though, indeed, my plans were somewhat vague as to what I should do if we were interrupted. For half an hour Holmes worked with concentrated energy, laying down one tool, picking up another, handling each with the strength and delicacy of the trained mechanic. Finally I heard a click, the broad green door swung open, and inside I had a glimpse of a number of paper packets, each tied, sealed, and inscribed. Holmes picked one out, but it was hard to read by the flickering fire, and he drew out his little dark lantern, for it was too dangerous, with Milverton in the next room, to switch on the electric light. Suddenly I saw him halt, listen intently, and then in an instant he had swung the door of the safe to, picked up his coat, stuffed his tools into the pockets, and darted behind the window curtain, motioning me to do the same.

It was only when I had joined him there that I heard what had alarmed his quicker senses. There was a noise somewhere within the house. A door slammed in the distance. Then a confused, dull murmur broke itself into the measured thud of heavy footsteps rapidly approaching. They were in the passage outside the room. They paused at the door. The door opened. There was a sharp snick as the electric light was turned on. The door closed once more, and the pungent reek of a strong cigar was borne to our nostrils. Then the footsteps continued backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, within a few yards of us. Finally, there was a creak from a chair, and the footsteps ceased. Then a key clicked in a lock and I heard the rustle of papers.

So far I had not dared to look out, but now I gently parted the division of the curtains in front of me and peeped through. From the pressure of Holmes's shoulder against mine I knew that he was sharing my observations. Right in front of us, and almost within our reach, was the broad, rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that we had entirely miscalculated his movements, that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or billiard room in the farther wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad, grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long black cigar projecting at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-military smoking jacket, claret-coloured, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long legal document, which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so. There was no promise of a speedy departure in his composed bearing and his comfortable attitude.

I felt Holmes's hand steal into mine and give me a reassuring shake, as if to say that the situation was within his powers and that he was easy in his mind. I was not sure whether he had seen what was only too obvious from my position, that the door of the safe was imperfectly closed, and that Milverton might at any moment observe it. In my own mind I had determined that if I were sure, from the rigidity of his gaze, that it had caught his eye, I would at once spring out, throw my great-coat over his head, pinion him, and leave the rest to Holmes. But Milverton never looked up. He was languidly interested by the papers in his hand, and page after page was turned as he followed the argument of the lawyer. At least, I thought, when he has finished the document and the cigar he will go to his room; but before he had reached the end of either there came a remarkable development which turned our thoughts into quite another channel.

Several times I had observed that Milverton looked at his watch, and once he had risen and sat down again, with a gesture of impatience. The idea, however, that he might have an appointment at so strange an hour never occurred to me until a faint sound reached my ears from the veranda outside. Milverton dropped his papers and sat rigid in his chair. The sound was repeated, and then there came a gentle tap at the door. Milverton rose and opened it.

"Well," said he, curtly, "you are nearly half an hour late."

So this was the explanation of the unlocked door and of the nocturnal vigil of Milverton. There was the gentle rustle of a woman's dress. I had closed the slit between the curtains as Milverton's face had turned in our direction, but now I ventured very carefully to open it once more. He had resumed his seat, the cigar still projecting at an insolent angle from the corner of his mouth. In front of him, in the full glare of the electric light, there stood a tall, slim, dark woman, a veil over her face, a mantle drawn round her chin. Her breath came quick and fast, and every inch of the lithe figure was quivering with strong emotion.

"Well," said Milverton, "you've made me lose a good night's rest, my dear. I hope you'll prove worth it. You couldn't come any other time—eh?"



"YOU COULDN'T COME ANY OTHER TIME—EH?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The woman shook her head.

"Well, if you couldn't you couldn't. If the Countess is a hard mistress you have your chance to get level with her now. Bless the girl, what are you shivering about? That's right! Pull yourself together! Now, let us get down to business." He took a note from the drawer of his desk. "You say that you have five letters which compromise the Countess d'Albert. You want to sell them. I want to buy them. So far so good. It only remains to fix a price. I should want to inspect the letters, of course. If they are really good specimens—— Great heavens, is it you?"

The woman without a word had raised her veil and dropped the mantle from her chin. It was a dark, handsome, clear-cut face which confronted Milverton, a face with a curved nose, strong, dark eyebrows shading hard, glittering eyes, and a straight, thin-lipped mouth set in a dangerous smile.

"It is I," she said; "the woman whose life you have ruined."

Milverton laughed, but fear vibrated in his voice. "You were so very obstinate," said he. "Why did you drive me to such extremities? I assure you I wouldn't hurt a fly of my own accord, but every man has his business, and what was I to do? I put the price well within your means. You would not pay."

"So you sent the letters to my husband, and he—the noblest gentleman that ever lived, a man whose boots I was never worthy to lace—he broke his gallant heart and died. You remember that last night when I came through that door I begged and prayed you for mercy, and you laughed in my face as you are trying to laugh now, only your coward heart cannot keep your lips from twitching? Yes, you never thought to see me here again, but it was that night which taught me how I could meet you face to face, and alone. Well, Charles Milverton, what have you to say?"

"Don't imagine that you can bully me," said he, rising to his feet. "I have only to raise my voice, and I could call my servants and have you arrested. But I will make allowance for your natural anger. Leave the room at once as you came, and I will say no more."

The woman stood with her hand buried in her bosom, and the same deadly smile on her thin lips.

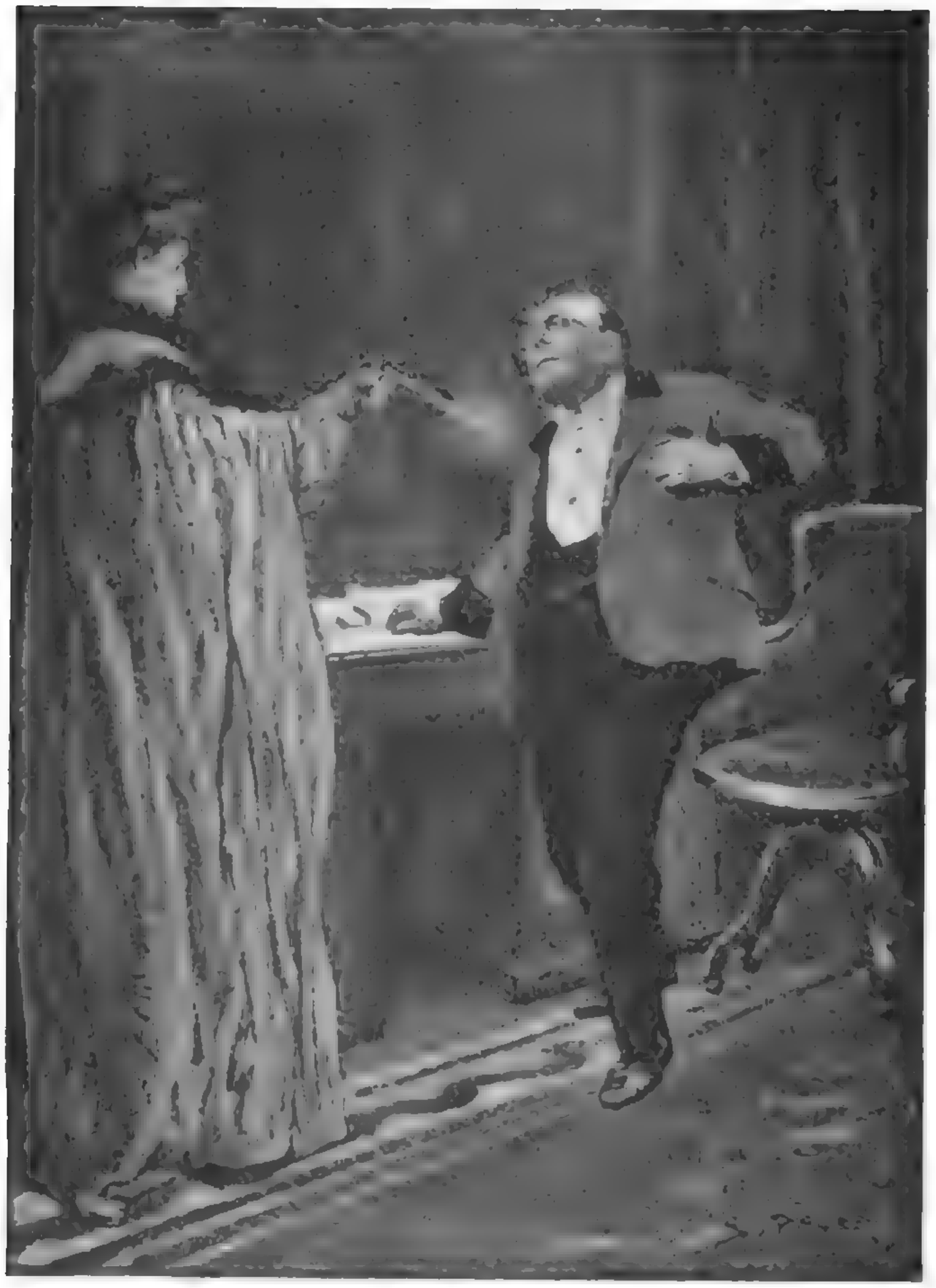
"You will ruin no more lives as you ruined mine. You will wring no more hearts as you wrung mine. I will free the world of a poisonous thing. Take that, you hound, and that!—and that!—and that!—and that!"

She had drawn a little, gleaming revolver, and emptied barrel after barrel into Milverton's body, the muzzle within two feet of his shirt front. He shrank away and then fell forward upon the table, coughing furiously and clawing among the papers. Then he staggered to his feet, received another shot, and rolled upon the floor. "You've done me," he cried, and lay still. The woman looked at him intently and ground her heel into his upturned face. She looked again, but there was no sound or movement. I heard a sharp rustle, the night air blew into the heated room, and the avenger was gone.

No interference upon our part could have saved the man from his fate; but as the woman poured bullet after bullet into Milverton's shrinking body I was about to spring out, when I felt Holmes's cold, strong grasp upon my wrist. I understood the whole argument of that firm, restraining grip—that it was no affair of ours; that justice had overtaken a villain; that we had our own duties and our own objects which were not to be lost sight of. But hardly had the woman rushed from the room when Holmes, with swift, silent steps, was over at the other door. He turned the key in the lock. At the same instant we heard voices in the house and the sound of hurrying feet. The revolver shots had roused the household. With perfect coolness Holmes slipped across to the safe, filled his two arms with bundles of letters, and poured them all into the fire. Again and again he did it, until the safe was empty. Someone turned the handle and beat upon the outside of the door. Holmes looked swiftly round. The letter which had been the messenger of death for Milverton lay, all mottled with his blood, upon the table. Holmes tossed it in among the blazing papers. Then he drew the key from the outer door, passed through after me, and locked it on the outside. "This way, Watson," said he; "we can scale the garden wall in this direction."

I could not have believed that an alarm could have spread so swiftly. Looking back, the huge house was one blaze of light. The front door was open, and figures were rushing down the drive. The whole garden was alive with people, and one fellow raised a view-halloa as we emerged from the veranda and followed hard at our heels. Holmes seemed to know the ground perfectly, and he threaded his way swiftly among a plantation of small trees, I close at his heels, and our foremost pursuer panting behind us. It was a six-foot

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THEN HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND RECEIVED ANOTHER SHOT."

wall which barred our path, but he sprang to the top and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle; but I kicked myself free and scrambled over a glass-strewn coping. I fell upon my face among some bushes; but Holmes had me on my feet in an instant, and together we dashed away across the huge expanse of Hampstead Heath. We had run two miles, I suppose, before Holmes at last halted and listened intently. All was absolute silence behind us. We had shaken off our pursuers and were safe.

We had breakfasted and were smoking our morning pipe on the day after the remarkable experience which I have recorded when Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, very solemn and impressive, was ushered into our modest sitting-room.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," said he; "good morning. May I ask if you are very busy just now?"

"Not too busy to listen to you."

"I thought that, perhaps, if you had nothing particular on hand, you might care to assist us in a most remarkable case which occurred only last night at Hampstead."

"Dear me!" said Holmes. "What was that?"

"A murder—a most dramatic and remarkable murder. I know how keen you are upon these things, and I would take it as a great favour if you would step down to Appledore Towers and give us the benefit of your advice. It is no ordinary crime. We have had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and, between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes. These papers have all been burned by the murderers. No article of

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

value was taken, as it is probable that the criminals were men of good position, whose sole object was to prevent social exposure."

"Criminals!" said Holmes. "Plural!"

"Yes, there were two of them. They were, as nearly as possible, captured red-handed. We have their foot-marks, we have their description; it's ten to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was caught by the under-gardener and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle-sized, strongly-built man—square jaw, thick neck, moustache, a mask over his eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson!"

"It's true," said the inspector, with much amusement. "It might be a description of Watson."

"Well, I am afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is that I knew this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London, and that I think there are certain crimes which the law cannot touch, and which therefore, to some extent, justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing. I have made up my mind. My sympathies are with the criminals rather than with the victim, and I will not handle this case."

Holmes had not said one word to me about the tragedy which we had witnessed, but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his vacant eyes and his abstracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove, Watson; I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" He hurried at his top speed down Baker Street and along Oxford Street, until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here on the left hand there stands a shop window filled with photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes's eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and following his gaze I saw the picture of a regal and stately lady in Court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at that delicately-curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth, and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I caught my breath as I read the time-honoured title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of Holmes, and he put his finger to his lips as we turned away from the window.



"FOLLOWING HIS GAZE I SAW THE PICTURE OF A REGAL AND STATELY LADY IN COURT DRESS."

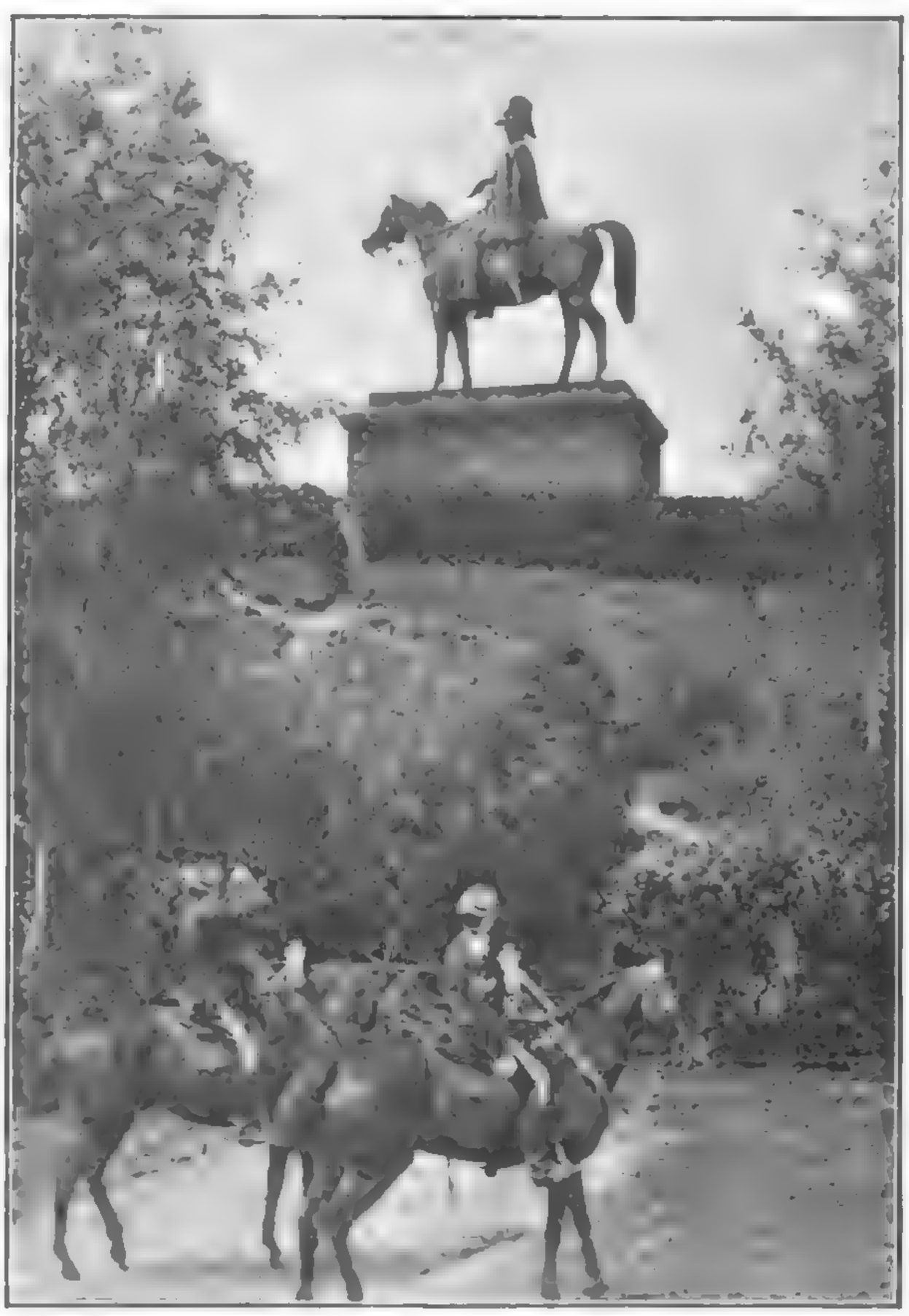
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Romance of the Bronze Duke.

ON a green mound commanding Cæsar's Plain, Aldershot, a rider and his horse survey the landscape. Occasionally soldiers come up and salute them—sometimes singly, sometimes in companies, often in battalions. But the salute is never returned; both rider and horse remain rigid. The sun sets and finds them still at their post: it rises and they have never stirred. The explanation is simple—this giant horse and horseman are of bronze; they form the greatest equestrian group in the world.

Yet the pair have not always been thus stationary. They have been thrice moved and may be moved thrice again. Perhaps in the watches of the night on Cæsar's Plain they are thinking of their past, and of the protracted episode which once shook the society of the British capital to its centre, and in which they played the chief part. Factions raged around them ere they left their humble birthplace in the Harrow Road, and for a time the bronze enjoyed far more celebrity than its original, the Iron Duke.



SOLDIERS SALUTING THE DUKE'S STATUE, AS IT STANDS AT ALDERSHOT TO-DAY.
From a Photo. by [*Knight, Aldershot.*

The story is well worth telling, for nobody remembers it now. Seventy years ago, although England had then no sculptors to speak of, there was a general passion for erecting statues. The statues were nearly all bad, of course, and to the decade between 1830 and 1840 the kingdom owes some of its worst atrocities in this department of art. About the time the late Queen came to the throne, a sculptor, Matthew Wyatt, was commissioned to execute a statue of George III. The result may be seen in Cockspur Street to-day. Critics complained that it was too small. The reproach greatly offended Wyatt, who roundly declared that he had not aimed at bigness, but that if size had been in question he was quite capable of modelling a statue larger than any Michael Angelo or the Indian idol-makers had ever attempted. He mentioned this to an ardent worshipper of the Duke of Wellington in the City, a Common Councilman named Simpson, who had already raised subscriptions for one Wellington equestrian group, now in front of the Royal Exchange. Simpson and Wyatt talked it over, and the result was the formation of a committee, headed by the Duke of Rutland, and the raising of fourteen thousand pounds for the erection of a memorial to the Duke in the West-end. This body duly handed the commission over to Wyatt as "in every respect eminently qualified to be entrusted with the proposed equestrian statue."

On this point it was plain that there were two opinions prevalent. Wyatt now prepared to realize his boast, and boldly announced that the equestrian statue should be of Titanic proportions. As to the site of his handiwork thereby hangs a tale. Wyatt had a friend with whom he had quarrelled, named Decimus Burton. This Burton, an architect, had recently erected a mighty triumphal arch at the entrance to Green Park. It formed a great feature in the magnificent plan sub-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mitted to Parliament in 1827 for the "re-edification" of Buckingham Palace. In this costly design the above arch was to form the Royal entrance to the palace gardens, to be laid out to suit the rather luxurious taste of George IV.

The arch was eighty feet high. Burton's original idea was to embellish the main piers with groups of trophies; to place the figure of a warrior on each stylobate; to enrich the base with a sculptural representation of an ancient triumph; to place a statue over each column; and various other embellishments. But all this ambitious plan was instantly shortened by Wyatt's declaring his intention of placing his colossal statue not in the middle of Hyde Park, or even of Green Park, or Kensington Gardens, but on the very summit of Burton's arch!

The unfortunate architect was beside himself with rage at the suggestion. He protested, but he protested in vain. The complaisant committee had quite fallen in with Wyatt's idea. But it was not so the Government, the Royal Academy, and the Press. They heaped ridicule upon both the project and the sculptor. They roundly declared that it would ruin the unity and symmetry of his building. Then began an acrimonious discussion between the friends of Wyatt and the objectors to his proposed statue. All London divided itself into factions. The common topic of drawing-room and dinner conversation was, "Are you for or against putting a gigantic Iron Duke on the top of the arch?" "Brazen impudence!" wrote Thackeray, himself an artist.

Meanwhile, in the studio in the Harrow Road, opposite the Dudley Arms Tavern, the lucky sculptor had been proceeding with his task. He prepared several models and designs, and the sub-committee availed themselves of a model of the Hyde Park Corner arch to consider, which they did with the greatest attention, the position and relative size of the statue to be placed on the summit. Wyatt then prepared a drawing of the arch with the equestrian statue, of which the sub-committee approved.

But at this point the Lords of the Treasury stepped in with an injunction. As the modelling and casting went on the battle raged. Macaulay wrote from India that the sculptor and his friends "ought to be in Bedlam"; his antagonist, Croker, inquired blandly "what a Whig Dissenter knew of high art." "High" art then became a joke. To the query, "What is the very *highest* form of art?" the jocular answer was, "Wyatt's Duke." The newspapers between 1840 and 1846 contain innumerable references to and descriptions of the statue, and the progress it was making towards completion.

We are told that the plaster of Paris used in the stupendous work considerably exceeded one hundred tons; it was formed upon a turn-plate, or revolving platform, upwards of twenty feet across, travelling upon forty rollers and weighing in itself several tons. The vastness of the model required certain precautions to ensure its integrity. To give strength to the body of the horse, a beam passed through it longitudinally, like a backbone from which spring traverse timbers, like the ribs of a ship. From the body of the horse was a line of iron bolts, beneath which, in the early stage of the modelling, were placed props for security in shifting the figure by means of the platform, so as to obtain the most desirable position for light, etc. To reach the different parts of the statue a travelling stage with a shifting floor was constructed, so that it might be adjusted to any height.

The entire group represented the Duke of Wellington as he appeared on the field of Waterloo upon his favourite horse, Copenhagen. The Duke—at least so Wyatt declared, although this was denied—sat to the sculptor for the portrait, the warrior wearing his customary short cloak, which the artist draped so as to give it something of the grace of classic costume. But the sculptor's intentions generally surpassed his execution.

For melting the sixty tons of bronze Wyatt erected two great furnaces. The first employed was capable of melting only twelve tons at a time, whereas it was found desirable to cast the remainder of the statue in larger and consequently fewer pieces. A record furnace was therefore built capable of melting twenty tons at a time.

The mould and core being placed in the pit in the foundry, the bronze was run into it from the furnace, and the body of the horse and the lower portion of the rider were thus cast in two parts of about twenty tons each. These were magnificent castings, and the effect of so large a surface of molten compound as the twenty tons presented is described as very extraordinary. The statue, or rather group, was thus cast in about eight pieces. In each case the mould was placed in the pit embedded in sand, rammed in as tightly as possible: yet in casting the front of the horse, by some means six tons of metal escaped through the mould, the chest of the horse was left vacant, and the casting was

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

consequently spoiled. In order that the legs of the horse should be capable of carrying the great weight they would have to sustain it was found necessary to cast them solid. The other portions of the work vary from one to three inches in thickness, with strong ribs internally to give additional strength. Its height approaches thirty feet, and such is the bulk of the horse that eight persons once dined within one-half of it.

The following are some of the main dimensions :—

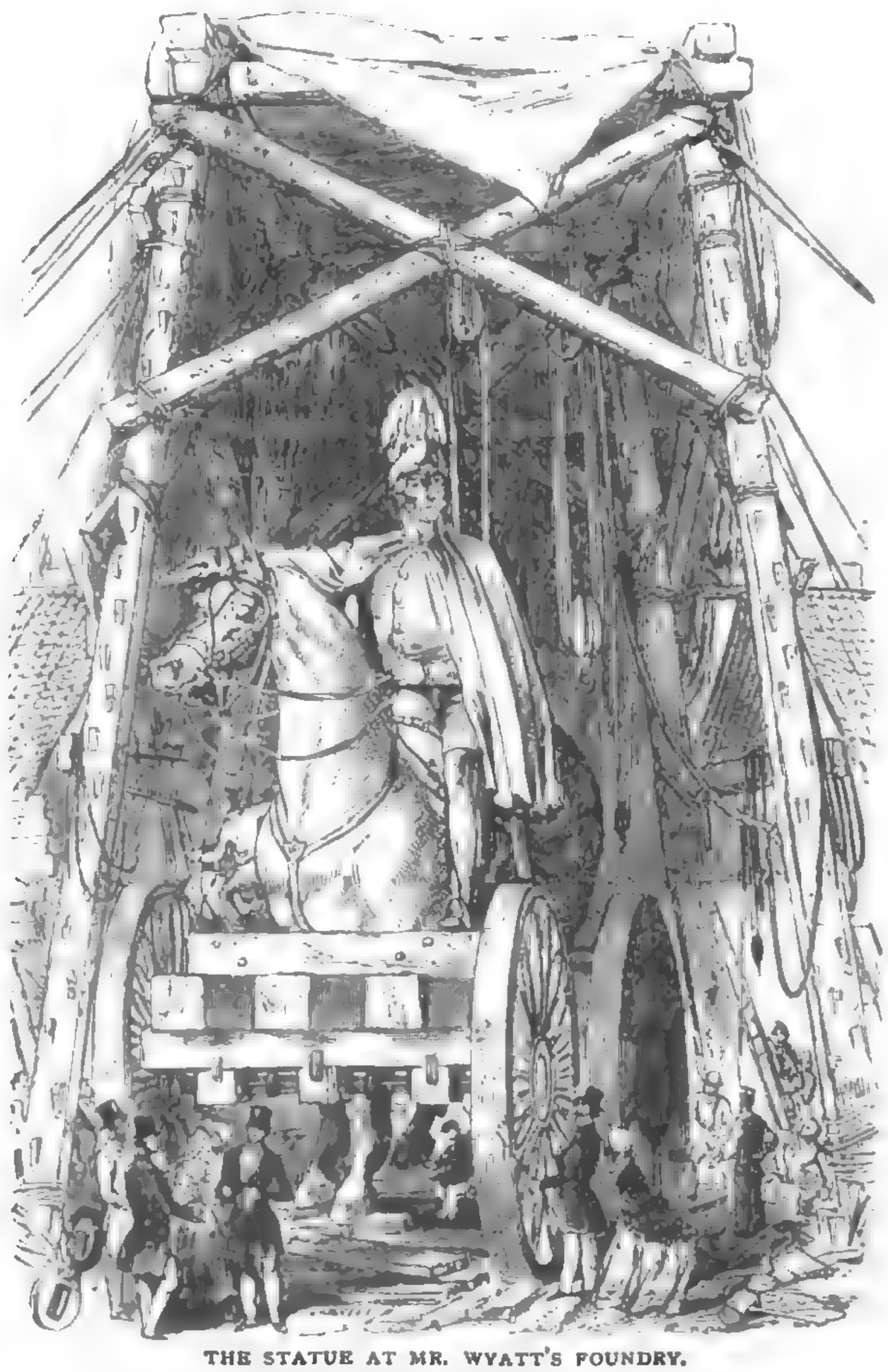
	Ft.	in
Girth round the horse	22	8
Ditto arm of	5	4
From the horse's hocks to the ground	6	0
From the horse's nose to the tail ...	26	0
Length of head	6	0
Length of each ear	2	4

The group being cast in pieces as above, they were joined partly by screw-bolts two inches in thickness. Owing to the colossal size of the group there were, for some time, upwards of thirty men employed at once upon the bronze; and in case of any work being requisite to be done within the figure of the rider, the head was removed to allow the workmen to descend through the neck. The cleansing, chasing, and finishing occupied a considerable time.

At last, after being repeatedly canvassed in Parliament and in the country for six years, provoking a greater degree of heat than perhaps any statue in the world had ever provoked before, the business was supposed to be temporarily settled by the authorities agreeing to allow the statue to be placed on the arch "on three weeks' probation," when, "if the location proved to be injudicious," it was to be removed. Whereat there was great joy at the sculptor's studio in the Harrow Road. The Duke of Rutland jumped into his carriage and flew thither himself to bear the glad tidings.

"Once it's up," he is said to have cried, "the devil himself can't pull it down!"

When the gigantic horse and rider was all but finished it was hoisted out of the pit in the foundry and placed upon an enormous car, built especially for the purpose at Woolwich Dockyard. The roof of the foundry had first to be removed and one of the walls completely demolished to allow of the entry of the car, which weighed no less than twenty tons. Its wheels were twenty feet in diameter, with radiating cast-iron spokes, and were surmounted by a platform within which the statue was slung. The feet of the horse rested upon ledges, so close to the ground as to preclude any possibility of danger from a fall. As it stood thus it was visited during three weeks by many hundreds of persons, including most of the celebrities of the day, such as Lytton, Disraeli, and Dickens.



THE STATUE AT MR. WYATT'S FOUNDRY.
From the "Illustrated London News."

Outside every day saw a vast concourse of people watching the movements of the workmen. On the 28th September, at dusk, by means of chain windlasses, ropes, pulleys,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



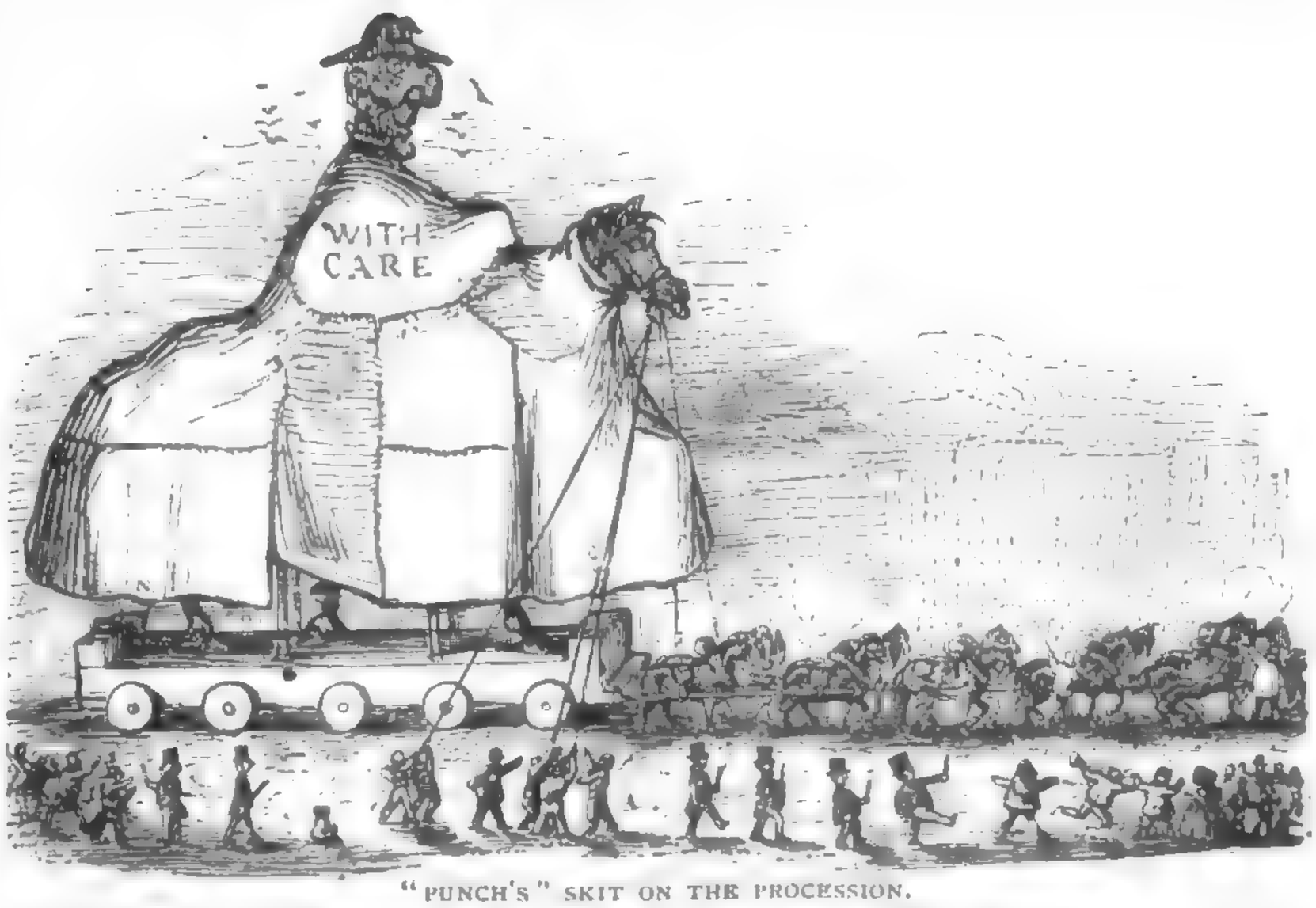
From the] THE GRAND PROCESSION OF THE STATUE—TURNING FROM PARK LANE. [*"Illustrated London News."*

inclined planes, plank tramways, etc., the biggest carriage in the world and the largest statue were moved in proximity to the gate, in readiness for the event of the next day.

All London was agog on September 29th, 1846. As it was understood by the public that the removal would take place as early as ten o'clock, long before that hour the Harrow Road and the streets adjoining were thronged with well-dressed people. Seats were erected in various places, for which shillings and half-crowns were cheerfully paid. Even the roofs and windows in the neighbourhood of Mr. Wyatt's foundry were crowded with anxious spectators. The whole line of route from the Harrow Road to Piccadilly was, indeed, one scene of excitement, the windows being mostly filled with company and presenting a scene of much gaiety and animation. Paddington Green was filled, and Hyde Park was crowded towards the Drive and principal walk.

The procession included a large number of troops—Life Guards, Fusiliers, Grenadiers, Coldstreams, .together with no fewer than four bands. In brief, the worshippers of the Duke omitted nothing to make the occasion a triumph. Besides, the weather was superb.

The miserable pageant prophesied by *Punch* in Leech's amusing drawing was nothing like the reality. Leech afterwards



"PUNCH'S" SKIT ON THE PROCESSION.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN, WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGWARE ROAD—ANOTHER "PUNCH" JOKE ON THE PROCESSION.
Reproduced by permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

drew a mirth-provoking picture of the effect of the statue's passing down Edgware Road upon a gentleman shaving in the seclusion of an upper window, which we here reproduce.

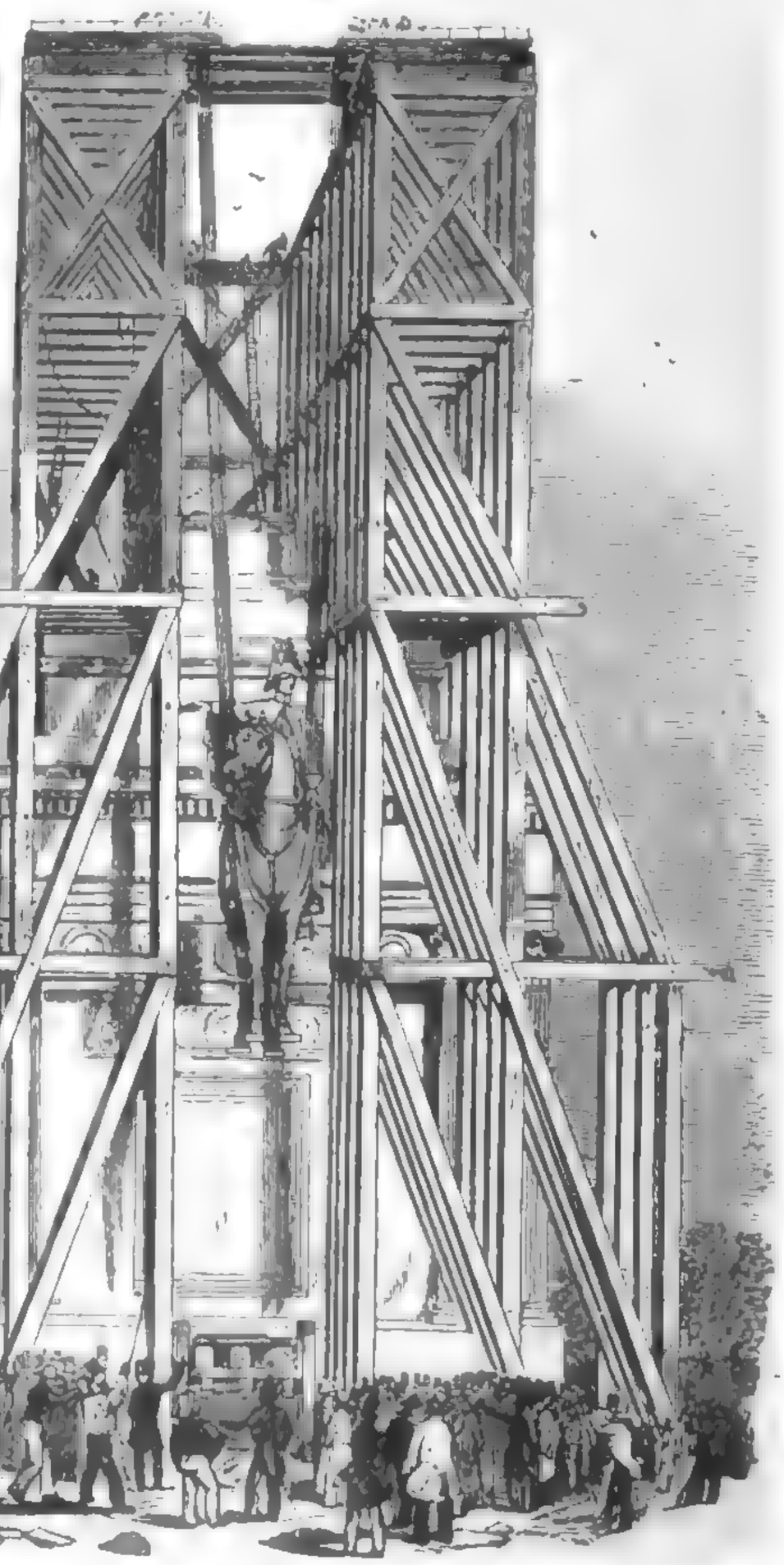
Arrived at the arch, where Royal Princes, dukes, earls, and innumerable peeresses were assembled, it was found too late that day to hoist the mighty bronze to its resting-place. In fact, the ceremony took three days before it was concluded.

While all this was happening, on the first and last days the happy sculptor, Wyatt, was holding high revel at his studio, his friends partaking of a banquet at his expense.

Nobody dreamed of trouble. "Once up—the statue is safe," was the watchword. But the Royal Academy and the Office of Woods and Forests had resolved that the fate of this huge "solecism" was sealed. It had taken six years to set up; it should come down in three weeks! By October 1st, 1846, the sixty tons had been hoisted to the top of the one hundred and fifteen foot scaffold and placed in position by the sculptor himself. A few days later the fatal message arrived: "'The Government decides that your statue must come down within three weeks." No wonder the sculptor and his friends were panic-stricken. How were they to be saved? There was only one way—by intercession to the Duke to save his bronze counterfeit.

We have not space to tell the full story; the Iron Duke spake the word and the Government dared not deny him his request.

For nearly thirty-seven years the great statue remained on the summit of the triumphal arch opposite Apsley House. But never during a moment of that time was it unassailed by hostile criticism. Foreigners were



HOISTING THE STATUE TO THE TOP OF THE ARCH.
From the "Illustrated London News."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

said to point at it with scorn. Albert Smith declared that saturnine men came to laugh at it "who had never laughed before." But it was not so much that it was a badly-modelled statue as that it had given rise to prejudices and antagonisms which long survived both Duke and sculptor. So it happened that in 1883, when alterations were projected in the locality, the Duke at last was made to descend from his eminence. It was a tremendous piece of work—both the Duke and Copenhagen had to be decapitated and otherwise mutilated—but the gradual descent was accomplished, witnessed by vast multitudes. Wyatt's enemies had triumphed.

The question arose as to where the statue should be placed. "In the furnace," said many zealous brother sculptors. Ruskin boldly counselled its destruction. But it was decided that a good place for it would be in St. James's Park, opposite the Horse Guards' Parade. The removal thither to this obscure spot was accordingly begun. But the old antagonism apparently revived. The Horse Guards complained; the Duke of Cambridge thought it an eyesore. Lord Randolph Churchill, whose way between Westminster and St. James's led through the park, said he was "driven to frequent Whitehall," and predicted that the big bronze Duke would bring about the fall of the Government. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Lord Hardinge defended the new position, but the former was asked: "How would you like sixty tons of bad bronze opposite the Royal Academy?"

This time the old Duke of Wellington—thirty years in his grave—could give no sign. Rider and man waited immobile for further orders. "Forward—march!" finally, in 1885, came the command from head-quarters, and slowly, with difficulty, and with Copenhagen with his legs in the air, the new journey of forty miles began.

Such is the story of a statue. Where will it end? Two or three years ago a distinguished general, whose wife is also a distinguished painter of soldiers and horses, remarked cruelly that "Aldershot would be delightful if it wasn't for that—ogre."

And as he spoke, from force of habit he grimly raised two fingers to his temple, saluting the insulted Field-Marshal whose mighty shadow now darkens Cæsar's Plain.

Where will it end?



THE STATUE IN THE POSITION WHICH RAISED SUCH A STORM OF OPPOSITION.
From the "Illustrated London News."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Two and a Tiger.

By R. E. Vernède.

NARE had enjoyed himself at the picnic until the baronet arrived, in spite of being rather an outsider among these local people, who all knew one another from the cradle. He had enjoyed himself in spite, too, of Mrs. Corcoran, who by many signs and cool politenesses had shown him that her daughter Judith had no need and—as she hinted very plainly—no inclination for his attentions. "Dear Sir Henry will be arriving soon, surely?" Mrs. Corcoran had said in his presence to their hostess, and little Mrs. Harrington, who had been very kind to Nare in that capacity, replied that of course Sir Henry would be arriving soon, but that in the meantime the rector (a mild man with a capacity for being held in awe) was very anxious to consult Mrs. Corcoran on the subject of an altar-cloth. Mrs. Corcoran was unable to resist the invitation. Whether the rector was as grateful for Sir Henry Pove's arrival as Nare was ungrateful, nobody can say, but there is no denying that the rector looked a little browbeaten by that time.

The baronet came on a tricycle, looking reedy in his light suit, but very dignified.

"I have accomplished the distance from Wetherwell in one hour and a quarter," he announced, "which I think is very fair—very fair."

"Wonderful," said Mrs. Corcoran, frowning at her silent daughter.

"Incredible," Nare suggested. "It must be eight miles."

"I thought it incumbent upon me to ride pretty fast," continued Sir Henry, "because a rather alarming thing has occurred."

A chorus of "Ohs!" wavered about the gratified tricyclist.



"A RATHER ALARMING THING HAS OCCURRED."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Corcoran.

"No, don't tell!" cried Mrs. Harrington; "not if it's horrid. I won't have my picnic spoilt. Be a gem, now!"

"But, my dear madam"—Sir Henry's look was a rebuke to all trifling—"I dare not take it upon myself to leave you all in suspense about a matter which cannot in any event be lightly treated. When I say that a travelling menagerie at Sutley has lost one of its wild beasts early this morning, and that

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

up to the time I started from Wetherwell no news of its recapture had come to hand——"

He paused for an effect, and several ladies said: "Good heavens!" Mrs. Corcoran added:—

"And you rode over the moor alone?"

A pleased smile was her reward.

"I could do no less—yes—some say a puma; others a bear." Sir Henry rapidly answered a string of questions.

"Perhaps it was a llama," suggested Miss Corcoran.

"Judith!"

"They're very dangerous, mother."

"But in any case I'm very much annoyed," Mrs. Harrington announced. "Now everybody will want to go home, I suppose, though really Sutley is fourteen miles away, and—well, at any rate, we've all had something to eat. Sir Henry, come and be rewarded with lobster before we start."

I think it must have been because Mrs. Harrington thought she owed her annoyance as much to the baronet's alarmist importunity as to the carelessness of the menagerie owners that she dealt so kindly with Nare afterwards. For it was settled that the picnickers should disband almost immediately instead of going home by moonlight—as Mrs. Harrington had desired—and in the bustle that ensued, while the rector was heading a search-party, organized by Mrs. Corcoran, to recover a shawl she was positive she had brought with her, and the baronet was being regaled on all the choicest delicacies that could be set out on cabbage-leaves by the more insatiably curious ladies, Mrs. Harrington drew Nare and Miss Corcoran aside.

"Now, Judith," she said, "we shall all be starting soon, but I want you to be kind and show Mr. Nare the Mill on the way back."

"Oh, but——" Judith began.

"We shall catch you up in quite a short time, and Mr. Nare will protect you against the——"

"Llama," said Nare.

"Elephant or whatever it is," said Mrs. Harrington, smiling. "I'm quite sure he will. And you'll be doing me a favour. I've promised Mr. Nare should see the Mill, and I'll explain to your mother."

"Very well," said Judith. "Perhaps we ought to start at once, then?"

"Yes," said Mrs Harrington.

That is why, when, some time later, Sir Henry having replenished himself and found all preparations made for going homeward, and having begun to wonder where Miss Corcoran, whom he had hoped to escort, had vanished to, Nare found himself on the moor with that young lady just drawing near to the Mill, the sight of which he had been promised. It was just after sundown then, pleasantly cool and hazy, with nothing but a noise of stray bees to disturb the silence. Miss Corcoran had had her parasol furled for several minutes, so that Nare, who was slightly behind with the picnic basket which Mrs. Harrington had thrust upon him—"in case Judith should want a sandwich on the way, Mr. Nare"—commanded an uninterrupted and delightful view of the curls on her neck.



"'I DON'T THINK YOU'RE WALKING VERY FAST, MR. NARE,' SHE SAID."

"Perfect," he said, and she, fancying he referred to the weather, perhaps, agreed.

"But I don't think you're walking very fast, Mr. Nare," she said, severely. "And when I promised Mrs. Harrington to show you the Mill, I did

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

think you'd walk a little quicker, even though you are a Londoner."

"Don't be unkind," said Nare. "Recollect that your foot is on your native heath, while mine——"

"But we shall miss the others."

"We started first."

"Not more than half an hour, and we've come right off the road on to the moor and——"

"But it's such a jolly afternoon."

"Evening."

"And it would be a sin to stampede over these attractive buttercups," Nare pleaded.

Miss Corcoran relented with a little laugh.

"Really, you are Cockneyer than I thought. Buttercups! It's gorse."

"Same kind of yellow," said Nare.

"And there's the Mill. Now we must hurry."

Woman, it has been said, disposes, but that depends on circumstances. Nare had no desire to hurry, but hurried he certainly would have been if it were not for the episode that occurred at that moment. Afterwards he was grateful for it, but for the time being he would even have preferred hurrying. For, just as he was taking a last look at the Mill, something shadowy, but alive, came stalking slowly away from it towards them.

Involuntarily Nare whistled. In the hazy twilight it was not easy to distinguish shapes exactly, and the desolate moorland with the black bare Mill frowning in its midst, only a single skeleton sail left to show for what purpose it had been built centuries ago, and the utter silence, except for the homing bees, no doubt tended to ghostly thoughts. But either Nare was dreaming or——

"Whatever is that?" cried Miss Corcoran, suddenly catching sight of it. She put a startled hand on his arm, and Nare regained his cheerfulness.

"This Cockney suggests that it's a cow—a stray cow."

"But——"

"Probably an Alderney," Nare pursued, "with pink eyes and——"

The creature was making towards them on the circumference of a circle, and as Nare talked he walked slowly towards the Mill. There must be some kind of shelter there.

"And crumpled horns," Nare continued.

"But this isn't our way, Mr. Nare."

The girl spoke in a protesting tone, but without giving any sign of a desire to stop. Indeed, she went rather faster and did not look behind her. The Alderney was a little behind them now.

"Don't you think we ought to——"

"G-r-r-r-r!" A noise, thunderous and snarling, interrupted her in the middle of a sentence. Nare was looking back.

"How horrible!"

"Perhaps it wants to be milked"—Nare spoke without turning his head—"or it's hungry. I think you'd better go into the Mill, please."

"You'll come?"

"Yes."

And with that Miss Corcoran gathered up her skirts and ran. Nare followed with one eye on the enemy in the rear. The beast had stopped in its circling and was glaring after them.

"As fast as you can!"

The girl heard Nare talking to her, and



"MISS CORCORAN GATHERED UP HER SKIRTS AND RAN."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

felt in a dream. A second growl rose and seemed to shake the rotten timbers of the Mill as she ran into it.

"Up the ladder!"

There was a nine-foot ladder, shaky, with rat-gnawed rungs, leading through a trap on to the first floor of the Mill from the ground. And Miss Corcoran went up it swiftly, with gratitude in her heart to the rats for not having gnawed it through, since there was no door to the Mill wherewith to bolt out undesirable company. The Mill seemed to be echoing still with that growl as she turned at the top and, kneeling, found Nare ascending after her through the narrow hole. She said nothing until he had got up and tried to unfix the ladder without success. Then, as he desisted:—

"Mr. Nare," she said, "was it a—a—tiger?"

Nare put down his picnic basket with an injured air.

"If it wasn't," he said, "I don't know what it was. But I'm beginning to think you're right, and that I don't know the country. I certainly thought tigers were extinct. If they're not, I don't think it's fair to ask an unfortunate Londoner out into the wilds and arm him with nothing better than a picnic basket."

He rattled on to give the girl time to recover herself. He was a little afraid of hysterics, which would have been pardonable but unavailing. She seemed to suspect his fear, for she mustered a smile and said:—

"I don't think I'm going to be foolish. Tell me, please, what do you think we ought to do?"

That was exactly what Nare did not know. Looking down through the trap, he was conscious of a pair of fierce yellow eyes glaring up at him.

"A good deal depends on the tiger," he said. "As this is one from a menagerie it may know how to behave itself in company, but—isn't there a top floor to this Mill?"

There was, and another ladder leading to it. And Miss Corcoran, followed by Nare, reached it in less time than it takes to tell. The tiger had reared its paws on to the lower ladder and delivered itself of another terrific growl.

"I—I didn't know they could climb," said Miss Corcoran, faintly. "Oh!"

A scuffling noise accompanied by a groaning of wood was what they heard, and then a soft padding of feet in the room they had just deserted. Apparently this tiger could climb.

"The deuce!" said Nare, beneath his breath. He had never in his life been in a more unpleasant situation—never, indeed, in anything like it. At first the thing had seemed like some burlesque nightmare, but now the burlesque was going out of it. What could one do to a tiger?

He sat cross-legged over the trap, reflecting and listening to the pad, pad below. If only there were a cover to the trap, but there was none. His companion was looking out of a sort of small slit in the side of the Mill that had been made to serve the purpose of a window once, hiding her tears, Nare fancied. It was too narrow to get through, and in any case there would be a drop of twenty or thirty feet. Half unconsciously Nare began to unpack the picnic basket which he had carried along from room to room. He had some vague idea of throwing the tiger sandwiches as a sop. "Buns, cucumber sandwiches, a packet of salt. Do you see anything, Sister Anne?" He broke off enumerating the contents of the basket, seeing that Miss Corcoran had started.

"I—no——"

"A chocolate cake — tea — pepper — pepper——"

"Yes, I do," Miss Corcoran suddenly burst out. "There's someone coming—this way. He's—he's on a—it's Sir Henry."

In spite of the presence of the tiger and the diversion likely to be caused by the arrival of the baronet, Nare felt a trifle jealous. If the diversion were caused it would be to the baronet's credit, that was certain, and he sat over the trap, aimlessly untying the packet marked pepper, while he listened to the parley that Miss Corcoran began from the slit in the Mill wall.

A bicycle bell rung in a dignified manner announced the baronet's approach.

"Sir Henry!"

Nare could hear the brake applied before the baronet's thin, piping voice called back:—

"Who is there?"

"It's I — Judith Corcoran — and Mr. Nare. We're in the Mill—and——"

"Indeed!"

Suspicion was plain in the baronet's "Indeed!" Nare lost the next few words in trying to catch a sound of the padding feet below.

"And the animal that escaped that you told us of—is here—it's a tiger!"

An unpleasant, high-pitched laugh greeted Miss Corcoran's explanation—a laugh that showed Sir Henry in about as incredulous a frame of mind as a jealous man might be.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Ah!" he sniggered. "What charming company! Two—and a tiger!"

"G-r-r-r-r!"

Nare had just risen in a fury of indignation to throw something—anything that could be got through the window—at the baronet's head, when that tremendous growl came, followed by the creaking and groaning of wood. The tiger was ascending to their last retreat. In a whirling fashion Nare was conscious of this, and of Miss Corcoran's pale face, as he stood once more over the trap. From outside came a sound of frantic pedalling, as though Sir Henry had forgotten his scepticism and was wheeling round in order to be off. Otherwise the stillness was intolerable; and in the middle of it Nare, his fingers tearing idly at the white-papered packet in his hands, suddenly found himself looking into those great yellow eyes, not three feet away. And at that, his fingers relaxing, the packet and its contents fell plump into the tiger's face.

"By Jove!"

A swishing, sneezing noise, as of a score of cats under a hose, a heavy thud, a downward galloping, pad and patter, and the tiger was gone. It had found an ounce of pepper in its eyes and nostrils as unpleasant as it was unexpected.

"Pepper's the thing," said Nare, devoutly, discovering a moment later that he was supporting Miss Corcoran in his arms.

"Yes," said Judith, faintly; "I'm so glad——"

Of what she did not say, but irrelevancy did not seem to matter.

"Look!" cried Nare.

Through the uncasemented window they could see in the fast-gathering dusk the long white path over the moor. It looked even whiter for the shadows all about, so that, visible at a distance of some quarter of a mile, was the bent figure of a tricyclist, all among the wheels, pedalling away for dear life. After him, and as if in pursuit, cantered a shadowy, four-legged thing, that tossed its head uneasily as it went and seemed to have no tail.



"NARE SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO THOSE GREAT YELLOW EYES."

"Tail's between its legs," said Nare. "So's Sir Henry's."

"I hope it won't catch him," said Miss Judith, kindly, but without the intonation of extreme solicitude. After all, Sir Henry had a good start. "He *is* going fast," she added, critically, as he vanished over a distant ridge. "There goes the tiger."

"We may as well be off too," said Nare, "before it comes back. Sir Henry by himself won't make much of a meal. Awfully jolly walk it's been."

They went on, not too fast, in the opposite direction from that taken by the tiger.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Best Comic Pictures.

THE OPINION OF HUMOROUS ARTISTS.

HUMOUR is such an elusive quality, depending so much upon individual temperament, that it is difficult to say in what consists its absolute perfection. We know what makes us laugh most; but do we know what will make another laugh most? Yet after all this is true of every art. Why should we not have *chefs d'œuvre* of pictorial comedy?

Suppose any reader of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with a normal sense of humour were asked, "What is the funniest picture you remember ever to have seen?" Would he not ransack his memory — would he not turn to the files of *Punch*, to the comic almanacs, to such examples of foreign pictorial humour as had chanced to come in his way—and end by declaring that it was impossible to make any selection at all in such a wilderness of mirth-provoking designs, or, having hit upon one, to find it, upon re-inspection, to be no longer as funny as he thought it at the time—years ago?

But in quite a different case is another small class in the community. These are the authors and manufacturers of humorous pictures themselves. They, not only from having a special gift of comedy, but from having presumably studied, or been interested in, the work of other draughtsmen, might confidently be expected to know their own minds. And so to them the writer addressed the question, What was the funniest picture they had ever seen? What had a right to be considered a masterpiece of pictorial comedy?

At the outset the writer must not forget to mention that a few years ago, in a confidential chat he had with the late Mr. Phil May, he was pleasurably surprised to learn the high esteem in which that gifted humorist held one of the earliest and greatest masters of pictorial comedy, James Gillray.

"There is nobody to-day to touch him," were May's words. "Look at his sweep of line and his astonishing mastery over the grotesque and ridiculous. There are pictures so extraordinarily funny that you can't laugh —'too funny for words,' if you catch what I mean." As he spoke he turned to a folio containing several specimens of Gillray's drawings. One in particular was, if too funny for words, not too funny to be laughed at, for May's smile broadened enormously as he held it up for inspection—"Company Shocked at a Lady Getting Up to Ring the Bell." "Now, I call that funny," he said, "and it was, perhaps, a hundred times funnier a hundred years ago, when the characters were well-known people. There's nothing 'dates' so much as the average comic



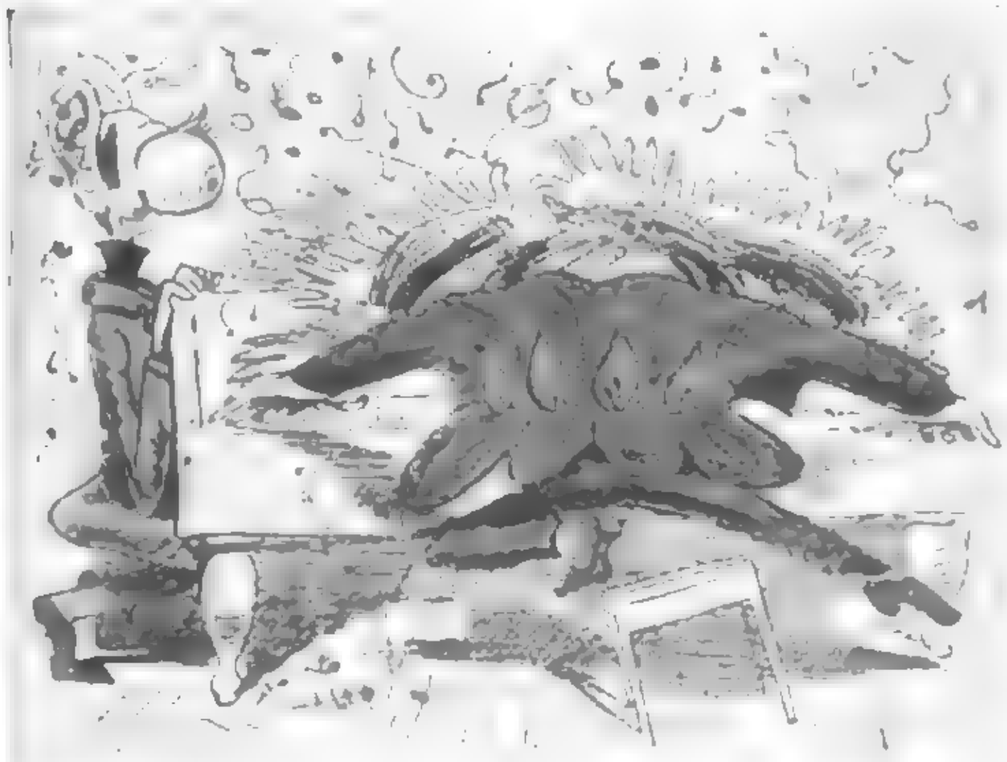
"COMPANY SHOCKED AT A LADY GETTING UP TO RING THE BELL."—BY GILLRAY.
SELECTED BY THE LATE MR. PHIL MAY AS THE BEST COMIC PICTURE.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY











"A Pianoforte Performance."—By Wilhelm Büsch.
SELECTED BY MR. LINLEY SAMBOURNE.

picture, especially a social caricature, but the fun of this is pretty fresh still." On the whole, most of Gillray's and Rowlandson's best work is a little too highly flavoured—too broad—for the taste of to-day.

Passing along a half-century we come to John Leech, and thenceforward to a succession of great masters of pictorial fun—Wilhelm Büsch, Charles Keene, Du Maurier, Sambourne, Oberlander, Caran d'Ache, Phil May, Frederick Opper, Zimmerman, and Raven-Hill. To these names many—fully as distinguished—might be added, such as Forain, Gibson, and Graetz, but for pure fun those we have mentioned may be called the masters. Amongst their numerous productions ought to be found some sketch which deserves to be called the very funniest picture or set of pictures delineating a single humorous idea. Each artist has his own followers. We have seen Phil May singling out a drawing by Gillray as appealing to his sense of humour. The draughtsmen of to-day in this line of work in England doubtless count no cleverer men than Raven-Hill, Tom Browne, John Hassall, Leslie Willson, William Parkinson, Louis Wain, and Charles Harrison.

Wilhelm Büsch was for years the chief comic draughtsman of the celebrated *Fliegende Blätter*—the German *Punch*. Not all his best work, however, was done for this paper, as Büsch illustrated and occasionally wrote numerous humorous brochures, which enjoyed a wide sale, and in his own opinion—according to one of his intimate friends whom we have consulted—he never achieved anything funnier than the pictures which accompanied a little book called "The Fools' Paradise," and the funniest drawings in that book are those which appear on this page.

But now let us hear what Mr. Linley Sambourne has to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



UNDER HER BREATH.—MRS. CONLAN: "Whisht, Pat!"
Pat: "Whisht, Dalia!"
Mrs. Conlan: "Aise yure face. It's an upright we're havin' took."

FROM THE NEW YORK "JUDGE."
SELECTED BY MR. RAVEN-HILL.

say about the work of this artist:—

"To attempt to even indicate the birthplace of the world's masterpiece of pictorial humour is beyond the capacity of a single individual. So very few can see humour with the same eyes or appreciation. What you seek has probably perished in past ages, together with its contemporaneous companions in a higher branch. To me, personally, some of the designs of the late Wilhelm Büsch, of Munich, seem to have more humour, if by that is meant fun, than anything I can remember having seen."

Mr. Sambourne's clever colleague, Mr. Leonard Raven-Hill, finds "the very funniest picture" amongst the work of the American artist, Zimmerman.

"For absolute comic humour," he writes, "no one has equalled Zimmerman, of the New York *Judge*, in my opinion. Charles Keene is, of course, miles ahead of any other man in quiet humour; but I can't think of any particular examples."

Of Zimmerman's drawings Mr. Raven-Hill selects three, of which we herewith present what strikes us as the most comical.

Few comic artists are at once so prolific and so amusing as Mr. Tom Browne, who, in selecting the picture reproduced below, writes to us as follows:—

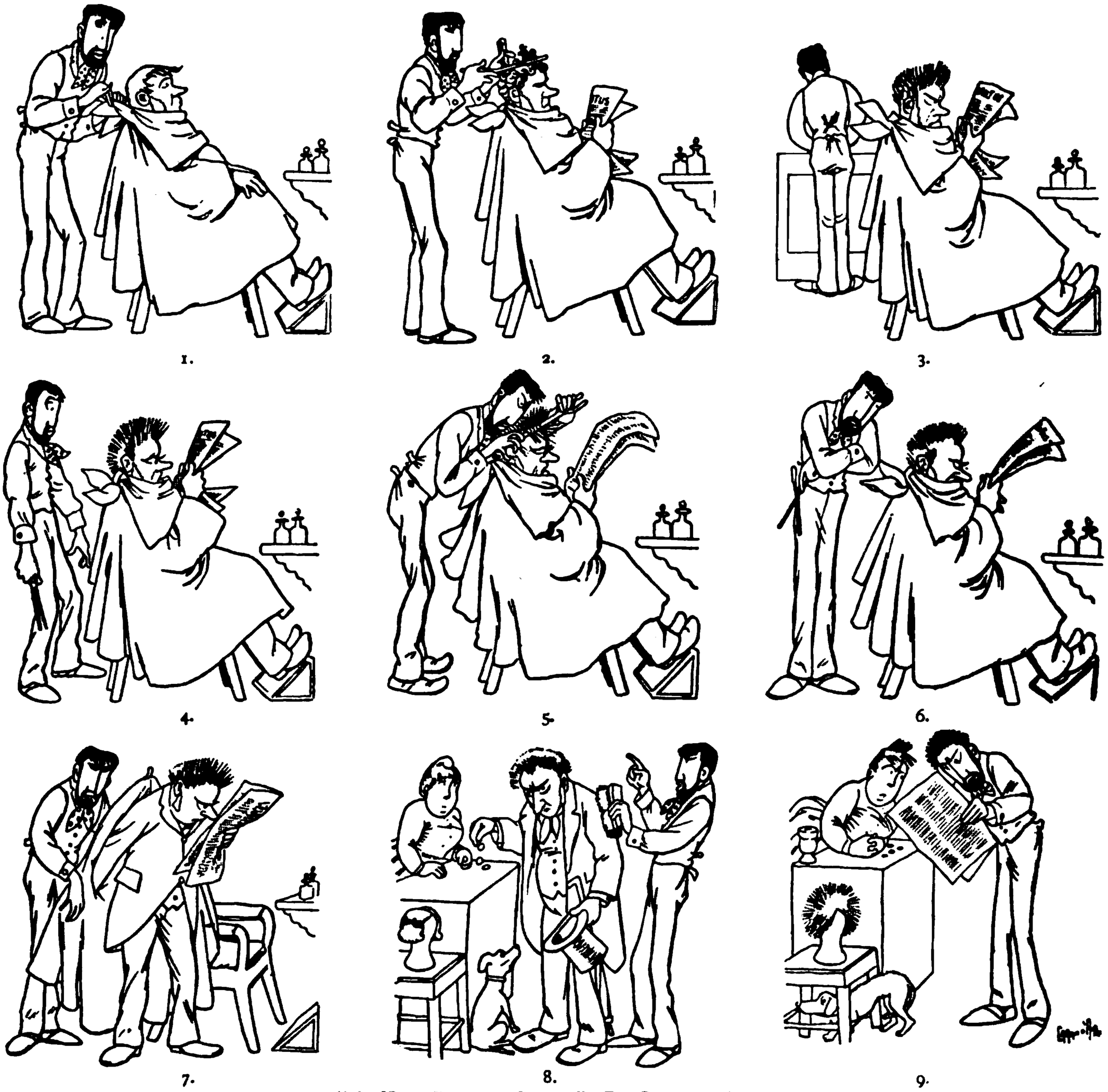
"I have no hesitation in ascribing to the late Phil May some of the most delightful specimens of illustrated humour that have ever graced the British or any other Press; but to positively indicate what I consider to be that master's choicest



WIFE (to lion-tamer, who has been out late): "You coward!"

FROM "PHIL MAY'S ANNUAL."
SELECTED BY MR. TOM BROWNE.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



1. 2. 3.

4. 5. 6.

7. 8. 9.

"A HAIR-RAISING STORY."—BY CARAN D'ACHE.
FROM THE CARAN D'ACHE ALBUM, BY PERMISSION OF MM. PLON NOURRIT & CO.
SELECTED BY MR. LESLIE WILLSON.

joke or drawing is a difficult matter. Phil May had a very keen sense of humour ; moreover, he was a master of line. He knew what a line would do better than any man ever did before him. He could seize on the essentials of a subject and adequately represent it in the fewest lines anyone had ever employed before. Yet nothing was lacking. And the lines and the forms they represented were always accurate. There was a lot of humour in the sketch of the lion-tamer which appeared in one of the winter annuals. The tamer of lions had been staying out late, and to avoid the furious attentions of his wrathful spouse had taken refuge in the lions' den. The aforesaid wrathful spouse was shaking her fist in front of the bars and crying out, 'You coward !'

"Quite a little masterpiece in its way was the sketch of the very tipsy newsman, who had the contents-bill of the special edition he was selling stuck on a sandwich-board that covered his chest. In large letters on the contents-bill was printed, 'Result of the Cup.'

"And there are others, scores of them, all good because they were Phil May's. In cold type they sound nothing. Phil May's pen made masterpieces of them all."

An English black-and-white draughtsman, with an almost unique experience of pictorial comedy in Germany, America, and this country, is Mr. Leslie Willson, for years one of the chief artists of the New York *Judge*, and latterly art editor of *Pick-Me-Up*. Mr. Willson, with his wide experience of comic achievements, says :—

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



PARROT: "Here he comes again. If he pulls another feather out I'll fly away!"

BY H. GRATTAN IN THE "PELICAN."
SELECTED BY MR. JOHN HASSALL.

Mr. John Hassall, whose work is familiar to all, writes to say:—

"The most humorous drawing I have ever seen was in the Christmas number of the *Pelican*, some few years back, of a parrot with one feather sticking out of its tail—the rest bare—sitting on its perch, and a pot-boy in the background. Below was the inscription: 'Here he comes again. If he pulls another feather out I'll fly away!' It was by an actor, I fancy. For the most humorous artist I should plump for Zim. Zimmerman, who draws for New York *Judge*. About ten years ago his work was, to my mind, always exceedingly humorous."

A draughtsman with a keen sense of humour is Mr. William Parkinson. He writes:—

"For real funniness, I think A. B. Frost, the American, is very hard to beat; especially in some of his picture-stories in the last pages of *Scribner* or the *Century*. I should call his book of drawings, 'The Good-Natured Man and the Bull Calf,' a masterpiece of humour. Linley Sambourne also is a master and an artist too, and some of his drawings for *Punch's* Almanacks are real masterpieces. 'An Incident in the Middle Ages,' where a poor knight in armour is tormented under his mail shirt by a per-

"The very funniest pictures I ever saw were by that astonishingly clever Franco-Russian, Emmanuel Poiré, otherwise 'Caran d'Ache.' The particular set I have in mind depicted a scene in a barber's shop, where the customer's hair, standing on end from horror, defies all the barber's attempts to curl it. There are other funny things from Caran d'Ache's pencil, but this, I think, is the funniest." These are the drawings reproduced on the opposite page.



"AN INCIDENT IN THE MIDDLE AGES."—BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE IN "PUNCH."
SELECTED BY MR. WILLIAM PARKINSON.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



An ensign who thought that he would wake up another ensign for a lark— But he mistook the tent.
FROM THE "GRAPHIC."—BY A. C. CORBOULD.
SELECTED BY MR. LOUIS WAIN.

sistent—— Well, the fancy is tickled as much as was the poor knight."

There are not many pictorial comedians with a larger following than Mr. Louis Wain, who tells us:—

"I like one of Corbould's drawings best which appeared in the *Graphic* of some eighteen years back. A subaltern with a broom over his head was hitting out at a military tent with it where there appeared to be a protuberance. A second picture showed a fat general sitting up in bed rubbing his head and looking furiously mad. (He had had the broom on it.) This drawing has kept me happy through many a gloomy period, and set my own work going again."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—OLD MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME: "Egad, I don't wonder at moustaches coming into fashion; for—eh? What? By Jove, it does improve one's appearance."
BY JOHN LEECH IN "PUNCH'S ALMANACK," 1857.
SELECTED BY MR. CHARLES HARRISON.

"With a pretty extensive knowledge of all the Continental and American artists," writes Mr. Charles Harrison, one of the regular contributors to *Punch*, "I think I have derived more amusement from John Leech than anyone else. In certain things he is, and so will ever remain, absolutely unapproachable, and I enclose what I consider one of his funniest efforts. At least, there is no effort in it, which is one of the charms in all Leech's work."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Country of the Blind.

By H. G. Wells.

THREE HUNDRED miles and more from Chimborazo, one hundred from the snows of Cotopaxi, in the wildest wastes of Ecuador's Andes, there lies that mysterious mountain valley, cut off from all the world of men, the Country of the Blind. Long years ago that valley lay so far open to the world that men might come at last through frightful gorges and over an icy pass into its equable meadows, and thither indeed men came, a family or so of Peruvian half-breeds fleeing from the lust and tyranny of an evil Spanish ruler. Then came the stupendous outbreak of Mindobamba, when it was night in Quito for seventeen days, and the water was boiling at Yaguachi and all the fish floating dying even as far as Guayaquil; everywhere along the Pacific slopes there were landslips and swift thawings and sudden floods, and one whole side of the old Arauca crest slipped and came down in thunder, and cut off the Country of the Blind for ever from the exploring feet of men. But one of these early settlers had chanced to be on the hither side of the gorges when the world had so terribly shaken itself, and he perforce had to forget his wife and his child and all the friends and possessions he had left up there, and start life over again in the lower world. He started it again but ill, blindness overtook him, and he died of punishment in the mines; but the story he told begot a legend that lingers along the length of the Cordilleras of the Andes to this day.

He told of his reason for venturing back from that fastness, into which he had first been carried lashed to a llama, beside a vast bale of gear, when he was a child. The valley, he said, had in it all that the heart of man could desire—sweet water, pasture, an even climate, slopes of rich brown soil with tangles of a shrub that bore an excellent fruit, and on one side great hanging forests of pine that held the avalanches high. Far overhead, on three sides, vast cliffs of grey-green rock were capped by cliffs of ice; but the glacier stream came not to them, but flowed away by the farther slopes, and only now and then huge ice masses fell on the valley side. In this valley it neither rained nor snowed, but the abundant springs gave a rich green pasture, that irrigation would spread over all the valley space. The settlers did well indeed there. Their beasts did well and multiplied, and but one thing marred their happiness. Yet it was enough to mar it greatly. A strange disease had come upon them and had made all the children born to them there—and, indeed, several older children also—blind. It was to seek some charm or antidote against this plague of blindness that he had with fatigue and danger and difficulty returned down the gorge. In those days, in such cases, men did not think of germs and infections, but of sins, and it seemed to him that the reason of this affliction must lie in the negligence of these priestless immigrants to set up a shrine so soon as they entered the valley. He wanted a shrine—a handsome, cheap, effectual shrine—to be erected in the valley; he wanted relics and such-like potent things of faith, blessed objects and mysterious medals and prayers. In his wallet he had a bar of native silver for which he would not account; he insisted there was none in the valley with something of the insistence of an inexpert liar. They had all clubbed their money and ornaments together, having little need for such treasure up there, he said, to buy them holy help against their ill. I figure this dim-eyed young mountaineer, sunburnt, gaunt, and anxious, hat brim clutched feverishly, a man all unused to the ways of the lower world, telling this story to some keen-eyed, attentive priest before the great convulsion; I can picture him presently seeking to return with pious and infallible remedies against that trouble, and the infinite dismay with which he must have faced the tumbled vastness where the gorge had once come out. But the rest of his story of mischances is lost to me, save that I know of his evil death after several years. Poor stray from that remoteness! The stream that had once made the gorge now bursts from the mouth of a rocky cave, and the legend his poor, ill-told story set going developed into the legend of a race of blind men somewhere "over there" one may still hear to-day.

And amidst the little population of that

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

now isolated and forgotten valley the disease ran its course. The old became groping and purblind, the young saw but dimly, and the children that were born to them saw never at all. But life was very easy in that snow-rimmed basin, lost to all the world, with neither thorns nor briers, with no evil insects nor any beasts save the gentle breed of llamas they had lugged and thrust and followed up the beds of the shrunken rivers in the gorges up which they had come. The seeing had become purblind so gradually that they scarcely noted their loss. They guided the sightless youngsters hither and thither until they knew the whole valley marvellously, and when at last sight died out among them the race lived on. They had even time to adapt themselves to the blind control of fire, which they made carefully in stoves of stone. They were a simple strain of people at the first, unlettered, only slightly touched with the Spanish civilization, but with something of a tradition of the arts of old Peru and of its lost philosophy. Generation followed generation. They forgot many things; they devised many things. Their tradition of the greater world they came from became mythical in colour and uncertain. In all things save sight they were strong and able, and presently chance sent one who had an original mind and who could talk and persuade among them, and then afterwards another. These two passed, leaving their effects, and the little community grew in numbers and in understanding, and met and settled social and economic problems that arose. Generation followed generation. Generation followed generation. There came a time when a child was born who was fifteen generations from that ancestor who went out of the valley with a bar of silver to seek God's aid, and who never returned. Thereabout it chanced that a man came into this community from the outer world. And this is the story of that man.



"THEY FOUND NUÑEZ HAD GONE FROM THEM."

He was a mountaineer from the country near Quito, a man who had been down to the sea and had seen the world, a reader of books in an original way, an acute and enterprising man, and he was taken on by a party of Englishmen who had come out to Ecuador to climb mountains, to replace one of their three Swiss guides who had fallen ill. He climbed here and he climbed there, and then came the attempt on Parascotopetl, the Matterhorn of the Andes, in which he was lost to the outer world. The story of that accident has been written a dozen times. Pointer's narrative is the best. He tells how the little party worked their difficult and almost vertical way up to the very foot of the last and greatest precipice, and how they built a night shelter amidst the snow upon a little shelf of rock, and, with a touch of real dramatic power, how presently they found Nuñez had gone from them. They shouted, and there was no reply; shouted and whistled, and for the rest of that night they slept no more.

As the morning broke they saw the traces

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of his fall. It seems impossible he could have uttered a sound. He had slipped eastward towards the unknown side of the mountain; far below he had struck a steep slope of snow, and ploughed his way down it in the midst of a snow avalanche. His track went straight to the edge of a frightful precipice, and beyond that everything was hidden. Far, far below, and hazy with distance, they could see trees rising out of a narrow, shut-in valley—the lost Country of the Blind. But they did not know it was the lost Country of the Blind, nor distinguish it in any way from any other narrow streak of upland valley. Unnerved by this disaster, they abandoned their attempt in the afternoon, and Pointer was called away to the war before he could make another attack. To this day Parascotopetl lifts an unconquered crest, and Pointer's shelter crumbles unvisited amidst the snows.

And the man who fell survived.

At the end of the slope he fell a thousand feet, and came down in the midst of a cloud of snow upon a snow-slope even steeper than the one above. Down this he was whirled, stunned and insensible, but without a bone broken in his body; and then at last came to gentler slopes, and at last rolled out and lay still, buried amidst a softening heap of the white masses that had accompanied and saved him. He came to himself with a dim fancy that he was ill in bed; then realized his position with a mountaineer's intelligence and worked himself loose and, after a rest or so, out until he saw the stars. He rested flat upon his chest for a space, wondering where he was and what had happened to him. He explored his limbs, and discovered that several of his buttons were gone and his coat turned over his head. His knife had gone from his pocket and his hat was lost, though he had tied it under his chin. He recalled that he had been looking for loose stones to raise his piece of the shelter wall. His ice-axe had disappeared.

He decided he must have fallen, and looked up to see, exaggerated by the ghastly light of the rising moon, the tremendous flight he had taken. For a while he lay, gazing blankly at that vast, pale cliff towering above, rising moment by moment out of a subsiding tide of darkness. Its phantasmal, mysterious beauty held him for a space, and then he was seized with a paroxysm of sobbing laughter. . . .

After a great interval of time he became aware that he was near the lower edge of the snow. Below, down what was now a moonlit and practicable slope, he saw the dark and broken appearance of rock-strewn turf. He struggled to his feet, aching in every joint and limb, got down painfully from the heaped loose snow about him, went downward until he was on the turf, and there dropped rather than lay beside a boulder, drank deep from the flask in his inner pocket, and instantly fell asleep. . . .

He was awakened by the singing of birds in the trees far below.

He sat up and perceived he was on a little alp at the foot of a vast precipice that sloped only a little in the gully down which he and his snow had come. Over against him another wall of rock reared itself against the sky. The gorge between these precipices ran east and west and was full of the morning sunlight, which lit to the westward the mass of fallen mountain that closed the descending gorge. Below him it seemed there was a precipice equally steep, but behind the snow in the gully he found a sort of chimney-cleft dripping with snow-water, down which a desperate man might venture. He found it easier than it seemed, and came at last to another desolate alp, and then after a rock climb of no particular difficulty to a steep slope of trees. He took his bearings and turned his face up the gorge, for he saw it opened out above upon green meadows, among which he now glimpsed quite distinctly a cluster of stone huts of unfamiliar fashion. At times his progress was like clambering along the face of a wall, and after a time the rising sun ceased to strike along the gorge, the voices of the singing birds died away, and the air grew cold and dark about him. But the distant valley with its houses was all the brighter for that. He came presently to talus, and among the rocks he noted—for he was an observant man—an unfamiliar fern that seemed to clutch out of the crevices with intense green hands. He picked a frond or so and gnawed its stalk, and found it helpful.

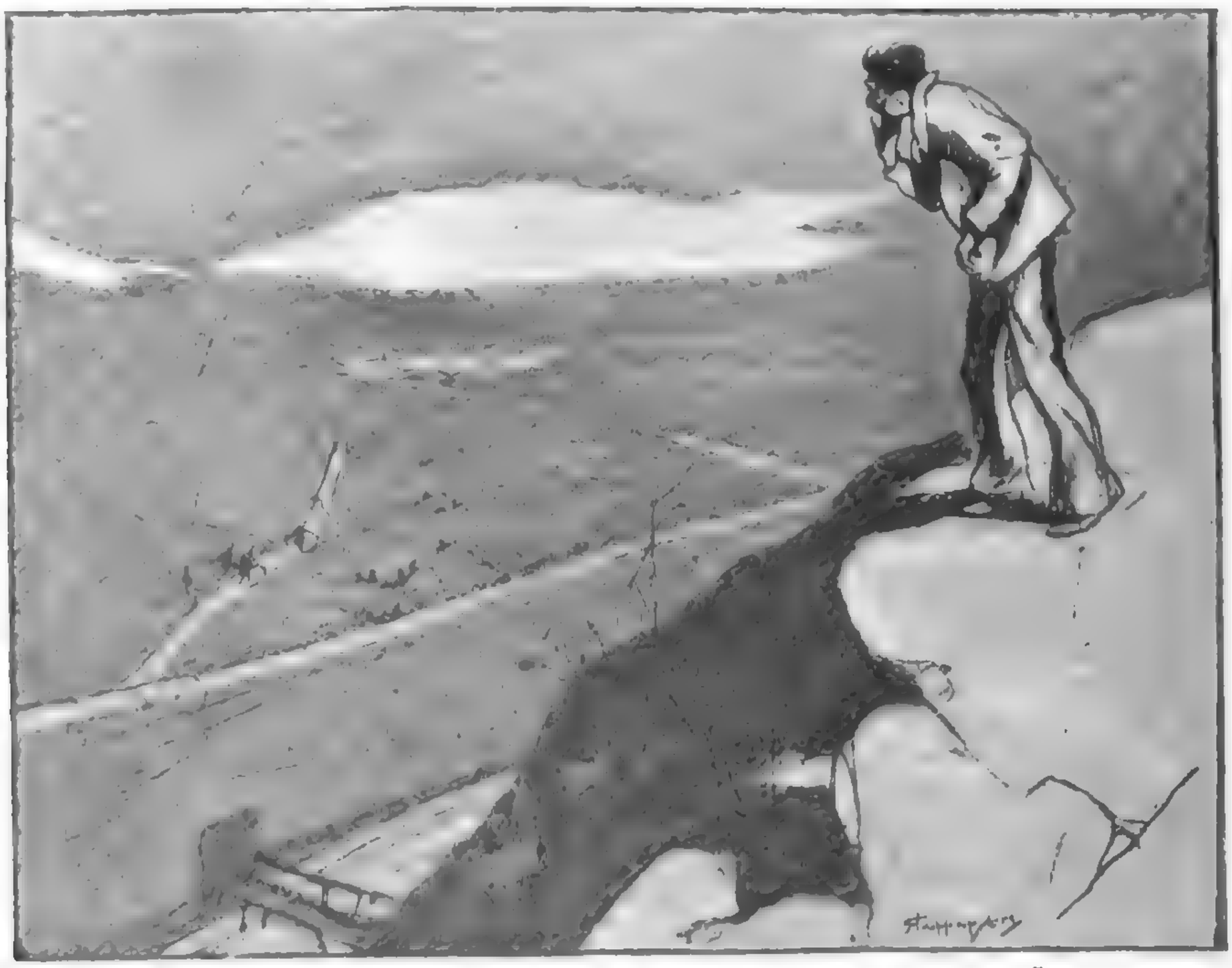
About midday he came at last out of the throat of the gorge into the plain and the sunlight. He was stiff and weary; he sat down in the shadow of a rock, filled up his flask with water from a spring and drank it down, and remained for a time, resting before he went on to the houses.

They were very strange to his eyes, and indeed the whole aspect of that valley became, as he regarded it, queerer and more unfamiliar. The greater part of its surface was lush green meadow, starred with many beautiful flowers, irrigated with extraordinary

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

care, and bearing evidence of systematic cropping piece by piece. High up and ringing the valley about was a wall, and what appeared to be a circumferential water channel, from which the little trickles of water that fed the meadow plants came, and on the higher slopes above this flocks of llamas cropped the scanty herbage. Sheds, apparently shelters or feeding-places for the llamas, stood against the boundary wall here and there. The irrigation streams ran together into a main channel down the centre of the valley, and this was enclosed on either side by a wall breast high. This gave a singularly urban quality to this secluded place, a quality that was greatly enhanced by the fact that a number of paths paved with black and white stones, and each with a curious little kerb at the side, ran hither and thither in an orderly manner. The houses of the central village were quite unlike the casual and higgledy-piggledy agglomeration of the mountain villages he knew; they stood in a continuous row on either side of a central street of astonishing cleanness, here and there their parti-coloured sometimes slate-coloured or dark brown; and it was the sight of this wild plastering first brought the word "blind" into the thoughts of the explorer. "The good man who did that," he thought, "must have been as blind as a bat."

He descended a steep place, and so came to the wall and channel that ran about the valley, near where the latter spouted out its surplus contents into the deeps of the gorge in a thin and wavering thread of cascade. He could now see a number of men and women resting on piled heaps of grass, as if taking a siesta, in the remoter part of the meadow, and nearer the village a number of recumbent children, and then nearer at hand three men carrying pails on yokes along a little path that ran from the encircling wall towards the houses. These latter were clad in garments of llama cloth and boots and belts of leather, and they wore caps of cloth with back and ear flaps. They followed one another in single file, walking slowly and yawning as they walked, like men who have been up all night. There was something so



"NUÑEZ STOOD FORWARD AS CONSPICUOUSLY AS POSSIBLE UPON HIS ROCK."

façade was pierced by a door, and not a solitary window broke their even frontage. They were parti-coloured with extraordinary irregularity, smeared with a sort of plaster that was sometimes grey, sometimes drab, reassuringly prosperous and respectable in their bearing that after a moment's hesitation Nuñez stood forward as conspicuously as possible upon his rock, and gave vent to a mighty shout that echoed round the valley.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The three men stopped, and moved their heads as though they were looking about them. They turned their faces this way and that, and Nuñez gesticulated with freedom. But they did not appear to see him for all his gestures, and after a time, directing themselves towards the mountains far away to the right, they shouted as if in answer. Nuñez bawled again, and then once more, and as he gestured ineffectually the word "blind" came up to the top of his thoughts. "The fools must be blind," he said.

When at last, after much shouting and wrath, Nuñez crossed the stream by a little bridge, came through a gate in the wall, and approached them, he was sure that they were blind. He was sure that this was the Country of the Blind of which the legends told. Conviction had sprung upon him, and a sense of great and rather enviable adventure. The three stood side by side, not looking at him, but with their ears directed towards him, judging him by his unfamiliar steps. They stood close together like men a little afraid, and he could see their eyelids closed and sunken, as though the very balls beneath had shrunk away. There was an expression near awe on their faces.

"A man," one said, in hardly recognisable Spanish. "A man it is—a man or a spirit—coming down from the rocks."

But Nuñez advanced with the confident steps of a youth who enters upon life. All the old stories of the lost valley and the Country of the Blind had come back to his mind, and through his thoughts ran this old proverb, as if it were a refrain :—

"In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King."

"In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King."

And very civilly he gave them greeting. He talked to them and used his eyes.

"Where does he come from, brother Pedro?" asked one.

"Down out of the rocks."

"Over the mountains I come," said Nuñez, "out of the country beyond there—where men can see. From near Bogota—where there are a hundred thousands of people, and where the city passes out of sight."

"Sight?" muttered Pedro. "Sight?"

"He comes," said the second blind man, "out of the rocks."

The cloth of their coats Nuñez saw was curiously fashioned, each with a different sort of stitching.

They startled him by a simultaneous movement towards him, each with a hand outstretched. He stepped back from the advance of these spread fingers.

"Come hither," said the third blind man, following his motion and clutching him neatly.

And they held Nuñez and felt him over, saying no word further until they had done so.

"Carefully," he cried, with a finger in his eye, and found they thought that organ, with its fluttering lids, a queer thing in him. They went over it again.

"A strange creature, Correa," said the one called Pedro. "Feel the coarseness of his hair. Like a llama's hair."

"Rough he is as the rocks that begot him," said Correa, investigating Nuñez's unshaven chin with a soft and slightly moist hand. "Perhaps he will grow finer."

Nuñez struggled a little under their examination, but they gripped him firm.

"Carefully," he said again.

"He speaks," said the third man. "Certainly he is a man."

"Ugh!" said Pedro, at the roughness of his coat.

"And you have come into the world?" asked Pedro.

"*Out* of the world. Over mountains and glaciers; right over above there, half-way to the sun. Out of the great, big world that goes down, twelve days' journey to the sea."

They scarcely seemed to heed him. "Our fathers have told us men may be made by the forces of Nature," said Correa. "It is the warmth of things, and moisture, and rottenness—rottenness."

"Let us lead him to the elders," said Pedro.

"Shout first," said Correa, "lest the children be afraid. This is a marvellous occasion."

So they shouted, and Pedro went first and took Nuñez by the hand to lead him to the houses.

He drew his hand away. "I can see," he said.

"See?" said Correa.

"Yes; see," said Nuñez, turning towards him, and stumbled against Pedro's pail.

"His senses are still imperfect," said the third blind man. "He stumbles, and talks unmeaning words. Lead him by the hand."

"As you will," said Nuñez, and was led along, laughing.

It seemed they knew nothing of sight.

Well, all in good time he would teach them.

He heard people shouting, and saw a

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'CAREFULLY,' HE CRIED, WITH A FINGER IN HIS EYE."

number of figures gathering together in the middle roadway of the village.

He found it tax his nerve and patience more than he had anticipated, that first encounter with the population of the Country of the Blind. The place seemed larger as he drew near to it, and the smeared plasterings queerer, and a crowd of children and men and women (the women and girls he was pleased to note had, some of them, quite sweet faces, for all that their eyes were shut and sunken) came about him, holding on to him, touching him with soft, sensitive hands, smelling at him, and listening at every word he spoke. Some of the maidens and children, however, kept aloof as if afraid, and indeed his voice seemed coarse and rude beside their softer notes. They mobbed him. His three guides kept close to him with an effect of proprietorship, and said again and again, "A wild man out of the rocks."

"Bogota," he said. "Bogota. Over the mountain crests."

"A wild man—using wild words," said Pedro. "Did you hear that — *Bogota?* His mind has hardly formed yet. He has only the beginnings of speech."

A little boy nipped his hand. "Bogota!" he said, mockingly.

"Aye! A city to your village. I come from the great world — where men have eyes and see."

"His name's Bogota," they said

"He stumbled," said Correa — "stumbled twice as we came hither."

"Bring him in to the elders."

And they thrust him suddenly through a doorway into a room as black as pitch, save at the end there faintly glowed a fire. The crowd closed in behind him and shut out all but the faintest glimmer of day, and before he could arrest himself he had fallen headlong over the feet of a seated man. His arm, outflung, struck the face of someone else as he went down; he felt the soft impact of features and heard a cry of anger, and for a moment he struggled against a number of hands that clutched him. It was a one-sided fight. An inkling of the situation came to him and he lay quiet.

"I fell down," he said; "I couldn't see in this pitchy darkness."

There was a pause as if the unseen persons about him tried to understand his words. Then the voice of Correa said: "He is but newly formed. He stumbles as he walks and mingles words that mean nothing with his speech."

Others also said things about him that he heard or understood imperfectly.

"May I sit up?" he asked, in a pause. "I will not struggle against you again."

They consulted and let him rise.

The voice of an older man began to question him, and Nuñez found himself trying to explain the great world out of which he had

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fallen, and the sky and mountains and sight and such-like marvels, to these elders who sat in darkness in the Country of the Blind. And they would believe and understand nothing whatever that he told them, a thing quite outside his expectation. They would not even understand many of his words. For fourteen generations these people had been blind and cut off from all the seeing world; the names for all the things of sight had faded and changed; the story of the outer world was faded and changed to a child's story; and they had ceased to concern themselves with anything beyond the rocky slopes above their circling wall. Blind men of genius had arisen among them and questioned the shreds of belief and tradition they had brought with them from their seeing days, and had dismissed all these things as idle fancies and replaced them with new and saner explanations. Much of their imagination had shrivelled with their eyes, and they had made for themselves new imaginations with their ever more sensitive ears and fingertips. Slowly Nuñez realized this: that his expectation of wonder and reverence at his origin and his gifts was not to be borne out; and after his poor attempt to explain sight to them had been set aside as the confused version of a new-made being describing the marvels of his incoherent sensations, he subsided, a little dashed, into listening to their instruction. And the eldest of the blind men explained to him life and philosophy and religion, how that the world (meaning their valley) had been first an empty hollow in the rocks, and then had come first inanimate things without the gift of touch, and llamas and a few other creatures that had little sense, and then men, and at last angels, whom one could hear singing and making fluttering sounds, but whom no one could touch at all, which puzzled Nuñez greatly until he thought of the birds.

He went on to tell Nuñez how this time had been divided into the warm and the cold, which are the blind equivalents of day and night, and how it was good to sleep in the warm and work during the cold, so that now, but for his advent, the whole town of the blind would have been asleep. He said Nuñez must have been specially created to learn and serve the wisdom they had acquired, and that for all his mental incoherency and stumbling behaviour he must have courage and do his best to learn, and at that all the people in the doorway murmured encouragingly. He said the night—for the blind call their day night—was now far gone, and it behoved everyone to go back to sleep. He asked Nuñez if he knew how to sleep, and Nuñez said he did, but that before sleep he wanted food. They brought him food, llama's milk in a bowl and rough salted bread, and led him into a lonely place to eat out of their hearing, and afterwards to slumber until the chill of the mountain evening roused them to begin their day again. But Nuñez slumbered not at all.

Instead, he sat up in the place where they had left him, resting his limbs and turning the unanticipated circumstances of his arrival over and over in his mind.

Every now and then he laughed, sometimes with amusement and sometimes with indignation.

"Unformed mind!" he said. "Got no senses yet! They little know they've been insulting their Heaven-sent King and master. . . .

"I see I must bring them to reason.

"Let me think.

"Let me think."

He was still thinking when the sun set.

Nuñez had an eye for all beautiful things, and it seemed to him that the glow upon the snow-fields and glaciers that rose about the valley on every side was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. His eyes went from that inaccessible glory to the village and irrigated fields, fast sinking into the twilight, and suddenly a wave of emotion took him, and he thanked God from the bottom of his heart that the power of sight had been given him.

He heard a voice calling to him from out of the village.

"Yaho there, Bogota! Come hither!"

At that he stood up, smiling. He would show these people once and for all what sight would do for a man. They would seek him, but not find him.

"You move not, Bogota," said the voice.

He laughed noiselessly and made two stealthy steps aside from the path.

"Trample not on the grass, Bogota; that is not allowed."

Nuñez had scarcely heard the sound he made himself. He stopped, amazed.

The owner of the voice came running up the piebald path towards him.

He stepped back into the pathway. "Here I am," he said.

"Why did you not come when I called you?" said the blind man. "Must you be led like a child? Cannot you hear the path as you walk?"

Nuñez laughed. "I can see it," he said.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"There is no such word as *see*," said the blind man, after a pause. "Cease this folly and follow the sound of my feet."

Nuñez followed, a little annoyed.

"My time will come," he said.

"You'll learn," the blind man answered. "There is much to learn in the world."

"Has no one told you, 'In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King'?"

"What is blind?" asked the blind man, carelessly, over his shoulder.

Four days passed and the fifth found the King of the Blind still incognito, as a clumsy and useless stranger among his subjects.

It was, he found, much more difficult to proclaim himself than he had supposed, and in the meantime, while he meditated his *coup d'état*, he did what he was told and learnt the manners and customs of the Country of the Blind. He found working and going about at night a particularly irksome thing, and he decided that that should be the first thing he would change.

They led a simple, laborious life, these people, with all the elements of virtue and happiness as these things can be understood by men. They toiled, but not oppressively; they had food and clothing sufficient for their needs; they had days and seasons of rest; they made much of music and singing, and there was love among them and little children. It was marvellous with what confidence and precision they went about their ordered world. Everything, you see, had been made to fit their needs; each of the radiating paths of the valley area had a constant angle to the others, and was distinguished by a special notch upon its kerbing; all obstacles and irregularities of path or meadow had long since been cleared away; all their methods and procedure arose naturally from their special needs. Their senses had become marvellously acute; they could hear and judge the slightest gesture of a man a dozen paces away—could hear the very beating of his heart. Intonation had long replaced expression with them, and touches gesture, and their work with hoe and spade and fork was as free and confident as garden work can be. Their sense of smell was extraordinarily fine; they could distinguish individual differences as readily as a dog can, and they went about the tending of llamas, who lived among the rocks above and came to the wall for food and shelter, with ease and confidence. It was only when at last Nuñez sought to assert himself that he found how easy and confident their movements could be.



"THE GLOW UPON THE SNOW-FIELDS AND GLACIERS WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING HE HAD EVER SEEN."

He rebelled only after he had tried persuasion.

He tried at first on several occasions to tell them of sight. "Look you here, you people," he said. "There are things you do not understand in me."

Once or twice one or two of them attended to him; they sat with faces downcast and ears turned intelligently towards him, and he did

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his best to tell them what it was to see. Among his hearers was a girl, with eyelids less red and sunken than the others, so that one could almost fancy she was hiding eyes, whom especially he hoped to persuade. He spoke of the beauties of sight, of watching the mountains, of the sky and the sunrise, and they heard him with amused incredulity that presently became condemnatory. They told him there were indeed no mountains at all, but that the end of the rocks where the llamas grazed was indeed the end of the world; thence sprang a tavernous roof of the universe, from which the dew and the avalanches fell; and when he maintained stoutly the world had neither end nor roof such as they supposed, they said his thoughts were wicked. So far as he could describe sky and clouds and stars to them it seemed to them a hideous void, a terrible blankness in the place of the smooth roof to things in which they believed—it was an article of faith with them that the cavern roof was exquisitely smooth to the touch. He saw that in some manner he shocked them, and gave up that aspect of the matter altogether, and tried to show them the practical value of sight. One morning he saw Pedro in the path called Seventeen and coming towards the central houses, but still too far off for hearing or scent, and he told them as much. "In a little while," he prophesied, "Pedro will be here." An old man remarked that Pedro had no business on path Seventeen, and then, as if in confirmation, that individual as he drew near turned and went transversely into path Ten, and so back with nimble paces towards the outer wall. They mocked Nuñez when Pedro did not arrive, and afterwards, when he asked Pedro questions to clear his character, Pedro denied and outfaced him, and was afterwards hostile to him.

Then he induced them to let him go a long way up the sloping meadows towards the wall with one complaisant individual, and to him he promised to describe all that happened among the houses. He noted certain goings and comings, but the things that really seemed to signify to these people happened inside of or behind the windowless houses—the only things they took note of to test him by—and of those he could see or tell nothing; and it was after the failure of this attempt, and the ridicule they could not repress, that he resorted to force. He thought of seizing a spade and suddenly smiting one or two of them to earth, and so in fair combat showing the advantage of eyes. He went so far with that resolution as to seize his spade, and then he discovered a new thing about himself, and that was that it was impossible for him to hit a blind man in cold blood.

He hesitated, and found them all aware that he had snatched up the spade. They stood all alert, with their heads on one side, and bent ears towards him for what he would do next.

"Put that spade down," said one, and he felt a sort of helpless horror. He came near obedience.

Then he had thrust one backwards against a house wall, and fled past him and out of the village.

He went athwart one of their meadows, leaving a track of trampled grass behind his feet, and presently sat down by the side of one of their ways. He felt something of the buoyancy that comes to all men in the beginning of a fight, but more perplexity. He began to realize that you cannot even fight happily with creatures who stand upon a different mental basis to yourself. Far away he saw a number of men carrying spades and sticks come out of the street of houses and advance in a spreading line along the several paths towards him. They advanced slowly, speaking frequently to one another, and ever and again the whole cordon would halt and sniff the air and listen.

The first time they did this Nuñez laughed. But afterwards he did not laugh.

One struck his trail in the meadow grass and came stooping and feeling his way along it.

For five minutes he watched the slow extension of the cordon, and then his vague disposition to do something forthwith became frantic. He stood up, went a pace or so towards the circumferential wall, turned, and went back a little way. There they all stood in a crescent, still and listening.

He also stood still, gripping his spade very tightly in both hands. Should he charge them?

The pulse in his ears ran into the rhythm of "In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King!"

Should he charge them?

He looked back at the high and unclimbable wall behind—unclimbable because of its smooth plastering, but withal pierced with many little doors, and at the approaching line of seekers. Behind these others were now coming out of the street of houses.

Should he charge them?

"Bogota!" called one. "Bogota! where are you?"

He gripped his spade still tighter and

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

advanced down the meadows towards the place of habitations, and directly he moved they converged upon him. "I'll hit them if they touch me," he swore; "by Heaven, I will. I'll hit." He called aloud, "Look here, I'm going to do what I like in this valley! Do you hear? I'm going to do what I like and go where I like."

They were moving in upon him quickly, groping, yet moving rapidly. It was like playing blind man's buff with everyone blindfolded except one. "Get hold of him!" cried one. He found himself in the arc of a loose curve of pursuers. He felt suddenly he must be active and resolute.

"You don't understand," he cried, in a voice that was meant to be great and resolute, and which broke. "You are blind and I can see. Leave me alone!"

"Bogota! Put down that spade and come off the grass!"

The last order, grotesque in its urban familiarity, produced a gust of anger. "I'll hurt you," he said, sobbing with emotion. "By Heaven, I'll hurt you! Leave me alone!"

He began to run—not knowing clearly where to run. He ran from the nearest blind man, because it was a horror to hit him. He stopped, and then made a dash to escape from their closing ranks. He made for where a gap was wide, and the men on either side, with a quick perception of the approach of his paces, rushed in on one another. He sprang forward, and then saw he must be caught, and *swish!* the spade had struck. He felt the soft thud of hand and arm, and the man was down with a yell of pain, and he was through.



"THEY WERE MOVING IN UPON HIM QUICKLY."

Through! And then he was close to the street of houses again, and blind men, whirling spades and stakes, were running with a sort of reasoned swiftness hither and thither.

He heard steps behind him just in time, and found a tall man rushing forward and swiping at the sound of him. He lost his nerve, hurled his spade a yard wide at this antagonist, and whirled about and fled, fairly yelling as he dodged another.

He was panic-stricken. He ran furiously to and fro, dodging when there was no need to dodge, and, in his anxiety to see on every side of him at once, stumbling. For a moment he was down and they heard his

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fall. Far away in the circumferential wall a little doorway looked like Heaven, and he set off in a wild rush for it. He did not even look round at his pursuers until it was gained, and he had stumbled across the bridge, clambered a little way among the rocks, to the surprise and dismay of a young llama, who went leaping out of sight, and lay down sobbing for breath.

And so his *coup d'état* came to an end.

He stayed outside the wall of the valley of the blind for two nights and days without food or shelter, and meditated upon the Unexpected. During these meditations he repeated very frequently and always with a profounder note of derision the exploded proverb: "In the Country of the Blind the One-Eyed Man is King." He thought chiefly of ways of fighting and conquering these people, and it grew clear that for him no practicable way was possible. He had no weapons, and now it would be hard to get one.

The canker of civilization had got to him even in Bogota, and he could not find it in himself to go down and assassinate a blind man. Of course, if he did that, he might then dictate terms on the threat of assassinating them all. But—— Sooner or later he must sleep! . . .

He tried also to find food among the pine trees, to be comfortable under pine boughs while the frost fell at night, and—with less confidence—to catch a llama by artifice in order to try to kill it—perhaps by hammering it with a stone—and so finally, perhaps, to eat some of it. But the llamas had a doubt of him and regarded him with distrustful brown eyes and spat when he drew near. Fear came on him the second day and fits of shivering. Finally he crawled down to the wall of the Country of the Blind and tried to make his terms. He crawled along by the stream, shouting, until two blind men came out to the gate and talked to him.

"I was mad," he said. "But I was only newly made."

They said that was better.

He told them he was wiser now, and repented of all he had done.

Then he wept without intention, for he was very weak and ill now, and they took that as a favourable sign.

They asked him if he still thought he could "*see*."

"No," he said. "That was folly. The word means nothing. Less than nothing!"

They asked him what was overhead.

"About ten times ten the height of a man there is a roof above the world—of rock—and very, very smooth. So smooth—so beautifully smooth. . . ." He burst again into hysterical tears. "Before you ask me any more, give me some food or I shall die!"

He expected dire punishments, but these blind people were capable of toleration. They regarded his rebellion as but one more proof of his general idiocy and inferiority, and after they had whipped him they appointed him to do the simplest and heaviest work they had for anyone to do, and he, seeing no other way of living, did submissively what he was told.

He was ill for some days and they nursed him kindly. That refined his submission. But they insisted on his lying in the dark, and that was a great misery. And blind philosophers came and talked to him of the wicked levity of his mind, and reproved him so impressively for his doubts about the lid of rock that covered their cosmic *casserole* that he almost doubted whether indeed he was not the victim of hallucination in not seeing it overhead.

So Nuñez became a citizen of the Country of the Blind, and these people ceased to be a generalized people and became individualities to him, and familiar to him, while the world beyond the mountains became more and more remote and unreal. There was Yacob, his master, a kindly man when not annoyed; there was Pedro, Yacob's nephew; and there was Medina-saroté, who was the youngest daughter of Yacob. She was little esteemed in the world of the blind, because she had a clear-cut face and lacked that satisfying, glossy smoothness that is the blind man's ideal of feminine beauty, but Nuñez thought her beautiful at first, and presently the most beautiful thing in the whole creation. Her closed eyelids were not sunken and red after the common way of the valley, but lay as though they might open again at any moment; and she had long eyelashes, which were considered a grave disfigurement. And her voice was weak and did not satisfy the acute hearing of the valley swains. So that she had no lover.

There came a time when Nuñez thought that, could he win her, he would be resigned to live in the valley for all the rest of his days.

He watched her; he sought opportunities of doing her little services, and presently he found that she observed him. Once at a rest-day gathering they sat side by side in the dim starlight, and the music was sweet. His hand came upon hers and he dared to clasp it. Then very tenderly she returned his pressure. And one day, as they were at their meal in

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the darkness, he felt her hand very softly seeking him, and as it chanced the fire leapt then, and he saw the tenderness of her face.

He sought to speak to her.

He went to her one day when she was sitting in the summer moonlight spinning. The light made her a thing of silver and mystery. He sat down at her feet and told her he loved her, and told her how beautiful she seemed to him. He had a lover's voice,



"HE SAT DOWN AT HER FEET."

he spoke with a tender reverence that came near to awe, and she had never before been touched by adoration. She made him no definite answer, but it was clear his words pleased her.

After that he talked to her whenever he could take an opportunity. The valley became the world for him, and the world beyond the mountains where men lived by day seemed no more than a fairy tale he would some day pour into her ears. Very tentatively and timidly he spoke to her of sight.

Sight seemed to her the most poetical of fancies, and she listened to his description of the stars and the mountains and her own sweet white-lit beauty as though it was a guilty indulgence. She did not believe, she could only half understand, but she was mysteriously delighted, and it seemed to him that she completely understood.

His love lost its awe and took courage. Presently he was for demanding her of Yacob and the elders in marriage, but she became fearful and delayed. And it was one of her elder sisters who first told Yacob that Medina-saroté and Nuñez were in love.

There was from the first very great opposition to the marriage of Nuñez and Medina-saroté; not so much because they valued her as because they held him as a being apart, an idiot, incompetent thing below the permissible level of a man. Her sisters opposed it bitterly as bringing discredit on them all; and old Yacob, though he had formed a sort of liking for his clumsy, obedient serf, shook his head and said the thing could not be. The young men were all angry at the idea of corrupting the race, and one went so far as to revile and strike Nuñez. He struck back. Then for the first time he found an advantage in seeing, even by twilight, and after that fight was over no one was disposed to raise a hand against him. But they still found his marriage impossible.

Old Yacob had a tenderness for his last little daughter, and was grieved to have her weep upon his shoulder.

"You see, my dear, he's an idiot. He has delusions; he can't do anything right."

"I know," wept Medina-saroté. "But he's better than he was. He's getting better. And he's strong, dear father, and kind—stronger and kinder than any other man in the world. And he loves me—and, father, I love him."

Old Yacob was greatly distressed to find her inconsolable, and, besides—what made it more distressing—he liked Nuñez for many things. So he went and sat in the windowless council-chamber with the other elders and watched the trend of the talk, and said, at the proper time, "He's better than he was. Very likely, some day, we shall find him as sane as ourselves."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Then afterwards one of the elders, who thought deeply, had an idea. He was the great doctor among these people, their medicine-man, and he had a very philosophical and inventive mind, and the idea of curing Nuñez of his peculiarities appealed to him. One day when Yacob was present he returned to the topic of Nuñez. "I have examined Nuñez," he said, "and the case is clearer to me. I think very probably he might be cured."

"That is what I have always hoped," said old Yacob.

"His brain is affected," said the blind doctor.

The elders murmured assent.

"And then he will be sane?"

"Then he will be perfectly sane, and a quite admirable citizen."

"Thank Heaven for science!" said old Yacob, and went forth at once to tell Nuñez of his happy hopes.

But Nuñez's manner of receiving the good news struck him as being cold and disappointing.

"One might think," he said, "from the tone you take that you did not care for my daughter."

It was Medina-saroté who persuaded Nuñez to face the blind surgeons.

"*You* do not want me," he said, "to lose my gift of sight?"



"'HIS BRAIN IS AFFECTED,' SAID THE BLIND DOCTOR."

"Now, *what* affects it?"

"Ah!" said old Yacob.

"*This*," said the doctor, answering his own question. "Those queer things that are called the eyes, and which exist to make an agreeable depression in the face, are diseased, in the case of Nuñez, in such a way as to affect his brain. They are greatly distended, he has eyelashes, and his eyelids move, and consequently his brain is in a state of constant irritation and distraction."

"Yes?" said old Yacob. "Yes?"

"And I think I may say with reasonable certainty that, in order to cure him completely, all that we need to do is a simple and easy surgical operation—namely, to remove these irritant bodies."

She shook her head.

"My world is sight."

Her head drooped lower.

"There are the beautiful things, the beautiful little things—the flowers, the lichens amidst the rocks, the light and softness on a piece of fur, the far sky with its drifting down of clouds, the sunsets and the stars. And there is *you*. For you alone it is good to have sight, to see your sweet, serene face, your kindly lips, your dear, beautiful hands folded together. . . . It is these eyes of mine you won, these eyes that hold me to you, that these idiots seek. Instead, I must touch you, hear you, and never see you again. I must come under that roof of rock and stone and darkness,

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that horrible roof under which your imaginations stoop. . . . *No; you* would not have me do that?"

A disagreeable doubt had arisen in him. He stopped and left the thing a question.

"I wish," she said, "sometimes——" She paused.

"Yes?" said he, a little apprehensively.

"I wish sometimes—you would not talk like that."

"Like what?"

"I know it's pretty—it's your imagination. I love it, but *now* ——"

He felt cold. "*Now?*" he said, faintly.

She sat quite still.

"You mean—you think—I should be better, better perhaps——"

He was realizing things very swiftly. He felt anger perhaps, anger at the dull course of fate, but also sympathy for her lack of understanding—a sympathy near akin to pity. "*Dear*," he said, and he could see by her whiteness how tensely her spirit pressed against the things she could not say. He put his arms about her, he kissed her ear, and they sat for a time in silence.

"If I were to consent to this?" he said at last, in a voice that was very gentle.

She flung her arms about him, weeping wildly. "Oh, if you would," she sobbed, "if only you would!"

For a week before the operation that was to raise him from his servitude and inferiority to the level of a blind citizen Nuñez knew nothing of sleep, and all through the warm, sunlit hours, while the others slumbered happily, he sat brooding or wandered aimlessly, trying to bring his mind to bear on his dilemma. He had given his answer, he had given his consent, and still he was not sure. And at last work-time was over, the sun rose in splendour over the golden crests, and his last day of vision began for him. He had a few minutes with Medina-saroté before she went apart to sleep.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall see no more."

"Dear heart!" she answered, and pressed his hands with all her strength.

"They will hurt you but little," she said; "and you are going through this pain, you are going through it, dear lover, for *me*. . . . Dear, if a woman's heart and life can do it, I will repay you. My dearest one, my dearest with the tender voice, I will repay."

He was drenched in pity for himself and her.

He held her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers and looked on her sweet face for the last time. "Good-bye!" he whispered to that dear sight, "good-bye!"



"HE HAD A FEW MINUTES WITH MEDINA-SAROTÉ BEFORE SHE WENT APART TO SLEEP."

And then in silence he turned away from her.

She could hear his slow retreating footsteps, and something in the rhythm of them threw her into a passion of weeping.

He walked away.

He had fully meant to go to a lonely place where the meadows were beautiful with white narcissus, and there remain until the hour of his sacrifice should come, but as he walked he lifted up his eyes and saw the morning, the morning like an angel in golden armour, marching down the steeps. . .

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It seemed to him that before this splendour he and this blind world in the valley, and his love and all, were no more than a pit of sin.

He did not turn aside as he had meant to do, but went on and passed through the wall of the circumference and out upon the rocks, and his eyes were always upon the sunlit ice and snow.

He saw their infinite beauty, and his imagination soared over them to the things beyond he was now to resign for ever!

He thought of that great free world that he was parted from, the world that was his own, and he had a vision of those further slopes, distance beyond distance, with Bogota, a place of multitudinous stirring beauty, a glory by day, a luminous mystery by night, a place of palaces and fountains and statues and white houses, lying beautifully in the middle distance. He thought how for a day or so one might come down through passes drawing ever nearer and nearer to its busy streets and ways. He thought of the river journey, day by day, from great Bogota to the still vaster world beyond, through towns and villages, forest and desert places, the rushing river day by day, until its banks receded and the big steamers came splashing by and one had reached the sea—the limitless sea, with its thousand islands, its thousands of islands, and its ships seen dimly far away in their incessant journeyings round and about that greater world. And there, unpent by mountains, one saw the sky—the sky, not such a disc as one saw it here, but an arch of immeasurable blue, a deep of deeps in which the circling stars were floating. . . .

His eyes began to scrutinize the great curtain of the mountains with a keener inquiry.

For example: if one went so, up that gully and to that chimney there, then one might come out high among those stunted pines that ran round in a sort of shelf and rose still higher and higher as it passed above the gorge. And then? That talus might be managed. Thence perhaps a climb might be found to take him up to the precipice that came below the snow; and if that chimney failed, then another farther to the east might serve his purpose better. And then? Then one would be out upon the amber-lit snow there, and half-way up to the crest of those beautiful desolations. And suppose one had good fortune!

He glanced back at the village, then turned right round and regarded it with folded arms.

He thought of Medina-saroté, and she had become small and remote.

He turned again towards the mountain wall down which the day had come to him.

Then very circumspectly he began his climb.

When sunset came he was no longer climbing, but he was far and high. His clothes were torn, his limbs were blood-stained, he was bruised in many places, but he lay as if he were at his ease, and there was a smile on his face.

From where he rested the valley seemed as if it were in a pit and nearly a mile below. Already it was dim with haze and shadow, though the mountain summits around him were things of light and fire. The mountain summits around him were things of light and fire, and the little things in the rocks near at hand were drenched with light and beauty, a vein of green mineral piercing the grey, a flash of small crystal here and there, a minute, minutely-beautiful orange lichen close beside his face. There were deep, mysterious shadows in the gorge, blue deepening into purple, and purple into a luminous darkness, and overhead was the illimitable vastness of the sky. But he heeded these things no longer, but lay quite still there, smiling as if he were content now merely to have escaped from the valley of the Blind, in which he had thought to be King. And the glow of the sunset passed, and the night came, and still he lay there, under the cold, clear stars.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Off the Track in London.

By George R. Sims.

I.—IN ALIEN-LAND.

IT is many a long year since I first began to find delight in wandering through the least-known districts of the capital, in visiting strange quarters inhabited by strange people, in penetrating dim, mysterious regions where thousands of our fellow-citizens live, cut off from the rest of the populace by a network of streets and slums into which it is nobody's business but the inhabitants' to enter, and where a visitor from beyond is rarely seen.

At first my travels were undertaken solely to gratify my own curiosity. Later on, when there came to me an opportunity of exploring with a less selfish end in view, many circumstances combined to give me an insight into the life of the people which I could never have gained as a mere onlooker. So it has come about that to-day I can not only survey the streets of the strange lands in the capital of King Edward, but I can enter the houses and take my notes from the cellar to the roof. I am privileged to sit around the coke fire in lodging-houses where an ordinary stranger would meet with scant courtesy; and the mysteries of "How the Poor Live" are freely unveiled to me. In the vilest of the native quarters, in the queerest of the foreign quarters, I am permitted to spend days and nights, not peeping furtively at the human comedies and tragedies in which the strange men and women are players, but made way for as one entitled to a front place in the local audience.

Of some of the things that I have seen I have written from time to time, but I have always longed for the pencil of the artist to enable the reader to realize what some of the scenes actually mean. And now my wish has been gratified. I have been able to wander off the track in London accompanied by an artist *confrère*, and to provide him with opportunities for making sketches on the spot.

It is four o'clock on Sunday afternoon as we come out of Aldgate Station and in a few minutes turn into Middlesex Street, littered with paper and straw and rubbish, the remains of the great Sunday morning market, which is at its highest at noon and gradually disappears as the afternoon wears on.

The scene is known to most Londoners, for the fame of Petticoat Lane, as the street was formerly called, has spread through the length and breadth of the land.

But we must pass through it to get off the track in the Ghetto, which has burst its old boundaries and now extends over a large area which until lately was a Christian quarter.

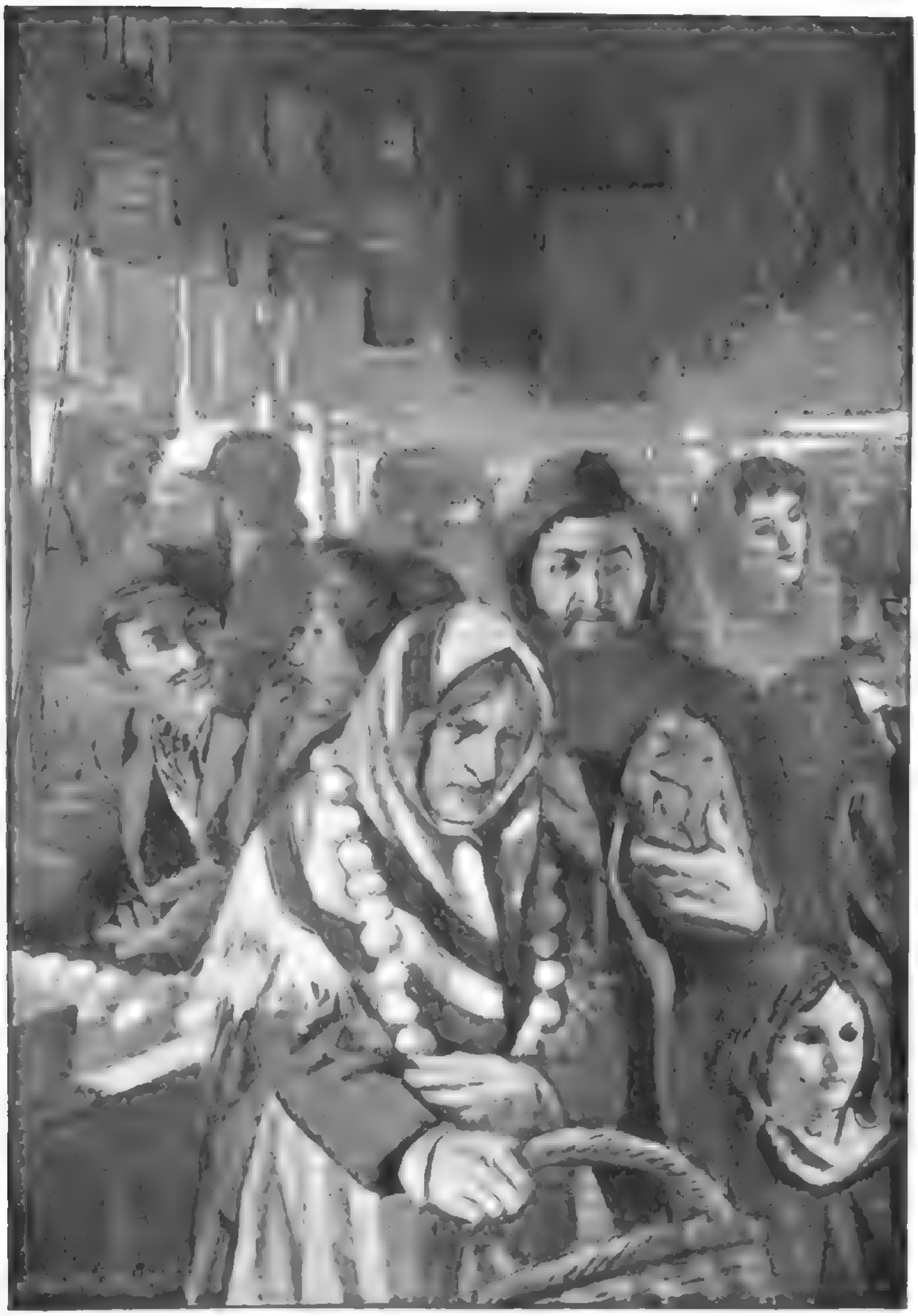
It is not till we come to Wentworth Street that the strangeness of the Sunday scene reveals itself. Here all the shops are open and the narrow thoroughfare is packed with the stalls of Jewish hawkers. We hear a little English at the top of Wentworth Street, but as we push our way through the seething crowd and get nearer to Brick Lane the English words become rarer and rarer, and presently only the German Hebrew jargon known as "Yiddish" reaches our ears.

We are in the heart of the old Ghetto. The alien immigrants, many of them fresh from the Pale of Settlement in Russia and the persecutions of Roumania, are chaffering and bargaining with their co-religionists who have been in London long enough to stock a barrow or a stall and start on the path of financial progress, which may lead their sons, if not themselves, *viâ* Dalston, Canonbury, Maida Vale, and Bayswater, to Kensington, and perhaps Park Lane.

Stop for a moment and gaze at the crowd. A London child seeing it for the first time would look at the faces and recall the Bible pictures. Everywhere the Oriental type predominates. The old, solemn-looking men—the poorest of the hawkers, for they have come to the Land of Promise too late to struggle out of the ruck—have the beards and features of the Patriarchs. They are calling aloud the price of their poor goods in the lachrymose sing-song of the Eastern pedlar. Pious Jews are these aged immigrants, and if you were to follow them to their synagogue you would see them swaying to and fro as they repeat their prayers in the same mournful, wailing voice with which they cry their wares.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"IN WENTWORTH STREET."

The women are as Eastern as the men. The girls are handsome, dark-haired, dark-eyed daughters of Israel, whose type of beauty has not changed in all the thousand years of persecution and exile.

The younger women are well dressed, with a tendency to brilliant colours and the "Paris fashion" that is displayed in the gay millinery shops of the Ghetto. The children, who have been running in and out of the crowd, are neat and clean, their pinafores are white, their boots are good and well-fitting, their hair is bound with bright ribbons, and their frocks are pretty. The first thought of the poorest alien immigrant is for his children, and his pride is to see them well clad and well cared for.

The middle-aged women and the old women are true daughters of the East. They wear coloured shawls over their heads. There is a curious monotony in the coiffure of the women of the Ghetto who have passed their first youth. The woman of thirty and the woman of seventy seem equally well supplied with a head of glossy black hair. The stranger wonders, as he looks into an old, wrinkled face, at the abundance of black hair surmounting it. If he asks the

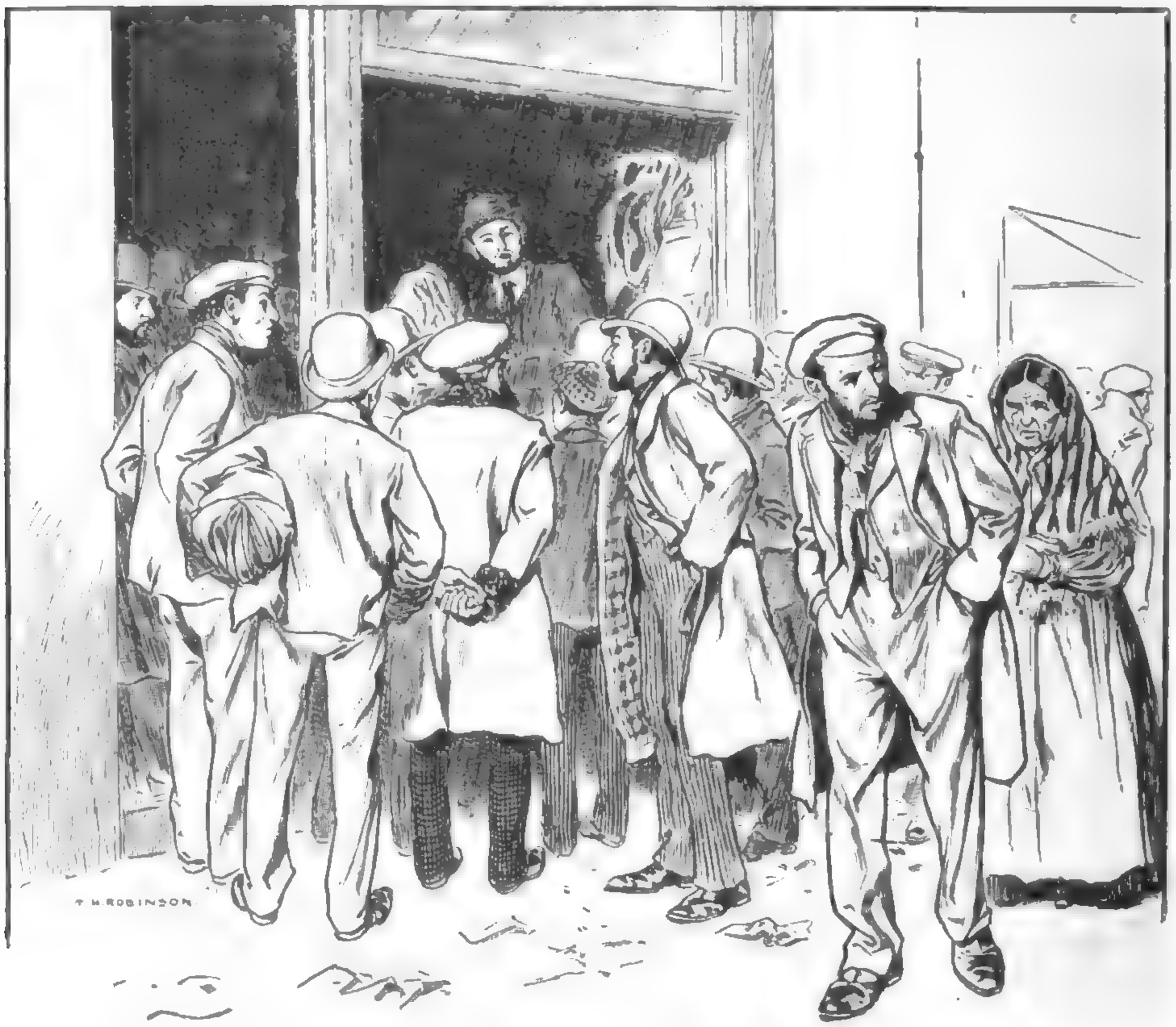
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

reason he will learn that many of the Russian Jewesses cut their own hair off on the day of their marriage and wear a wig for the rest of their lives. To the Oriental the glory of a woman is her hair. The Jewish bride was expected to sacrifice this attraction in order that she should not entice the eyes of men.

It is a custom of long ago and the Russian Jewesses adhere to it. Most of the older women came into the Ghetto straight from the ship that landed them in the Thames, and they rarely go beyond its boundaries. Many of them would not if they had the chance.

Here is a clothes auction in full swing. The sombre shop, the front window of which is pushed half-way up, is packed with ready-made suits. The proprietor is selling them to an eager crowd of men, who, when their bid is accepted, take trousers, coats, and waistcoats over their arm and walk away with their purchase. There is a tailor's shop close at hand where twenty cutters and a large number of hands are employed in preparing suits solely for the Sunday sale in this street.

Within a stone's throw of this street is a great Sunday gold and diamond market.



"A CLOTHES AUCTION IN FULL SWING."

During the morning and early afternoon you may see a number of men with little wash-leather bags or velvet-lined cases displaying their glittering merchandise to one another. The jewel mart and exchange is in progress. Many hundreds of pounds' worth of jewels change hands within a few minutes. In Wentworth Street the buyer will haggle and bargain for half an hour over a few pence. In St. James's Place a transaction involving hundreds of pounds is carried out in a minute with scarcely a superfluous word. The business is conducted with perfect good-humour, but the dealers are among the keenest and cleverest men in the City of London.

But we are still only half off the track, for now and again the Gentile sightseer penetrates as far as this.

As we come out from Wentworth Street

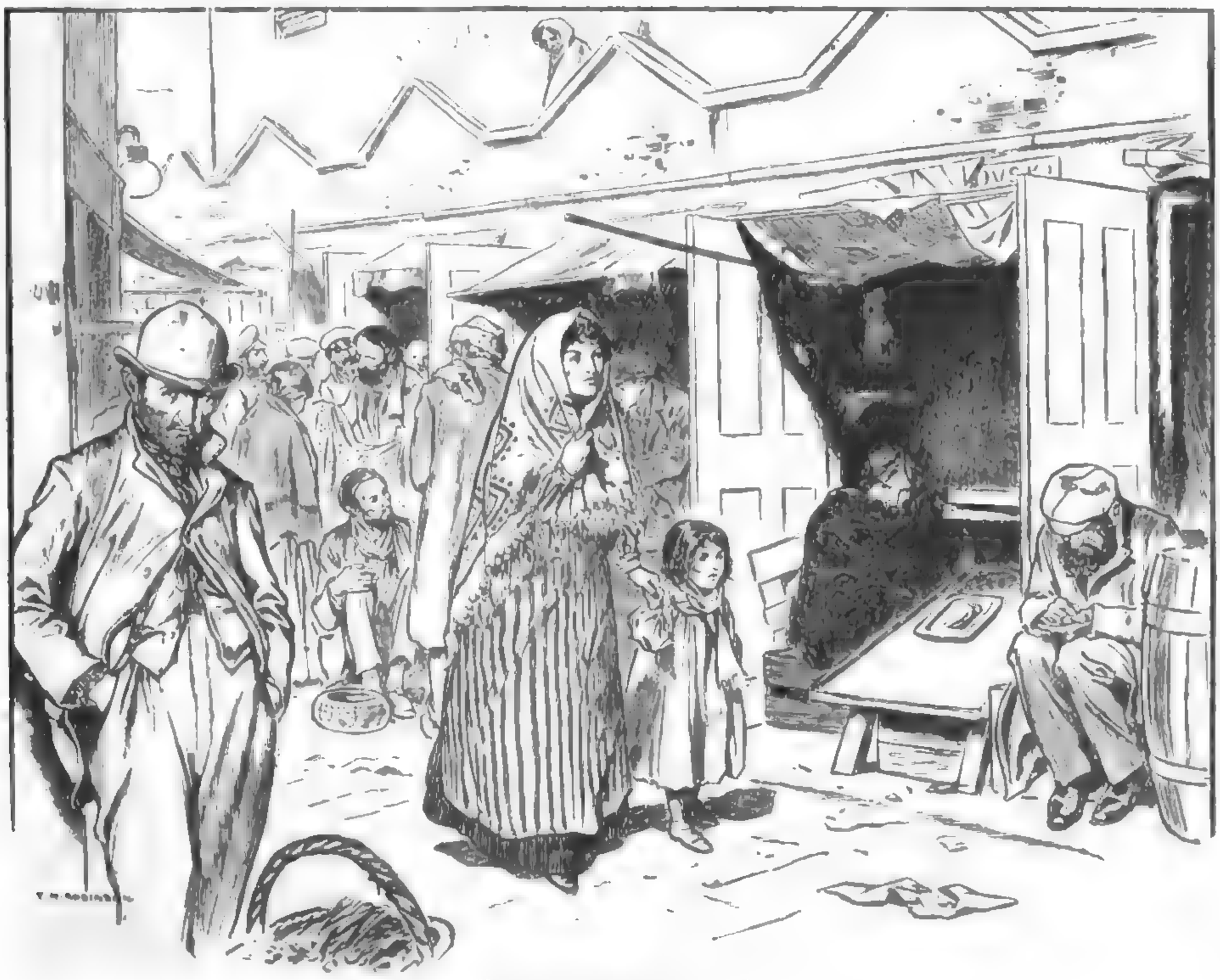
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

into Brick Lane, where there is no market and so no crowd, the long line of open shops and busy warehouses, the hum and bustle of trade and toil in full swing, strike us as peculiar when we remember that it is Sunday. Leaving Brick Lane with its Russian post-office, its Roumanian restaurants, and shop after shop where the young men of the Ghetto take the syrups and temperance drinks that are their principal liquid refreshment, we make our way down Commercial Street and plunge into the new Ghetto, a vast area far more foreign than the old Ghetto, and now entirely given up to the alien immigrant. In the broad main thoroughfare the shops are all open and trade is at its height. The factories are busy, the furniture shops are loading their vans, the shipping agents and bankers are taking money for remittance to relatives abroad who are to leave the Russian Pale and come to the city paved with gold, or booking passages to America and the Colonies for the immigrants who are "moving on."

Here the scene to the unaccustomed Gentile eye is only odd. Directly he turns into the small streets the stranger is filled with absolute astonishment. Many of them are still crowded with dwelling-houses of the poorest class; but where the Gentile dwelt the Jew trades. House after house has been transformed into a shop. Windows have been taken out and living rooms packed with merchandise. Every available corner is used, and one sees the proprietor sitting in a little front room so packed in with rolls of gay-coloured cloths, fancy boxes, and packages that one imagines his only way of getting out must be by a harlequin leap through the window.

You may wander through miles of streets in this quarter and see the same strange sight—the immigrant Jew who has established himself keeping open shop in a dwelling-house all the Sunday through. You may see trade in full tide at eight o'clock in the morning. When midnight has rung out from the churches which still remain as memorials of the vanished Christian population you will still see the shops open and the Rembrandtesque figure of the owner sitting among his wares, waiting for a chance customer. He is perhaps reading a Yiddish paper, printed in Hebrew characters, by the light of a candle, slowly guttering to its last flicker.

But it is not yet night, though the twilight is falling as we turn into Morgan Street, and



"THE ORIENTAL BAZAAR."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

come suddenly upon a page of the old Orient bound up in the book of modern Western life.

Here is a building which is fitly labelled "The Oriental Bazaar." You are in London, but you might be in Cairo or Mogador. The bazaar or "market" is reached from the street by deep flights of steps. It is open to the sky, and beyond it and above it is a street of houses, and a roadway along which flit now and again Eastern women with gay-coloured shawls over their heads.

The "shops" of the market are built in little recesses. In these sit silent Oriental figures—the dealers. Most of the day's business is over. There are only a few loiterers, and the men and women who keep the little shops sit silent and emotionless as the Arabs among their unsold wares. In one shop the stock has been sold out and the proprietor is sitting in the gloom playing cards with a little party of men friends.

It is a picture for Rembrandt. The only light in the arched recess which forms the shop is that of a candle. Round the candle are grouped half-a-dozen dark, weird-looking men, all intent upon the game.

There is one card to be played. Uttering a little guttural cry, the man who holds it brings it down on the counter with a thud. The game the men are playing is one peculiar to these people. It is called Clabber-yas. The last card played, the ninth trump, adds ten points to the score and wins the game.

And at that moment the distant church bells ring out to call the Christian worshippers to evening prayer.

But the Sabbath evening does not find the Jews undevout. The darkness has fallen now, and we make our way back to the crowded streets of the old Ghetto. Here the long lines of lighted shops are now packed with their evening customers, who are buying meat and groceries and selecting furniture, being measured for new suits, trying on smart hats and cloaks of the latest West-end fashion, and examining the pink and blue and yellow silk petticoats which make such a gay show in the brilliantly-lighted windows of the milliners. We turn into a quiet street where the prevailing note is gloom, and, having secured the friendly escort of a Jewish clergyman's son, without whose presence we should hesitate to intrude, we pass through a dark doorway and find ourselves among a group of men whose features and whose occupations would have delighted the heart of Gustave Doré.

In the hall, or ante-room, of the building are shelves packed with ancient-looking volumes—books of Rabbinic lore and law. Gathered together in groups are a number of Jews, young and old, who are standing around a desk at which an aged man with a long grey beard is reading a well-worn volume and explaining certain passages of it to the men who crowd about him and listen intently to his words.

We are in the ante-room of a building which is known as the "Machazeke Hadass V'Shomrei Shabbas"—that is, "The Strengtheners of the Law and Guardians of the Sabbath." It is known officially as "The Spitalfields Great Synagogue." The members of it, almost all alien immigrants, comprise the ultra-orthodox section of the community. They have their own Chief Rabbi, their own Shechita Board (the board that controls the slaughtering of animals), and their own Beth Din (the court of justice). These pious Jews are distinguished by their scrupulous observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest. They will not even carry their handkerchief on the Sabbath day because it constitutes carrying a burden. That is forbidden, so they tie it round their waist as a girdle, where it becomes part of their clothing and so allowable. They will not carry an umbrella on the Sabbath, not only because it is a burden, but also because the putting up of an umbrella is considered equivalent to the erecting of a tent over the head. And they strictly obey the injunction which says neither thou nor thy servant shall do any manner of work on the Sabbath day. For what is absolutely necessary they employ an occasional servant, who is known as the "Shobbos Goy." They never give him a direct order for the performance of a household task, but they sometimes manage to evade the injunction. For instance, if it is bitterly cold and coals are wanted on the fire, they don't say, "Put more coals on." They shiver and rub their hands and say, "It is terribly cold." Then the Shobbos Goy takes the hint and makes the fire up.

Let us linger for a moment among this strange group of devout Jews, few of whom can speak a word of English, though they are likely to pass the rest of their lives in our midst.

The pious old man who is thumbing the book is displaying his Talmudic erudition to his hearers. The synagogue is open night and day, and this ante-room is always filled with reverent and intelligent loungers, who

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

listen to the exposition of the Talmud and occasionally discuss the affairs of the moment, for the alien Jew has brought with him the old custom of making the synagogue a meeting-place and a club.

In the same room a number of men are swaying to and fro and repeating their prayers in the Oriental fashion. Everywhere there is a note that is a revelation to the Gentile visitor who is privileged to look upon the scene.



"IN THE SYNAGOGUE."

The privilege is not easily gained, for these pious Jews, most of them from the lands of persecution and massacre, are still nervous and fearful. They have not yet learned the true meaning of English freedom, and the Alien Commission is to them a warning note of some new disaster that threatens.

Passing from the Talmud school into the synagogue itself, you are startled to find the Royal Arms of England, elaborately carved and coloured, standing out boldly on the walls.

The mystery is solved when we learn that this was originally a Huguenot chapel, owned by the French refugees who settled in Spitalfields after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At one time the Huguenots were under special Royal favour, which may account for the display of the Royal Arms in their place of worship. The Jews acquired the building and converted it into a synagogue about ten years ago.

The synagogue is only dimly lighted. Here and there a few worshippers are sitting in the pews repeating their prayers or reading a tattered volume. In one pew sits an old man writing by the aid of a tallow candle, which he has stuck on the little shelf in front of him. He is writing out one of the tiny scrolls which, encased in a capsule of tin or glass, forms the "Mezuzzah," the amulet which every orthodox Jew places on his doors; or perhaps the miniature manuscript is intended to be placed inside the "Tephillin"—that is, the phylacteries which are bound round the head and the left arm for the morning prayers. Remembering that the Mezuzzah and the Tephillin are direct Sinaitic ordinances, we look at the old man writing by the gleam of the candle in the gloomy synagogue with feelings of awe and reverence. Forty centuries ago the injunction was given in the far-off Eastern desert which the Hebrew exile is transcribing to-day in the heart of London.

But, weird and mystic as the scene is, we do not care to linger. Already the uninvited presence of Christian strangers has attracted considerable attention, and the efforts of our

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

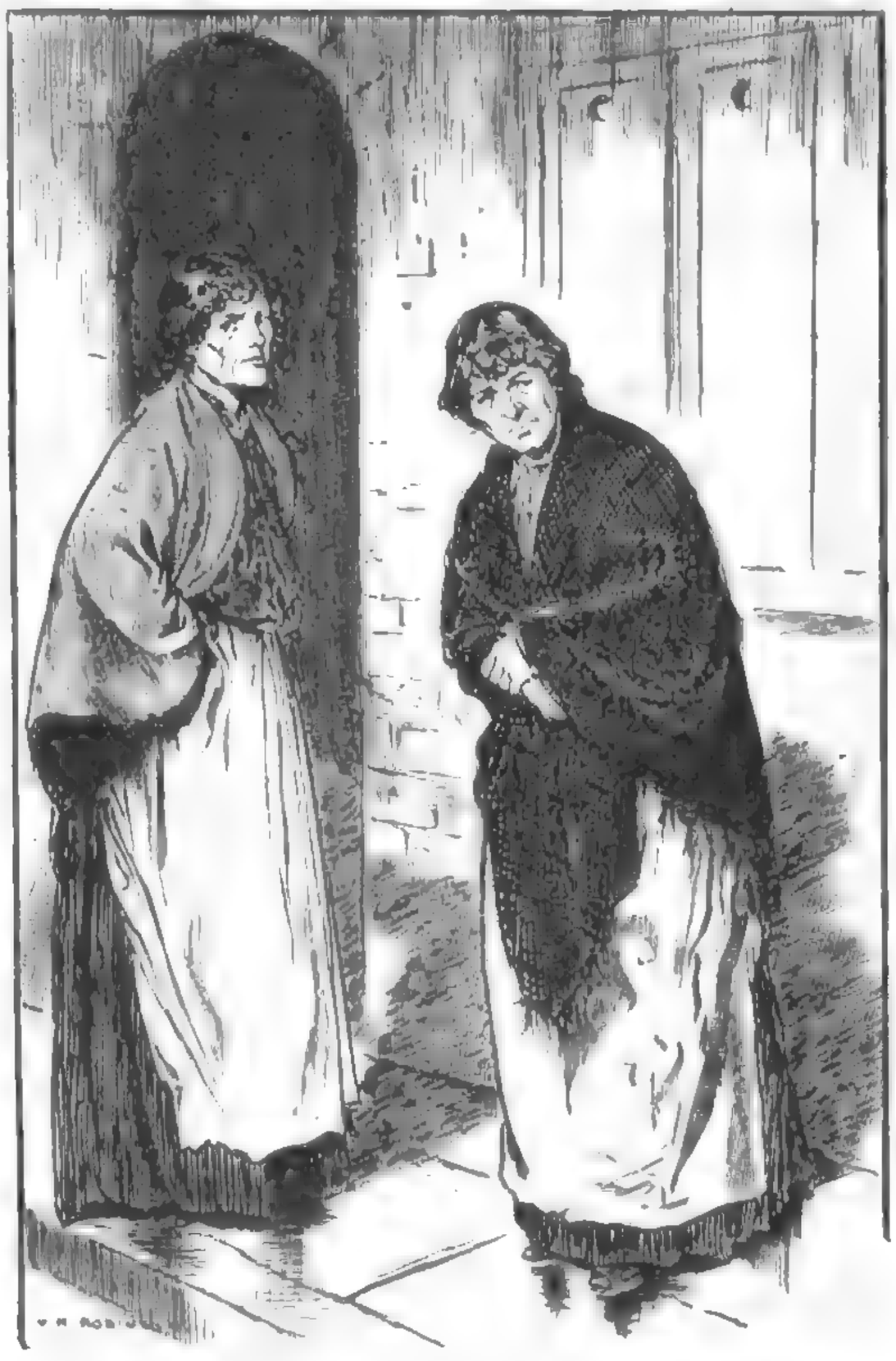
artist to sketch unobserved have brought about us a number of the pious and aged aliens, who consult together in Yiddish and eventually put forward a spokesman, who, in broken English, politely asks us what we want.

We make our explanation and assure the head of the little deputation that we have no evil intent, and then as quickly as is consistent with dignity we make our way through the Talmud room, the readers and expounders and the aged men rocking to and fro in prayer, and pass out into the darkness of the night. On the step an old man stands and looks after us. The pale light coming through the open door falls upon his face and shows a deep scar that looks like a sabre cut. The old man is one of the survivors of the massacre of Kischineff.

And now we are back again in the big trading streets, with the yellow blaze of gas and lamp oil showing up the bright costumes of young Jewesses who are on their way to balls and parties and even to theatrical performances, which are frequent Sunday features of this foreign land which is in London but not of it.

Every now and then through the packed streets dashes a carriage with a spanking pair of greys. Sunday is the day for weddings in the Ghetto. The white ribbon on the whip of the coachman catches the eye again and again, and always a little crowd turns to follow the vehicle and take up its station outside the Hall in which the marriage feast is being celebrated. These wedding carriages are to be seen making their way through the narrow streets in every direction. They are picking up the invited guests at their dwellings. As soon as one load has been deposited at the Hall, off the driver hurries in search of another.

All is merriment within, and all is good temper and good order outside. The crowd blocks the pavement to listen and to make critical remarks on the toilettes of the guests as they arrive. One sharp turn out of the gay, crowded street and the scene is changed. Here everything is gloom, and in the gloom is a little group of slouching men and slatternly women loafing at the doors of dark, forbidding-looking houses.



"LOAFING AT THE DOORS OF DARK, FORBIDDING-LOOKING HOUSES."

We are in a quarter that has been rendered notorious by the revelations of coroners' inquests. This is a little bit of the Ghetto that the Jews have not yet taken from the Christians. It is the street of common lodging-houses where strange murders have been done. We pass quickly by the group of loafing tramps who have come out of the lodging-house kitchens to gossip, and make our way up a narrow, tortuous passage to another street of evil fame, where lodging-houses of the lowest class still remain. Battered wrecks of lost humanity, male and female, flit to and fro in the darkness. A woman pauses under the solitary lamp and we see that her face is bruised and her eyes are blackened. The door of one lodging-house stands ajar and the English tongue salutes our ears once more. It is not a welcome relief, for the sentiment of the words is foul and blasphemous. At the top of the court one comes again upon good buildings and light and a sound of childish merri-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ment. A number of little Jewish children are dancing a dance of their own in the lamplight.

We pass out into a broad main thoroughfare, and still the shops are open and doing a brisk business. Here is a little restaurant with its bill of fare in Hebrew characters.



"A NUMBER OF LITTLE JEWISH CHILDREN ARE DANCING."

We push the door ajar and enter, for we know that it was once the haunt of the Bessarabians, the formidable gang who had a standing vendetta with the Odessians, and who fought them not long ago outside the Yiddish theatre, the fray ending in a man being stabbed to death.

The room we enter is lighted by a single jet of gas. There are only one or two young fellows sitting about and smoking cigarettes. The proprietor in his shirt sleeves stands behind the counter. At the end of the room is an opening covered with heavy curtains. Now and again a man enters, nods to the proprietor, and passes through them.

We have ordered tea, for which we pay a penny a cup. The proprietor brings it himself, looks at us curiously, and I endeavour to allay his suspicion by speaking to him in German. He replies amiably, and I try to engage him in conversation. I ask him if the Bessarabians still use the house.

His manner alters. He has heard of such people, but they never came to his establishment—never. I ask him if there is another restaurant beyond the curtain. Again he looks at me curiously.

No, there is nothing beyond but his own dwelling rooms. I want to get behind those curtains; but I have not the password, and there is no chance. Some day I hope to be more fortunate. For this *café* was the meeting-place of the Bessarabians, one of the most dangerous gangs in the East-end, and behind those curtains you passed to a room which was a gambling den. There the quarrel took place which led to midnight murder at the corner of the dark street.

We walk quietly away and in five minutes we are back upon the beaten track. Everywhere are closed shops and the calm of the Christian Sunday night. The householders pass on their homeward way. The sweethearts linger for a while before they part at the door, or separate to go each a different way.

And though they are within a few minutes' walk of the strange scenes we have looked upon by turning a little way off the beaten track, most of these people are as ignorant of their existence as was the great French critic who came for the first time to London and was taken to Piccadilly Circus, was told that it was the famous Whitechapel—and believed it.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Artists and Musicians.

By S. K. Ludovic.

THE following collection of pictures, in each of which the artist has depicted an event in the lives of the great musicians, can open with nothing more suitably than with the charming picture of "The Child Handel," by Margaret Dicksee. Handel's father strongly opposed the child's passionate love for music, and the more his great gifts developed the more severely was he forbidden to occupy himself with music. The little boy was obliged to have recourse to subterfuge, and when his elders believed him snug in bed he used to steal on tip-toe to the lumber-room, where he had discovered an old spinet, on which he played softly to his heart's content, alone and fancy-free. In one of these moments of enjoyment, when the divine genius spoke to the child, he forgot himself and played louder and louder —all the sound of the old spinet streamed through the silent night, waking the sleepers in the house, who believed that the angels were keeping vigil over the old town of Halle. But little George's father bethought himself of the musical propensities of the boy, and, as the latter was not to be found in his bed, the lantern was lit and a search-party followed where the music led them. Alas! Poor George was found, severely reprimanded, and dismissed to bed. The picture brings the scene so vividly before our minds that we are glad to know the sequel. George was not to be suppressed. A short time afterwards his father went to Weissenfels, where, in consequence of the presence of the music-loving Prince, many concerts were to be held. Little George knew this, and, as his father would not let him go, he ran after the coach so long that his parent was compelled to take him in. The Prince heard of the extraordinary child-musician, and, thanks to his intercession, Handel's father at last gave permission that his son should be taught music.



Copyright, 1893, by] "THE CHILD HANDEL." *[Photographische Gesellschaft.*

From the Picture by Margaret Dicksee.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The next picture shows us Sebastian Bach, "the father of all music," playing before Frederick the Great. The painter has chosen the moment when the King is giving Bach a theme on which to improvise. This theme, "a right royal one," as Bach called it, was afterwards worked out by him and sent back to the King, under the name of "A Musical Sacrifice." The King, who was himself a remarkable musician, had shown Bach the greatest appreciation, and this visit to Potsdam seems to have been one of the happiest events in Bach's life. Those who are inclined to regard Frederick, in his musical capacity, as no better than a *dilettante* flute-player would do well to remember that he was among the first to recognise and to encourage the genius of one of the greatest musicians of all time. Yet Bach's greater works remained in manuscript, and it was left to musicians of a later period—especially to Mendelssohn—to unearth and make them known to the world at large.

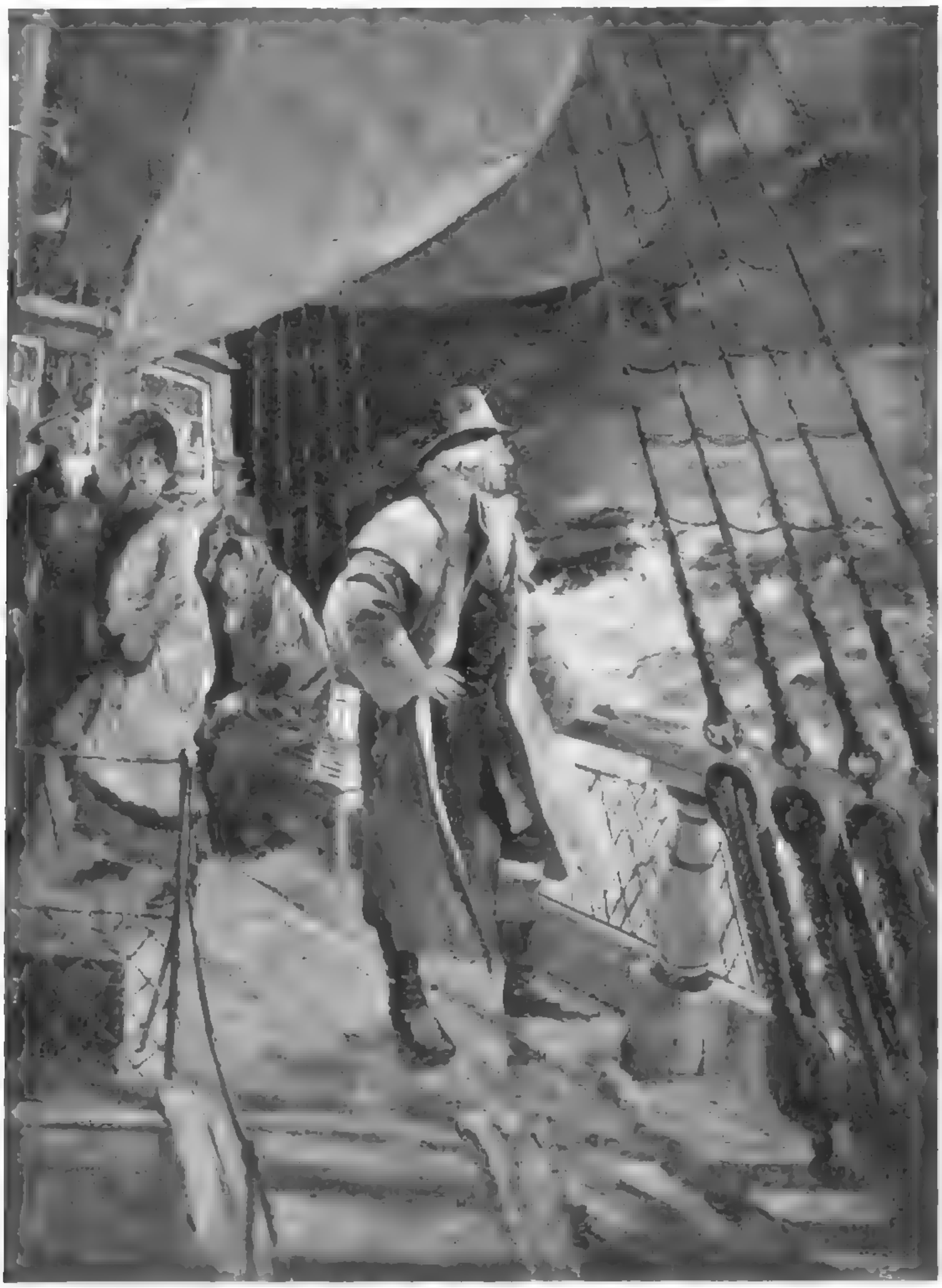


"FREDERICK THE GREAT AND SEBASTIAN BACH."
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL RÖHLING.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.
Copyright, 1901, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

Another of our master-musicians, Haydn, unlike Bach, who never left his country, came to England, and reached in this country the summit of his renown. In the picture on the next page we see him on board ship. Well wrapped in his great-coat he stands on deck and seems to enjoy the sea-breezes, unconscious of the curiosity of the other passengers. He is wondering what will await him in that strange country across the sea. Will they understand him and the message he has to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

deliver to them: harmonies so pure and simple from a heart so kindly and a will so strong? And they did understand him in England; a glorious season of success awaited him. Sympathy met him everywhere, and in such fulness that on returning home to Austria he stopped at the little village of his birth and, kneeling at the threshold of his father's humble cottage, he thanked God for all the happiness which he had known in England.



"HAYDN CROSSING TO ENGLAND."
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL RÖHLING.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.
Copyright, 1902, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

In his wake followed another and a brighter star. When Haydn was at the zenith of his success all Germany began to talk of the little infant prodigy, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Our first Mozart picture shows him at the epoch of his life when he first fell in love. While on a visit to an uncle he met his fate in the shape of one of his youthful cousins, Aloysia Weber. The two sisters were pretty; the older, whom in the picture we see lingering in the other room, was full of kindness and sweet unselfishness, always putting forward the younger and more talented sister. Aloysia had a beautiful and well-trained voice, and could read a song at first sight. What was more natural than that the two young people who loved music should learn to love each other? Then came the parting hour. Mozart was compelled to go on one of his extensive tours. Two years passed by before he could return to his

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Aloysia. She had, of course, vowed everlasting love. but, alas for the faithlessness, the vanity of woman! Wolfgang came back, faithful and loving as he had left, to find that Aloysia had grown into a very beautiful girl, who had tasted the joys of celebrity as a singer. Success had turned her head and she had nothing to say to the young musician, who was only on the road to make his fame, and she threw away a treasure which she was too ignorant to prize.

In the next picture we see Mozart again when, at the height of his own fame, he listens to one who was destined to be greater even than himself —the young Beethoven. The young musician of sixteen asked him for a theme on which to improvise. Slowly the genius unfolded his wings; the simple theme seemed to grow to a mighty phrase, which was taken up by other voices as the harmony swelled under the fingers of the player who was destined to show the coming generations the power of music at its greatest. Mozart listened more and more attentively, his eyes fixed upon the young musician, his face wearing an



"MOZART AND ALOYSIA WEBER."
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL RÖHLING.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company,
133, New Bond Street, London, W.
Copyright, 1902, by Photographische Gesellschaft.



"MOZART AND BEETHOVEN."
FROM THE PICTURE BY A. BORCKMANN.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

almost reverential look under the spell of celestial inspiration, which came now like the rushing of a mighty wind. The music still went on. Beethoven had forgotten that he was not alone; but Mozart turned to his friends. "Listen!" he said. "And remember, of this young man the whole world will speak."

Kaulbach, in his painting, "Mozart's Requiem," has immortalized the moment when fate cut short the life of Mozart. The fire of his genius, the never-ceasing, burning desire to embody the immortal inspirations which floated so richly in his brain, had



"THE LAST HOUR OF MOZART."
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. KAULBACH.
By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

"fretted the pigmy body to decay." Ill and depressed he was leaning back in his chair, when a stranger was announced who asked him to compose a Requiem as full of dignity and beauty as his genius could conceive, a work which should be without an equal. He laid down a roll of a thousand ducats on Mozart's table and went away without disclosing his name, saying only that he would call again. Then the master collected his last strength, and a sublime effort resulted in the unique work, before which the world still stands in awe and reverence. He felt from the first moment that he was writing his own Requiem.

The work was finished and now he wished to hear it. Too weak to stir from his room, he summoned his friends to perform the Requiem before him. They came and he listened, still and happy, to those mighty strains of sadness; and, so listening, his own soul flew to Heaven. This is the scene of Kaulbach's picture.

The well-known and well-beloved "Moonlight Sonata," whose power and beauty will delight for ages, is the subject of the very pretty story depicted on the next page. It is said that Beethoven passed, in the course of one of his rambling walks, a lonely street in the suburbs of Vienna, and heard from an open window the strains of his own music. The music came from a room on the ground floor, and when he approached he saw a young girl sitting at the piano and a child listening to her, huddled up on a chair near by. Impulsive as he was, he at once entered, saying, "I know that piece. What makes you play it? Does it please you?" "I love all Beethoven's com-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

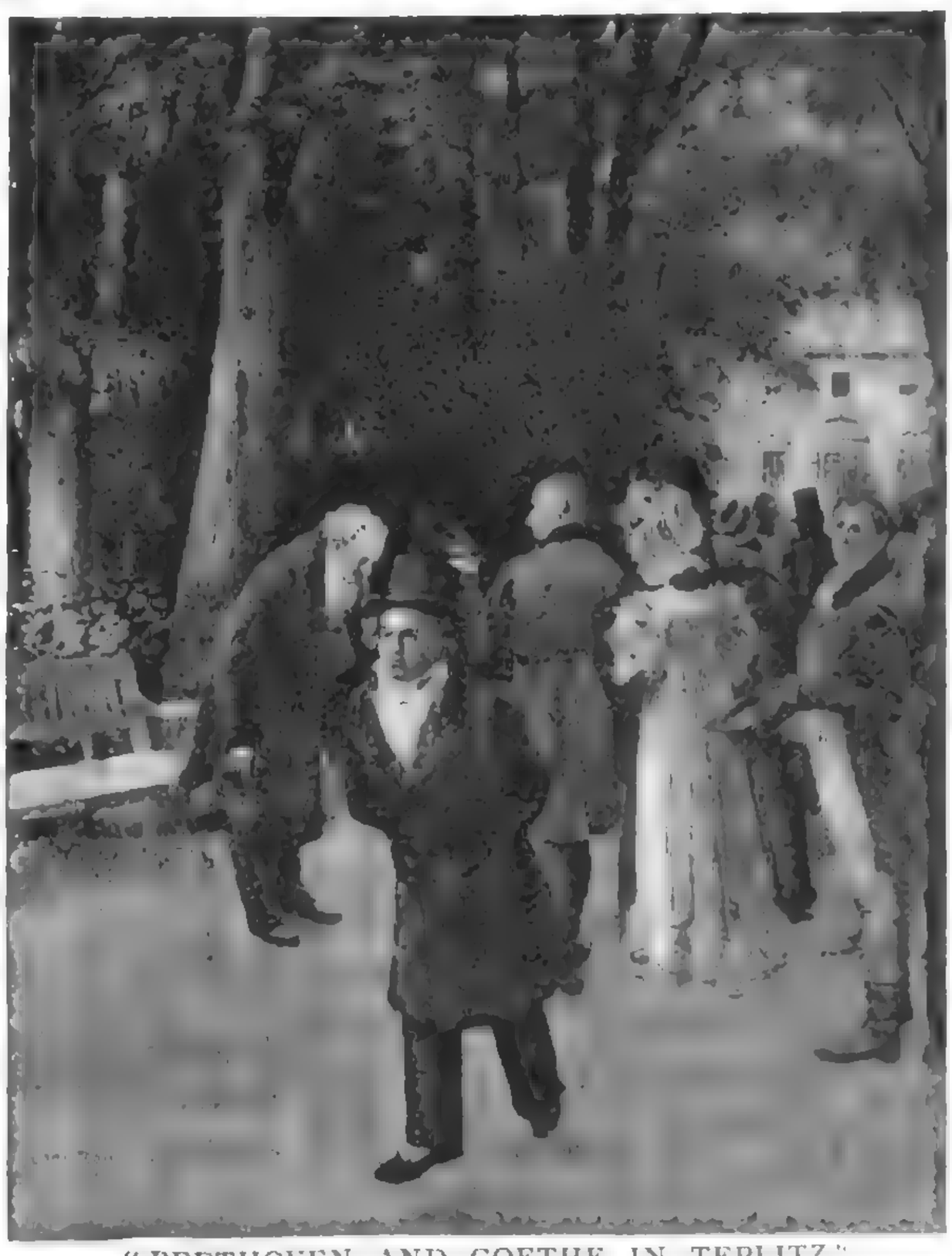


Copyright, 1900, by] "THE MOONLIGHT SONATA." [Photographische Gesellschaft.

FROM THE PICTURE BY ERNST OPPLER.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

positions," said the young girl in a sweet, quiet voice, without showing any surprise at being thus interrupted bya stranger. But the child came quickly towards him, saying, "My sister is blind, and music is her only joy. What is it you want, sir?" With that peculiar directness which was so characteristic of his nature, he simply said, "I wish to play to you. I am Beethoven." Then the two girls settled themselves joyfully to listen. The moon had risen, the street was silent, the tears glistened in the blind eyes of



"BEETHOVEN AND GOETHE IN TEPLITZ."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL RÖHLING.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.

Copyright, 1901, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

the elder girl—and then came the wonderful mysterious song of that Adagio in C sharp minor, which rose and fell and soared again to Heaven. Such revelation of human feeling strained the nerves of these two young beings almost beyond endurance. A slight pause, and the graces of the Minuet played around them, soothed them, brushed the tears away, and spoke of life and youth and gladness. And then it sang on—another rushing storm—and melody after melody followed, and wildest outbreak of the

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Titan's own rugged nature, and then it cleared up into majestic strength—imposing chords of greatness—then silence. Beethoven turned and went as he had come, and long after he gave to the world what he saw and felt before these two lonely children.

The picture entitled "Beethoven and Goethe in Teplitz" illustrates an episode which shows Beethoven in the company of Germany's greatest poet, for whom he had an enthusiastic admiration. Beethoven's was a proud nature, and he sometimes showed his pride in a manner which had nothing in common with the smooth and polished manners of the aristocratic society in which he and Goethe were wont to move.

Beethoven and Goethe met at Teplitz, a Bohemian watering-place much frequented by Royalties and aristocratic society. They were walking together, when the Emperor and Empress and their suite came towards them. Goethe, standing still, hat in hand, bowed almost to the ground, as it is customary on the Continent. Beethoven pressed his hat tighter on his head, let go Goethe's arm, and tried to elbow his way through the crowd; but the Empress had seen him and greeted him smilingly as she passed on, whilst Goethe received only the courtesy accorded to every unknown person. This is the moment shown us by the artist. The expression of surprise in the faces of the Royal visitors at Goethe's obsequious politeness, the indulgent smiles which follow the irate Beethoven, are very amusing.



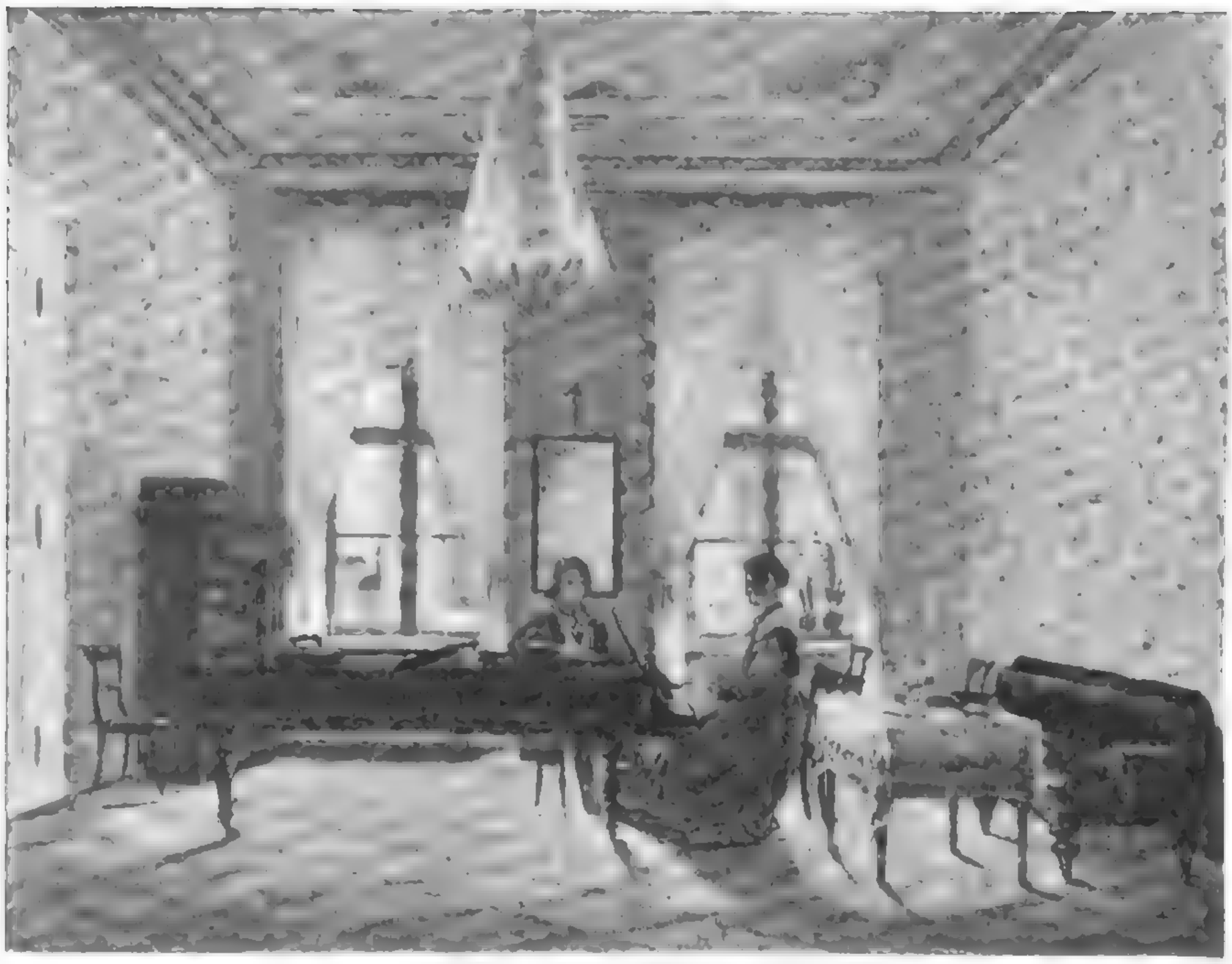
"SCHUBERT AND HIS FRIENDS."
FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL RÖHLING.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 133, New Bond Street, London, W.
Copyright, 1903, by Photographische Gesellschaft.

Franz Schubert is the creator of the German "Lied." He was the first who gave this kind of music a deeper meaning and a more elevated form, and, guided by his dramatic instinct, produced such masterpieces as the "Erlking" and the "Müller-lieder." The singer is surprised to find most of these songs written in a very high key, and before somebody had taken the trouble to transpose them this was, even in Germany, a drawback to their popularity. The reason was as follows. One of Schubert's best friends was a very popular singer in Vienna, and his tenor voice was of an exceptional compass. Schubert wrote most of his songs for him. The painter has had the happy idea of giving us a portrait of this man in the act of singing, while Schubert himself is playing the accompaniment. The young lady who stands at the other side of the piano is probably the girl of whom Schubert said: "I loved once a girl—she was not beautiful—but, oh, so kind-hearted, good, and loving! And she sang my songs with a most beautiful soprano voice. We loved each other for three years, and we were happy. Then I had to give her up. I could never succeed in getting a post which would have enabled me to marry. I had no right to prevent her from marrying a man who could give her a home and make her happy." It is sad that a man whom we acknowledge as one of the greatest of musicians should be compelled to give up every thought of the happiness which comes to even the simplest worker in another field.

The next painting illustrates a romantic episode of Schumann's life. In 1836

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"SCHUMANN AND ROBENA LAIDLAW."
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY J. RAABE.

Robena Laidlaw, though only sixteen, was Court pianist of the Queen of Hanover, and her fame had already spread over Germany, England, and Russia. She played his music for him, followed his inspirations, and rejoiced at the flights of his genius. They had tasted to the full the delight of understanding each other in the beautiful language of music.

One day they were wandering in the Rosenau — the rose-gardens of Leipzig. The time of parting had come. His life and hers were unsettled and full of plans and ambitions. She was to start for Paris the next day, and to go from there to Russia to play before the Czar and the Imperial Court. Did they realize their own feelings at the moment, or know how much akin such friendship is to love?

He arranged the cushions around her in the little boat upon the lake and bade her wait for him; he would bring her a rose as a parting gift. She had long to wait, and when he came at last he said, with that melancholy expression which, even in his younger years, was already his: "I searched so long and could after all only find a rose which is not worthy of you. But I will send you a remembrance of the Rosenau."



ROBENA LAIDLAW.
FROM A PAINTING.

Surfeited with the triumphs which fall naturally to the share of a great artiste and a beautiful girl, Robena found, on returning from a State concert at St. Petersburg, among many costly gifts of jewels and flowers which awaited her, a simple roll of music with the German postmark. It contained the twelve *Phantasiestücke* which are now reckoned among the most poetical and beautiful of Schumann's works. He wrote: "I have not asked, before sending

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"WAGNER IN HIS HOME AT WAHNFRIED."
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. BECKMANN.
By permission of Rud. Ibach Sohn, owners of the Original.

them to the printer's, your permission to dedicate these pieces to you. They are yours, and I hope you will accept them. The whole Rosenau with all its romance is in them. Forget me not, and send me your portrait soon, as you promised."

Wasielewski tells in his "Schumanniana" that he heard him once, shortly before his last illness, playing in the twilight, as he loved to do. Melodies full of tender beauty floated around; the exquisite piece "des Abends," the first of the *Phantasiestücke*; then reminiscences of "des Nachts," wild and desperate, as if haunted by loneliness and terror; and then again the sweet and tender song of the evening's silent longing. The listener outside the door felt his heart nearly burst with emotion, but Schumann shut the piano immediately when the door was opened, and no allusion to what had passed was possible. Had he returned in this lonely moment to the memories of youth? Was it a last and loving greeting to the past?

The great composer who gave so much to the world is long laid to rest in the cemetery of Bonn, and the waves of the Rhine sing his eternal slumber-song, but the *Phantasiestücke* will live on, and sing of the romance which was never told in words.

Robena Laidlaw died only two years ago in London. Among the many souvenirs of this brilliant artiste's career was found a withered rose, and written by her on a leaflet: "Schumann gave me this rose at the Rosenau, 1836."

Beckmann's picture represents the last of the epoch-making musicians, Richard Wagner. We see him discussing "Parsifal," his last and grandest work, with his wife and his two faithful friends, Liszt and Hans von Wolzogen. Wagner was then already living in his own beautiful home in Bayreuth, surrounded by the luxuries he so dearly loved, having as companion the woman who understood him best. His battle had been hard, but his ultimate conquest was decisive, and we may feel contented in the hope that culture is in our days so widespread and advanced that genius is but rarely exposed to pay with a life of misery for the halo of its greatness.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



The OWNER of the "PATRIARCH."

By Morley Roberts

IF anyone cares to look up the *Patriarch* in Lloyd's List it will be discovered that the owner of her was T. Tyser, but it matters very little whether she was built of heavier plating than the rules required, or whether she was cemented or built under special survey or what not. For T. Tyser, otherwise Mr. Thomas Tyser, was not only the owner of the *Patriarch*, but also the owner of a dozen other vessels all beginning with a "P." He was, moreover, the owner of a large block of land in the heart of Melbourne; he had several streets, of which the biggest was Tyser Street, S.E., in London, and his banking account was certainly of heavier metal than he had any personal use for. He was a rough dog from the north country, and in the course of half a century's fight in London he came out top dog in his own line and was more or less of a millionaire.

"And he's my uncle," said Geordie Potts; "his sister was my mother, and here I am before the stick in one of his old wind-jammers and gettin' two-pun-ten in this here *Patriarch* of his, and hang me if I believe the old bloke has another relation in the world. It's hard lines, mates—it's hard lines. Don't you allow it's hard lines?"

It was Sunday morning in the south-east trades, and every sail was drawing "like a bally droring-master," as Geordie once said, and the "crowd" of the *Patriarch* were all fairly easy in their minds and ready for a discussion.

"*If* so be you are 'is nevvy, as you state," said the port watch, cautiously, "we allow it's hard lines."

"I've stated it frequent," said Geordie, "and it's the truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but it, so help me. D'ye think I'd claim to be old Tyser's sister's son if I wasn't? I'd scorn to claim it."

"Any man would scorn to be Tyser's sister's son," said the starboard watch. "He'd scorn to be 'im unless he was, for Tyser's a mean old dog, ain't he, Geordie?"

Geordie thanked his watch-mates for backing him up so.

"That's right, chaps. There's no meaner in the north of England—or the south, for that matter—and the way this ship's found is scandalous."

"The grub's horrid," said both watches.

"And look at the gear," said Geordie; "everything ready to part a deal easier than my uncle is. I never lays hold of a halliard but I'm thinking I'll go on my back if I pulls heavy. Oh, it's a fair scandal!"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He considered the scandal soberly and with some sadness.

"He might leave you some dibs, Geordie," suggested his mate, Jack Braby. "He might, after all."

"Not a solitary dime," said Geordie. "Him and me quarrelled because my father fought him in the street, and I hit the old hunks with a bit of a brick because he got my dad down."

"Wot was the row about?" asked the others, eagerly.

"Nothin' to speak of," said Geordie. "My old man said he was a bloodsucker, and that led to words. And I never hurt him to speak of. And yet I've shipped in one of his ships, and am as poor as he's rich. He allowed none of us would get a farthing; he shouted it out in the market-place and said hospitals would get it, because one of his skippers that he'd sacked cut him up awful with a staysail hank, and they sewed him very neat at one of 'em."

"There's nothin' so good in a fight as a staysail 'ank," said Jack Braby, contemplatively. "I cut a policeman all to rags wiv one once."

"Was that the time you done three months' 'ard?" asked the port watch.

"Six," said Braby, proudly; "and I told the beak I could do it on my 'ead. But, Geordie, if you was owner yourself what would you do?"

"Yes, wot?" asked the rest.

Geordie shook his head and sighed.

"I'd make my ships such that sailormen would be wantin' to pay to go in 'em," said Geordie. "I've laid awake thinkin' of it."

"Oh, tell us," said all hands, with as much unanimity as if they were tailing on to the halliards under the stimulus of "Give us some time to blow the man down." "Tell us, Geordie."

"I'd be friends with all my men, for one thing," said Geordie, "and I'd not have a single Dutchman in a ship of mine."

The three "Dutchmen" on board, one of whom was a Swede, another a German, and the third a Finn, shifted uneasily on their chests, but said nothing.

"And not a Dago," continued the "owner," "and I'd give double wages and grog three times a day and tobacco thrown in. And the cook shouldn't be a hash-spoiler, but what Frenchies call a *chef*."

"We never heard of that. How d'ye spell it, Geordie?"

"S—H—E—double F," said Geordie; "and it means a man that is known not to spoil vittles, as most sea-cooks does, by the very look of him. And when it was wet or cold the galley fire should be alight all night. And the skipper and the mates should be told by me, and told very stern, that if they vallied their billets a continental they'd behave like gents and not cuss too much. And there shouldn't be no 'working up,' and any officer of mine that was dead on 'dry pulls' on the halliards should have the sack quick. And every time a ship of mine came into dock I'd be there, and I'd see what the crowd's opinion was of the skipper and the mates. Oh, I'd make my ship a Paradise, I would!"

Most of the men nodded approval, but Braby wasn't quite satisfied.

"And would there be grog every time of shortenin' sail, Geordie?"

"Oh, of course," said Geordie, "and every time you made sail too."

But an old seaman shook his head.

"'Tis mighty fine, mates, to 'ear Geordie guff as to what 'e'd do," he growled, "but I ain't young and I've seed men get rich, and they wasn't in the least what they allowed they'd be. Geordie 'ere is one of hus now, and 'e feels where the shoe pinches; but if so be 'e got rotten with money 'e'd be for calling sailormen swine as like as not. And 'e'd wear a topper."

"You're a liar; I wouldn't," roared Geordie.

"Maybe I am a liar," said the old chap, "but I've seen what I've looked at. If you was to learn as your uncle was dead now, you'd go aft and set about on the poop and see hus doin' pulley-hauley, with a seegar in your teeth. Riches spoils a man, and it can't be helped; it 'as to, somehow. I've no fault to find with you now, Geordie Potts; for so young a man you're a good seaman and a good shipmate (though you *'ave* called me a liar), but you take my word for it, money would make an 'og of you."

And here was matter for high debate which lasted all through the trades, through the horse latitudes, and into the region of the brave west winds till the *Patriarch* had made more than half her casting.

"So I'm to be a mean swab and a real swine when I'm rich," said Geordie. "Oh, well, have it your own way. There's times some of you makes me feel I'd like to make you sit up."

"'Ear, 'ear," said the old fo'c's'le man; "there's the very 'aughty richness workin' in his mind, shipmates. What'll the real thing do if 'is huncle pegs out sudden?"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was curious to note that a certain subdued hostility rose up between most of the men and Geordie. They sat apart and discussed him. Even Jack Braby threw out dark and melancholy hints that they wouldn't be chums any more if old Tyser's money came to his nephew. There were at times faint suggestions that Geordie was getting touched with his possible prosperity.

"I'll live ashore and have a public-house," said Geordie Potts.

And they picked up Cape Otway light in due time, and ran through Port Phillip Heads by-and-by, and came to an anchor off Sandridge. Presently they berthed alongside the pier and began to discharge their cargo; and one hot day went by like another, till they were empty and began to fill up again with wool. In six weeks they were almost ready for sea once more. And the very night before they hauled out from their berth and lay at anchor in the bay, Geordie went ashore at six o'clock "all by his lonesome," as he and Jack Braby had fought over the job which Braby was to get from his mate when old Tyser died intestate. And as he got to the end of the pier he met a young clerk from the agent's office who knew him by sight.

"I say, I'm in a great hurry," said the boy; "my girl's waiting for me. Will you take these letters to Captain Smith, or I'll miss my train back? I'll give you a bob."

"Righto!" said Geordie; and he pouched the shilling and the letters, and the young fellow ran for his train.

"The letters can wait," said Geordie Potts, "but the bob can't, and I've five more besides. Jack might have had his whack out of it if he hadn't wanted to be my manager when he ain't fit for it."

He put the letters into his pocket and made his way to the Sandridge Arms, where he sat and drank by himself. It was seven o'clock, and he was by then tolerably "full," before it occurred to him to see if he still had the letters. He took them out, and the very first his eyes lighted on was one in a long envelope addressed to

"GEORGE POTTS, ESQ.,
c/o Captain Smith,
Patriarch."

"Jerush," said Geordie, "this can't be me! 'Esq.' is what they puts after names of gents. Even the skipper don't have it after his."



"'JERUSH,' SAID GEORDIE, 'THIS CAN'T BE ME!'"

He fingered the long envelope and took another drink to consider the matter on.

"Snakes! it must be me," he said, as he drew confidence out of his glass; "there's no other Potts but me."

He was overfull by now, and he opened the letter and began to read it:—

"MY DEAR SIR——"

"By all that's living," said Geordie, "me 'my dear sir'!"

He went on reading:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—We regret to inform you of the sudden death of your uncle, Mr. Thomas Tyser, on the 10th instant. He left no will, and you, as the next of kin and heir-at-law, are entitled to all his real and personal estate, which is, as you are doubtless aware, very large.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

According to our present estimate it will amount to at least half a million sterling, and as we have been his legal advisers for the last twenty years and know all his affairs we can assure you that with proper management of certain undertakings at present in our hands, it may be much more than our estimate. In order that you may return at once we enclose you a draft on the Union Bank of Australia for two hundred pounds, and have instructed Captain Smith to give you your discharge, which he will, of course, do at once.

"We hope, as we have been so long in the confidence of Mr. Tyser, that you will see no reason to complain of our care of your interests.

"We are, my dear sir,

"Your obedient servants,

"THOMAS WIGGS AND CO."

"My stars!" said Geordie. And he stared aghast at a square piece of paper, which he had reason to believe represented two hundred pounds. "My stars! what a pot o' money!"

He gasped and took another drink.

"I'm the owner of the *Patriarch*," he said, and grasping all the letters and his two-hundred-pound draft he rammed them down into the bottom of his inside breast-pocket. "I'm the owner of—hic—the—hic—*Patriarch*."

He came out of his corner and went to the bar.

"Gimme a drink—an expensive drink, one that'll cost five bob," he demanded of the barman.

"You'd better have a bottle o' brandy," said the barman.

"I wants the best."

"This is Hennessy's forty star brandy," said the liar behind the bar. "There's no better in the world."

And Geordie retreated with the bottle to his corner and took a long drink of a poisonous compound which contained as much insanity in it as a small lunatic asylum. He came back to the bar presently and told the barman that he was a millionaire.

"I own half Newcastle and a lot of Bourke Street, Melbourne, and a baker's dozen of ships, and lumps of London!" said Geordie.

"Lend me a thousand pounds till to-morrow," said the barman.

"I like you—hic—I'll do it," said Geordie, and with that he fell headlong and forgot his wealth. They dragged him outside on the veranda and let him lie in the cool of the evening. He was picked up there two hours later by Jack Braby and some of the starboard watch and taken on board.

"He let on he was a millionaire," said the barman, contemptuously.

Braby shook his head.

"Ah, he's liable to allow that when he's full, sir," said Braby.

But that fatal bottle kept Geordie Potts wholly insensible till they were outside the Heads again and on their way to England, with the smoke of the tug-boat far astern. And presently the second mate, Mr. Brose, who was a very rough sort of dog, and had sweated his way up to his present exalted rank from that of a foremast hand, hauled Geordie out by the collar of his coat, and had him brought to by means of a bucketful of nice Bass's Straits water. Geordie gasped like a dying dolphin, but came to rapidly.

"I'll teach you to get drunk, you swab," said Brose. "Take them wet things off and turn to."

And Geordie obeyed like a child in the presence of *force majeure*.

"Oh, I've got a head," he told his mates, "and it seems to me that I had a most extraordinary dream."

"Wot did you dream of, old Cocklywax?" asked Braby; "did you dream you'd come in for old Tyser's money?"

And Geordie gasped.

"S'help me," he murmured. "S'help me, did I dream?"

He dropped his marline-spike as if it were red hot and made a break for the fo'c's'le and his wet coat.

"Now if so be I dreamed," he said, "there'll be naught in this pocket. And if I didn't, I'm jiggered."

He put his hand in and brought out a handful of damp and crushed letters, and came out upon deck staggering. Mr. Brose saw him, and was on his tracks like a fish-hawk on a herring-gull. Geordie saw him coming and stood open-mouthed.

"Oh, sir," said Geordie. "Oh, sir——"

"Oh, rot," said Brose; "what's your little shenanakin game? Get to work, or I'll have you soused till you're half dead."

But Geordie could explain nothing.

"Oh, sir," he stammered, and held up his papers, shaking them feebly. And Brose shook him, anything but feebly, so that Geordie's teeth chattered.

"If you please, sir," he cried out at last, "if you please, sir, don't. I owns her."

"You owns wot?" demanded Brose; and the rest of the men edged as near as they dared.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"BROSE SHOOK HIS MATE ONCE MORE."

"He's drunk still," said Braby, as Brose shook his mate once more.

"I owns the bally *Patriarch*," screamed Geordie, "and all the rest of 'em, and all my uncle's richness, and I won't be shook, I won't!"

And Brose let him go.

"You're mad," said Brose, "you're mad."

"I ain't," roared Geordie, who was fast recovering from the shock, "I ain't. Take these; read 'em—read 'em out; let the skipper read 'em. I owns the *Patriarch* and the *Palermo* and the *Proosian* and the whole line. The lawyer says so!"

He put the lot of damp letters into Mr. Brose's hands and sat down on the spare topmast lashed under the rail.

"There's letters for the captain 'ere," said Brose, suspiciously; "'ow did you get 'em?"

"'Twas a youngster from the office give 'em me," replied Geordie, "and I took a drink first, and there was one for me, and it said so—said I was the owner, said it plain."

And when Brose had read the opened letter he gasped too and went aft to see the skipper. The rest of the watch gathered round Geordie and spoke in awe-struck whispers.

"Is it true, Geordie?"

"Gospel," said Geordie. "It's swore to. They sends me two hundred quid in a paper."

"Show us," said the starbowlines, "show us."

"'Tis in the paper the second has," said Geordie. "It's wrote, 'Pay George Potts, Esq., two hundred quid on the nail.'"

"I'd never 'ave let the second 'ave it," said Braby. "Like as not 'e'll keep it."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Then I'll sack him," said Geordie, firmly. "Let him dare try to keep it, and I'll sack him and not pay him no wages."

"This is a very strange game, this is," said Braby. "I never 'eard tell of the likes. Did they put 'Esk' on your letter?"

"They done so," said Geordie. "I've seen uncle's letters and they done so to him."

"Then it must be true," said Braby. "They only puts 'Esk' on gents' letters."

And Williams, the steward, was observed coming for'ard scratching his head.

"Where the deuce am I?" asked Williams, "and wot's the game? I'm sent by the captain to say, 'Will Mr. Potts step into the cabin?'"

They all looked at Geordie.

"Mr. Potts? Why, that's you, Geordie."

"I s'pose it must be," said the owner. "Must I go, mates?"

"Of course," cried Braby.

But Geordie fidgeted.

"I could go in if we were painting of her cabin," he murmured; "but to talk with the skipper——"

That evidently disgruntled him.

"'Tis your own cabin any'ow," said Braby. "I'd walk in like a lord."

"Well, I s'pose I must," said Geordie, reluctantly, and he went aft with Williams.

"And you're the owner?" asked Williams.

Geordie sighed.

"So it seems, stooard," he admitted.

"It licks creation," said Williams.

"So it does," said Geordie, and the next moment he found himself announced as "Mr. Potts," and he stood before the captain with his cap in his hand, looking as if he was about to be put in irons for mutiny; but, as a matter of fact, the old skipper was a deal more nervous than he was.

"This seems all correct, Mr. Potts," said Smith.

"Does it, sir?" asked Geordie. "I'm very sorry, sir, but it ain't my fault, sir. I never meant—at least, I never allowed my uncle would do it, because my father, sir, said he was a bloodsucker, and they fought, and I hit uncle with a brick, sir, to make him let go of father's beard."

"Oh, yes, to be sure," said the captain, nervously, "but I'm thinking what to do. It's a very anomalous situation for you to be here, Potts—Mr. Potts, I mean."

But Geordie held up his hand.

"I'd *much* rather be Potts, sir, thanking you all the same."

"I couldn't do it," replied the skipper. "I was thinking that you might like me to put back to Melbourne?"

"Wot for, sir?" demanded the owner.

"So that you could go home in a P. and O. boat," said old Smith.

"Thanking you kindly, sir," replied Geordie, "I'd rather stay in the *Patriarch*. I don't like steamers and never did."

He had a vague notion that the skipper wanted him to go home before the mast in one.

"Then you wish me not to put back, Mr. Potts?" said Smith.

"I'd very much rather not, sir," replied Geordie. "I'm very happy here, sir, and takin' it all round the *Patriarch's* a comfortable ship, sir. May I go for'ard now, sir?"

He made a step for the cabin door.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said old Smith, "you mustn't; you must have a berth here and be a passenger."

The skipper's obvious nervousness was not without its effect upon the new owner. For old Smith knew that if he lost his present billet he was not likely to find another one, and he had nothing saved to speak of. So somehow, and without knowing why, Geordie, without being in the least disrespectful, was more decided in his answer than he would have been if the "old man" had showed himself as hard and severe as usual.

"Not me," said Geordie, "not me, sir; I wouldn't and I couldn't. I'd be that uncomfortable—oh, a passenger, good evings, no!"

"But bein' owner you *can't* stay for'ard," urged the skipper.

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," said Geordie; "I'd prefer it."

Smith sighed.

"If you prefer it, of course you must. But if you change your mind you'll let me know."

"Right—I will, sir," said Geordie.

The skipper walked with him to the cabin door.

"And if you don't want to work, Mr. Potts, I dare say we can get on without your services, though we shall miss them," he said, anxiously.

"I couldn't lie about and do nix," replied Geordie. "I'd die of it."

And away he went for'ard, while the skipper and Mr. Brose and Mr. Ware, waked out of his watch below to hear the extraordinary news, discussed the situation.

"And 'ave I to call 'im Mr. Potts?" asked Brose, with a pathetic air of disgust.

"I say so," replied the skipper. "I can't

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

afford, Brose, as you know, to lose this job. And old Tyser promised me a kind of marine superintendent's billet when I left the *Patriarch*, and I dessay this young chap will act decent about it."

"I'm fair knocked," replied Ware. "I'm jolly glad that he ain't in my watch. This is hard lines on you, Brose."

"If you please, Mr. Potts, will you be so good has to be so kind has to be so hobliging as to go and over'aul the gear on the main," piped Brose, in furious mockery. "Oh, this is 'ard!"

"Far from it," said old Smith; "you ought to be proud. It ain't every second mate has a millionaire owner in his watch."

But Brose was sullen.

"You mark me, this josser won't do no 'and's turn that 'e don't like."

And for'ard the crowd said the same. As a result, for at least ten days Geordie Potts worked very well indeed. But, of course, Brose, under the skipper's orders, gave him all the soft jobs that were going. The second mate got into a mode of exaggerated courtesy which was almost painful.

"Be so good, Mr. Potts, as to put a nice, neat Matthew Walker on this 'ere lanyard."

Or—

"Mr. Potts, please be kind enough to go aloft and stop that spilling line to the jack-stay."

And at meal times the port watch mimicked Brose.

"Dear Mr. Potts, howner, be so good as to heat this 'orrid 'ash without growling."

And presently, when the weather began to get cold and the men brought out their Cape Horn pea-jackets and their mitts, Geordie commenced to growl a little.

"I hates turnin' out in the gravy-eye watch worse and worse," he said. "I've half a mind to let on I'm sick."

"You'd better go haft and tell the old man to 'ave the galley fire kep' alight all night," said the crowd, crossly. "But you dasn't."

"I dast," said Geordie; "why, I owns the bally galley!"

"You dasn't!"

"I will," said Geordie. And next morning he went aft and touched his cap to the skipper and begged to be allowed to speak to him.

"The galley fire at night?" said Smith. "Oh, certainly, Mr. Potts. I never done it because it was against the horders of your late revered huncle, sir."

"He was as mean as mean," said Geordie; "I think I can afford the fire, sir."

The fire was lighted and the crowd said Geordie was the right sort.

"And wot about the gear, Mr. Howner?" asked Jack Braby. "If I was you, before it gets too rotten cold I'd 'ave a real over'aulin' of things."

"I'll think of it," said Geordie. And that very afternoon he tackled Brose.

"The gear's tolerable rotten, sir," he began. And the second greaser knew he was right and yet didn't like to say so. He yearned to curse him. "And I'm thinkin'," said Geordie, "it would be a good thing to get up new stuff and overhaul everything. I risks my life every time I goes aloft. The very reef earings would part if a schoolgirl yanked at 'em."



"'IF YOU DON'T WANT TO WORK, MR. POTTS, I DARESAY WE CAN GET ON WITHOUT YOUR SERVICES,' HE SAID."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"You'd better speak to Mr. Ware," said Brose, choking.

And at eight bells Geordie spoke to the chief officer, who was quite as anxious as the skipper to keep his billet.

"It shall be done, Mr. Potts," said Ware.

In the first watch that night Geordie felt very tired, and said so. When it was eight bells in the middle watch he was still asleep, or pretended to be.

"Rouse out, howner," said Braby, and he shook Geordie up.

"I feels tolerable ill," said Geordie; "I don't think I shall turn out."

He didn't, and the rest of the port watch went on deck by themselves. At the muster Mr. Potts didn't answer to his name.

"Mr. Potts is hill, sir," said the obsequious watch; "'e said 'e couldn't turn out."

"I thought it would come soon," said Brose to himself. And he went for'ard to the fo'c's'le.

"Are you *very* ill?" he asked, drily.

"I don't know quite how I feel," said the owner, "but I thinks a little drop of brandy would do me good."

"I wish I could poison it," said Brose, under his voice. "This is most 'umiliatin' to a man in the persition of an officer."

By noon Geordie was well enough to sit on deck and smoke a pipe. The "old man" came to see him.

"Wouldn't you like a berth aft now, Mr. Potts?" urged the skipper.

"I'll think about it, captain," said Geordie. "And in the meantime I don't think I'll turn to."

The skipper turned to Brose.

"We can dispense with Mr. Potts's services for the time, eh, Mr. Brose?"

"Certingly," said Brose. But he walked to the rail and spat into the great Pacific.

From that time onward Geordie did no work to speak of except to take his trick at the wheel. And when they were south of the Horn he decided to do that no longer.

"If you'll take my wheel for the rest of the passage, I'll double your wages," he said to Braby. And Braby jumped at the offer. In the morning Geordie went to the poop. It was noticeable that he went up the weather poop ladder. Except in cases of hurry and emergency such a thing is next door to gross insubordination at sea.

"I ain't goin' to take no more wheels," said Geordie. "And Braby will take mine. I've doubled his wages."

Even old Smith gasped. As for Brose, he felt sea-sick for the first time since he first went down Channel in an outward-bounder thirty years before.

"I'll make a note of it," said the skipper.

They shortened sail in a quick flurry of a gale out of the south-west later in the day, and as all the topsails were down on the cap at once it was "jump," and no mistake. As an act of kindly condescension the owner went to the wheel and shoved away the Dutchman there, who was congratulating himself on not being on a topsail yard.

"Get aloft, you Dutch swab," said Geordie; "I'll take her for you."

And Mr. Ware bellowed like a bull, for he had a fine foretopsail voice, and when it was a real breeze his language rose with the seas and was fine and flowery, vigorous and ornamental, and magnificent. While he was in the middle of a peroration which would have excited envy in Cicero, or Burke, or a barrister with no case, he heard the owner shouting; for a private interview with the steward had given Geordie great confidence.

"Mr. Ware, Mr. Ware, I'd be glad if you'd cuss the men less. I don't like it."

The chief officer collapsed as if he were a balloon with a hole in it. And for the next minute he and the skipper engaged in an excited conversation.

"I can't—can't stand it," said Ware.

"You must," said old Smith, almost tearfully.

And Ware did stand it. But when the *Patriarch* was shortened down and he left the deck, he went below and swore very horribly for five minutes by any chronometer.

"Now I know what Brose feels," said Ware. "I've a great sympathy for poor Brose."

The owner ordered a tot for all hands when they came down from aloft. And he called the cook aft and harangued him from the break of the poop.

"Now, Mr. Spoil-Grub, mind you cook better than you've been doin', or I'll have you ducked in a tub and set your mate to do your work."

He turned to the skipper with a beaming smile in his blue eyes.

"I can talk straight, can't I, cap?" he hiccoughed, blandly. "I'm thinkin' I'll lie down in the cabin."

And when the old man went below he found Geordie dossing in his own sacred bunk. The poor old chap went and sat in the cabin and put his head on his hands.

"This is a most horrid experience," he said, mournfully. "I don't like howners on board—I don't like 'em a bit."

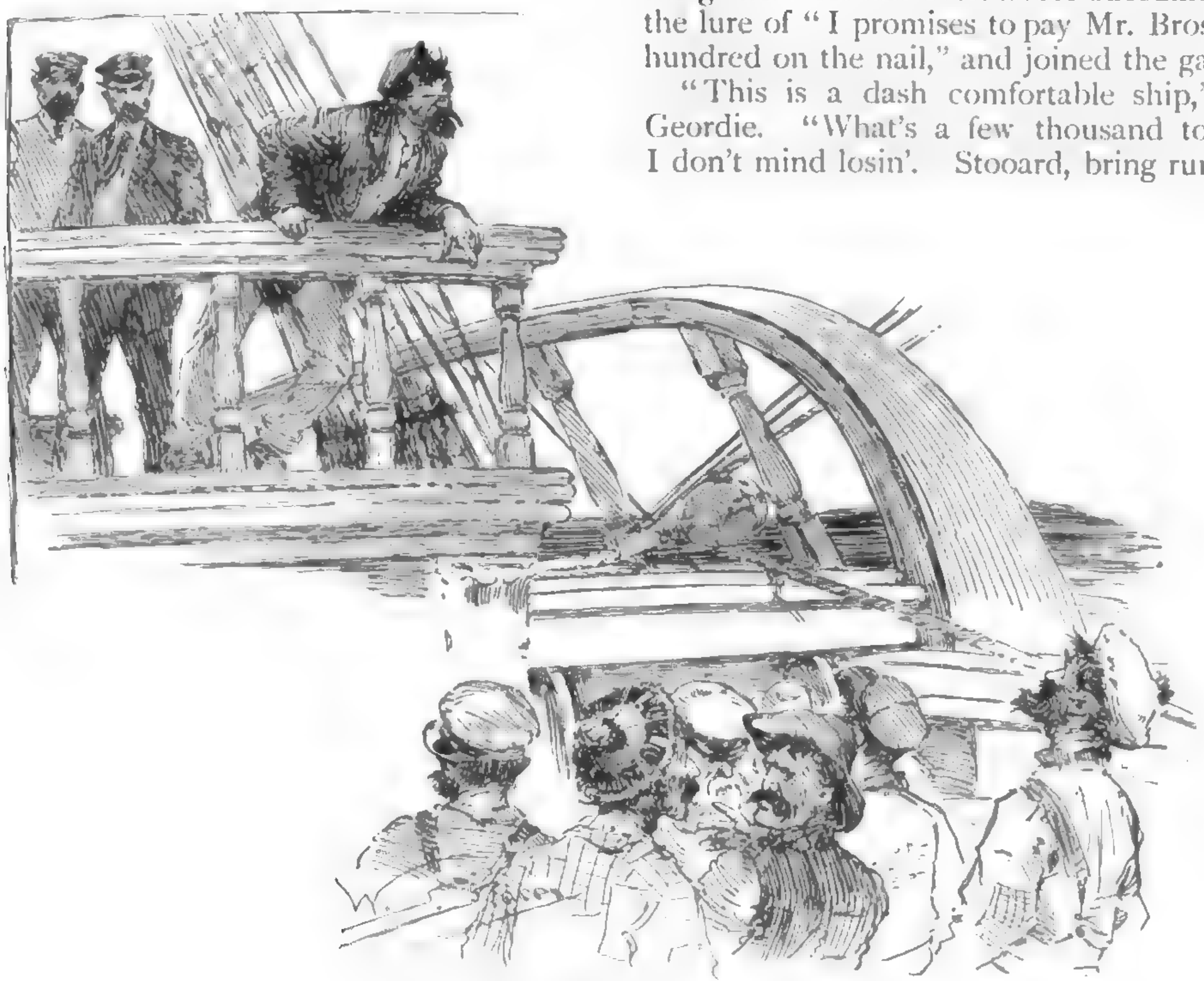
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

But it was not only the after-guard who suffered. Geordie shifted his dunnage aft at last, and though when he was sober he left the skipper's berth, he made himself very comfortable in the steward's. And he loafed about all day on deck with his pipe in his mouth. He began to look at the men with alien eyes.

"I tell you they're loafin'," said he to Ware. "Don't I know 'em? They watches you like cats, and when your eyes are off 'em they do nothin'. I'm payin' 'em to work and I'm payin' you to make 'em. There's a leak somewhere."

And he addressed the crowd from the poop.

"You're a lazy lot," he said, "that's wot you are. For two pins I'd put out the galley fire, and I'd cut off your afternoon watch below."



"HE ADDRESSED THE CROWD FROM THE POOP."

And next day he raised their wages. A week later he cut them down again. The skipper had a hard job to keep track of what the ship owed them.

"I wish we was home," groaned old Smith. "Oh, he'll be a terror of an owner!"

"I'll murder him," said Brose.

"Wot did I tell you chaps about the 'orrid effecs of sudden richness on a man?" asked the old fo'c's'le man for'ard. "Geordie Potts was a good sort, but Mr. George Potts, Esquire, is an 'oly terror. 'E raises hus hup and cuts hus down like grass."

And it presently came about that the only time they had any peace was when Geordie was very much intoxicated. But when they got into the calms of Capricorn on the home stretch to the north he developed a taste for gambling and made the old skipper sit up all night playing "brag" for huge sums of money.

"I lends you the dibs, and, win or lose, it's all hunky for you," said Geordie. He made out orders to pay the "old man" several thousand pounds, and Smith began to feel rich. Then Geordie raked Ware into the game. At last even Brose succumbed to the lure of "I promises to pay Mr. Brose five hundred on the nail," and joined the gamble.

"This is a dash comfortable ship," said Geordie. "What's a few thousand to me? I don't mind losin'. Stooard, bring rum."

By the time they picked up the north-east trades poor old Smith owed the "owner" ten thousand pounds. Ware was five thousand to the good, and Brose, who had played poker in California, was worth fifteen thousand in strange paper. He began to dream of a row of houses with a public-house at each end. He and Geordie grew quite thick and compared public-house ideals.

"I'm goin' to buy a hotel," said Geordie;

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"there's one in Trafalgar Square, London, as I've in my mind. I'll fit up the bar till it fair blazes with golden bottles."

He borrowed the mate's clothes and had a roaring time, and then they came into the Channel and picked up a tug, and went round the Foreland into London river.

"I'll bet lawyers and so on will be down to meet me," said Geordie. "They'll be full up with gold. To think of it! And to think I hit my poor old uncle with a brick!"

He mourned over his brutality.

"He wasn't half a bad chap," he said, "and I don't see what call my dad had to call him a bloodsucker after all."

They docked in the South-West Dock, and sure enough they had not been alongside their berth five minutes before old Tyser's usual London agent and a very legal-looking person came on board.

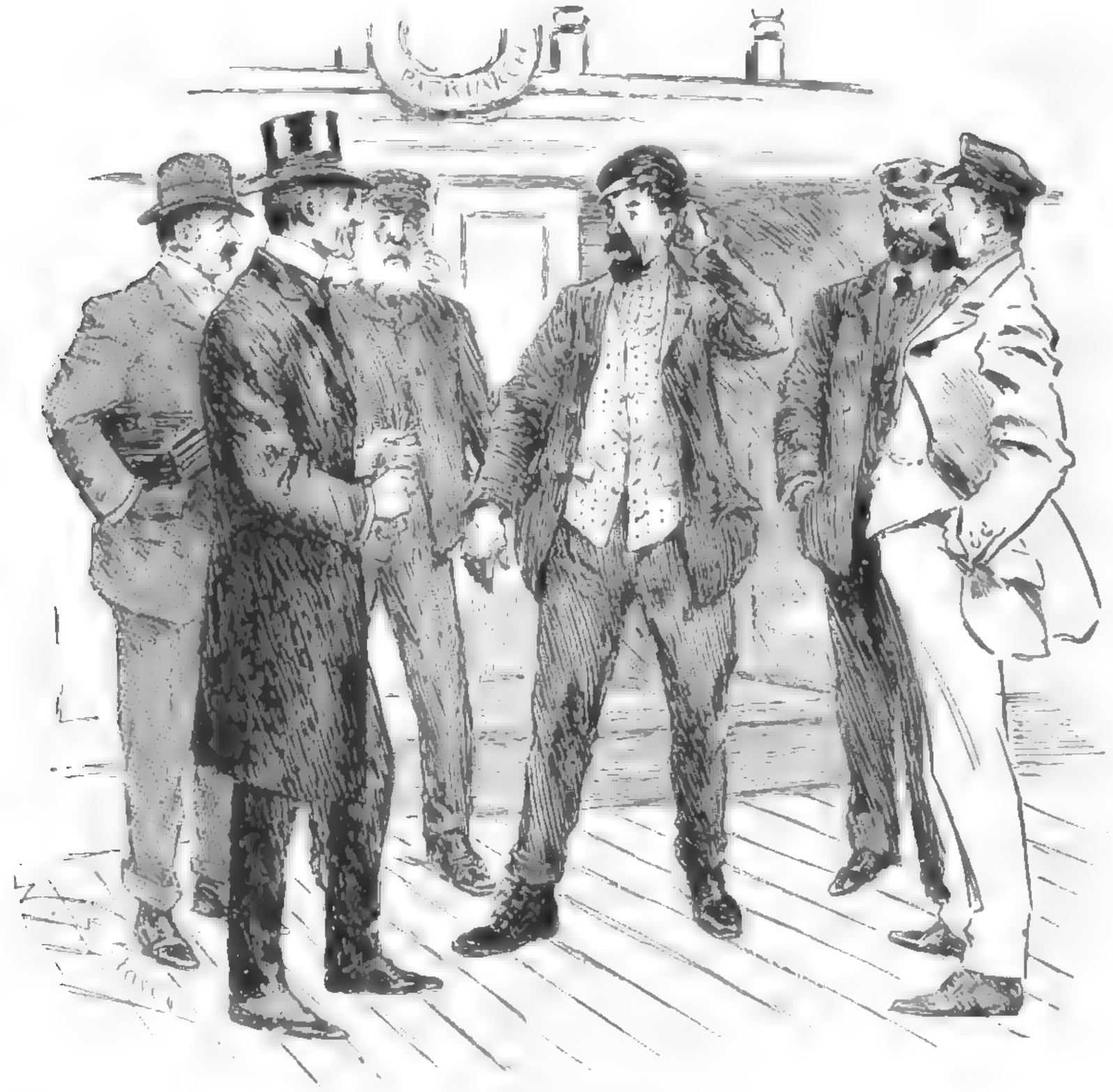
"Let me introduce you to the new owner," said the obsequious skipper, as he led up Geordie, who had a smile on him large enough to cut a mainsail out of.

"Oh," said the lawyer, "then this is Mr. Potts?"

"That's me," said Geordie. "Have you brought any money with you? I owes Mr. Ware five thousand and Mr. Brose fifteen."

The lawyer smiled.

"I'm afraid there's some mistake, Mr. Potts. Your uncle left a will after all."



"I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, MR. POTTS."

Geordie's jaw dropped and so did Ware's. But Brose's fell as falls the barometer in the centre of a cyclone.

"And me—did he leave me nothin'?" roared Geordie.

"Oh, yes," said the solicitor. "Mr. Gray, will you kindly give me that cash-box you are carrying?"

And the agent handed him the cash-box.

"He left you this," said the lawyer. "And in this sealed envelope is the key."

Geordie grabbed the box eagerly.

"It's heavy," he said, "it's tolerable heavy."

And putting it on the rail he opened it with the key.

There was half a brick in it.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a] DETECTIVES RECEIVING A LECTURE ON THE METHOD OF IDENTIFICATION BY NOSES. *[Photo.*

Detectives at School.

M. BERTILLON'S NEW METHOD OF DESCRIPTIVE PORTRAITS.

By Alder Anderson.

THE painter and the writer, the world has been assured repeatedly by the very highest authorities, can never encroach very far on each other's domains. Whereas a picture conveys the same idea to every beholder, so far at least as the outward aspect of the personages represented is concerned, a mere description can only give such vague and hazy outlines that the ideas of no two readers need ever be identical. How is it that no critic has ever suggested that this apparent inferiority of literature might, perhaps, simply be lack of science on the part of the author? Such, however, would appear to be the logical deduction to be drawn from the innovation which M. Bertillon, after ten years' persistent efforts, has recently succeeded in getting officially adopted by the Paris Detective Police.

M. Bertillon has proved that the appearance of any individual may be expressed in terms so clear, precise, and unequivocal that identically the same image is evoked in the mind of everybody who hears or reads the description. With nothing else but such a description to guide him in his search, anybody of normal intelligence is able, after a few lessons from the inventor of the system, to unerringly pick out the person indicated from a crowd, however great, and in an incredibly short time. The new method materially adds to the efficacy of the anthropometrical system of identification, with which the name of Bertillon, the inventor of the "thumb-prints" method, is inseparably connected. A brief outline of that system may here be given.

The variety of Nature is infinite; she never repeats herself. No two leaves are ever precisely alike, much less two human beings. A superficial observer may fancy that two individuals resemble each other in a remarkable manner. Let him examine them more attentively; he will find that they differ radically in almost every detail. The farther he carries his examination the more numerous and the more conspicuous will the differences appear, until at last he may almost experience a difficulty in discovering any trace of the resemblance that before seemed so striking. This is a *résumé* of some of the principal axioms at the base of M. Bertillon's teaching.

Every person, then, who for one reason or another comes within the power of the law

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THESE ARE THE PORTRAITS OF A CRIMINAL, TAKEN IN PROFILE AND FULL FACE.



THIS IS THE SAME CRIMINAL, WHO WAS IDENTIFIED BY A DETECTIVE AND ARRESTED ON THE EVIDENCE OF HIS EARS.

in France and in some other countries is photographed and measured in prevision of his transgressing on some future occasion.

The complete description and measurements are transferred to a piece of thin cardboard, on which are also pasted two photographs of the subject—one full face, the other in profile, both reduced to one-seventh of life size. This is termed the prisoner's "fiche," which is now put away for future reference. Every year about twelve thousand "fiches" are thus added to the collection in Paris. In ten years this means one hundred and twenty thousand; in twenty years nearly a quarter of a million.

Let us assume now that a crime has been committed. All the evidence tends to prove that the culprit is none other than a certain man who passed through M. Bertillon's hands some years ago. His "fiche" is taken out, and copies of the photograph on it are distributed in the usual quarters. This old photograph is the only guide the police have by which to identify the fugitive. In the interval that has elapsed since it was taken, however, the man's outward appearance may have so completely changed that he might now walk under the very nose of the cleverest detectives in Europe, trained in the old school, without being recognised. Just such a case occurred quite recently in Paris, and was specially taken in hand by one of the most experienced men the "Sûreté" possessed at the time, but without result. Six months later a comparatively inexperienced detective arrested the criminal, who was on the point of embarking for America. Trained by M. Bertillon's new method to concentrate his attention exclusively on features which hardly ever vary, and to neglect entirely such accidental details as the fashion of wearing the hair and beard and the apparel, he had at once recognised the person he was in search of by the characteristic shape of ears and nose. This case is given in the accompanying photographs.

The contrary case to the foregoing instance—that is to say, the arrest of an innocent man, on the ground that he resembled a photograph in the detective's possession—used to be an all too frequent occurrence. Not even the very keenest of the law's sleuthhounds were able to avoid such mistakes. A good example is shown in the photographs next reproduced. Innumerable instances, too, are recorded of people claiming, as that of a brother, a husband, or a son who had disappeared, a body which, had they but been M. Bertillon's pupils

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for an hour, they could never by any possibility have confounded with their missing relative. So persuaded have women often been of the accuracy of their own judgment that there have been cases in which they have at first indignantly repudiated the husband or son who subsequently reappears on the scene in flesh and blood and seeks to prove that he is not dead after all.

A detective is now taught that he must use the photograph he is supplied with merely as a check, to make assurance doubly sure, before he ventures on an arrest. What he must principally rely upon is the visual portrait he can evoke in his own imagination, a portrait which, he is told, is only valuable so far as he is able to describe it in words. That which we cannot clearly describe we cannot clearly conceive, is the pith of M. Bertillon's teaching. The pupil is, consequently, made to analyze each feature of the photograph separately, and express the result in certain conventional formulæ that convey a definite meaning to his own mind and to the mind of everybody else who has studied the same method. He makes, in fact, "a portrait in words."

The feature that presents the greatest diversity of form and size is the ear, and, strangely enough, the ear is precisely a feature which we hardly ever consciously look at. It has been reserved for M. Bertillon to point out how admirably it is adapted for the purpose of establishing a person's identity. The size of the ear, the relative proportions to one another of the folds, its contour, the surface and shape of the lobe, the manner the lobe is attached to the cheek, and the inclination of the bottom interior ridge known as the antitragus differ most materially in every individual. Let a modern French detective describe an ear as "Deq. cav. vex. tra. sep"; all his colleagues are immediately able to form a mental image of the description of ear he means.

Similarly for the nose, of which three main varieties are recognised, according as the line of the back is concave, rectilinear, or convex. Each of these three principal classes is divided into three divisions according to the direction of the base line—ascending, horizontal, or descending. The degree of concavity or convexity of the line of the nose,



THESE ARE THE PORTRAITS OF A CRIMINAL.



THESE ARE PORTRAITS OF AN INNOCENT MAN WHO WAS ARRESTED BY AN UNTRAINED DETECTIVE AS BEING THE SAME MAN, BUT HIS EARS ALONE WERE SUFFICIENT TO ACQUIT HIM.

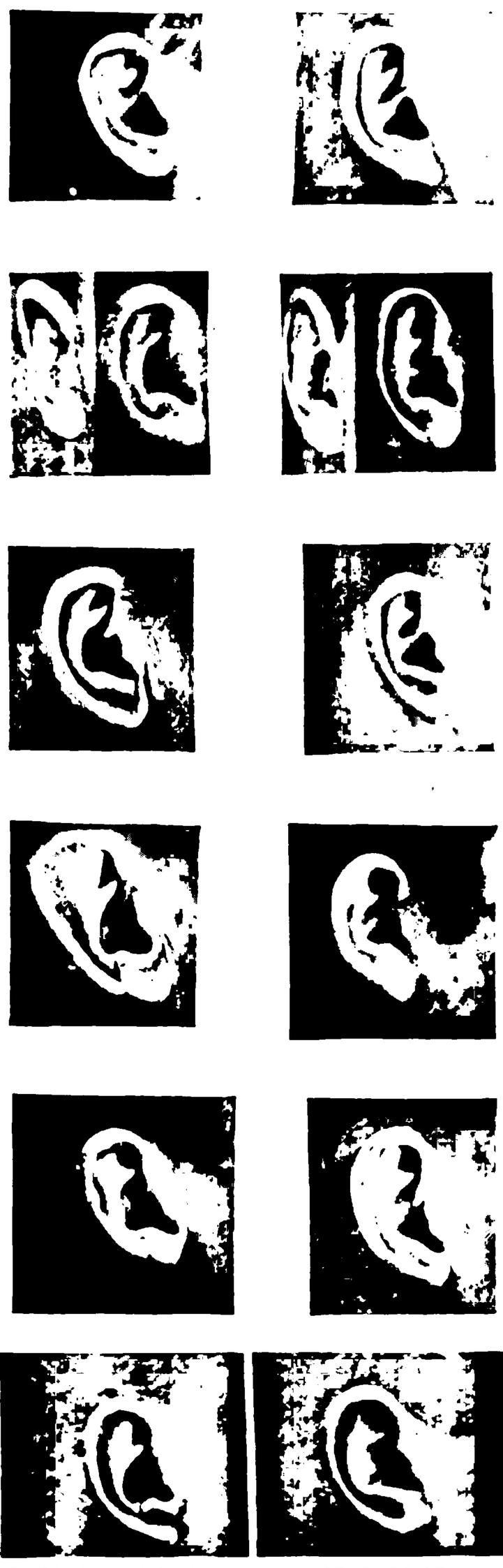
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as well as the degree in which the base line descends or mounts, is indicated in very simple fashion by putting the term denoting the form into brackets or underlining it. Thus a moderately concave-backed nose is expressed by the abbreviation "cav."; if the concavity is very slightly marked by (cav.); and, if very accentuated, by *cav.* Noses of which the line is very sinuous or arched are denoted by the abbreviations "s" and "a." A nose described as *cav.* (s) would have a very strongly-marked concavity and be slightly sinuous, whereas (cav.) *s* would denote a nose but slightly concave, but with a very sinuous outline. The form of the root of the nose is also indicated in similar fashion to the back and base. So much for the shape of the nose. Its dimensions relatively to the face, its width, length, and degree of projection, are also indicated, for it is evident that size is quite independent of shape.

The degree of inclination of the forehead is another feature that is noted, as well as the general aspect of the complexion, colour of hair and eyes, and anything about the face that is in the least abnormal.

The entire course of instruction in "word-portraits" extends over thirty lessons of two hours each. At the end of the course an examination is held, in which the pupil must acquit himself honourably in the practical tests imposed upon him, if he wishes to obtain the coveted certificate, without which he can now hope for no promotion. Several hundred persons are assembled: with the exception of a few privileged strangers, almost all are connected directly or indirectly with the various services of the police administration. M. Bertillon or his principal lieutenant, M. Payen, hands a slip of paper to the candidate, containing some such brief indications as the following: "R—cav. (deq.) cav. × 1·62. O. 1878." "Pick out the person to whom this refers," adds the examiner. In an incredibly short space of time one of the audience finds himself "under arrest." The figures 1·62, it may be said, denote the person's height; "O" stands for orange-coloured eyes; and 1878 denotes, approximately, the year of birth—that is, that he is now about twenty-six years of age.



DIFFERENT TYPES OF EARS FROM THE CLASSIFICATION-BOOK.

We have the authority of our cleverest modern humorist for the statement that the burglar and the cut-throat like a little innocent amusement occasionally; what wonder, then, if the austere detective does also? His chiefs, therefore, thoughtfully turn these examinations into occasions of grave merry-making by giving one or other of the examinees a descriptive portrait of some high functionary, perhaps of the Prefect of Police himself, should he be present. The fledgeling is thus placed in a dilemma; he must either display his incompetence or do violence to all his notions of respect for the official hierarchy, and put a disrespectful hand on one of the few shoulders in the world that he has looked upon as sacred. The manner in which the luckless wight acquits himself of his invidious task forms the theme of many a conversation in the "highest detective circles" of the French capital for the next week or so.

M. Bertillon has recently compiled an album containing about fifteen hundred photographs of the most notorious French criminals, classified exclusively by the shape of their ears and noses and their height. The man whose

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

portrait figures in this blackest of black books has, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that his physiognomy will not disappear from the world without leaving some memories behind it.

Other black books contain portraits of foreigners of different nationalities. The writer was allowed to peep into that relating to "English and American" malefactors who are at loggerheads with the Paris Prefecture of Police, and was patriotically pleased to find that their total number—five hundred—is only one-fifth that of the Belgians. A very large proportion, too, of these *soi-disant* English and American citizens, if their names are any criterion, might be Russians, Danes, Turks, or Prussians, but are certainly not Englishmen. Anglo-Saxondom may flatter herself that, in so far as France is concerned, she is a most exemplary race.

When the practice of portraits in words becomes generalized, as will no doubt very soon be the case, members of all those professions at which the laws of most countries persist in looking askance will have but a sorry time, if, indeed, they are able to subsist at all. Within the space of an hour or two telegraph and telephone will have carried a brief but unmistakable word-portrait of them to every corner of the civilized world if necessary. In large towns like London and Paris, twenty thousand pairs of trained eyes, covering the entire area of the city, can be set simultaneously on the search for the fugitive murderer or burglar, who will discover that the old methods of disguise are of but little use to him. A rumour that certain London banks contemplated having all their *employés* measured and photographed on M. Bertillon's system caused a considerable amount of murmuring recently, the measure being considered as somewhat derogatory by the clerks. By this extension of the method, however, their portraits can be taken without their knowledge, since neither camera nor measuring rule is necessary. Absconding cashiers will, in future, therefore have to be remarkably circumspect in their choice of foreign residence. Impostors like the claimant to the Tichborne estates, whose trial convulsed the Anglo-Saxon world over thirty years ago, will be given short shrift. It may be remarked, however, that one of the principal points brought forward at the trial to prove that the Claimant was not the man he pretended to be was precisely that the lobe of his ear was quite differently formed to the lobe of the real Roger Tichborne. This only proves once more the old adage that under the sun there is nothing new.

The writer would here express his thanks to M. Lepine, the Prefect of Police, and M. Bertillon for their extreme courtesy in acceding to his request to be allowed to attend the course of lessons, and also for permission to use the photographs now reproduced.

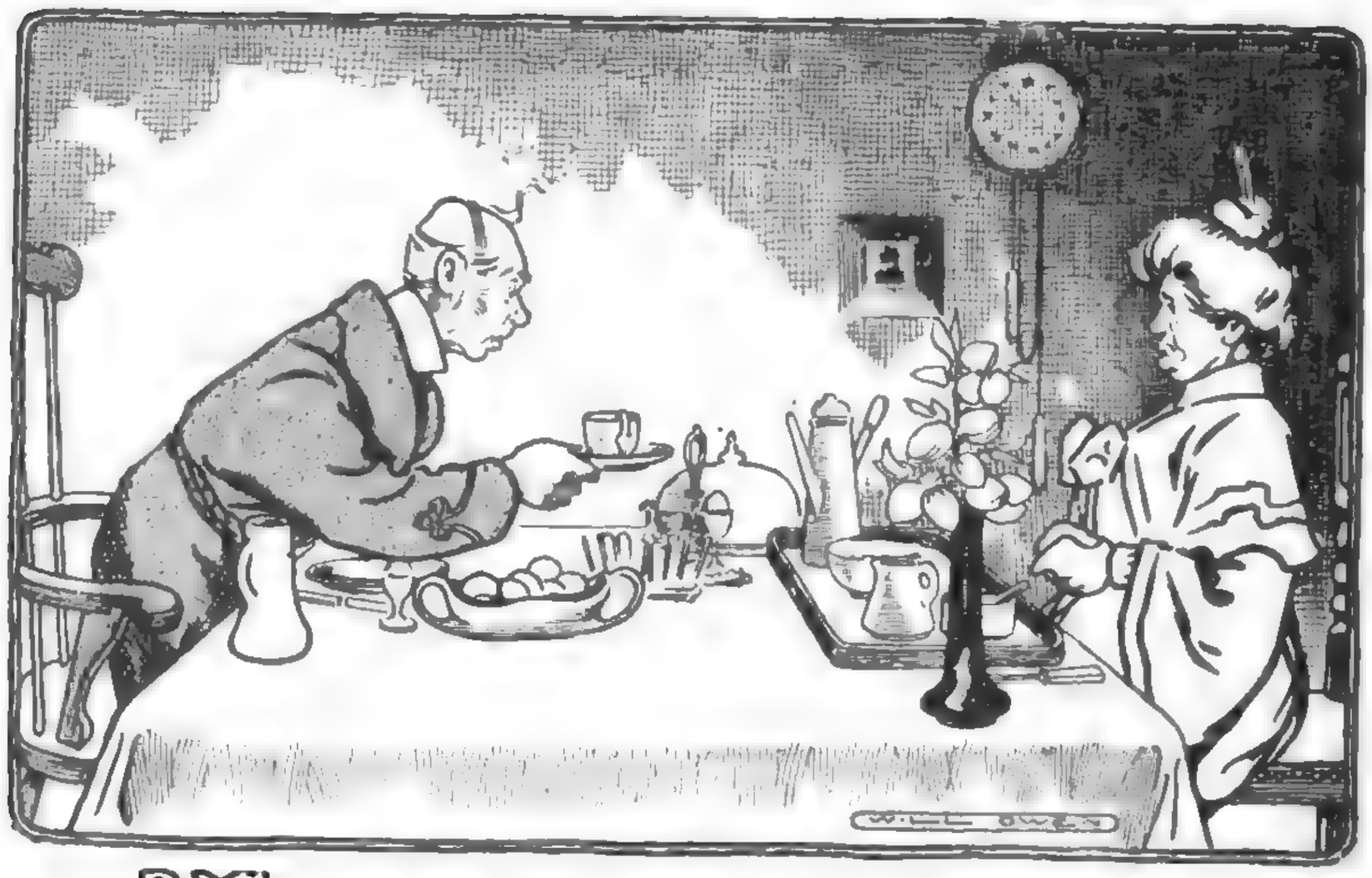


From a] DETECTIVES RECEIVING A LESSON ON EARS. *[Photo.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER VII.

MR. CHALK made but a poor breakfast next morning, the effort to display a feeling of proper sympathy with Mrs. Chalk, who was presiding in gloomy silence at the coffee-pot, and at the same time to maintain an air of cheerful innocence as to the cause of her behaviour, being almost beyond his powers. He chipped his egg with a painstaking attempt to avoid noise, and swallowed each mouthful with a feeble pretence of not knowing that she was watching him as he ate. Her glance conveyed a scornful reproach that he could eat at all in such circumstances, and, that there might be no mistake as to her own feelings, she ostentatiously pushed the toast-rack and egg-stand away from her.

"You—you're not eating, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.

"If I ate anything it would choke me," was the reply.

Mr. Chalk affected surprise, but his voice quavered. To cover his discomfiture he passed his cup up for more coffee, shivering despite himself, as he noticed the elaborate care which Mrs. Chalk displayed in rinsing out the cup and filling it to the very brim. Beyond raising her eyes to the ceiling when he took another piece of toast, she made no sign.

"You're not looking yourself," ventured Mr. Chalk, after a time.

His wife received the information in scornful silence.

"I've noticed it for some time," said the thoughtful husband, making another effort. "It's worried me."

"I'm not getting younger, I know," assented Mrs. Chalk. "But if you think that that's any excuse for your goings on, you're mistaken."

Mr. Chalk murmured something to the effect that he did not understand her.

"You understand well enough," was the reply. "When that girl came whistling over the fence last night you said you thought it was a bird."

"I did," said Mr. Chalk, hastily taking a spoonful of egg.

Mrs. Chalk's face flamed. "What sort of bird?" she demanded.

"Singin' bird," replied her husband, with nervous glibness.

Mrs. Chalk left the room.

Mr. Chalk finished his breakfast with an effort, and then, moving to the window, lit his pipe and sat for some time in moody thought. A little natural curiosity as to the identity of the fair whistler would, however, not be denied, and the names of Binchester's fairest daughters passed in review before him.

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Almost unconsciously he got up and surveyed himself in the glass.

"There's no accounting for tastes," he said to himself, in modest explanation.

His mind still dwelt on the subject as he stood in the hall later on in the morning, brushing his hat, preparatory to taking his usual walk. Mrs. Chalk, upstairs listening, thought that he would never have finished, and drew her own conclusions.

With the air of a man whose time hangs upon his hands Mr. Chalk sauntered slowly through the narrow by-ways of Binchester. He read all the notices pasted on the door of the Town Hall and bought some stamps at the post-office, but the morning dragged slowly, and he bent his steps at last in the direction of Tredgold's office, in the faint hope of a little conversation.

To his surprise, Mr. Tredgold senior was in an unusually affable mood. He pushed his papers aside at once, and, motioning his visitor to a chair, greeted him with much heartiness.

"Just the man I wanted to see," he said, cheerfully. "I want you to come round to my place at eight o'clock to-night. I've just seen Stobell, and he's coming too."

"I will if I can," said Mr. Chalk.

"You must come," said the other, seriously. "It's business."

"Business!" said Mr. Chalk. "I don't see——"

"You will to-night," said Mr. Tredgold, with a mysterious smile. "I've sent Edward off to town on business, and we sha'n't be interrupted. Good-bye. I'm busy."

He shook hands with his visitor and led him to the door; Chalk, after a vain attempt to obtain particulars, walked slowly home.

Despite his curiosity it was nearly half-past eight when he arrived at Mr. Tredgold's that evening, and was admitted by his host. The latter, with a somewhat trite remark about the virtues of punctuality, led the way upstairs and threw open the door of his study.

"Here he is," he announced.

A slender figure sitting bolt upright in a large grandfather-chair turned at their entrance, and revealed to the astonished Mr. Chalk the expressive features of Miss Selina Vickers; facing her at the opposite side of the room Mr. Stobell, palpably ruffled, eyed her balefully.

"This is a new client of mine," said Tredgold, indicating Miss Vickers.

Mr. Chalk said "Good evening."

"I tried to get a word with you last night," said Miss Vickers. "I was down at the bottom of your garden whistling for over ten minutes as hard as I could whistle. I wonder you didn't hear me."

"*Hear* you!" cried Mr. Chalk, guiltily conscious of a feeling of disappointment quite beyond his control. "What do you mean by coming and whistling for me, eh? What do you mean by it?"

"I wanted to see you private," said Miss Vickers, calmly, "but it's just as well. I went and saw Mr. Tredgold this morning instead."

"On a matter of business," said Mr. Tredgold, looking at her. "She came to me, as one of the ordinary public, about some—ha—land she's interested in."

"An island," corroborated Miss Vickers.

Mr. Chalk took a chair and looked round in amazement. "What, another?" he said, faintly.



"'THIS IS A NEW CLIENT OF MINE,' SAID TREDGOLD."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Tredgold coughed. "My client is not a rich woman," he began.

"Chalk knows that," interrupted Mr. Stobell. "The airs and graces that girl will give herself if you go on like that——"

"But she has some property there which she is anxious to obtain," continued Mr. Tredgold, with a warning glance at the speaker. "That being so——"

"Make him wish he may die first," interposed Miss Vickers, briskly.

"Yes, yes; that's all right," said Tredgold, meeting Mr. Chalk's startled gaze.

"It will be when he's done it," retorted the determined Miss Vickers.

"It's a secret," explained Mr. Tredgold, addressing his staring friend. "And you must swear to keep it if it's told you. That's what she means. I've had to and so has Stobell."

A fierce grunt from Mr. Stobell, who was still suffering from the remembrance of an indignity against which he had protested in vain, came as confirmation. Then the marvelling Mr. Chalk rose, and instructed by Miss Vickers took an oath, the efficacy of which consisted in a fervent hope that he might die if he broke it.

"But what's it all about?" he inquired, plaintively.

Mr. Tredgold conferred with Miss Vickers, and that lady, after a moment's hesitation, drew a folded paper from her bosom and beckoned to Mr. Chalk. With a cry of amazement he recognised the identical map of Bowers's Island, which he had last seen in the hands of its namesake. It was impossible to mistake it, although an attempt to take it in his hand was promptly frustrated by the owner.

"But Captain Bowers said that he had burnt it," he cried.

Mr. Tredgold eyed him coldly. "Burnt what?" he inquired.

"The map," was the reply.

"Just so," said Tredgold. "You told me he had burnt a map."

"Is this another, then?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

"P'raps," said Miss Vickers, briefly.

"As the captain said he had burnt his, this *must* be another," said Tredgold.

"Didn't he burn it, then?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

"I should be sorry to disbelieve Captain Bowers," said Tredgold.

"Couldn't be done," said the brooding Stobell, "not if you tried."

Mr. Chalk sat still and eyed them in perplexity.

"There is no doubt that this map refers to the same treasure as the one Captain Bowers had," said Tredgold, with the air of one making a generous admission. "My client has not volunteered any statement as to how it came into her possession——"

"And she's not going to," put in Miss Vickers, dispassionately.

"It is enough for me that we have got it," resumed Mr. Tredgold. "Now, we want you to join us in fitting out a ship and recovering the treasure. Equal expenses; equal shares."

"What about Captain Bowers?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

"He is to have an equal share without any of the expense," said Tredgold. "You know he gave us permission to find it if we could, so we are not injuring anybody."

"He told us to go and find it, if you remember," said Stobell, "and we're going to."

"He'll have a fortune handed to him without any trouble or being responsible in any way," said Tredgold, impressively. "I should like to think there was somebody working to put a fortune like that into my lap. We shall have a fifth each."

"That'll be five—thousand—pounds for you, Selina," said Mr. Stobell, with a would-be benevolent smile.

Miss Vickers turned a composed little face upon him and languidly closed one eye.

"I had two prizes for arithmetic when I was at school," she remarked; "and don't you call me Selina, unless you want to be called Bobbie."

A sharp exclamation from Mr. Tredgold stopped all but the first three words of Mr. Stobell's retort, but he said the rest under his breath with considerable relish.

"Don't mind him," said Miss Vickers. "I'm half sorry I let him join, now. A man that used to work for him once told me that he was only half a gentleman, but he'd never seen that half."

Mr. Stobell, afraid to trust himself, got up and leaned out of the window.

"Well, we're all agreed, then," said Tredgold, looking round.

"Half a second," said Miss Vickers. "Before I part with this map you've all got to sign a paper promising me my proper share, and to give me twenty pounds down."

Mr. Tredgold hesitated and looked serious. Mr. Chalk, somewhat dazed by the events of the evening, blinked at him solemnly. Mr. Stobell withdrew his head from the window and spoke.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"TWENTY—POUNDS!" he growled.

"Twenty pounds," repeated Miss Vickers, "or four hundred shillings, if you like it better. If you wait a moment I'll make it pennies."

She leaned back in her chair and, screwing her eyes tight, began the calculation. "Twelve noughts are nought," she said, in a gabbling whisper; "twelve noughts are nought, twelve fours are forty——"

"All right," said Mr. Tredgold, who had been regarding this performance with astonished disapproval. "You shall have the twenty pounds, but there is no necessity for us to sign any paper."

"No, there's no necessity," said Miss Vickers, opening her small, sharp eyes again, "only, if you don't do it, I'll find somebody that will."

Mr. Tredgold argued with her, but in vain; Mr. Chalk, taking up the argument and expanding it, fared no better; and Mr. Stobell, opening his mouth to contribute his mite, was quelled before he could get a word out.

"Them's my terms," said Miss Vickers; "take 'em or leave 'em, just as you please. I give you five minutes by the clock to make up your minds; Mr. Stobell can have six, because thinking takes him longer. And if you agree to do what's right—and I'm letting you off easy—Mr. Tredgold is to keep the map and never to let it go out of his sight for a single instant."

She put her head round the side of the chair to make a note of the time, and then, sitting upright with her arms folded, awaited their decision. Before the time was up the terms were accepted, and Mr. Tredgold, drawing his chair to the table, prepared to draw up the required agreement.

He composed several, but none which seemed to give general satisfaction. At the seventh attempt, however, he produced an agreement which, alluding in vague terms to a treasure quest in the Southern Seas on the strength of a map provided by Miss Vickers, promised one-fifth of the sum recovered to



"MR. TREDGOLD PREPARED TO DRAW UP THE REQUIRED AGREEMENT."

that lady, and was considered to meet the exigencies of the case. Miss Vickers herself, without being enthusiastic, said that she supposed it would have to do.

Another copy was avoided, but only with great difficulty, owing to her criticism of Mr. Stobell's signature. It took the united and verbose efforts of Messrs. Chalk and Tredgold to assure her that it was in his usual style, and rather a good signature for him than otherwise. Miss Vickers, viewing it with her head on one side, asked whether he couldn't make his mark instead; a question which Mr. Stobell, at the pressing instance of his friends, left unanswered. Then Tredgold

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

left the room to pay a visit to his safe, and, the other two gentlemen turning out their pockets, the required sum was made up, and with the agreement handed to Miss Vickers in exchange for the map.

She bade them good-night, and then, opening the door, paused with her hand on the knob and stood irresolute.

"I hope I've done right," she said, somewhat nervously. "It was no good to anybody laying idle and being wasted. I haven't stolen anything."

"No, no," said Tredgold, hastily.

"It seems ridiculous for all that money to be wasted," continued Miss Vickers, musingly. "It doesn't belong to anybody, so nobody can be hurt by our taking it, and we can do a lot of good with it, if we like. I shall give some of mine away to the poor. We all will. I'll have it put in this paper."

She fumbled in her bodice for the document, and walked towards them.

"We can't alter it now," said Mr. Tredgold, decidedly.

"We'll do what's right," said Mr. Chalk, reassuringly.

Miss Vickers smiled at him. "Yes, I know *you* will," she said, graciously, "and I think Mr. Tredgold will, but——"

"You're leaving that door open," said Mr. Stobell, coldly, "and the draught's blowing my head off, pretty near."

Miss Vickers eyed him scornfully, but in the absence of a crushing reply disdained one at all. She contented herself instead by going outside and closing the door after her with a sharpness which stirred every hair on his head.

"It's a most extraordinary thing," said Mr. Chalk, as the three bent exultingly over the map. "I could ha' sworn to this map in a court of justice."

"Don't you worry your head about it," advised Mr. Stobell.

"You've got your way at last," said Tredgold, with some severity. "We're going for a cruise with you, and here you are raising objections."

"Not objections," remonstrated the other; "and, talking about the voyage, what about Mrs. Chalk? She'll want to come."

"So will Mrs. Stobell," said that lady's proprietor, "but she won't."

"She mustn't hear of it till the last moment," said Tredgold, dictatorially; "the quieter we keep the whole thing the better. You're not to divulge a word of the cruise to anybody. When it does leak out it must be understood we are just going for a little pleasure jaunt. Mind, you've sworn to keep the whole affair secret."

Mr. Chalk screwed up his features in anxious perplexity, but made no comment.

"The weather's fine," continued Tredgold, "and there's nothing gained by delay. On Wednesday we'll take the train to Biddlecombe and have a look round. My idea is to buy a small, stout sailing-craft second-hand; ship a crew ostensibly for a pleasure trip, and sail as soon as possible."

Mr. Chalk's face brightened. "And we'll take some beads, and guns, and looking-glasses, and trade with the natives in the different islands we pass," he said, cheerfully. "We may as well see something of the world while we're about it."

Mr. Tredgold smiled indulgently and said they would see. Messrs. Stobell and Chalk, after a final glance at the map and a final perusal of the instructions at the back, took their departure.

"It's like a dream," said the latter gentleman, as they walked down the High Street.

"That Vickers girl ud like more dreams o' the same sort," said Mr. Stobell, as he thrust his hand in his empty pocket.

"It's all very well for you," continued Mr. Chalk, uneasily. "But my wife is sure to insist upon coming."

Mr. Stobell sniffed. "I've got a wife too," he remarked.

"Yes," said Mr. Chalk, in a burst of unwonted frankness, "but it ain't quite the same thing. I've got a wife and Mrs. Stobell has got a husband—that's the difference."

Mr. Stobell pondered this remark for the rest of the way home. He came to the conclusion that the events of the evening had made Mr. Chalk a little light-headed.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNTIL he stood on the platform on Wednesday morning with his brother adventurers Mr. Chalk passed the time in a state of nervous excitement, which only tended to confirm his wife in her suspicions of his behaviour. Without any preliminaries he would burst out suddenly into snatches of sea-songs, the "Bay of Biscay" being an especial favourite, until Mrs. Chalk thought fit to observe that, "if the thunder did roar like that she should not be afraid of it." Ever sensitive to a fault, Mr. Chalk fell back upon "Tom Bowling," which he thought free from openings of that sort, until Mrs. Chalk, after commenting upon the inability of the late Mr. Bowling to hear the tempest's howling, indulged in idle speculations as to

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

what he would have thought of Mr. Chalk's. Tredgold and Stobell bought papers on the station, but Mr. Chalk was in too exalted a mood for reading. The bustle and life as the train became due were admirably attuned to his feelings, and when the train drew up and they embarked, to the clatter of milk-cans and the rumbling of trolleys, he was beaming with satisfaction.

"I feel that I can smell the sea already," he remarked.

Mr. Stobell put down his paper and sniffed; then he resumed it again and, meeting Mr. Tredgold's eye over the top of it, sniffed more loudly than before.

"Have you told Edward that you are going to sea?" inquired Mr. Chalk, leaning over to Tredgold.

"Certainly not," was the reply; "I don't want anybody to know till the last possible moment. You haven't given your wife any hint as to why you are going to Biddlecombe to-day, have you?"

Mr. Chalk shook his head. "I told her that you had got business there, and that I was going with you just for the outing," he said. "What she'll say when she finds out——"

His imagination failed him and, a prey to forebodings, he tried to divert his mind by looking out of window. His countenance cleared as they neared Biddlecombe, and, the line running for some distance by the side of the river, he amused himself by gazing at various small craft left high and dry by the tide.

A short walk from the station brought them to the mouth of the river which constitutes the harbour of Biddlecombe. For a small port there was a goodly array of shipping, and Mr. Chalk's pulse beat faster as his gaze wandered impartially from a stately barque in all the pride of fresh paint to dingy, sea-worn ketches and tiny yachts.

Uncertain how to commence operations, they walked thoughtfully up and down the quay. If any of the craft were for sale there was nothing to announce the fact, and the various suggestions which Mr. Chalk threw off from time to time as to the course they should pursue were hardly noticed.

"One o'clock," said Mr. Stobell, extracting a huge silver timepiece from his pocket, after a couple of wasted hours.

"Let's have something to eat before we do any more," said Mr. Tredgold. "After that we'll ferry over and look at the other side."

They made their way to the King of Hanover, an old inn, perched on the side of the harbour, and, mounting the stairs, entered the coffee-room, where Mr. Stobell, after hesitating for some time between the rival claims of roast beef and grilled chops, solved the difficulty by ordering both.



"'FINE DAY, GENTLEMEN,' SAID THE STRANGER, AS HE RAISED HIS GLASS."

The only other occupant of the room, a short, wiry man, with a close-shaven, hard-bitten face, sat smoking, with a glass of whisky before him, in a bay window at the end of the room, which looked out on the harbour. There was a maritime flavour about him which at once enlisted Mr. Chalk's sympathies and made him overlook the small, steely-grey eyes and large and somewhat brutal mouth.

"Fine day, gentlemen," said the stranger, nodding affably to Mr. Chalk as he raised his glass.

Mr. Chalk assented, and began a somewhat minute discussion upon the weather, which lasted until the waiter appeared with the lunch.

"Bring me another drop o' whisky, George," said the stranger, as the latter was about to leave the room, "and a little stronger, d'ye hear? A man might drink this and still be in the Band of Hope."

"We thought it wouldn't do for you to get the chuck out of it after all these years, Cap'n Brisket," said George, calmly. "It's a whisky that's kept special for teetotalers like you."

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Captain Brisket gave a hoarse laugh and winked at Mr. Stobell; that gentleman, merely pausing to empty his mouth and drink half a glass of beer, winked back.

"Been here before, sir?" inquired the captain.

Mr. Stobell, who was busy again, left the reply to Mr. Chalk.

"Several times," said the latter. "I'm very fond of the sea."

Captain Brisket nodded, and, taking up his glass, moved to the end of their table, with the air of a man disposed to conversation.

"There's not much doing in Biddlecombe nowadays," he remarked, shaking his head. "Trade ain't what it used to be; ships are more than half their time looking for freights. And even when they get them they're hardly worth having."

Mr. Chalk started and, leaning over, whispered to Mr. Tredgold.

"No harm in it," said the latter. "Better leave it to me. Shipping's dull, then?" he inquired, turning to Captain Brisket.

"Dull?" was the reply. "Dull ain't no name for it."

Mr. Tredgold played with a salt-spoon and frowned thoughtfully.

"We've been looking round for a ship this morning," he said, slowly.

"As passengers?" inquired the captain, staring.

"As owners," put in Mr. Chalk.

Captain Brisket, greatly interested, drew first his glass and then his chair a yard nearer. "Do you mean that you want to buy one?" he inquired.

"Well, we might if we could get one cheap," admitted Tredgold, cautiously. "We had some sort of an idea of a cruise to the South Pacific; pleasure, with perhaps a little trading mixed up with it. I suppose some of these old schooners can be picked up for the price of an old song?"

The captain, grating his chair along the floor, came nearer still; so near that Mr. Stobell instinctively put out his right elbow.

"You've met just the right man," said Captain Brisket, with a boisterous laugh. "I know a schooner, two hundred and forty tons, that is just the identical article you're looking for, good as new and sound as a bell. Are you going to sail her yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Stobell, without looking up, "he ain't."

"Got a master?" demanded Captain Brisket, with growing excitement. "Don't tell me you've got a master."

"Why not?" growled Mr. Stobell, who, having by this time arrived at the cheese, felt that he had more leisure for conversation.

"Because," shouted the other, hitting the table a thump with his fist that upset half his whisky — "because if you haven't Bill Brisket's your man."

The three gentlemen received this startling intelligence with such a lack of enthusiasm that Captain Brisket was fain to cover what in any other man might have been regarded as confusion by ringing the bell for George and inquiring with great sternness of manner why he had not brought him a full glass.

"We can't do things in five minutes," said Mr. Tredgold, after a long and somewhat trying pause. "First of all we've got to get a ship."

"The craft you want is over the other side of the harbour waiting for you," said the captain, confidently. "We'll ferry over now if you like, or, if you prefer to go by yourselves, do; Bill Brisket is not the man to stand in anyone's way, whether he gets anything out of it or not."

"Hold hard," said Mr. Stobell, putting up his hand.

Captain Brisket regarded him with a beaming smile; Mr. Stobell's two friends waited patiently.

"What ud a schooner like that fetch?" inquired Mr. Stobell.

"It all depends," said Brisket. "Of course, if I buy——"

Mr. Stobell held up his hand again. "All depends whether you buy it for us or sell it for the man it belongs to, I s'pose?" he said, slowly.

Captain Brisket jumped up, and to Mr. Chalk's horror smote the speaker heavily on the back. Mr. Stobell, clenching a fist the size of a leg of mutton, pushed his chair back and prepared to rise.

"You're a trump," said Captain Brisket, in tones of unmistakable respect, "that's what you are. Lord, if I'd got the head for business you have I should be a man of fortune by now."

Mr. Stobell, who had half risen, sat down again, and, for the first time since his last contract but one, a smile played lightly about the corners of his mouth. He took another drink and, shaking his head slightly as he put the glass down, smiled again with the air of a man who has been reproached for making a pun.

"Let me do it for you," said Captain Brisket, impressively. "I'll tell you where to go without being seen in the matter or

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

letting old Todd know that I'm in it. Ask him a price and bate him down ; when you've got his lowest, come to me and give me one pound in every ten I save you."

Mr. Tredgold looked at his friends. "If we do that," he said, turning to the captain, "it would be to your interest to buy the ship in any case. How are we to be sure she is seaworthy ?"

"Ah, there you are !" said Brisket, with an expansive smile. "You let me buy for you and promise me the master's berth, provided you are satisfied with my credentials. Common sense'll tell you I wouldn't risk my own carcass in a rotten ship."

Mr. Stobell nodded approval and, Captain Brisket with unexpected delicacy withdrawing to the window and becoming interested in the harbour, conferred for some time with his friends. The captain's offer being accepted, subject to certain conditions, they settled their bill and made their way to the ferry.

"There's the schooner," said the captain, pointing, as they neared the opposite shore ; the *Fair Emily*, and the place she is lying at is called Todd's Wharf. Ask for Mr. Todd, or, better still, walk straight on to the wharf and have a look at her. The old man'll see you fast enough."

He sprang nimbly ashore as the boat's head touched the stairs, and after extending a hand to Mr. Chalk, which was coldly ignored, led the way up the steps to the quay.

"There's the wharf just along there," he said, pointing up the road. "I'll wait for you at the Jack Ashore here. "Don't offer him too much to begin with."

"I thought of offering a hundred pounds," said Mr. Tredgold. "If the ship's sound we can't be very much out over that sum."

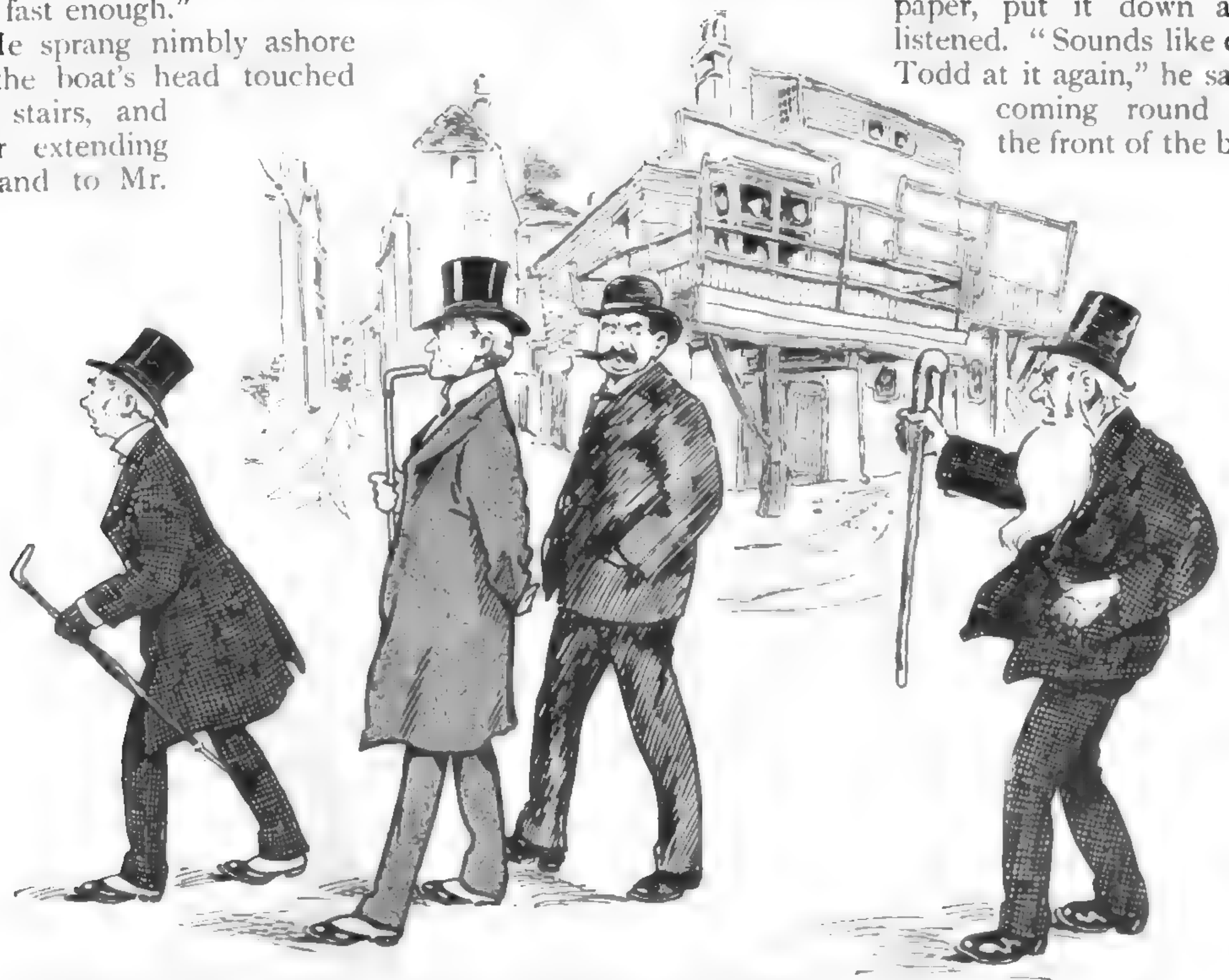
Captain Brisket stared at him. "No ; don't do that," he said, recovering, and speaking with great gravity. "Offer him seventy. Good luck."

He watched them up the road and then, with a mysterious grin, turned into the Jack Ashore, and taking a seat in the bar waited patiently for their return.

Half an hour passed. The captain had smoked one pipe and was half through another. He glanced at the clock over the bar and fidgeted as an unpleasant idea that the bargain, despite Mr. Tredgold's ideas as to the value of schooners, might have been completed without his assistance occurred to him. He took a sip from his glass, and then his face softened as the faint sounds of a distant uproar broke upon his ear.

"What's that ?" said a customer.

The landlord, who was glancing at the paper, put it down and listened. "Sounds like old Todd at it again," he said, coming round to the front of the bar.



"HIS THREE PATRONS, WITH A HOPELESS ATTEMPT TO APPEAR UNCONCERNED, WERE COMING DOWN THE ROAD."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The noise came closer. "It *is* old Todd," said another customer, and hastily finishing his beer moved with the others to the door. Captain Brisket, with a fine air of indifference, lounged after them, and peering over their shoulders obtained a good view of the approaching disturbance.

His three patrons, with a hopeless attempt to appear unconcerned, were coming down the road, while close behind a respectable-looking old gentleman with a long, white beard and a voice like a fog-horn almost danced with excitement. They quickened their pace as they neared the inn, and Mr. Chalk, throwing appearances to the winds, almost dived through the group at the door. He was at once followed by Mr. Tredgold, but Mr. Stobell, black with wrath, paused in the doorway.

"FETCH 'EM OUT," vociferated the old gentleman as the landlord barred the doorway with his arms. "Fetch that red-whiskered one out and I'll eat him."

"What's the matter, Mr. Todd?" inquired the landlord, with a glance at his friends. "What's he done?"

"*Done?*" repeated the excitable Mr. Todd. "Done? They come walking on to my wharf as if the place—— FETCH HIM OUT," he bawled, breaking off suddenly. "Fetch him out and I'll skin him alive."

Captain Brisket took Mr. Stobell by the cuff and after a slight altercation drew him inside.

"Tell that red-whiskered man to come outside," bawled Mr. Todd. "What's he afraid of?"

"What have you been doing to him?" inquired Captain Brisket, turning to the pallid Mr. Chalk.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Is he coming out?" demanded the terrible voice, "or have I got to wait here all night? Why don't he come outside, and I'll break every bone in his body."

Mr. Stobell scratched his head in gloomy perplexity: then, as his gaze fell upon the smiling countenances of Mr. Todd's fellow-townsmen, his face cleared.

"He's an old man," he said, slowly, "but if any of you would like to step outside with me for five minutes, you've only got to say the word, you know."

Nobody manifesting any signs of accepting this offer, he turned away and took a seat by the side of the indignant Tredgold. Mr. Todd, after a final outburst, began to feel exhausted, and forsaking his prey with much reluctance allowed himself to be led away. Snatches of a strong and copious benediction, only partly mellowed by distance, fell upon the ears of the listeners.

"Did you offer him the seventy?" inquired Captain Brisket, turning to Mr. Tredgold.

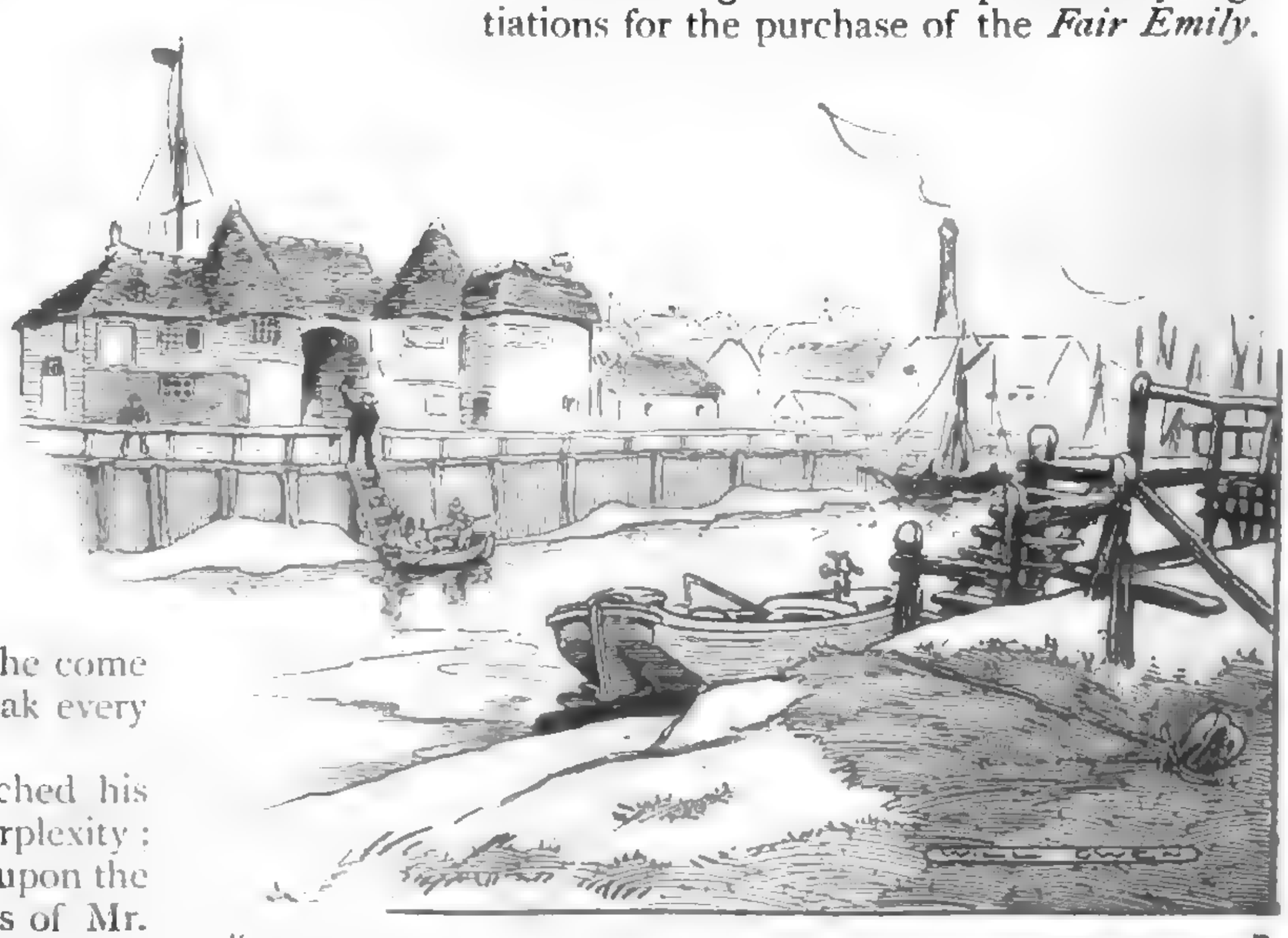
"*I* did," said Mr. Chalk, plaintively.

"Ah," said the captain, regarding him thoughtfully; "perhaps you ought to ha' made it eighty. He's asking eight hundred for it, I understand."

Mr. Tredgold turned sharply. "Eight hundred?" he gasped.

The captain nodded. "And I'm not saying it's not worth it," he said, "but I might be able to get it for you for six. You'd better leave it to me now."

Mr. Tredgold at first said he would have nothing more to do with it, but under the softening influence of a pipe and a glass was induced to reconsider his decision. Captain Brisket, waving farewells from the quay as they embarked on the ferry-boat later on in the afternoon, bore in his pocket the cards of all three gentlemen, together with a commission entrusting him with the preliminary negotiations for the purchase of the *Fair Emily*.

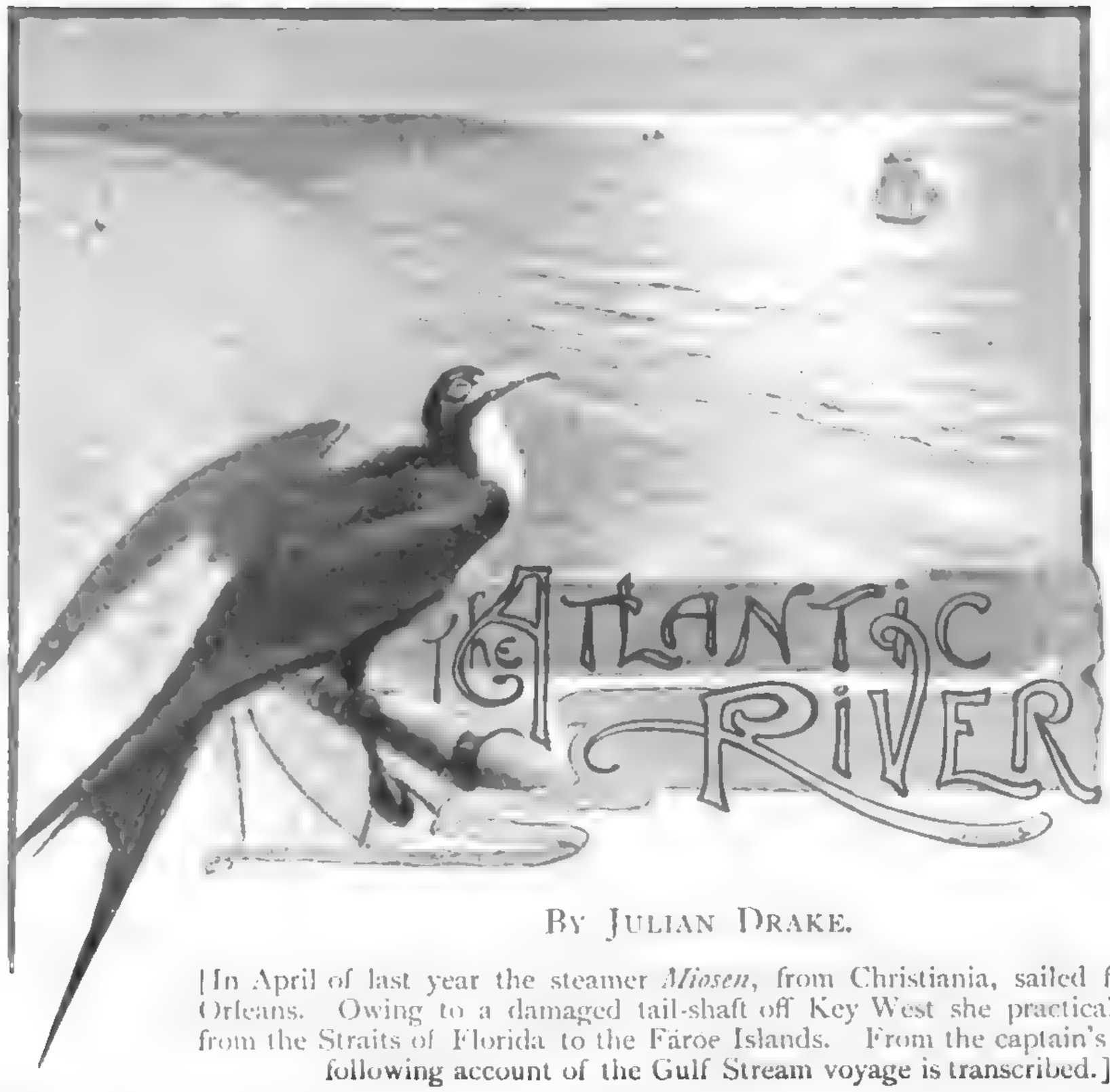


"CAPTAIN BRISKET WAVING FAREWELLS FROM THE QUAY AS THEY EMBARKED."

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



By Julian Drake.

[In April of last year the steamer *Miosen*, from Christiania, sailed from New Orleans. Owing to a damaged tail-shaft off Key West she practically drifted from the Straits of Florida to the Faroe Islands. From the captain's notes the following account of the Gulf Stream voyage is transcribed.]

WHAT is the greatest river in the world? Naturally every Kindergarten pupil would instantly respond by naming the Mississippi, with the Amazon a good second. But that is because they are deceived by geographers jealous of the prerogative of the land. Hydrographers—as, for example, Sir John Murray, K.C.B.—would return a different answer, and it is clear that hydrographers ought to know something about water.

The greatest river in the world, then, begins in the vicinity of Key West, Florida. There is on the globe no such stupendous flow of waters. It defies the severest droughts; in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its current sweeps onward more rapidly than the Mississippi or the Amazon and its volume is a thousand times greater. Let us rid our mind of the idea of land. The banks and the bottom of this stupendous river are of cold, whilst its current is of warm, water. The name of it is the Gulf Stream. It might properly be called the Atlantic River. Doubtless many hundreds, even thousands, of craft have made the voyage down this river from its source to its mouth, and the trip of the *Miosen*, of Christiania, Norway, is only remarkable in this: that she virtually drifted the whole distance, four thousand two hundred and twelve miles. The *Miosen* is a Norwegian steamer of one thousand two hundred and eighty tons, and carried a cargo of molasses, rice, and tobacco from New Orleans to Christiania.

After leaving New Orleans early in April, 1903, she encountered roughish weather in the Gulf of Mexico. But it was not until they had passed the Tortugas group that Captain Westrup suspected that there was anything radically wrong with the machinery. The *Miosen* was fitted with old-fashioned Glasgow engines, and carried a sail in case of emergency. At Key West she put in for four days to see if the engineer could patch up the propeller sufficiently to enable the vessel to cross the Atlantic. "It was at Key West," said Captain Westrup, "I met an old fellow-mariner, a Swede.

"'Going down the river?' he asked.

"I laughed, not understanding the joke.

"'No; I'm crossing the Atlantic,' I replied.

"I then told him about the fractured propeller.

"'Take my advice,' he said, 'and go by the river route. Like as not you'll drift the whole way, and if you're in no hurry you can give your engines a rest. A single sheet to the wind will do your job.'

"It was the first time I had heard the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THE BUOY IN FLORIDA CHANNEL.

expression 'river' as applied to the Gulf Stream. The idea entertained me. I already began to regard my forthcoming trip as a mere jaunt down a river, and with this in my head I took pains to note everything of interest connected with this stupendous stream. And here let me say that two leagues to the south-east of Key West the Gulf mariners point to a buoy labelled in prominent letters 'F. C.,' which stands for Florida Channel. It marks the end of the Gulf of Mexico and the beginning of the Atlantic River."

The machinery of the *Miosen* was patched up by the 5th April, and on the following morning the crew had hoisted her solitary sail and departed from Key West. All along south of the Florida reef they had constant glimpses of tarpon, devil-fish, and barracuda, the mightiest fish in the Gulf Stream. For it must be understood that whales and sharks avoid the greatest river in the world. We will explain why later. During the next few days they frequently saw tarpon (*Megalops Atlanticus*) six feet long, reminding one of gigantic herring. Some of them must have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds; and the one which nearly boarded the steamer, leaping into the air a foot from the bows of the *Miosen*, was fully this weight.

"I had heard stories at Key West about the barracuda, which is harpooned very much in the way whales are, although it is a somewhat smaller fish than the tarpon. My friend Captain Altsen told me he had once gone out in a small dinghy off the Keys with a Seminole Indian who was an adept at spearing barracuda. Armed with a long, slender pole tipped with a barb, to which a long rope was fastened, the native had speared the fish, which darted away like 'greased lightning,'



From a Photo. by] KEY WEST. *[the Photochrom Co.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

actually towing the boat a full mile before he was hauled aboard exhausted. He said it was pretty exciting sport, and jokingly suggested my engaging a school of barracuda to tow the *Miosen* to Stockholm. He observed, however, that they would probably leave the ship at Tindhölm, as they only frequent the Gulf Stream.

"I may mention that at the beginning our speed was between four and five knots an hour, but we hardly averaged more than about fifty knots a day. There was little wind to speak of. On the 8th we had a fair breeze, which sent us along a couple of knots faster. The speed of the current is, I am told, wholly regulated by the presence or absence of wind; but I give the normal time. As we rounded the south coast of Florida we encountered huge flocks of birds wending their way northward. Anything more placid and beautiful than the Gulf Stream at this point cannot be imagined. The water is a brilliant blue, like the Bay of Naples, while in the far distance may be seen the dark green of the ocean. The temperature of the water I ascertained to be seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit; that of the Atlantic could hardly have been above forty-five degrees. Off Bebini we observed a curious sight, which more than ever impressed the idea of a river on our minds, and this occurred several times in the course of our long trip. The presence of a stiff land breeze blew us out of the channel to the very edge of the Stream, whose boundaries were here as clearly marked as that of the Mississippi. Great quantities of drift-wood and flotsam of all sorts, including canes and palm leaves, floated in a long, thin line extending for miles, forming natural banks to the world's greatest river. My mate took a photograph



"THE FISH DARTED AWAY LIKE 'GREASED LIGHTNING.'"

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE MATE OF THE "MIOSEN" IN LATITUDE 30, LONGITUDE 82, SHOWING THE DIFFERENT ASPECT OF THE GREAT RIVER AND THE OCEAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

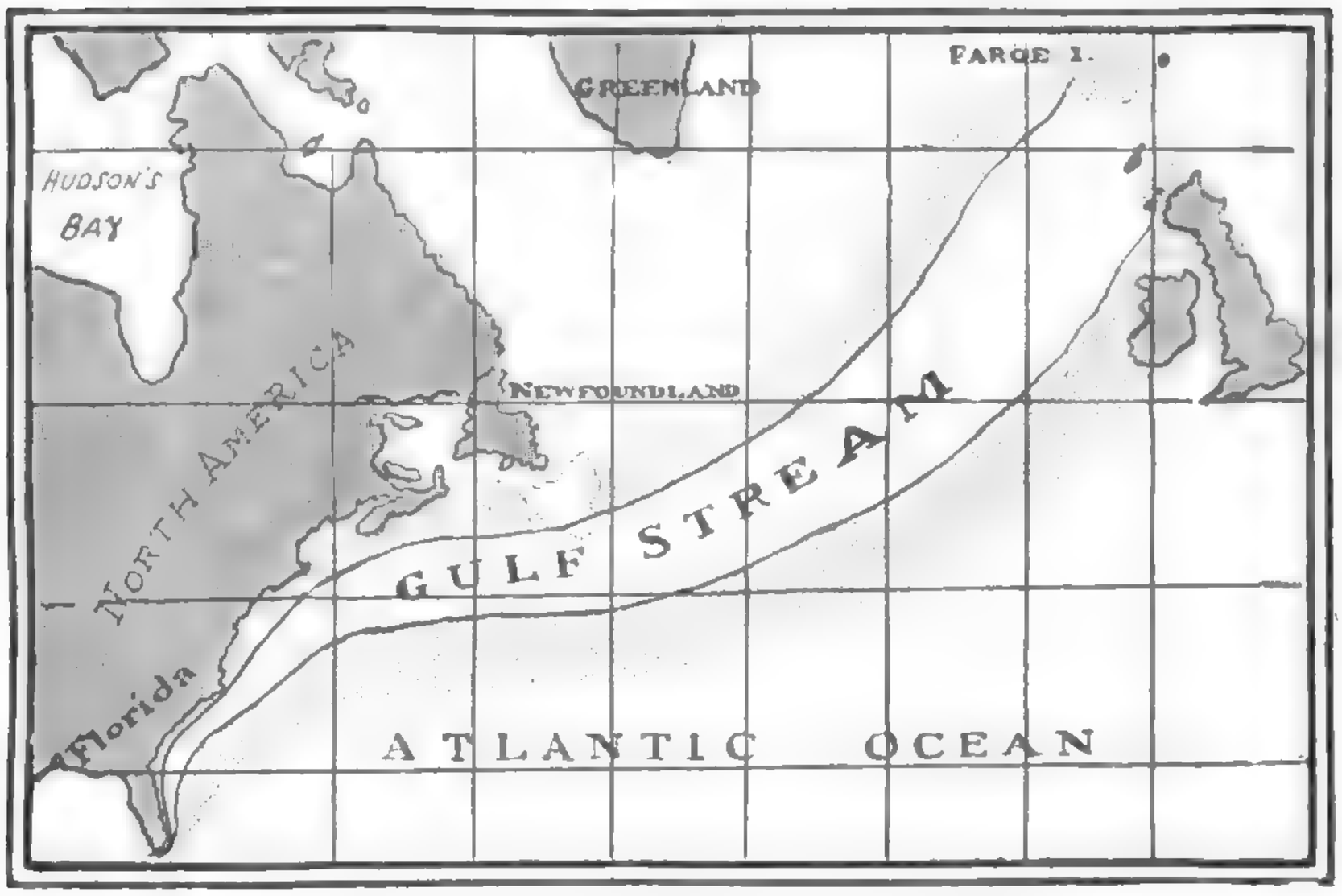


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE GULF STREAM.

of this phenomenon, together with others, but, unluckily, in developing them later, all were more or less spoiled, although some idea may be got from the one showing the aspect of the Stream. We also observed numerous flying-fish, which, curiously enough, rarely, if ever, deviated from the path of the Stream, as if they were quite aware of its course and boundaries."

From this point the river flows straight to the north, pressing through the ocean with a width of nearly thirty-seven miles, and of an average depth of two hundred fathoms. The mass of water has been estimated at some forty-five millions of cubic yards a second. The mean discharge of the Mississippi is barely twenty-five thousand cubic yards.

As the Gulf Stream expands and spreads in its northward and easterly course, its depth becomes proportionately less considerable. The strata of cold water which serve as its banks retire on each side and allow it more breadth. The cold bed of water which bears it, and over which it flows, as terrestrial rivers glide over beds of rocks, gradually approaches nearer the surface. Off Cape Hatteras the depth is about one hundred and twenty fathoms, and its speed does not exceed three miles an hour, but it is twice as wide as when it emerges from the Strait of Florida. Its width is here seventy-eight miles. Its thickness, of course, constantly diminishes until it is only a thin sheet of warm water on the other side of the Atlantic, and is gradually dissipated in the sub-Arctic sea.

As the travellers proceeded almost due north the island of Great Bahama soon



THE "CITY OF SAVANNAH," WRECKED IN THE GREAT STORMS OF 1893.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

came to form the eastern boundary of the Gulf Stream. In this locality many fearful storms have occurred, for when the river is angry it is one of the most fearful places in the world for a ship to be. It is said that the whole of the Bahama Islands which lie scattered through the sea to the east of the Gulf Stream rest on a foundation of submarine banks formed by the deposits of the river. The same may be said of the islands which line the coasts of Georgia and the Carolinas on the west. Off one of these islands the captain distinctly made out the wreck of a large craft, floating free on the edge of this current, which he has since been told was the *City of Savannah*, wrecked in the great storms of 1893. Derelicts are common in these parts, no fewer than forty having been reported last year.

Long ago the soundings taken by the officers of the American Coast Survey showed, according to Lieut. Maury, that the Gulf Stream flows along the coast of America at some distance from the land. The slight inclination of the low lands of Georgia and Carolina is continued under water till the sounding line attains a depth of about fifty fathoms. The bottom then sinks rapidly and forms a long valley parallel to the shore of America and the chalky walls of the Appalachian range. In this valley, hollowed to the east of the submarine basement of America, the Gulf Stream waters flow. Owing to the rotatory motion of the globe and also to the curve of the coasts, the Stream follows a constant direction to the north-east. Off New York and Cape Cod it deviates more and more to the east. It ceases to follow the coast-line, and rolls across the open Atlantic towards the shores of Western Europe. Thus, as Maury says, if an enormous cannon had force enough to send a bullet from the Strait of the Bahamas to the North Pole the projectile would follow almost exactly the curve of the Gulf Stream and, gradually deviating on its way, reach Europe from the west.

We have spoken of the drift-wood boundaries of the Gulf Stream; but there is an even more pronounced barrier easily ascertained by a use of the thermometer. The warmest and most rapid part of the Gulf Stream is that in most immediate juxtaposition to a sheet of cold water flowing in an opposite direction off Carolina which bounds our river like a wall of ice. Occasionally the line of demarcation is so precise that it is visible to the naked eye, and the exact moment when a ship leaves the cold current and its prow cleaves the Gulf Stream may be observed. The latter waters are of a beautiful azure, that of the counter-current is greenish; one is saturated with salt, the other contains the mineral to a far slighter extent. But the chief distinction is that one is tepid, the other frigid as ice.



THE SOUTH SHOAL LIGHTSHIP, WHICH MARKS THE SITE OF AN OCEAN GRAVEYARD.

On the 21st one of the men reported having sighted a light to the north, and had also clearly heard a distant bell tolling. This was probably the South Shoal Lightship, which marks the site of an ocean graveyard hereabouts. This lightship, with a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

crew of a dozen men, has been adrift nearly thirty times in the course of her history, and was once fourteen days in the Gulf Stream. She is a schooner or barge of two hundred and seventy-five tons, about one hundred feet long, chained to an anchor of three and a half tons. But it is said the life aboard is so unbearably monotonous to the crew that they cut the chain and so send the lightship adrift. The skipper was glad when the Gulf Stream carried him away from the neighbourhood, for he was reminded that over five hundred wrecks have taken place some leagues to the northward of his course.

The *Miosen* was now bound almost due east, as if headed for the Azores, for the great river curves at this point. Just south of Halifax, in longitude sixty-five degrees, they came across their first iceberg, drifting on the very edge of the stream. There is nothing so unhealthy for an iceberg as the Gulf Stream, and an iceberg seems to know it. When, however, it is fairly caught in its clutches it soon melts away to nothingness before it has been carried many leagues eastward, all depending, of course, upon its size. As with icebergs, so with whales, as we have already mentioned. The vessel encountered a whale later in longitude fifty, but it was obvious that the temperature of the Stream was disagreeable to him, for he soon headed again for the Arctic regions. Other whales make a dash through or remain by the side of the big river and so reach lower latitudes, but a brief sojourn is enough for them. The Gulf Stream is a river which can boast everything maritime but whales.

The great river just touches the southern extremity of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. This Bank of Newfoundland, an enormous plateau surrounded on all sides by abysses five to six miles deep, is chiefly due to the contact of the Arctic current with the Gulf Stream. For here is the chief graveyard of icebergs. On entering the tepid waters of the river the frozen mountains gradually melt and let fall the fragments of rock and loads of earth they bear into the sea. The bank, which rises gradually from the bottom, is the work of the Greenland glaciers and the floes of the Polar Sea. It is the presence of the Gulf Stream in these latitudes which is the cause of the prevalent fogs not only here, but in the islands off Europe. From here onward a sailor can always tell whether or not he is in the Stream by plunging a thermometer overboard. Capt. Westrup found that it crosses the Atlantic with a mean speed of twenty-four knots a day. This had previously been ascertained, according to Maury, by direct measurement at different parts of the ocean, or by means of notes, which, having been



"THE TEMPERATURE OF THE STREAM WAS DISAGREEABLE TO HIM."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

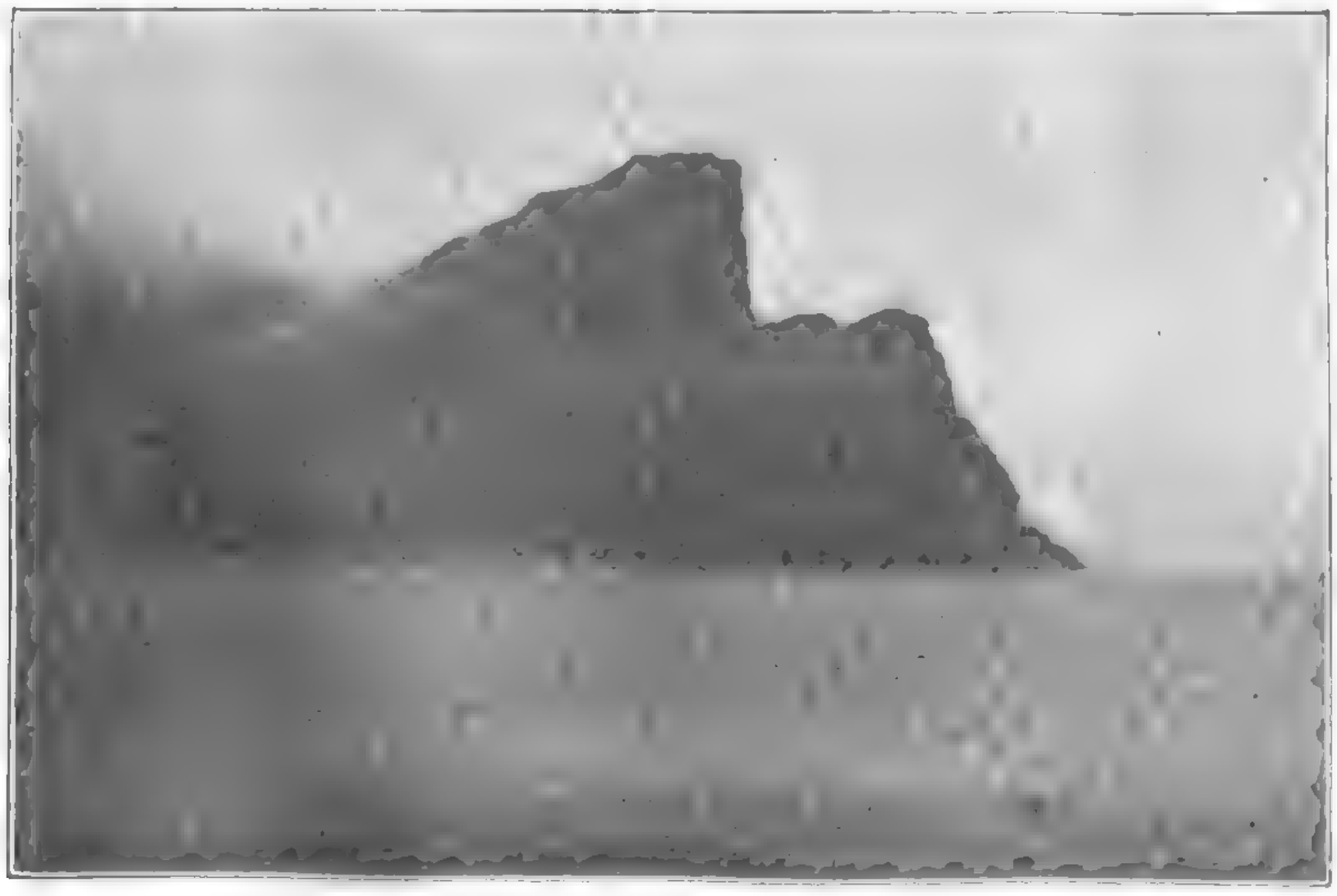
thrown overboard in bottles, carefully closed, have floated for weeks or months at the will of the waves, and then been fished up in other latitudes or found on some seashore. In its long journey this mighty river transports hardly any other alluvium than the living frustules of animalculæ which fill the tepid waters of the current, and are constantly falling like snowflakes to the bottom of the ocean. However, during the whole distance across the *Miosen* constantly met with the trunks and branches of trees, cane-stalks, and woody flotsam, much of which finally reaches the coasts of Europe, even as far as Spitzbergen.

"It was," says M. Reclus, "these remains which our ancestors of the Middle Ages believed to come from the fabulous island of St. Brandan or from Antilia, and which furnished matter for thought to daring navigators like the great Columbus. Seeds carried from the New World by the current have found a favourable soil on the shores of the Azores, and, although many thousands of miles from their native land, have germinated and borne fruit. Frequently the Gulf Stream brings to Europe the damaged products of human industry and the timber of wrecked ships. During the Seven Years' War the mainmast of an English man-of-war, the *Tilbury*, which had been burnt near San Domingo, was found on the northern coasts of Scotland. Also, a river-boat laden with mahogany was once driven to the Färöe Islands. The remnants of vessels wrecked in the latitude of Guinea have reached the British Isles on the Gulf Stream, and Esquimaux canoes have often been carried on its waves to the Orkneys."

The Färöe Islands formed the temporary stopping-place of the *Miosen*.

"Here," states the captain, "we disembarked at Thorshaven on May 13th. On the morning of the 12th we sighted Tindhölm, which is generally regarded as the barrier or point marking the end of the longest river in the world. We had begun our voyage at its source, and had traversed four thousand two hundred and twelve miles to its mouth, where the waters spread out into the great North Sea."

Of the incalculable benefit to the climate of the British Isles and Western Europe which the Gulf Stream confers, one need not here pretend to speak. The river waters lose their warmth but slowly, and during winter they often have, off Cape Hatteras and the bank of Newfoundland, a temperature twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit above that of the ocean. Thus they become a source of heat to Western Europe. Owing to the warmth of its waters the lakes of the Färöe and Shetland Isles never freeze in winter. Great Britain is enveloped in fogs and the myrtle grows on Irish shores in the same latitude as icy Labrador. The western coasts of Ireland have five degrees higher temperature even than those of the eastern, and there the fifty-second degree of latitude corresponds to the thirty-eighth degree in America. All this is ascribed, and rightly, to the proximity of the world's greatest river.



APPROACH TO THE FÄRÖE ISLANDS—THE END OF THE GULF STREAM.
From a Photo.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



X.—THE HOLE IN THE CARPET.

Hooray ! hooray ! hooray !
Mother comes home to-day ;
Mother comes home to-day,
Hooray ! hooray ! hooray !

JANE sang this simple song directly after breakfast, and the Phœnix shed crystal tears of affectionate sympathy.

"How beautiful," it said, "is filial devotion!"

"She won't be home till past bed-time, though," said Robert. "We might have one more carpet-day."

He was glad that mother was coming home—quite glad, very glad; but at the same time that gladness was rudely contradicted by a quite strong feeling of sorrow, because now they could not go out all day on the carpet.

"I do wish we could go and get something nice for mother, only she'd want to know where we got it," said Anthea. "And she'd never, never believe the truth. People never do, somehow, if it's at all interesting."

"I'll tell you what," said Robert. "Suppose we wished the carpet to take us somewhere where we could find a purse with money in it—then we could buy her something."

"Suppose it took us somewhere foreign, and the purse was covered with strange Eastern devices, embroidered in rich silks, and full of money that wasn't money at all here, only foreign curiosities, then we couldn't spend it, and people would bother about where we got it, and we shouldn't know how on earth to get out of it all." Cyril moved the table off the carpet as he spoke, and its leg caught in one of Anthea's darns and ripped away most of it, as well as a large slit in the carpet.

"Well, now you *have* done it," said Robert.

But Anthea was a really first-class sister. She did not say a word till she had got out the Scotch heather-mixture fingering wool, and the darning-needle and the thimble and the scissors, and by that time she had been able to get the better of her natural wish to be thoroughly disagreeable, and was able to say quite kindly:—

"Never mind, Squirrel, I'll soon mend it."

Cyril thumped her on the back. He understood exactly how she had felt, and he was not an ungrateful brother.

"Respecting the purse containing coins," the Phœnix said, scratching its invisible ear

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thoughtfully with its shining claw, "it might be as well, perhaps, to state clearly the amount which you wish to find, as well as the country where you wish to find it, and the nature of the coins which you prefer. It would be indeed a cold moment when you should find a purse containing but three oboloi."

"How much is an oboloi?"

"An obol is about twopence halfpenny," the Phœnix replied.

"Yes," said Jane, "and if you find a purse I suppose it is only because someone has lost it, and you ought to take it to the policeman."

"The situation, remarked the Phœnix, "does indeed bristle with difficulties."

"What about a buried treasure," said Cyril, "and everyone was dead that it belonged to?"

"Mother wouldn't believe *that*," said more than one voice.

"Suppose," said Robert—"suppose we asked to be taken where we could find a purse and give it back to the person it belonged to, and they would give us something for finding it?"

"We aren't allowed to take money from strangers. You know we aren't, Bobs," said Anthea, making a knot at the end of a needleful of Scotch heather-mixture fingering wool (which is very wrong, and you must never do it when you are darning).

"No, *that* wouldn't do," said Cyril. "Let's chuck it and go to the North Pole, or somewhere really interesting."

"No," said the girls together, "there must be *some* way."

"Wait a sec," Anthea added. "I've got an idea coming. Don't speak."

There was a silence as she paused with the darning-needle in the air. Suddenly she spoke:—

"I see. Let's tell the carpet to take us somewhere where we can get the money for mother's present, and—and—and get it some way that she'll believe in and not think wrong."

"Well, I must say you are learning the way to get the most out of the carpet," said Cyril. He spoke more heartily and kindly than usual, because he remembered how Anthea had refrained from snarking him about tearing the carpet.

"Yes," said the Phœnix, "you certainly are. And you have to remember that if you take a thing out it doesn't stay in."

No one paid any attention to this remark at the time, but afterwards everyone thought of it.

"Do hurry up, Panther," said Robert; and that was why Anthea did hurry up and why the big darn in the middle of the carpet was all open and webby like a fishing-net, not tight and close like woven cloth, which is what a good, well-behaved darn should be like.

Then everyone put on its outdoor things, the Phœnix fluttered on to the mantelpiece and arranged its golden feathers in the glass, and then all was ready. Everyone got on to the carpet.

"Please go slowly, dear carpet," Anthea began; "we like to see where we're going." And then she added the difficult wish that had been decided on.

Next moment the carpet, stiff and raft-like, was sailing over the roofs of Kentish Town.

"I wish—— No, I don't mean that. I mean it's a *pity* we aren't higher up," said Anthea, as the edge of the carpet grazed a chimney-pot.

"That's right. Be careful," said the Phœnix, in warning tones. "If you wish when you're on a Wishing Carpet, you *do* wish, and there's an end of it."

So for a short time no one spoke, and the carpet sailed on in calm magnificence over St. Pancras and King's Cross stations and over the crowded streets of Clerkenwell.

"We're going out Greenwich way," said Cyril, as they crossed the streak of rough, tumbled water that was the Thames. "We might go and have a look at the Palace."

On and on the carpet swept, still keeping much nearer to the chimney-pots than the children found at all comfortable. And then, just over New Cross, a terrible thing happened.

Jane and Robert were in the middle of the carpet. Part of them was on the carpet, and part of them—the heaviest part—was on the great central darn.

"It's all very misty," said Jane; "it looks partly like out of doors and partly like in the nursery at home. I feel as if I was going to have measles; everything looked awfully rum then, I remember."

"I feel just exactly the same," Robert said.

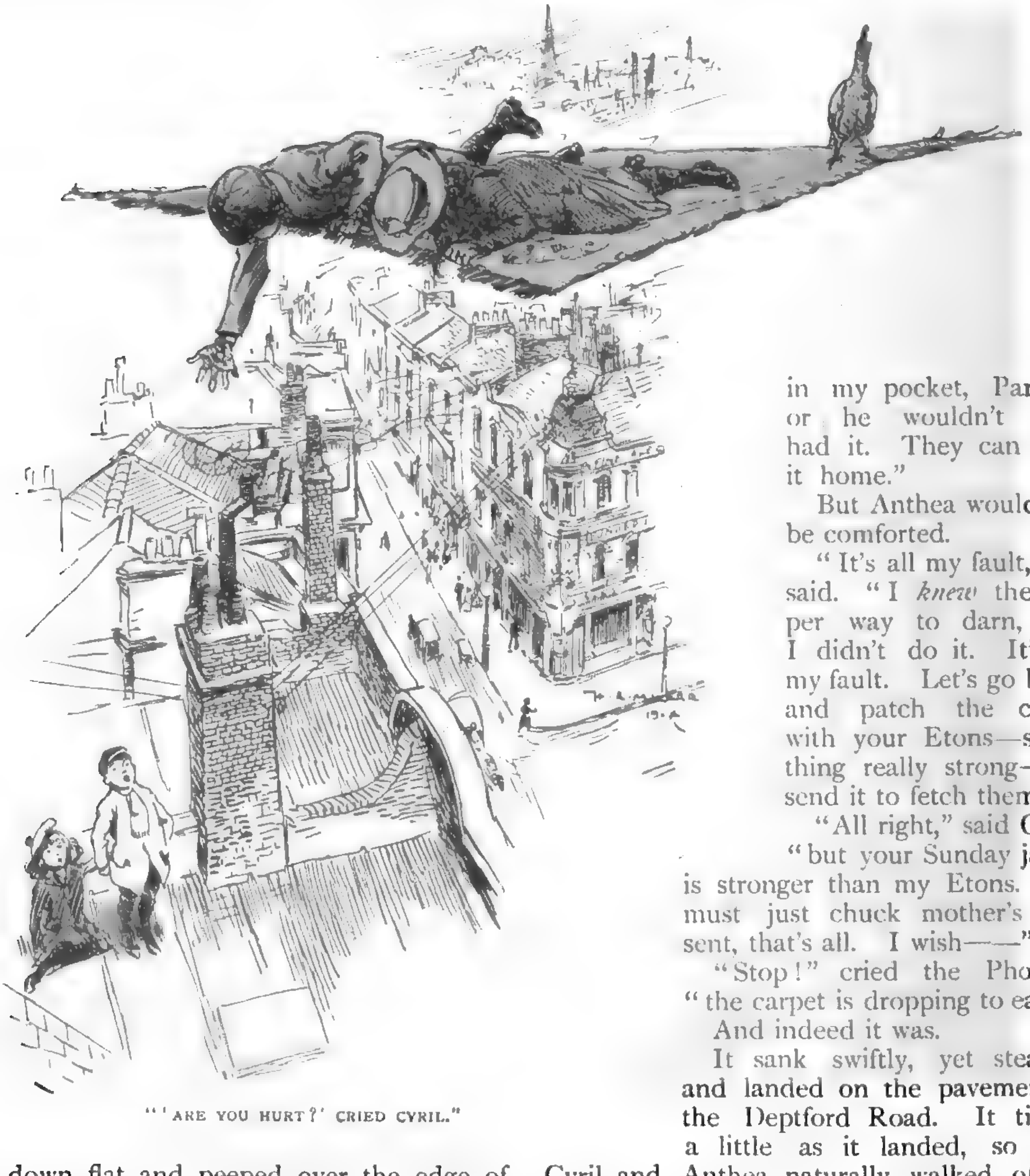
"It's the hole," said the Phœnix; "it's not measles, whatever that possession may be."

And at that both Robert and Jane suddenly and at once made a bound to try and get on to the safer part of the carpet, and the darn *gave way* and their boots went up, and the heavy heads and bodies of them went

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

down *through the hole*, and they landed in a position something between sitting and sprawling on the flat leads on the top of a high, grey, gloomy, respectable house whose address was 705, Amersham Road, New Cross.

The carpet seemed to awaken to new energy as soon as it had got rid of their weight, and rose high in the air. The others



"'ARE YOU HURT?' CRIED CYRIL."

lay down flat and peeped over the edge of the rising carpet.

"Are you hurt?" cried Cyril, and Robert shouted "No," and next moment the carpet had sped away, and Jane and Robert were hidden from the sight of the others by a stack of smoky chimneys.

"Oh, how awful!" said Anthea

"It might have been worse," said the Phœnix. "What would have been the sentiments of the survivors if that darn had given way when we were crossing the river?"

"Yes, there's that," said Cyril, recovering himself. "They'll be all right. They'll howl till someone gets them down, or drop tiles into the front garden to attract the attention of passers-by. Bobs has got my one and fivepence—lucky you forgot to mend that hole in my pocket, Panther, or he wouldn't have had it. They can tram it home."

But Anthea would not be comforted.

"It's all my fault," she said. "I *knew* the proper way to darn, and I didn't do it. It's all my fault. Let's go home and patch the carpet with your Etons—something really strong—and send it to fetch them."

"All right," said Cyril: "but your Sunday jacket is stronger than my Etons. We must just chuck mother's present, that's all. I wish——"

"Stop!" cried the Phœnix; "the carpet is dropping to earth."

And indeed it was.

It sank swiftly, yet steadily, and landed on the pavement of the Deptford Road. It tipped a little as it landed, so that Cyril and Anthea naturally walked off it, and in an instant it had rolled itself up and hidden behind a gate-post. It did this so quickly that not a single person in the Deptford Road noticed it. The Phœnix rustled its way into the breast of Cyril's coat, and almost at the same moment a well-known voice remarked:—

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Well, I never! What on earth are you doing here?"

They were face to face with their pet uncle —their Uncle Reginald.

"We *did* think of going to Greenwich Palace and talking about Nelson," said Cyril, telling as much of the truth as he thought his uncle could believe.

"And where are the others?" asked Uncle Reginald.

"I don't exactly know," Cyril replied, this time quite truthfully.

"Well," said Uncle Reginald, "I must fly. I've a case in the County Court. That's the worst of being a beastly solicitor. One can't take the chances of life when one gets them. If only I could come with you to the Painted Hall and give you lunch at the Ship afterwards! But, alas! it may not be."

The uncle felt in his pocket.

"*I* mustn't enjoy myself," he said, "but that's no reason why you shouldn't. Here, divide this by four, and the product ought to give you *some* desired result. Take care of yourselves. Adieu."

And waving a cheery farewell with his neat umbrella the good and high-hatted uncle passed away, leaving Cyril and Anthea to exchange eloquent glances over the shining golden sovereign that lay in Cyril's hand.

"Well!" said Anthea.

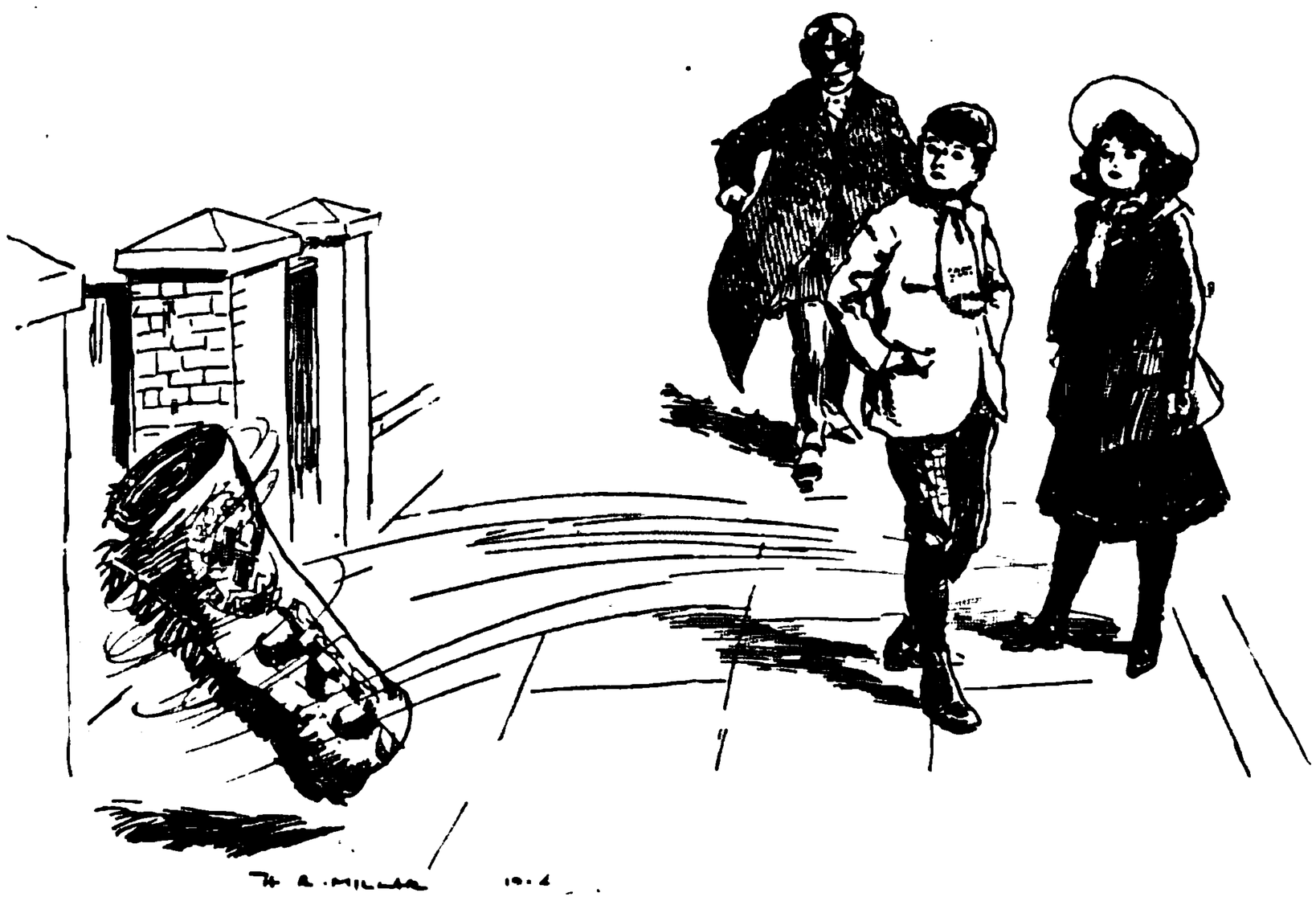
"Well!" said Cyril.

"Well!" said the Phœnix.

"Good old carpet," said Cyril, joyously.

"It *was* clever of it—so adequate and yet so simple," said the Phœnix, with calm approval.

"Oh, come on home and let's mend the carpet. I am a beast. I'd forgotten the others, just for a minute," said the conscience-stricken Anthea.



"IN AN INSTANT IT HAD ROLLED ITSELF UP AND HIDDEN BEHIND A GATE-POST."

They unrolled the carpet quickly and slily—they did not want to attract public attention—and the moment their feet were on the carpet Anthea wished to be at home, and instantly they were.

The kindness of their excellent uncle had made it unnecessary for them to go to such extremes as Cyril's Etons or Anthea's Sunday jacket for the patching of the carpet.

Anthea set to work at once to draw the edges of the broken darn together, and Cyril hastily went out and bought a large piece of the marble-patterned American oil-cloth which careful housewives use to cover dressers and kitchen tables. It was the strongest thing he could think of.

Then they set to work to line the carpet throughout with the oil-cloth. The nursery felt very odd and empty without the others, and Cyril did not feel so sure as he had done about their being able to "tram it" home. So he tried to help Anthea, which was very good for him, but not much use to her.

The Phœnix watched them for a time, but it was plainly growing more and more restless. It fluffed up its splendid feathers, and stood first on one gilded claw and then on the other, and at last it said:—

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'GOOD OLD CARPET,' SAID CYRIL, JOYOUSLY."

"I can bear it no longer. This suspense! My Robert—who set my egg to hatch—in the bosom of whose Norfolk raiment I have nestled so often and so pleasantly! I think, if you'll excuse me——"

"Yes—*do*," cried Anthea. "I wish we'd thought of asking you before."

Cyril opened the window. The Phœnix flapped its sun-bright wings and vanished.

"So *that's* all right," said Cyril, taking up his needle and instantly pricking his hand in a new place.

Of course, I know that what you have really wanted to know about all this time is not what Anthea and Cyril did, but what happened to Jane and Robert after they fell through the carpet on to the leads of the house which was called number 705, Amersham Road.

But I had to tell you the other first. That is one of the most annoying things about stories. You cannot tell all the different parts of them at the same time.

Robert's first remark when he found himself seated on the damp, cold, sooty leads was:—

"Here's a go!"

Jane's first act was tears.

"Dry up, Pussy; don't be a little duffer," said her brother, kindly. "It will be all right."

And then he looked about, just as Cyril had known he would, for something to throw down, so as to attract the attention of the wayfarers far below in the street. He could not find anything. Curiously enough there were no stones on the leads, not even a loose tile. The roof was of slate, and every single slate knew its place and kept it. But, as so often happens, in looking for one thing he found another. There was a trap-door leading down into the house.

And that trap-door was not fastened.

"Stop snivelling and come here, Jane," he cried, encouragingly. "Lend a hand to heave this up. If we can get into the house we might sneak down without meeting anyone, with luck. Come on."

They heaved up the door till it stood straight up, and, as they bent to look into the hole below, the door fell back with a hollow clang on the leads behind, and with its noise was mingled a blood-curdling scream from underneath.

"Discovered!" hissed Robert. "Oh, my cats alive!"

They were indeed discovered.

They found themselves looking down into an attic, which was also a lumber-room. It had boxes and broken chairs, old fenders and picture-frames, and rag-bags hanging from nails.

In the middle of the floor was a box, open, half full of clothes. Other clothes lay on the floor in neat piles. In the middle of the piles of clothes sat a lady, very flat indeed, with her feet sticking out straight in front of her. And it was she who had screamed, and who, in fact, was still screaming.

"Don't!" cried Jane, "please don't! We won't hurt you."

"Where are the rest of your gang?" asked the lady, stopping short in the middle of a scream.

"The others have gone on, on the Wishing Carpet," said Jane, truthfully.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The Wishing Carpet?" said the lady.

"Yes," said Jane, before Robert could say, "You shut up!" "You must have read about it. The Phœnix is with them."

Then the lady got up, and picking her way carefully between the piles of clothes she got to the door and through it. She shut it behind her, and the two children could hear her calling "Septimus! Septimus!" in a loud yet frightened way.

"Now," said Robert, quickly; "I'll drop first."

He hung by his hands and dropped through the trap-door.

"Now you. Hang by your hands. I'll catch you. Oh, there's no time for jaw. Drop, I say."

Jane dropped.

Robert tried to catch her, and even before they had finished the breathless roll among the piles of clothes, which was what his catching ended in, he whispered:—



"JANE DROPPED."

"We'll hide—behind those fenders and things; they'll think we've gone along the roofs. Then, when all is calm, we'll creep down the stairs and take our chance."

They hastily hid. A corner of an iron bedstead struck into Robert's side, and Jane had only standing room for one foot—but they bore it—and when the lady came back, not with Septimus, but with another lady, they held their breath and their hearts beat thickly.

"Gone!" said the first lady; "poor little things—quite mad, my dear—and at large! We must lock this room and send for the police."

"Let me look out," said the second lady, who was, if possible, older and thinner and primmer than the first. So the two ladies dragged a box under the trap-door and put another box on the top of it, and then they both climbed up very carefully and put their two trim, tidy heads out of the trap-door to look for the "mad children."

"Now," whispered Robert, getting the bedstead-leg out of his side.

They managed to creep out from their hiding-place and out through the door before the two ladies had done looking out of the trap-door on to the empty leads.

Robert and Jane tiptoed down the stairs—one flight, two flights. Then they looked over the banisters. Horror! a servant was coming up with a loaded scuttle.

The children with one consent crept swiftly through the first open door.

The room was a study, calm and gentle, manly, with rows of books, a writing-table, and a pair of embroidered slippers warming themselves in the fender. The children hid behind the window-curtains. As they passed the table they saw on it a missionary-box with its bottom label torn off, open and empty.

"Oh, how awful!" whispered Jane. "We shall never get away alive."

"Hush!" said Robert, not a moment too soon,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

for there were steps on the stairs, and next instant the two ladies came into the room. They did not see the children, but they saw the empty missionary-box.

"I knew it," said one. "Selina, it *was* a gang. I was certain of it from the first. The children were not mad. They were sent to distract our attention while their confederates robbed the house."

"I am afraid you are right," said Selina; "and *where are they now?*"

"Downstairs, no doubt, collecting the silver milk-jug and sugar-basin and the punch-ladle that was Uncle Joe's, and Aunt Jerusha's teaspoons. I shall go down."

"Oh, don't be so rash and heroic," said Selina. "Amelia, we must call the police from the window. Lock the door. I *will*—I will——"

The words ended in a yell as Selina, rushing to the window, came face to face with the hidden children.

"Oh, don't!" said Jane; "how can you be so unkind? We *aren't* burglars, and we haven't any gang, and we didn't open your missionary-box. We opened our own once, but we didn't have to use the money, so our consciences made us put it back and—— *Don't!* Oh, I wish you wouldn't ——"

Miss Selina had seized Jane and Miss Amelia captured Robert. The children found themselves held fast by strong, slim hands, pink at the wrists and white at the knuckles.

"We've got *you*, at any rate," said Miss Amelia. "Selina, your captive is smaller than mine. You open the window at once and call 'Murder!' as loud as you can."

Selina obeyed; but when she had opened the window, instead of calling "Murder!" she called "Septimus!" because at that very moment she saw her nephew coming in at the gate.

In another minute he had let himself in with his latch-key and had mounted the stairs. As he came into the room Jane and Robert each uttered a shriek of joy so loud and so sudden that the ladies leaped with surprise and nearly let them go.

"It's our own clergyman," cried Jane.

"Don't you remember us?" asked Robert. "You married our burglar for us—don't you remember?"

"I *knew* it was a gang," said Amelia. "Septimus, these abandoned children are members of a desperate burgling gang who are robbing the house. They have already forced the missionary-box and purloined its contents."

The Reverend Septimus passed his hand wearily over his brow.



"'DON'T YOU REMEMBER US?' ASKED ROBERT. 'YOU MARRIED OUR BURGLAR FOR US.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I feel a little faint," he said, "running upstairs so quickly."

"We never touched the beastly box," said Robert.

"Then your confederates did," said Miss Selina.

"No, no," said the curate, hastily. "*I* opened the box myself. This morning I found I had not enough small change for the Mothers' Independent Unity Measles and Croup Insurance payments. I suppose this is *not* a dream, is it?"

"Dream? No, indeed. Search the house. I insist upon it."

The curate, still pale and trembling, searched the house, which, of course, was blamelessly free of burglars.

When he came back he sank wearily into his chair.

"Aren't you going to let us go?" asked Robert, with furious indignation, for there is something in being held by a strong lady that sets the blood of a boy boiling in his veins with anger and despair. "We've never done anything to you. It's all the carpet. It dropped us on the leads. *We* couldn't help it. You know how it carried you over to the island, and you had to marry the burglar to the cook."

"Oh, my head!" said the curate.

"Never mind your head just now," said Robert; "try to be honest and honourable, and do your duty in that state of life!"

"This is a judgment on me for something, I suppose," said the Reverend Septimus, wearily, "but I really cannot at the moment remember what."

"Send for the police," said Miss Selina.

"Send for a doctor," said the curate.

"Do you think they *are* mad, then?" said Miss Amelia.

"I think I am," said the curate.

Jane had been crying ever since her capture. Now she said:—

"You aren't now, but perhaps you will be, if—— And it would serve you jolly well right, too."

"Aunt Selina," said the curate, "and Aunt Amelia, believe me, this is only an insane dream. You will realize it soon. It has happened to me before. But do not let us be unjust, even in a dream. Do not hold the children; they have done no harm. As I said before, it was I who opened the box."

The strong, bony hands unwillingly loosed their grasp. Robert shook himself and stood in sulky resentment. But Jane ran to the curate and embraced him so suddenly that he had not time to defend himself.

"You're a dear," she said. "It *is* like a dream just at first, but you get used to it. Now *do* let us go. There's a good, kind, honourable clergyman."

"I don't know," said the Reverend Septimus; "it's a difficult problem. It is such a very unusual dream. Perhaps it's only a sort of other life—quite real enough



"JANE RAN TO THE CURATE AND EMBRACED HIM."

for you to be mad in. And if you're mad, there might be a dream-asylum where you'd be kindly treated, and in time restored, cured, to your sorrowing relatives. It is very hard to see your duty plainly, even in ordinary

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

life, and these dream-circumstances are so complicated——"

"If it's a dream," said Robert, "you will wake up directly, and then you'd be sorry if you'd sent us into a dream-asylum, because you might never get into the same dream again and let us out, and so we might stay there for ever, and then what about our sorrowing relatives who aren't in the dreams at all?"

But all the curate could now say was, "Oh, my head!"

And Jane and Robert felt quite ill with helplessness and hopelessness. A really conscientious curate is a very difficult thing to manage.

And then, just as the hopelessness and the helplessness were getting to be almost more than they could bear, the two children suddenly felt that extraordinary shrinking feeling that you always have when you are just going to vanish. And the next moment they had vanished, and the Reverend Septimus was left alone with his aunts.

"I knew it was a dream," he cried, wildly. "I've had something like it before. Did you dream it too, Aunt Selina, and you, Aunt Amelia? I dreamed that you did, you know."

Aunt Selina looked at him and then at Aunt Amelia. Then she said, boldly:—

"What do you mean? *We* haven't been dreaming anything. You must have dropped off in your chair."

The curate heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, if it's only *I*," he said; "if we'd all dreamed it I could never have believed it, never!"

Afterwards Aunt Selina said to the other aunt:—

"Yes, I know it was an untruth, and I shall doubtless be punished for it in due course. But I could see the poor, dear fellow's brain giving way before my very eyes. He couldn't have stood the strain of *three* dreams. It *was* odd, wasn't it? All three of us dreaming the same thing at the same moment. We must never tell dear Seppy. But I shall send an account of it to the Psychical Society, with stars instead of names, you know."

And she did. And you can read all about it in one of the society's fat Blue-books.

Of course, you understand what had happened?

The intelligent Phœnix had simply gone straight off to the psammead, or sand-fairy, who gives wishes and had wished Robert and Jane at home. And, of course, they were at home at once. Cyril and Anthea had not half finished mending the carpet.

When the joyful emotions of reunion had calmed down a little they all went out and spent what was left of Uncle Reginald's sovereign in presents for mother. They bought her a pink silk handkerchief, a pair of blue and white vases, a bottle of scent, a packet of Christmas candles, and a cake of soap shaped and coloured like a tomato, and one that was so like an orange that almost anyone you had given it to would have tried to peel it—if they liked oranges, of course. Also they bought a cake with icing on, and the rest of the money they spent in flowers to put in the vases.

When they had arranged all the things on a table, with the candles stuck up on a plate ready to light the moment mother's cab was heard, they washed themselves thoroughly and put on tidier clothes.

Then Robert said, "Good old psammead," and the others said so too.

"But, really, it's just as much good old Phœnix," said Robert. "Suppose it hadn't thought of getting the wish!"

"Ah!" said the Phœnix, "it is perhaps fortunate for you that I am such a competent bird."

"There's mother's cab," cried Anthea, and the Phœnix bird and they lighted the candles, and next moment mother's cab was home again.

She liked her presents very much, and found their story of Uncle Reginald and the sovereign easy and even pleasant to believe.

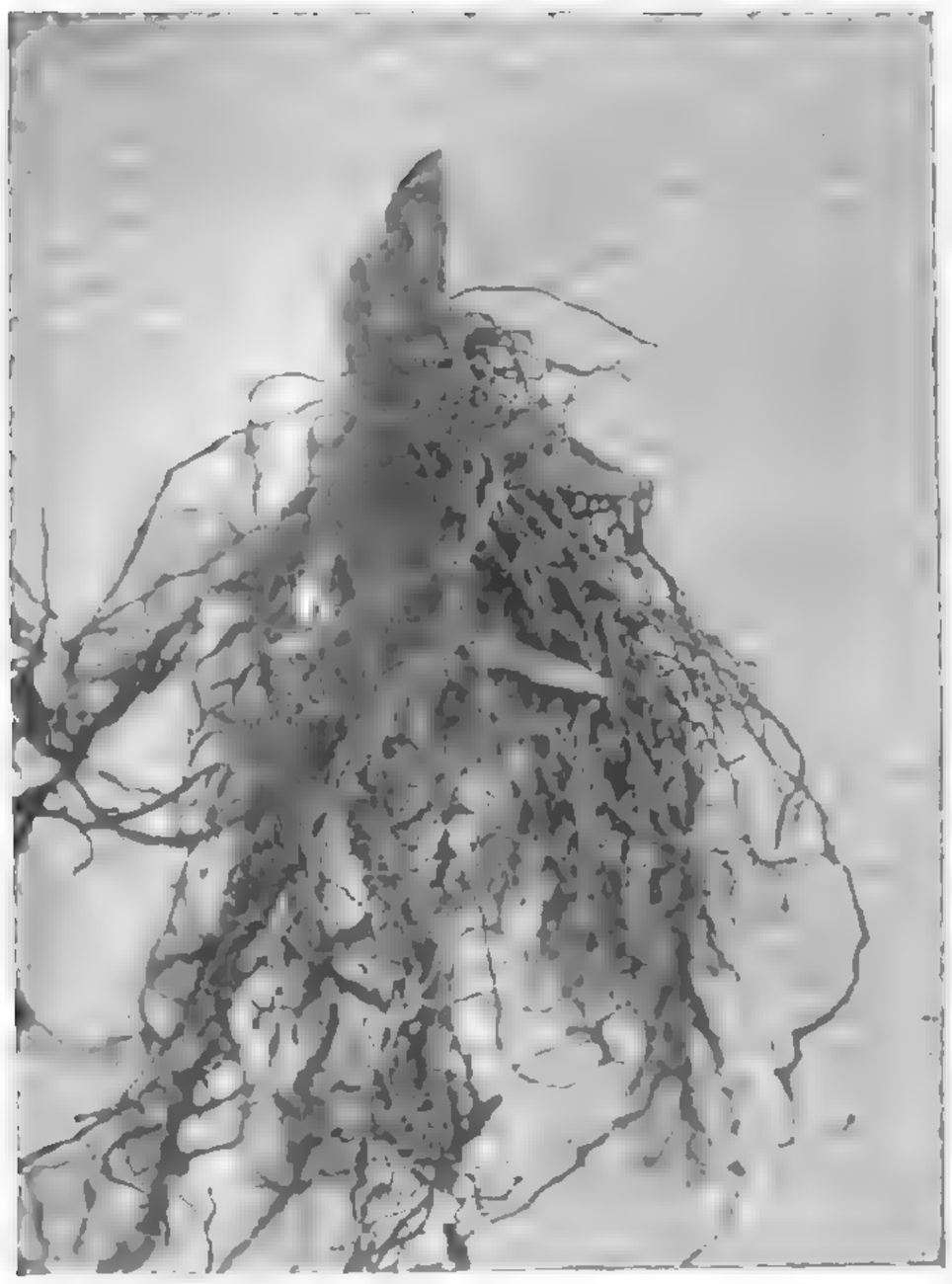
"Good old carpet," were Cyril's last sleepy words.

"What there is of it," said the Phœnix, from the cornice-pole.

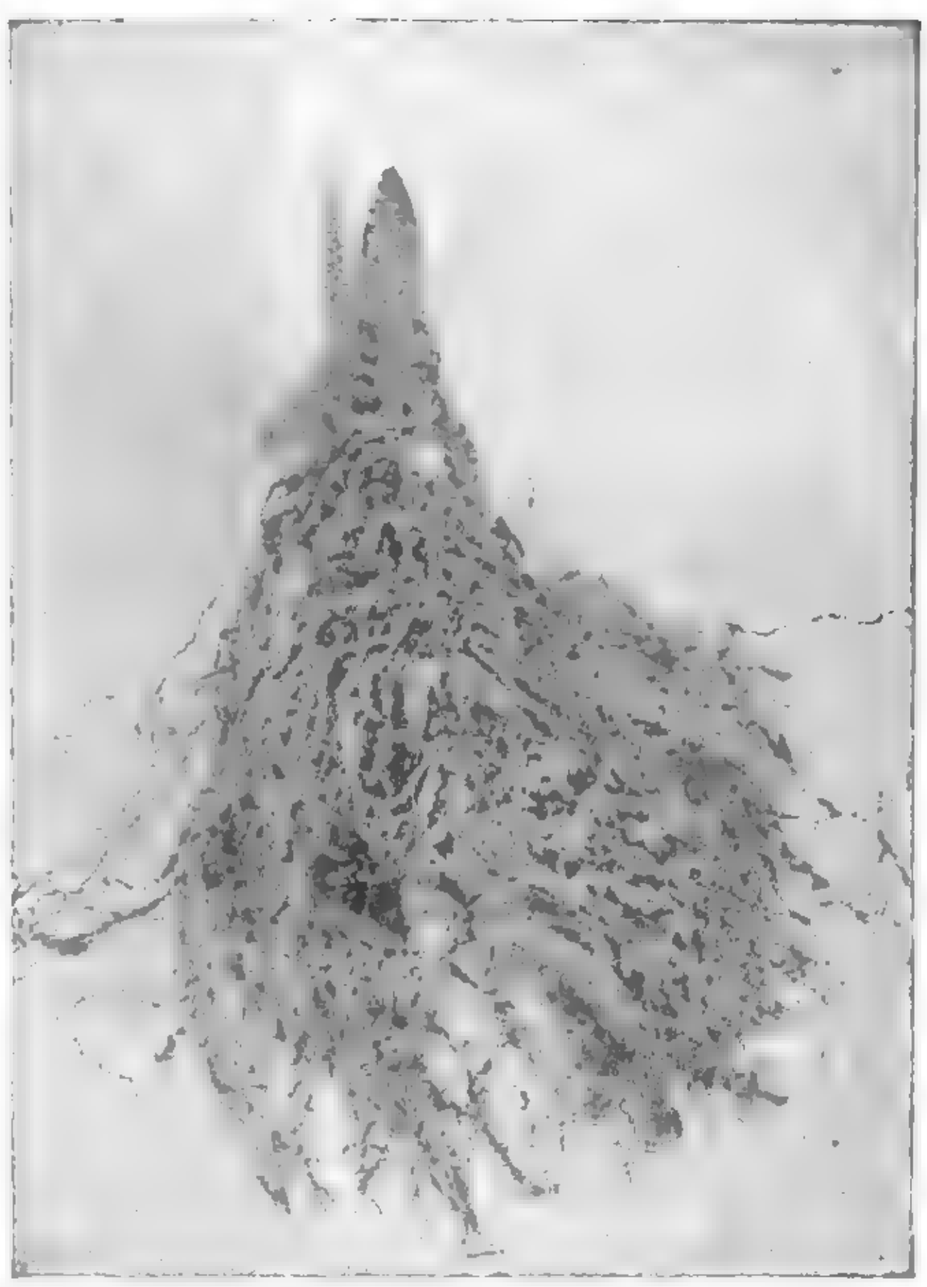
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Making of a Lily.

By F. Martin Duncan.



1.—A "CROWN" OF THE LILY OF THE VALLEY, SHOWING THE UNDERGROUND STEM WITH NEXT YEAR'S BUDS.



2.—A RETARDED "CROWN" OF THE LILY OF THE VALLEY BEFORE BEING PLANTED IN THE FORCING-HOUSE.

TO the question, "What are your favourite flowers?" a large majority of people will be found to promptly answer, "Lilies." And every year these beautiful flowers seem to become more and more popular. They have a charm peculiarly their own, unmatched by any other flower; while a halo of romance has encompassed them from the earliest dawn of civilization, inspiring poets, painters, and all lovers of the beautiful in Nature.

North, south, east, and west collectors have travelled, diligently seeking for new species, until a wonderful collection of all sorts, shapes, and sizes of lilies has been brought together, to enrich our gardens and greenhouses with their graceful forms and delicate tints. But in spite of all this continual importation of gorgeous and distinguished foreigners, flaunting it bravely in scarlet and gold, our own native lily of the valley still ranks first favourite in the hearts of the people. Nor is this constancy surprising, for what can be more charming than the exquisite cool green of its foliage or the sweet, fresh fragrance of the clusters of its pure white flowers?



3.—AFTER A WEEK IN THE FORCING-HOUSE THE BUD BEGINS TO SWELL.

Partly on account of its graceful shape and sweet scent, the pure white of its blossoms and delicate green of its foliage, the lily of the valley has become one of the most important flowers for bouquets and floral decorations, often being used on the most opposite occasions—for the bridal bouquet and the funeral wreath—yet never appearing out of place or incongruous; while at Yuletide it is nowadays in as great demand as the holly for decorating our homes and churches. Consequently there is now a steadily-growing demand for lilies of the valley throughout the year.

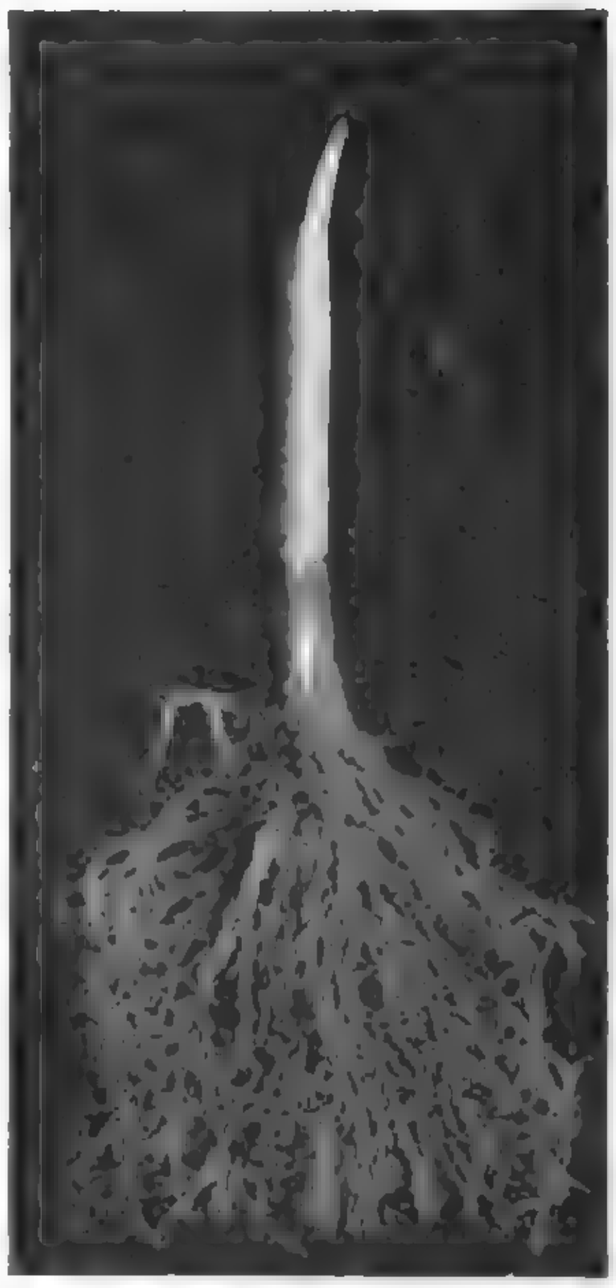
Now, in its natural state, growing at its own sweet will

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

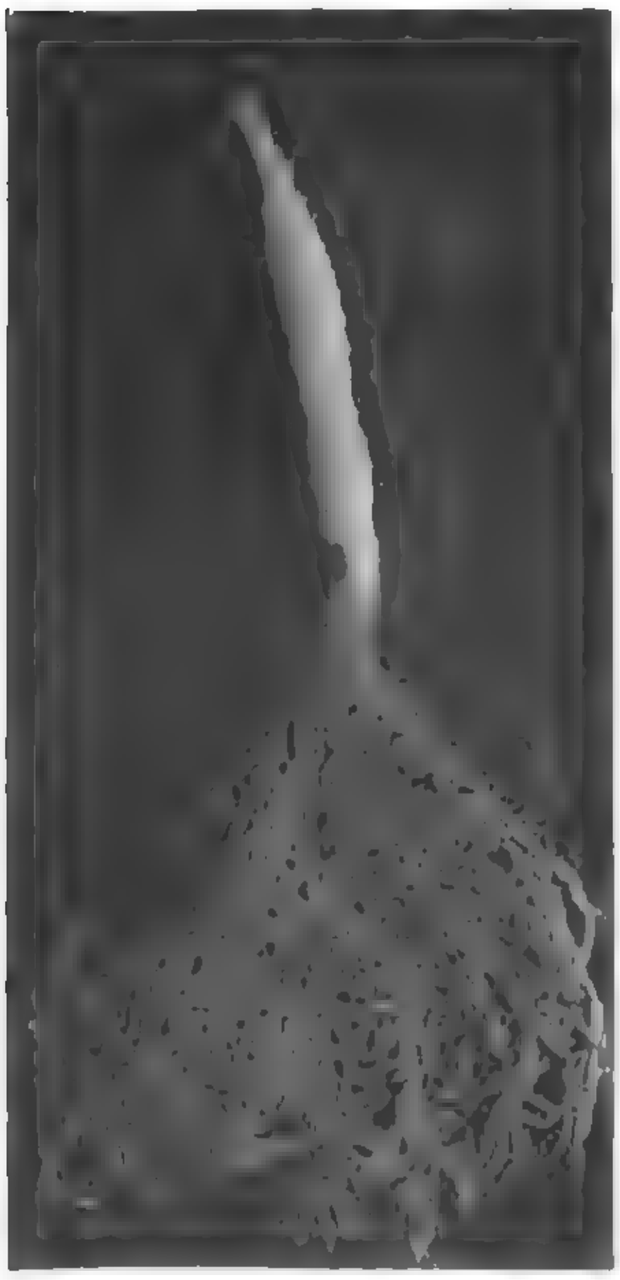
in our woods, the lily of the valley flowers only in the spring of the year, just as the earliest spring flowers are beginning to fade; while later in the year its leafless flower-stem bears numerous pretty, globular-shaped red berries, the seeds from which future generations of lilies will spring. Besides its seeds, the lily of the valley has another method of perpetuating the species by means of its subterranean creeping root-stock, on which a new bud, or series of buds, appears annually, each bud ultimately developing the orthodox two leaves, from the centre of which rises the flower-stem. As the flowers and foliage of the present year begin to fade, those buds on the underground stem which represent next year's supply of flowers are seen to increase somewhat in size. During the cold winter months they rest and remain practically inactive, awaiting the first warm breath of spring, which is the signal for them to start into active growth.



4.—IN TEN DAYS SOME APPRECIABLE GROWTH IS MADE.



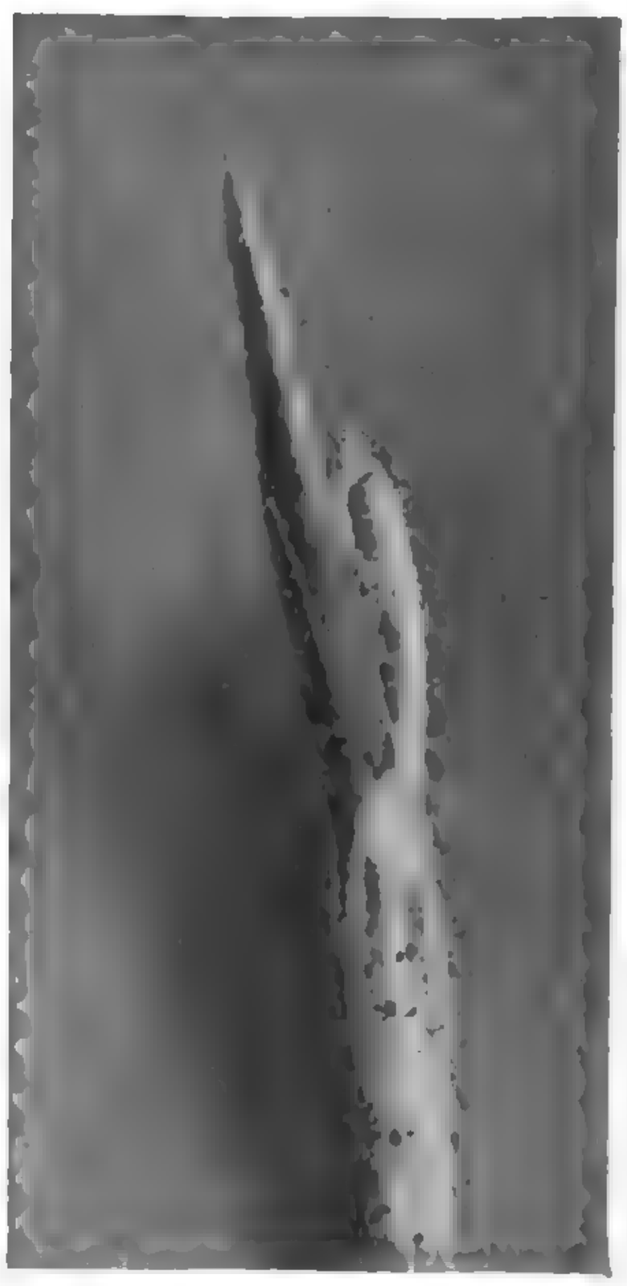
5.—FOURTEEN DAYS' GROWTH. THE TIGHTLY-FOLDED FOLIAGE LEAVES AND FLOWER STEM HAVE DEVELOPED.



6.—EIGHTEEN DAYS' GROWTH. THE CREAMY-WHITE LEAVES BEGIN TO SWELL.

The peculiar underground stem of the lily of the valley is known amongst gardeners as the "crown." For a long time the autumn and winter demand for flowers of the lily of the valley was met by digging up the crowns out of the gardens or woods, placing them in pots filled with rich soil, and forcing their growth in the hothouse. Now, curious to say, although the lily crowns responded to this treatment and sent up their flower-stems, they absolutely declined to develop any foliage, probably because they had been deprived of their winter rest and the opportunity to store up the requisite strength for building up both flowers and foliage; moreover, the blossoms of these forced crowns were often very small in size.

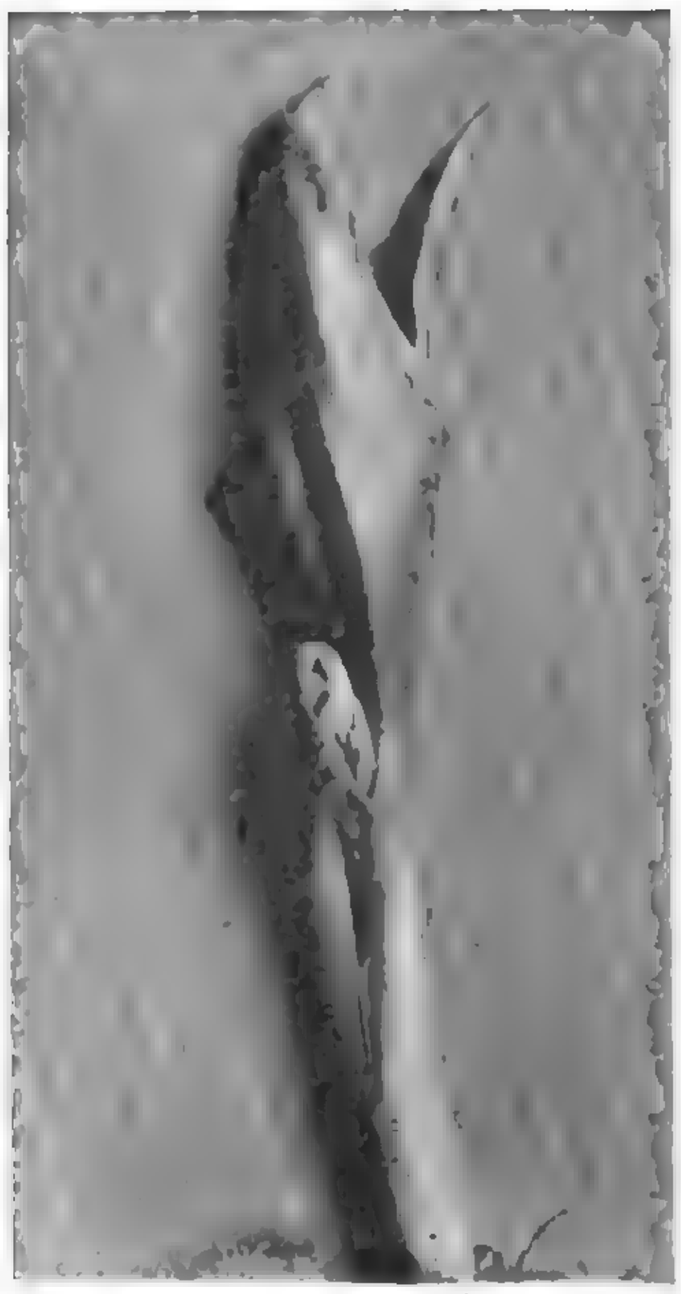
Many eminent florists, both in England and on the Continent, dissatisfied with such results, set to work to solve the difficulty of growing both foliage and flowers of the lily of the valley all the year round. The task was a troublesome one, though not quite so hopeless as it would appear to the uninitiated, for these flower specialists knew that crowns which were taken out of the ground at the end of the winter and forced would frequently develop both foliage and flowers.



7.—TWENTY-ONE DAYS' GROWTH. THE FOLIAGE GAINING ITS GREEN TINT AND THE FLOWER-BUDS SHOWING.

At last, after numerous experiments had

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



8.—TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS' GROWTH. THE FOLIAGE BEGINNING TO UNFURL.



9.—THIRTY-ONE DAYS' GROWTH. THE FLOWER-STEM RAPIDLY GROWING.



10.—THIRTY-SIX DAYS' GROWTH. THE FOLIAGE FULLY DEVELOPED AND THE FLOWER-BUDS BEGINNING TO OPEN.

been tried, a method was evolved whereby it became possible to supply the markets of the world with both large and handsome flowers and foliage of the lily of the valley all the year round, from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve. The crowns are now collected before the new buds have made much growth, and subjected to a process of refrigeration which takes the place of the winter sleep, and by which means they can be stored for a long time without injury. Four or five weeks before the flowers and foliage are required the crowns are planted in the hothouse, and kept at a temperature of about 75deg. Fahr. during the whole period of their growth.

When taken from the refrigerator the lily crown, technically known on the market as a "retarded crown," has a somewhat dry, brownish appearance. A week spent in the rich soil and hot, humid atmosphere of the forcing-house causes the bud to swell and begin to grow. In ten days it is seen to have really made some appreciable growth. At the end of fourteen days the creamy-white, tightly-folded foliage leaves and the tip of the flower-stem are seen to have developed, the leaves broadening out somewhat about the eighteenth day. In twenty-one days the still folded leaves have gained a delicate, pale greenish hue, and the flower-buds have begun to make themselves plainly visible upon the flower-stem. Twenty-eight days finds the leaves a slightly deeper green in tint and beginning to unfurl; while the flower-stem is now more slowly developing, showing a close approximation to the order of growth under natural conditions. In thirty days the flower-stem begins to put on a spurt and catch up with the leaves in growth. Thirty-six days from the planting of the retarded crown the fully-formed flower-buds begin to open, and a day or two later the plant is in full bloom and the foliage and flowers are ready for the market.



11.—THIRTY-EIGHT DAYS' GROWTH. THE FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE READY FOR MARKET.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



AN EXTRA-ORDINARY OCCURRENCE.

"Whilst lifting a dish of apples from the table one of the apples fell from the dish on to the wine-glass and remained in the position shown in the photograph. It did not upset the glass, although it was empty. The edge of the glass had cut into the apple, so retaining it in position."—Lieut.-Col. G. T. Trueman, Brooklands, Mansfield Road, Reading.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

"The bridge shown in the photograph carries with it a curious legend, which runs somewhat as follows. Once upon a time there was no bridge at all, and a ford was the only means at the disposal of the local inhabitants. One day, owing to a flood, an old woman was unable to cross the river to sell her wares at the village market. She began to cry. The Devil hearing her sobs came to her and said he would build a bridge across the river, on condition that he had the very first living being that crossed the bridge after market time, his Satanic Majesty knowing very well that the old woman was always the first on the journey back. The woman promised, and the Devil soon built the bridge. The woman on returning from market was about to step upon the bridge when she suddenly remembered what the Devil had said. Not knowing what to do, she went to the priest and confessed everything. The worthy priest, giving her a cake, advised her to throw it to the other side of the bridge and let her dog run after it. This she did, and the Devil was so angry at being cheated of his prey that he dropped a corner of his apron and the stones fell to the bottom of the river, where they may be seen to this day."—Mr. J. B. Mather, 21, Liverpool Road, Birkdale, near Southport.



A CYCLONIC FREAK.

"On Saturday afternoon, October 3rd, 1903, a cyclone passed over the State of Wisconsin from the south-west corner to the north-east corner, doing considerable damage to life and property. At the time I was employed as a local man on the *Waupaca Post*, and was detailed to write up the results of the storm in that neighbourhood. At a point about seven miles north of Waupaca, near the village of Scandinavia, I found that the wind had demolished a farm-house and that an ordinary cabinet photo. had been blown from a table in the front room and driven about one-half its area into a solid oak tree by the side of the road. The tree was badly broken above, but perfectly solid at the point where the picture was driven in. I took hold of the card and pulled as hard as I dared, but found it to be quite immovable."—Mr. Thos. L. Jacobs, Sumner, Washington.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



WHEN IS A MONKEY NOT A MONKEY?

"When it is a Japanese fern tree like that shown in my photograph. The Japanese people are fond of shaping fern roots so as to resemble animals, and when the fern grows a little judicious clipping of the fronds adds much to the realistic and often grotesque effect."—Miss Emmons, Mount Vernon, Leamington.

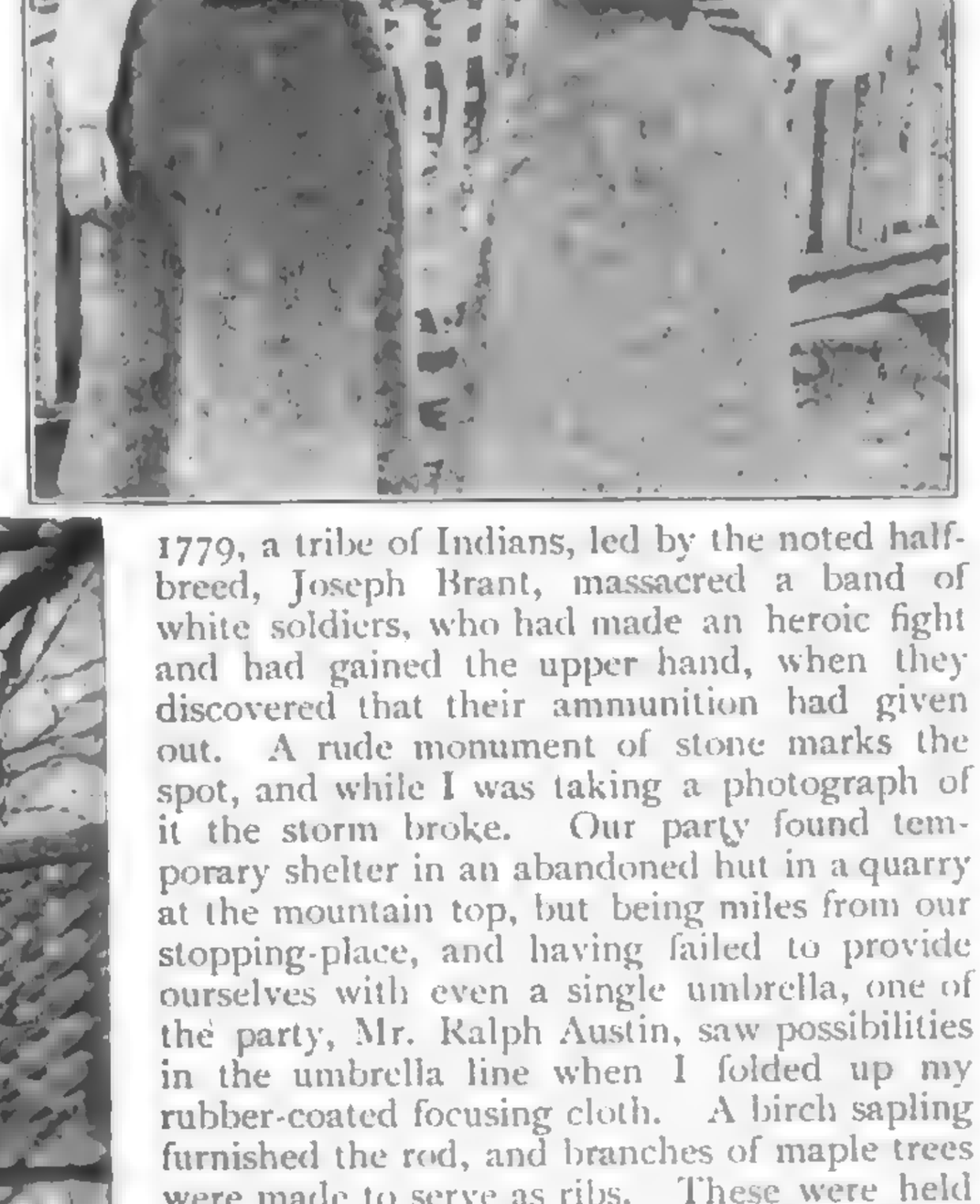
SCRAP-IRON *v.* EVIL SPIRITS.

"In the southern part of the United States one of the superstitions of the negroes is that fruit trees should be protected from evil spirits by hanging upon them iron in some form. According to their belief, if the trees do not have some such safeguard the spirits will enter the trunk and branches and prevent the trees from bearing. The accompanying photograph shows a peach tree in Maryland which was protected from the evil spirits in this way. Suspended from the trunk and branches are chains, stove lids, hoops, grates, and iron nails collected by the owner of the tree from piles of old metal for this purpose. It is a peculiar fact, however, that the tree has borne large crops of peaches each year it has thus been protected."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.



"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

"I send you a photograph showing a unique umbrella which sheltered two young ladies under it during a violent thunderstorm. While spending my holiday in the Blue Mountains of Sullivan County, New York, I decided to take a trip to Minisink Battlefield, in the town of Highland, where, on July 22nd,



1779, a tribe of Indians, led by the noted half-breed, Joseph Brant, massacred a band of white soldiers, who had made an heroic fight and had gained the upper hand, when they discovered that their ammunition had given out. A rude monument of stone marks the spot, and while I was taking a photograph of it the storm broke. Our party found temporary shelter in an abandoned hut in a quarry at the mountain top, but being miles from our stopping-place, and having failed to provide ourselves with even a single umbrella, one of the party, Mr. Ralph Austin, saw possibilities in the umbrella line when I folded up my rubber-coated focusing cloth. A birch sapling furnished the rod, and branches of maple trees were made to serve as ribs. These were held in place by strips torn from a handkerchief. Then the focusing cloth was stretched across the frame and tied down at the corners with more strips from the handkerchief. The homeward journey was then begun, and for a distance of nearly four miles the young ladies walked under the umbrella, which thoroughly protected them from the rain. They were so pleased with this ingenious umbrella that they insisted upon being photographed under it."—Mr. Adolph A. Langer, 116, Danforth Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

BEAVERS' WORK.



"This photograph shows the remarkable work of what are known as dam-building beavers. The little animals sometimes construct barriers of brushwood and clay in creeks to form their winter habitations. Occasionally they use pieces of timber of quite large size. The logs which are shown in this picture were actually cut by their sharp teeth, and were found in the swamp occupied by a beaver colony near Stroudsburg, Pa. The work was done so nicely that the wood appears as if hewn with an axe. Pieces of this size were used to strengthen the dam and were gnawed from limbs of trees, some of which were over six inches in diameter. As will be noted, one bears a remarkable resemblance to a horse's hoof."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.



CATALEPTIC RIGIDITY.

"This is a rather uncommon photograph of a man whilst under hypnotic influence, lying on an upturned stool, bearing the weight of three people on his body. His feet are resting on one leg and his neck on the other without any support between. The photograph was taken without the knowledge of the subject."—Mr. F. E. Vinnicombe, Gloucester Row, Weymouth.

OLD-FASHIONED SURGERY.

"The accompanying photograph of a mural tablet in St. Sampson's Church, Guernsey, the inscription on which is in French, brings the surgical skill of to-day into striking contrast with that of a hundred years ago. For the benefit of those who do not care to try their eyesight in reading the small type, or who do not understand French, I have translated the latter and more interesting part of the inscription into English, as follows: 'This monument is erected to their memory, and also to that of their eldest son, Thomas Falla, Lieutenant of the 12th Regiment of Infantry, who died at the siege of Seringapatam, April 6th, 1799, aged eighteen years, six months, twenty-five days, as the result of a wound of a solid cannon ball weighing twenty-six pounds, which had lodged between the two bones of one of his thighs. The said wound having become considerably inflamed, the surgeon of the regiment, after he had examined the injury, was unaware that the ball was enclosed in it, and it was only after his death, which took place six hours after the event, that it was extracted, to the surprise of the whole Army.' The solid cannon ball referred to, of twenty-six pounds in weight, must have been five and three-quarter inches in diameter; it is astounding to contemplate that the regimental surgeon was unable to detect the presence of this huge mass of iron in the unfortunate officer's thigh."—Mr. Arthur D. Moullin, "Cintra," Swanage, Dorset.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A SHAM STRONG MAN.

"The picture of the 'Strong Man' was taken as follows: A section of bark was removed from a partly rotten log, a thin slice being then sawn off the log and placed in one end of the bark. This hollow sham was shouldered by the 'Strong Man' whilst a friend snapped the shutter."—Mr. Paul Drake, Green Lake Post Office, Seattle, Washington.

THE POWER OF A GROWING TREE.

"At the time of the American occupation in Cuba a number of anchors were thrown aside by the Americans in the Havana Navy Yard. Since then the tree shown in the photograph has grown up. It is known in Cuba as the 'Frambollan,' or Royal Ponciana. The tree has caught the anchor and lifted it bodily from the ground, one end of the anchor being twenty-one inches from the ground and the other twenty-five inches, although, if measurements were not taken, it would appear as if both sides were perfectly even. The anchor weighs about four thousand five hundred pounds. The photograph was taken by Mr. Marcos Moré, Peña Pobre 27, Havana, Cuba."—Mr. J. A. del Solar, Room 818, 108, Fulton Street, New York.



WOMEN COALING A STEAMER IN JAPAN.

"This photograph, which was taken in the harbour at Yokohama, shows one side of a liner with many ladders running up from numerous coal barges which surround the ship. The curious, and at the same time interesting, point of the photograph lies in the fact that the coaling is carried out by gangs of girls. They use little round baskets, which they pass from one hand to another with amazing rapidity. Many of the figures which appear in the photograph to be boys are not really so, for the dress of the girls is in many ways of the masculine type—the large figure in the foreground is a typical specimen of this. By the following figures one can realize the speed with which the coal is put on board. One of the 'Empress' line of steamers has had 1,360 tons loaded in this way in four hours, which is at the rate of 5·7 tons per minute."—Mr. S. Edward Ould, 47, Gloucester Square, Hyde Park, W.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"A RUBBING STONE FOR ASSES."



"About the middle of the seventeenth century there stood an inn at the corner of the old Chester road in Lower Bebington (near Birkenhead). The loafers of the neighbourhood used to hang about the corner and loll against the wall of this inn, which very much annoyed the innkeeper. Being an ingenious man, he hit upon the following way of ridding himself of the annoyance. He put a tablet in the wall (right-hand side of photo.), of which none of them could understand the meaning for some time. At last one of the sharpest found that by running the letters together a sentence was formed, reading, 'A Rubbing Stone for Asses.' Of course, this effectually cleared the loafers. The puzzle on the middle stone is solved thus :—

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 (=45)
minus 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 (=45)
= 8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2 (=45)

The worthy innkeeper's name (see third stone) was Mark Noble, and his sign was 'The Two Crowns,' the thirty shillings being made up by—

Mark = 13s. 4d.
Noble = 6s. 8d.
Two Crowns = 10s. 0d.
30s. 0d.

The lettering of the stones has been recut lately to preserve it."—Mr. T. H. Lee, 122, St. Domingo Vale, Liverpool.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS MURDERED.

"The accompanying is a faithful copy of an address of welcome presented to the passengers of the s.y. *Argonaut* on the occasion of their visit to Messene. Though a very amusing curiosity as regards the writer's manipulation of the English language, it cannot fail to convey to the 'grand swans of strong Albion' the feeling of respect and admiration in which they are held by the people of Greece."—Mr. Arthur Williamson, 17, Union Square, S.E.

S.Y. "Argonaut"

THE POLITEST CHILDREN OF STRONG ENGLAND

Ladies and Gentlemen

Permit me, I pray you, as a little lark of Messene and the least Greek citizen to have the honour and outil name mine countrymen, in order to address shortly to you the grand swans of strong Albion the "you welcome" into the formerly glorious our native country, where the first witnesses of the liberty have fallen, against of their brothers unfortunately fought, and assure you also, that we are very glad and happy to see you trodden this holy soil, which we, who are call modern Greeks, against price possess already, badly govern.

Nevertheless, the noblest foreigners, if you please, we set us-selves too-willingly at your commands to serve you in whichever you think us-useful. But gone away hence home under the warmest our vows, have you, I pray, the kindness tell to the friends of freedom Englishmen, that we are and we shall-be eternally the sincerest and the most grateful their friends, remembering always the torrents of the blood, what the brave and polite Englishmen in Navarin and in other parts of Greece more than once have shed for-the-sake of our liberty.

But in end, pray, permit me to exclaim loud a long life to the grand and polite English nation "a long life to King Edward and the Queen of England."

good bye,

Jon D. Kefala

11/4 908

A SNAIL FARM.

"This is a photograph of a snail farm which I took last summer at Engelberg, near Lucerne. The owner of the farm is a peasant and he has over three thousand Roman snails, some of them of immense size. He sends them to Italy and Paris. They are worth about three a penny, and when dressed and cooked ready for eating they sell for nearly two shillings a dozen."—Miss I. M. Fairbairn, Wood Rising, Rye, Sussex.



Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"WITH THE BOUND OF A TIGER HOLMES WAS ON HIS BACK."

(*See page* 492.)

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. MAY, 1904. No. 161.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

VIII.—The Adventure of the Six Napoleons.

IT was no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, to look in upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at the police head-quarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any active interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his own vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes, nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

Lestrade laughed.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there *is* something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitated to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But in my opinion it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow. And a queer madness too! You wouldn't think there was anyone living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he.

"Exactly. That's what I said. But then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official note-book and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington Road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant when he heard a crash, and hurrying in he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road, but, although several passers-by declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see anyone nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of Hooliganism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation.

"The second case, however, was more

Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"LESTRADE TOOK OUT HIS OFFICIAL NOTE-BOOK."

serious and also more singular. It occurred only last night.

"In Kennington Road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's shop, there lives a well-known medical practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting-room is at Kennington Road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton Road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures, and relics of the French Emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor, Devine. One of these he placed in his hall in the house at Kennington Road, and the other on the mantelpiece of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at twelve o'clock, and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night, and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts."

"They are singular, not to say grotesque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot's rooms were

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

"They were taken from the same mould."

"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great Emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence as that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust."

"Well, I thought as you do," said Lestrade. "On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London, and these three were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore, a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?"

"There are no limits to the possibilities of monomania," I answered. "There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the 'idée fixe,' which may be trifling in character, and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon, or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an 'idée fixe' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Holmes, shaking his head; "for no amount of 'idée fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do *you* explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of my most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the dreadful business of the Abernetty family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh developments of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning when there was a tap at the door and Holmes entered, a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:—

"Come instantly, 131, Pitt Street, Kensington.—Lestrade."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend, the image-breaker, has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt Street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all flat-chested, respectable, and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George! it's attempted murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message-boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swilled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting-room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man, clad in a flannel dressing-gown, was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Harker, of the Central Press Syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very much graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder. Mr. Harker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing-gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

words together. If I had come in here as a journalist I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of

came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for



"HE WAS INTRODUCED TO US AS THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE—MR. HORACE HARKER."

different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to centre round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Brothers, two doors from the High Street Station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was to-day. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about three o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they

a minute or two. Then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantelpiece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast and of no real value whatever.

"You can see for yourself that anyone going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark I nearly fell over a dead man who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his back, his knees drawn up, and his mouth horribly open. I shall see him in my dreams. I had just time to blow on my police-whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

"There's nothing to show who he was," said Lestrade. "You shall see the body at the mortuary, but we have made nothing of it up to now. He is a tall man, sunburned, very powerful, not more than thirty. He is poorly dressed, and yet does not appear to be a labourer. A horn-handled clasp knife was lying in a pool of blood beside him. Whether it was the weapon which did the deed, or whether it belonged to the dead man, I do not know. There was no name on his clothing, and nothing in his pockets save an apple, some string, a shilling map of London, and a photograph. Here it is."

It was evidently taken by a snap-shot from a small camera. It represented an alert, sharp-featured simian man with thick eyebrows, and a very peculiar projection of the lower part of the face like the muzzle of a baboon.

"And what became of the bust?" asked Holmes, after a careful study of this picture.

"We had news of it just before you came. It has been found in the front garden of an empty house in Campden House Road. It was broken into fragments. I am going round now to see it. Will you come?"

"Certainly. I must just take one look round." He examined the carpet and the window. "The fellow had either very long legs or was a most active man," said he. "With an area beneath, it was no mean feat to reach that window-ledge and open that window. Getting back was comparatively simple. Are you coming with us to see the remains of your bust, Mr. Harker?"

The disconsolate journalist had seated himself at a writing-table.

"I must try and make something of it," said he, "though I have no doubt that the first editions of the evening papers are out already with full details. It's like my luck! You remember when the stand fell at Doncaster? Well, I was the only journalist in the stand, and my journal the only one that had no account of it, for I was too shaken to write it. And now I'll be too late with a murder done on my own doorstep."

As we left the room we heard his pen travelling shrilly over the foolscap.

The spot where the fragments of the bust had been found was only a few hundred yards away. For the first time our eyes rested upon this presentment of the great Emperor, which seemed to raise such frantic and destructive hatred in the mind of the unknown. It lay scattered in splintered shards upon the grass. Holmes picked up several of them and examined them carefully. I was convinced from his intent face and his purposeful manner that at last he was upon a clue.

"Well?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"We have a long way to go yet," said he. "And yet—and yet—well, we have some suggestive facts to act upon. The possession of this trifling bust was worth more in the eyes of this strange criminal than a human life. That is one point. Then there is the singular fact that he did not break it in the house, or immediately outside the house, if to break it was his sole object."

"He was rattled and bustled by meeting this other fellow. He hardly knew what he was doing."

"Well, that's likely enough. But I wish to call your attention very particularly to the position of this house in the garden of which the bust was destroyed."

Lestrade looked about him.

"It was an empty house, and so he knew that he would not be disturbed in the garden."

"Yes, but there is another empty house farther up the street which he must have passed before he came to this one. Why did he not break it there, since it is evident that every yard that he carried it increased the risk of someone meeting him?"

"I give it up," said Lestrade.

Holmes pointed to the street lamp above our heads.

"He could see what he was doing here and he could not there. That was his reason."

"By Jove! that's true," said the detective. "Now that I come to think of it, Dr. Barnicot's bust was broken not far from his red lamp. Well, Mr. Holmes, what are we to do with that fact?"

"To remember it—to docket it. We may come on something later which will bear upon it. What steps do you propose to take now, Lestrade?"

"The most practical way of getting at it, in my opinion, is to identify the dead man. There should be no difficulty about that. When we have found who he is and who his associates are, we should have a good start in learning what he was doing in Pitt Street

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HOLMES POINTED TO THE STREET LAMP ABOVE OUR HEADS."

last night, and who it was who met him and killed him on the doorstep of Mr. Horace Harker. Don't you think so?"

"No doubt; and yet it is not quite the way in which I should approach the case."

"What would you do, then?"

"Oh, you must not let me influence you in any way! I suggest that you go on your line and I on mine. We can compare notes afterwards, and each will supplement the other."

"Very good," said Lestrade.

"If you are going back to Pitt Street you might see Mr. Horace Harker. Tell him from me that I have quite made up my mind, and that it is certain that a dangerous homicidal lunatic with Napoleonic delusions was in his house last night. It will be useful for his article."

Lestrade stared.

"You don't seriously believe that?"

Holmes smiled.

"Don't I? Well, perhaps I don't. But I am sure that it will interest Mr. Horace Harker and the subscribers of the Central Press Syndicate. Now, Watson, I think that we shall find that we have a long and rather complex day's work before us. I should be glad, Lestrade, if you could make it convenient to meet us at Baker Street at six o'clock this evening. Until then I should like to keep this photograph found in the dead man's pocket. It is possible that I may have to ask your company and assistance upon a small expedition which will have to be undertaken to-night, if my chain of reasoning should prove to be correct. Until then, good-bye and good luck!"

Sherlock Holmes and I walked together to the High Street, where he stopped at the shop of Harding Brothers, whence the bust had been purchased. A young assistant informed us that Mr. Harding would be absent until after noon, and that he was himself a newcomer who could give us no information. Holmes's face showed his disappointment and annoyance.

"Well, well, we can't expect to have it all our own way, Watson," he said, at last. "We must come back in the afternoon if Mr. Harding will not be here until then. I am, as you have no doubt surmised, endeavouring to trace these busts to their source, in order to find if there is not something peculiar which may account for their remarkable fate. Let us make for Mr. Morse Hudson, of the Kennington Road, and see if he can throw any light upon the problem."

A drive of an hour brought us to the picture-dealer's establishment. He was a small, stout man with a red face and a peppery manner.

"Yes, sir. On my very counter, sir," said he. "What we pay rates and taxes for I don't know, when any ruffian can come in and break one's goods. Yes, sir, it was I

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

who sold Dr. Barnicot his two statues. Disgraceful, sir! A Nihilist plot, that's what I make it. No one but an Anarchist would go about breaking statues. Red republicans, that's what I call 'em. Who did I get the statues from? I don't see what that has to do with it. Well, if you really want to know, I got them from Gelder and Co., in Church Street, Stepney. They are a well-known house in the trade, and have been this twenty years. How many had I? Three—two and one are three—two of Dr. Barnicot's and one smashed in broad daylight on my own counter. Do I know that photograph? No, I don't. Yes, I do, though. Why, it's Beppo. He was a kind of Italian piece-work man, who made himself useful in the shop. He could carve a bit and gild and frame, and do odd jobs. The fellow left me last week, and I've heard nothing of him since. No, I don't know where he came from nor where he went to. I have nothing against him while he was here. He was gone two days before the bust was smashed."

"Well, that's all we could reasonably expect to get from Morse Hudson," said Holmes, as we emerged from the shop. "We have this Beppo as a common factor, both in Kennington and in Kensington, so that is worth a ten-mile drive. Now, Watson, let us make for Gelder and Co., of Stepney, the source and origin of busts. I shall be surprised if we don't get some help down there."

In rapid succession we passed through the fringe of fashionable London, hotel London, theatrical London, literary London, commercial London, and, finally, maritime London, till we came to a riverside city of a hundred thousand souls, where the tenement houses swelter and reek with the outcasts of Europe. Here, in a broad thoroughfare, once the abode of wealthy City merchants, we found the sculpture works for which we searched. Outside was a considerable yard full of monumental masonry. Inside was a large room in which fifty workers were carving or moulding. The manager, a big blonde German, received us civilly, and gave a clear answer to all Holmes's questions. A reference to his books showed that hundreds of casts had been taken from a marble copy of Devine's head of Napoleon, but that the three which had been sent to Morse Hudson a year or so before had been half of a batch of six, the other three being sent to Harding Brothers, of Kensington. There was no reason why those six should be different to any of the other casts. He could suggest no possible cause why anyone should wish to destroy them—in fact, he laughed at the idea. Their wholesale price was six shillings, but the retailer would get twelve or more. The cast was taken in two moulds from each side of the face, and then these two profiles of plaster of Paris were joined together to make the complete bust. The work was usually done by Italians in the room we were in. When finished the busts were put on a table in the passage to dry, and afterwards stored. That was all he could tell us.

But the production of the photograph had a remarkable effect upon the manager. His face flushed with anger, and his brows knotted over his blue Teutonic eyes.

"Ah, the rascal!" he cried. "Yes, indeed, I know him very well. This has always been a respectable establishment, and the only time that we have ever had the police in it was over this very fellow. It was more than a year ago now. He knifed another Italian in the street, and then he came to the works with the police on his heels, and he was taken here. Beppo was his name—his second name I never knew. Serve me right for engaging a man with such a face. But he was a good workman, one of the best."

"What did he get?"

"The man lived and he got off with a year. I have no doubt he is out now; but he has not dared to show his nose here. We have a cousin of his here, and I dare say he could tell you where he is."

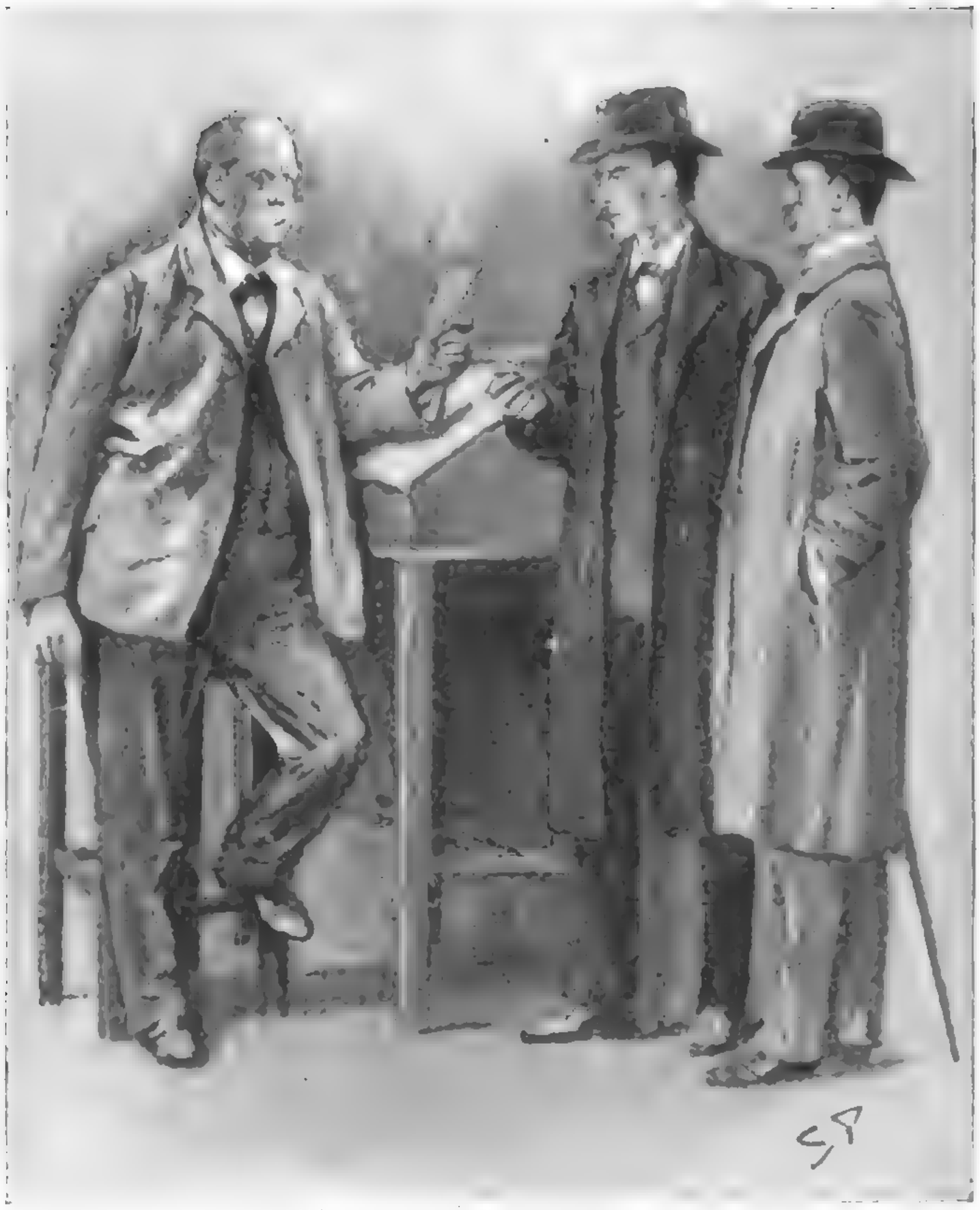
"No, no," cried Holmes, "not a word to the cousin—not a word, I beg you. The matter is very important, and the farther I go with it the more important it seems to grow. When you referred in your ledger to the sale of those casts I observed that the date was June 3rd of last year. Could you give me the date when Beppo was arrested?"

"I could tell you roughly by the pay-list," the manager answered. "Yes," he continued, after some turning over of pages, "he was paid last on May 20th."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "I don't think that I need intrude upon your time and patience any more." With a last word of caution that he should say nothing as to our researches we turned our faces westward once more.

The afternoon was far advanced before we were able to snatch a hasty luncheon at a restaurant. A news-bill at the entrance announced "Kensington Outrage. Murder by a Madman," and the contents of the paper showed that Mr. Horace Harker had got his account into print after all. Two columns

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'AH, THE RASCAL!' HE CRIED."

were occupied with a highly sensational and flowery rendering of the whole incident. Holmes propped it against the cruet-stand and read it while he ate. Once or twice he chuckled.

"This is all right, Watson," said he. "Listen to this: 'It is satisfactory to know that there can be no difference of opinion upon this case, since Mr. Lestrade, one of the most experienced members of the official force, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the well-known consulting expert, have each come to the conclusion that the grotesque series of incidents, which have ended in so tragic a fashion, arise from lunacy rather than from deliberate crime. No explanation save mental aberration can cover the facts.' The Press, Watson, is a most valuable institution if you only know how to use it. And now, if you have quite finished, we will hark back to Kensington and see what the manager of Harding Brothers has to say to the matter."

The founder of that great emporium proved to be a brisk, crisp little person, very dapper and quick, with a clear head and a ready tongue.

"Yes, sir, I have already read the account in the evening papers. Mr. Horace Harker is a customer of ours. We supplied him with the bust some months ago. We ordered three busts of that sort from Gelder and Co., of Stepney. They are all sold now. To whom? Oh, I dare say by consulting our sales book we could very easily tell you. Yes, we have the entries here. One to Mr. Harker, you see, and one to Mr. Josiah Brown, of Laburnum Lodge, Laburnum Vale, Chiswick, and one to Mr. Sandeford, of Lower Grove Road, Reading. No, I have never seen this face which you show me in the photograph. You would hardly forget it, would you, sir, for I've seldom seen an uglier. Have we any Italians on the staff? Yes, sir, we have several among our workpeople and cleaners. I dare say they might get a peep at that sales book if they wanted to. There is no particular reason for keeping a watch upon that book. Well, well, it's a very strange business, and I hope that you'll let me know if anything comes of your inquiries."

Holmes had taken several notes during Mr. Harding's evidence, and I could see that

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

he was thoroughly satisfied by the turn which affairs were taking. He made no remark, however, save that, unless we hurried, we should be late for our appointment with Lestrade. Sure enough, when we reached Baker Street the detective was already there, and we found him pacing up and down in a fever of impatience. His look of importance showed that his day's work had not been in vain.

"Well?" he asked. "What luck, Mr. Holmes?"

"We have had a very busy day, and not entirely a wasted one," my friend explained. "We have seen both the retailers and also the wholesale manufacturers. I can trace each of the busts now from the beginning."

"The busts!" cried Lestrade. "Well, well, you have your own methods, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and it is not for me to say a word against them, but I think I have done a better day's work than you. I have identified the dead man."

"You don't say so?"

"And found a cause for the crime."

"Splendid!"

"We have an inspector who makes a speciality of Saffron Hill and the Italian quarter. Well, this dead man had some Catholic emblem round his neck, and that, along with his colour, made me think he was from the South. Inspector Hill knew him the moment he caught sight of him. His name is Pietro Venucci, from Naples, and he is one of the greatest cut-throats in London. He is connected with the Mafia, which, as you know, is a secret political society, enforcing its decrees by murder. Now you see how the affair begins to clear up. The other fellow is probably an Italian also, and a member of the Mafia. He has broken the rules in some fashion. Pietro is set upon his track. Probably the photograph we found in his pocket is the man himself, so that he may not knife the wrong person. He dogs the fellow, he sees him enter a house, he waits outside for him, and in the scuffle he receives his own death-wound. How is that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

Holmes clapped his hands approvingly.

"Excellent, Lestrade, excellent!" he cried. "But I didn't quite follow your explanation of the destruction of the busts."

"The busts! You never can get those busts out of your head. After all, that is nothing; petty larceny, six months at the most. It is the murder that we are really investigating, and I tell you that I am gathering all the threads into my hands."

"And the next stage?"

"Is a very simple one. I shall go down with Hill to the Italian quarter, find the man whose photograph we have got, and arrest him on the charge of murder. Will you come with us?"

"I think not. I fancy we can attain our end in a simpler way. I can't say for certain, because it all depends—well, it all depends upon a factor which is completely outside our control. But I have great hopes—in fact, the betting is exactly two to one—that if you will come with us to-night I shall be able to help you to lay him by the heels."

"In the Italian quarter?"

"No; I fancy Chiswick is an address which is more likely to find him. If you will come with me to Chiswick to-night, Lestrade, I'll promise to go to the Italian quarter with you to-morrow, and no harm will be done by the delay. And now I think that a few hours' sleep would do us all good, for I do not propose to leave before eleven o'clock, and it is unlikely that we shall be back before morning. You'll dine with us, Lestrade, and then you are welcome to the sofa until it is time for us to start. In the meantime, Watson, I should be glad if you would ring for an express messenger, for I have a letter to send, and it is important that it should go at once."

Holmes spent the evening in rummaging among the files of the old daily papers with which one of our lumber-rooms was packed. When at last he descended it was with triumph in his eyes, but he said nothing to either of us as to the result of his researches. For my own part, I had followed step by step the methods by which he had traced the various windings of this complex case, and, though I could not yet perceive the goal which we would reach, I understood clearly that Holmes expected this grotesque criminal to make an attempt upon the two remaining busts, one of which, I remembered, was at Chiswick. No doubt the object of our journey was to catch him in the very act, and I could not but admire the cunning with which my friend had inserted a wrong clue in the evening paper, so as to give the fellow the idea that he could continue his scheme with impunity. I was not surprised when Holmes suggested that I should take my revolver with me. He had himself picked up the loaded hunting-crop which was his favourite weapon.

A four-wheeler was at the door at eleven, and in it we drove to a spot at the other side of Hammersmith Bridge. Here the cabman

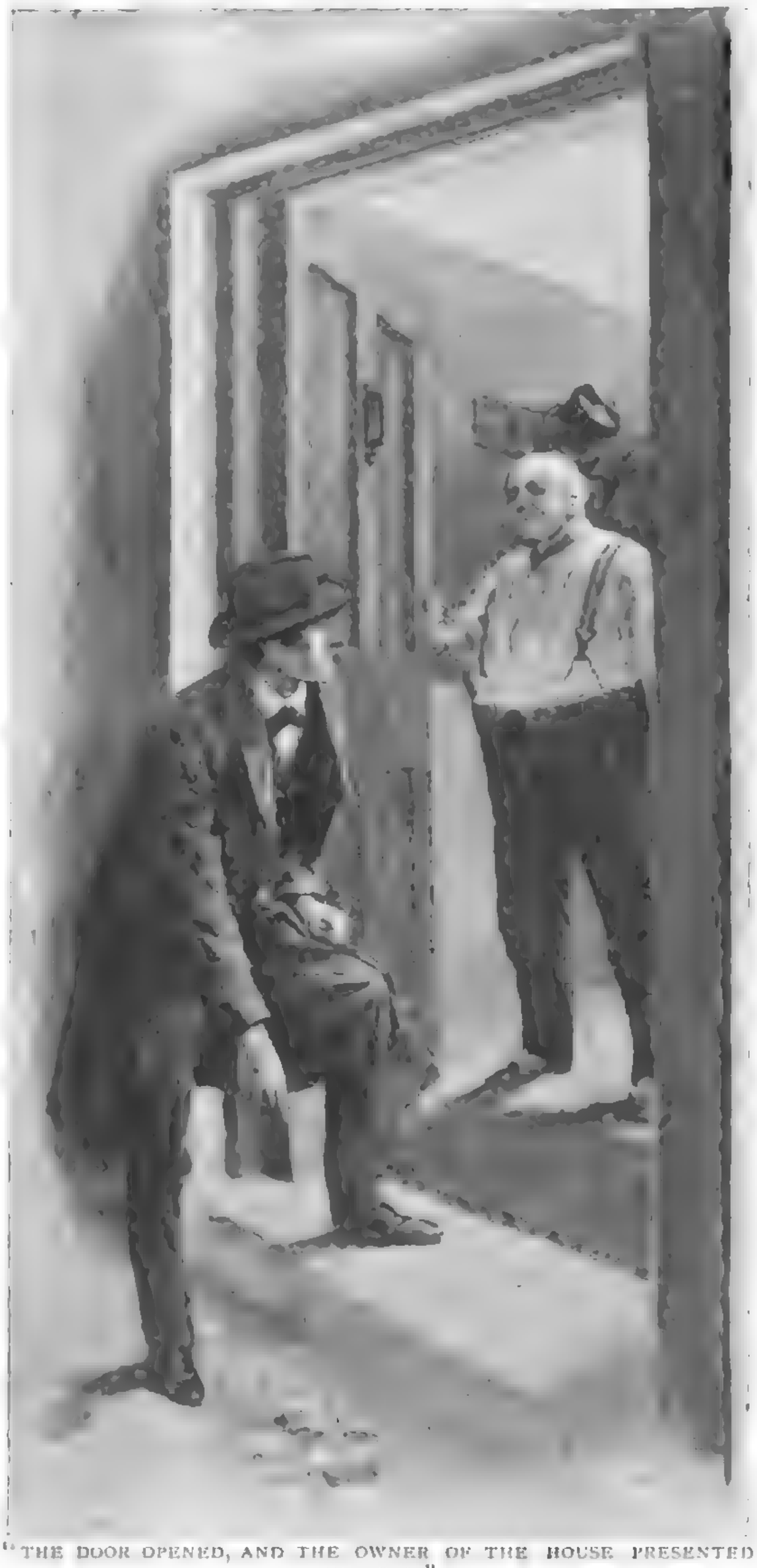
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was directed to wait. A short walk brought us to a secluded road fringed with pleasant houses, each standing in its own grounds. In the light of a street lamp we read "Laburnum Villa" upon the gate-post of one of them. The occupants had evidently retired to rest, for all was dark save for a fanlight over the hall door, which shed a single blurred circle on to the garden path. The wooden fence which separated the grounds from the road threw a dense black shadow upon the inner side, and here it was that we crouched.

"I fear that you'll have a long wait," Holmes whispered. "We may thank our stars that it is not raining. I don't think we can even venture to smoke to pass the time. However, it's a two to one chance that we get something to pay us for our trouble."

It proved, however, that our vigil was not to be so long as Holmes had led us to fear, and it ended in a very sudden and singular fashion. In an instant, without the least sound to warn us of his coming, the garden gate swung open, and a lithe, dark figure, as swift and active as an ape, rushed up the garden path. We saw it whisk past the light thrown from over the door and disappear against the black shadow of the house. There was a long pause, during which we held our breath, and then a very gentle creaking sound came to our ears. The window was being opened. The noise ceased, and again there was a long silence. The fellow was making his way into the house. We saw the sudden flash of a dark lantern inside the room. What he sought was evidently not there, for again we saw the flash through another blind, and then through another.

"Let us get to the open window. We will nab him as he climbs out," Lestrade whispered.



"THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE PRESENTED HIMSELF."

But before we could move the man had emerged again. As he came out into the glimmering patch of light we saw that he carried something white under his arm. He looked stealthily all round him. The silence of the deserted street reassured him. Turning his back upon us he laid down his burden, and the next instant there was the sound of a sharp tap, followed by a clatter and rattle. The man was so intent upon what he was doing that he never heard our steps as we stole across the grass plot. With the bound of a tiger Holmes was on his back, and an instant later Lestrade and I had him by either wrist and the handcuffs had been fastened. As we turned him over I saw a hideous, sallow face, with writhing, furious features, glaring up at us, and I knew that it was indeed the man of the photograph whom we had secured.

But it was not our prisoner to whom Holmes was giving his attention. Squatted on the doorstep, he was engaged in most carefully examining that which the man had brought from the house. It was a bust of

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Napoleon like the one which we had seen that morning, and it had been broken into similar fragments. Carefully Holmes held each separate shard to the light, but in no way did it differ from any other shattered piece of plaster. He had just completed his examination when the hall lights flew up, the door opened, and the owner of the house, a jovial, rotund figure in shirt and trousers, presented himself.

"Mr. Josiah Brown, I suppose?" said Holmes.

"Yes, sir; and you, no doubt, are Mr. Sherlock Holmes? I had the note which you sent by the express messenger, and I did exactly what you told me. We locked every door on the inside and awaited developments. Well, I'm very glad to see that you have got the rascal. I hope, gentlemen, that you will come in and have some refreshment."

However, Lestrade was anxious to get his man into safe quarters, so within a few minutes our cab had been summoned and we were all four upon our way to London. Not a word would our captive say; but he glared at us from the shadow of his matted hair, and once, when my hand seemed within his reach, he snapped at it like a hungry wolf. We stayed long enough at the police-station to learn that a search of his clothing revealed nothing save a few shillings and a long sheath knife, the handle of which bore copious traces of recent blood.

"That's all right," said Lestrade, as we parted. "Hill knows all these gentry, and he will give a name to him. You'll find that my theory of the Mafia will work out all right. But I'm sure I am exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Holmes, for the workmanlike way in which you laid hands upon him. I don't quite understand it all yet."

"I fear it is rather too late an hour for explanations," said Holmes. "Besides, there are one or two details which are not finished off, and it is one of those cases which are worth working out to the very end. If you will come round once more to my rooms at six o'clock to-morrow I think I shall be able to show you that even now you have not grasped the entire meaning of this business, which presents some features which make it absolutely original in the history of crime. If ever I permit you to chronicle any more of my little problems, Watson, I foresee that you will enliven your pages by an account of the singular adventure of the Napoleonic busts."

When we met again next evening Lestrade was furnished with much information concerning our prisoner. His name, it appeared, was Beppo, second name unknown. He was a well-known ne'er-do-well among the Italian colony. He had once been a skilful sculptor and had earned an honest living, but he had taken to evil courses and had twice already been in gaol—once for a petty theft and once, as we had already heard, for stabbing a fellow-countryman. He could talk English perfectly well. His reasons for destroying the busts were still unknown, and he refused to answer any questions upon the subject; but the police had discovered that these same busts might very well have been made by his own hands, since he was engaged in this class of work at the establishment of Gelder and Co. To all this information, much of which we already knew, Holmes listened with polite attention; but I, who knew him so well, could clearly see that his thoughts were elsewhere, and I detected a mixture of mingled uneasiness and expectation beneath that mask which he was wont to assume. At last he started in his chair and his eyes brightened. There had been a ring at the bell. A minute later we heard steps upon the stairs, and an elderly, red-faced man with grizzled side-whiskers was ushered in. In his right hand he carried an old-fashioned carpet-bag, which he placed upon the table.

"Is Mr. Sherlock Holmes here?"

My friend bowed and smiled. "Mr. Sandeford, of Reading, I suppose?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I fear that I am a little late; but the trains were awkward. You wrote to me about a bust that is in my possession."

"Exactly."

"I have your letter here. You said, 'I desire to possess a copy of Devine's Napoleon, and am prepared to pay you ten pounds for the one which is in your possession.' Is that right?"

"Certainly."

"I was very much surprised at your letter, for I could not imagine how you knew that I owned such a thing."

"Of course you must have been surprised, but the explanation is very simple. Mr. Harding, of Harding Brothers, said that they had sold you their last copy, and he gave me your address."

"Oh, that was it, was it? Did he tell you what I paid for it?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, I am an honest man, though not a very rich one. I only gave fifteen shillings for the bust, and I think you ought to know that before I take ten pounds from you."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I am sure the scruple does you honour, Mr. Sandeford. But I have named that price, so I intend to stick to it."

"Well, it is very handsome of you, Mr. Holmes. I brought the bust up with me, as you asked me to do. Here it is!" He



"I BROUGHT THE BUST UP WITH ME, AS YOU ASKED ME TO DO."

opened his bag, and at last we saw placed upon our table a complete specimen of that bust which we had already seen more than once in fragments.

Holmes took a paper from his pocket and laid a ten-pound note upon the table.

"You will kindly sign that paper, Mr. Sandeford, in the presence of these witnesses. It is simply to say that you transfer every possible right that you ever had in the bust to me. I am a methodical man, you see, and you never know what turn events might take afterwards. Thank you, Mr. Sandeford; here is your money, and I wish you a very good evening."

When our visitor had disappeared Sherlock Holmes's movements were such as to rivet our attention. He began by taking a clean white cloth from a drawer and laying it over the table. Then he placed his newly-acquired bust in the centre of the cloth. Finally, he picked up his hunting-crop and struck Napoleon a sharp blow on the top of the head. The figure broke into fragments, and Holmes bent eagerly over the shattered remains. Next instant, with a loud shout of triumph, he held up one splinter, in which a round, dark object was fixed like a plum in a pudding.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "let me introduce you to the famous black pearl of the Borgias."

Lestrade and I sat silent for a moment, and then, with a spontaneous impulse, we both broke out clapping as at the well-wrought crisis of a play. A flush of colour sprang to Holmes's pale cheeks, and he bowed to us like the master dramatist who receives the homage of his audience. It was at such moments that for an instant he ceased to be a reasoning machine, and betrayed his human love for admiration and applause. The same singularly proud and reserved nature which turned away with disdain from popular notoriety was capable of being moved to its depths by spontaneous wonder and praise from a friend.

"Yes, gentlemen," said he, "it is the most famous pearl now existing in the world, and it has been my good fortune, by a connected chain of inductive reasoning, to trace it from the Prince of Colonna's bedroom at the Dacre Hotel, where it was lost, to the interior of this, the last of the six busts of Napoleon which were manufactured by Gelder and Co., of Stepney. You will remember, Lestrade, the sensation caused by the disappearance of this valuable jewel, and the vain efforts of the London police to recover it. I was myself consulted upon the case; but I was unable to throw any light upon it. Suspicion fell upon the maid of the Princess, who was an Italian, and it was proved that she had a brother in London,

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

but we failed to trace any connection between them. The maid's name was Lucretia Venucci, and there is no doubt in my mind that this Pietro who was murdered two nights ago was the brother. I have been looking up the dates in the old files of the paper, and I find that the disappearance of the pearl was exactly two days before the arrest of Beppo for some crime of violence, an event which took place in the factory of Gelder and Co., at the very moment when these busts were being made. Now you clearly see the sequence of events, though you see them, of course, in the inverse order to the way in which they presented themselves to me. Beppo had the pearl in his possession. He may have stolen it from Pietro, he may have been Pietro's confederate, he may have been the go-between of Pietro and his sister. It is of no consequence to us which is the correct solution.

"The main fact is that he *had* the pearl, and at that moment, when it was on his person, he was pursued by the police. He made for the factory in which he worked, and he knew that he had only a few minutes in which to conceal this enormously valuable prize, which would otherwise be found on him when he was searched. Six plaster casts of Napoleon were drying in the passage. One of them was still soft. In an instant Beppo, a skilful workman, made a small hole in the wet plaster, dropped in the pearl, and with a few touches covered over the aperture once more. It was an admirable hiding-place. No one could possibly find it. But Beppo was condemned to a year's imprisonment, and in the meanwhile his six busts were scattered over London. He could not tell which contained his treasure. Only by breaking them could he see. Even shaking would tell him nothing, for as the plaster was wet it was probable that the pearl would adhere to it—as, in fact, it has done. Beppo did not despair, and he conducted his search with considerable ingenuity and perseverance. Through a cousin who works with Gelder he found out the retail firms who had bought the busts. He managed to find employment with Morse Hudson, and in that way tracked down three of them. The pearl was not there. Then, with the help of some Italian *employé*, he succeeded in finding out where the other three busts had gone. The first was at Harker's. There he was dogged by his confederate, who held Beppo responsible for the loss of the pearl, and he stabbed him in the scuffle which followed."

"If he was his confederate why should he carry his photograph?" I asked.

"As a means of tracing him if he wished to inquire about him from any third person. That was the obvious reason. Well, after the murder I calculated that Beppo would probably hurry rather than delay his movements. He would fear that the police would read his secret, and so he hastened on before they should get ahead of him. Of course, I could not say that he had not found the pearl in Harker's bust. I had not even concluded for certain that it was the pearl; but it was evident to me that he was looking for something, since he carried the bust past the other houses in order to break it in the garden which had a lamp overlooking it. Since Harker's bust was one in three the chances were exactly as I told you, two to one against the pearl being inside it. There remained two busts, and it was obvious that he would go for the London one first. I warned the inmates of the house, so as to avoid a second tragedy, and we went down with the happiest results. By that time, of course, I knew for certain that it was the Borgia pearl that we were after. The name of the murdered man linked the one event with the other. There only remained a single bust—the Reading one—and the pearl must be there. I bought it in your presence from the owner—and there it lies."

We sat in silence for a moment.

"Well," said Lestrade, "I've seen you handle a good many cases, Mr. Holmes, but I don't know that I ever knew a more workmanlike one than that. We're not jealous of you at Scotland Yard. No, sir, we are very proud of you, and if you come down to-morrow there's not a man, from the oldest inspector to the youngest constable, who wouldn't be glad to shake you by the hand."

"Thank you!" said Holmes. "Thank you!" and as he turned away it seemed to me that he was more nearly moved by the softer human emotions than I had ever seen him. A moment later he was the cold and practical thinker once more. "Put the pearl in the safe, Watson," said he, "and get out the papers of the Conk-Singleton forgery case. Good-bye, Lestrade. If any little problem comes your way I shall be happy, if I can, to give you a hint or two as to its solution."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

[These Memoirs, written by the greatest actress of our time, will give not only the story of her career in the theatrical world, but also in social life, in which she has, of course, met nearly all the celebrated people of the day, from Royalties downwards, and will be found throughout of the most striking interest to all classes of readers.]

CHAPTER II.—HOW I BECAME DESTINED FOR THE STAGE.

I AROSE one September morning, my heart leaping with some vague thought of coming joy. It was eight o'clock. I pressed my forehead against the window-panes and gazed out, looking at I know not what. I had been roused with a start in the midst of a beautiful dream, and I rushed towards the light, as if in the hope of finding in the infinite space of the grey sky some explanation of the feelings that possessed me—the anxiety, and yet the bliss, of expectation. Expectation of what? I could not have answered that question then, any more than after much reflection I can do so now. I was on the eve of my fourteenth birthday, and I was in a state of expectation as to the future of my life. That particular morning seemed to me to be the precursor of a new era. I was not mistaken, for on that September day my fate was settled for me.

As if hypnotized by what was taking place in my mind, I remained with my forehead pressed against the window-pane, gazing in imagination through the halo of vapour formed by my breath at houses, palaces, carriages, jewels, pearls, which passed in fantasy before my eyes. Oh! what pearls there were! And there were princes and kings also; yes, I saw even kings! Oh! how fast imagination travels when left by its enemy, reason, free to roam alone! In my fancy I proudly rejected the princes, I rejected the kings, I refused the pearls and the palaces, and I declared that I was going to be a nun. For in the infinite grey sky I had caught a glimpse of the convent of Grand Champ, of my white bedroom, and of the small lamp that swung to and fro above the little Virgin which our hands had decorated with flowers. The king offered me a throne, but I preferred the throne of our Mother Superior, and I entertained a vague ambition to occupy it on some distant day. The king was heart-broken and dying of despair. Yes, *mon Dieu!* I preferred to the pearls that were offered me by princes the pearls of the rosary I was telling with my fingers; and no costume could compete in my mind with the black *barège* veil that fell like a soft shadow over the snowy white cambric that encircled the beloved faces of the nuns of Grand Champ.

I do not know how long I had been dreaming thus when I heard my mother's voice asking our old servant, Marguerite, if I were awake. With one bound I was back in bed, and I buried my face under the sheet. Mamma half-opened the door very gently and I pretended to wake up.

"How lazy you are to-day!" she said. I kissed her, and answered in a coaxing tone, "It is Thursday, and I have no music lesson."

"And are you glad?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied, promptly.

My mother frowned; she adored music, and I hated the piano. She was so fond of music that, although she was then nearly thirty, she took lessons herself in order to encourage me to practise. What horrible torture it was! I used very wickedly to do my utmost to set at variance my mother and my music mistress. They were both of them excessively short-sighted. When my mother had practised a new piece three or four days she knew it by heart, and played it fairly well, to the astonishment of Mlle. Clarisse, my insufferable old teacher, who held the music in her hand and read every note with her nose nearly touching the page. One day I heard, with joy, a quarrel beginning between mamma and this disagreeable person, Mlle. Clarisse.

"There, that's a quaver!"

"No, there's no quaver!"

"This is a flat!"

"No, you forget the sharp! How absurd you are!" added my mother, perfectly furious.

A few minutes later my mother went to her room and Mlle. Clarisse departed, muttering as she left.

As for me, I was choking with laughter in my bedroom, for one of my cousins, who was very musical, had helped me to add sharps, flats, and quavers to the music-sheet, and we

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

had done it with such care that even a trained eye would have had difficulty in immediately discerning the fraud. As Mlle. Clarisse had been sent off, I had no lesson that day. Mamma gazed at me a long time with her mysterious eyes—the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen in my life—and then she said, speaking very slowly :—

"After luncheon there is to be a family council."

I felt myself turning pale.

"All right," I answered ; "what frock am I to put on, mamma?" I said this merely for the sake of saying something and to keep myself from crying.



"I HAD BEEN ROUSED WITH A START IN THE MIDST OF A BEAUTIFUL DREAM."
From a Drawing by G. Clairin.

"Put on your blue silk ; you look more staid in that."

Just at this moment my sister Jeanne opened the door boisterously, and with a burst of laughter jumped on to my bed

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and, slipping under the sheets, called out: "I'm there!" Marguerite had followed her into the room, panting and scolding. The child had escaped from her just as she was about to bath her, and had announced: "I'm going into my sister's bed." Jeanne's mirth at this moment, which I felt was a very serious one for me, made me burst out crying and sobbing. My mother, not understanding the reason of this grief, shrugged her shoulders, told Marguerite to fetch Jeanne's slippers, and, taking the little bare feet in her hands, kissed them tenderly.

I sobbed more bitterly than ever. It was very evident that mamma loved my sister more than me, and this preference, which did not trouble me in an ordinary way, hurt me sorely now.

Mamma went away quite out of patience with me. The nervous state in which I was, together with my anxiety and grief, had quite exhausted me. I fell asleep again and was roused by Marguerite, who helped me to dress, as otherwise I should have been late for luncheon. The guests that day were Aunt Rosine; Mlle. de Brabender, my governess, a charming creature whom I have always regretted; my godfather, and the Duc de Morny, a great friend of my godfather and of my mother. The luncheon was a melancholy meal for me, as I was thinking all the time about the family council. Mlle. de Brabender, in her gentle way and with her affectionate words, insisted on my eating. My sister burst out laughing when she looked at me.

"Your eyes are as little as that," she said, putting her small thumb on the tip of her forefinger, "and it serves you right, because you've been crying, and mamma doesn't like anyone to cry. Do you, mamma?"

"What have you been crying about?" asked the Duc de Morny. I did not answer, in spite of the friendly nudge Mlle. de Brabender gave me with her sharp elbow. The Duc de Morny always awed me a little. He was gentle and kind, but he was a great quiz. I knew, too, that he occupied a high place at Court, and that my family considered his friendship a great honour.

"Because I told her that after luncheon there was to be a family council about her," said my mother, speaking slowly. "At times it seems to me that she is really idiotic. She quite disheartens me."

"Come, come!" exclaimed my godfather, and Aunt Rosine said something in English to the Duc de Morny which made him smile shrewdly under his fine moustache. Mlle. de Brabender scolded me in a low voice, and her scoldings were like words from Heaven. When at last luncheon was over, mamma told me, as she passed, to pour out the coffee. Marguerite helped me to arrange the cups and I went into the drawing-room.

Maître G——, the notary from Havre, whom I detested, was already there. He represented the family of my father, who had died a few years before at Pisa in a way which had never been explained, but which seemed mysterious. My childish hatred was instinctive, and I learnt later on that this man had been my father's bitter enemy. He was very, very ugly, this notary; his whole face seemed to have moved upwards. It was as though he had been hanging by his hair for a long time, and his eyes, his mouth, his cheeks, and his nose had got into the habit of



MME. BERNHARDT'S SISTER, JEANNE, AT THE AGE AT WHICH SHE IS DESCRIBED IN THIS CHAPTER.
From a Photo. by Delintraz.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

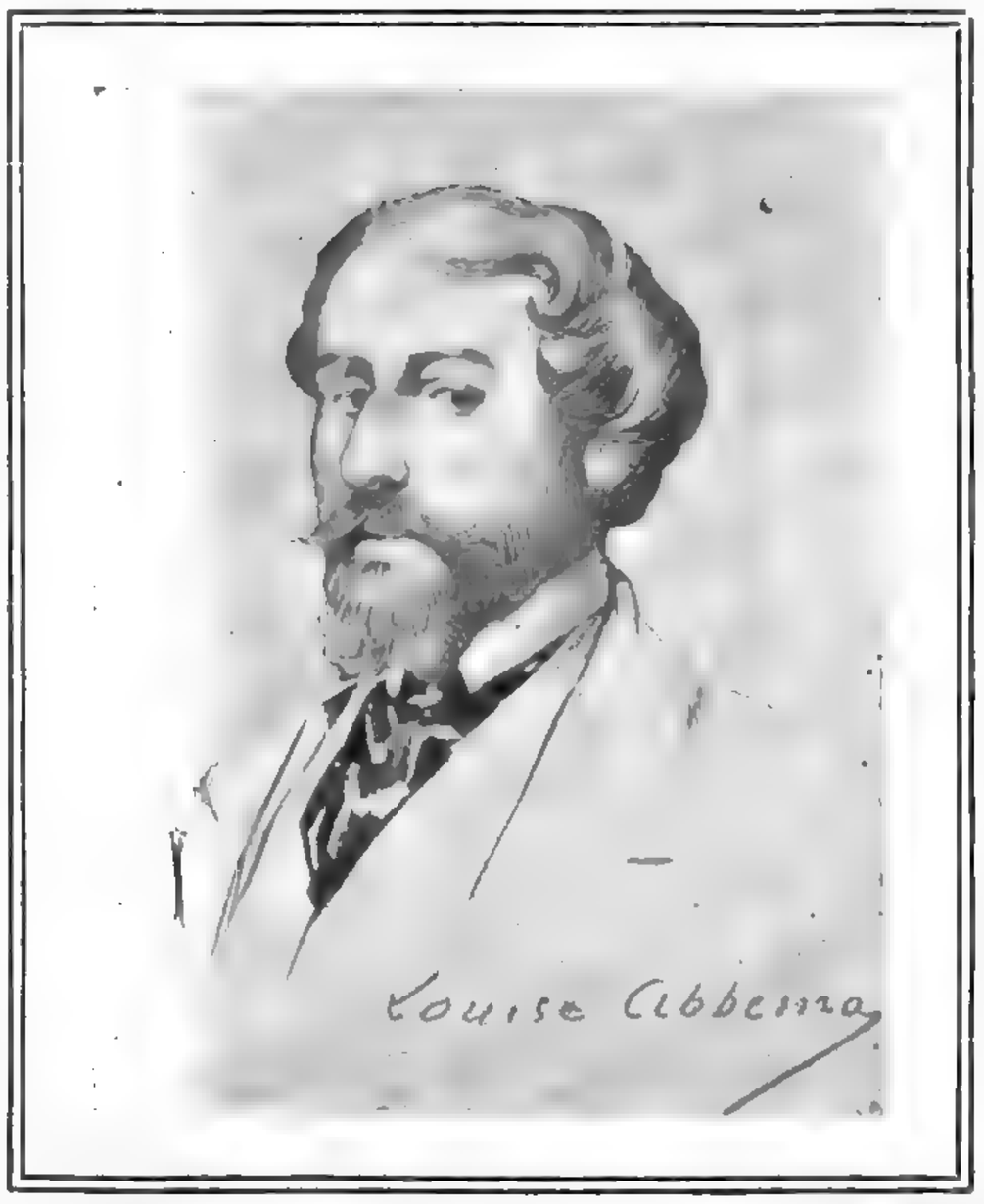
trying to reach the back of his head. He ought to have had a joyful expression, as so many of his features turned up, but instead of this his face was smooth and sinister. He had red hair, planted in his head like couch grass, and on his nose he wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Oh, the horrible man! What a torturing nightmare the very memory of him is, for he was the evil genius of my father, and his hatred now pursued me!



From a] THE HAVRE NOTARY IN HIS OFFICE. *[Drawing.*

My poor grandmother, since the death of my father, never went out, but spent her time mourning the loss of her beloved son, who had died so young. She had absolute faith in this man, who, besides, was the executor of my father's will. He had the control of the money which my dear father had left me. I was not to touch it until the day of my marriage, but my mother was to use the interest for my education.

My uncle, Félix Faure (no relation of the late President), was also there. He was a very delightful man, handsome, too, and he had a deep, sympathetic voice. I loved him dearly, and, indeed, I love him now, although I have not seen him for a long time, as he has buried himself alive at the Grande Chartreuse, to await there, far away from the rest of the world, the time when he will rejoin those whom he loved so dearly.



From a] FÉLIX FAURE. *[Drawing.*

Seated near the fireplace, buried in an arm-chair, M. Lœsprin pulled out his watch in a querulous way. He was an old friend of the family, and he always called me "*ma fil*," which annoyed me greatly, as did his familiarity. He considered me stupid, and when I handed him his coffee he said, in a jeering tone: "And is it for you, *ma fil*, that so many honest people have been hindered in their work? We have plenty of other things to attend to, I can assure you, than to discuss the fate of a little brat like you. Ah, if it had been her sister, there would have been no difficulty," and with his benumbed fingers he patted Jeanne's head, as she sat on the floor plaiting the fringe of the sofa upon which he was seated.

When the coffee had been taken, the cups carried away, and my sister also, there was a short silence. The Duc

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

de Morny rose to take his leave, but my mother begged him to stay. "You will be able to advise us," she urged, and the Duke took his seat again near my aunt, with whom, it seemed to me, he was carrying on a slight flirtation. Mamma had moved nearer to the window, her embroidery-frame in front of her, and her beautiful, clear-cut profile showing to advantage against the light. She looked as though she had nothing to do with what was about to be discussed. The hideous notary was standing up by the chimneypiece, and my uncle had drawn me near to him.

My godfather, Régis de L——, seemed to be the exact counterpart of M. Lesprin; they both of them had the same bourgeois mind, and were equally stubborn and obstinate. They were both devoted to whist and good wine, and they both agreed that I was thin enough for a scarecrow. The door opened and a pale, dark-haired woman entered, a most poetical-looking and charming creature. It was Mme. Guérard, "the lady of the upstairs flat," as Marguerite always called her. My mother had made friends with her, in rather a patronizing way certainly, but Mme. Guérard was devoted to me and endured the little slights to which she was treated very patiently for my sake. She was tall and slender as a lath, very compliant and demure. She had no hat on, and was wearing an indoor gown of *indienne* with a design of little brown leaves.

M. Lesprin muttered something, I did not catch what. The abominable man gave a very curt bow, as Mme. Guérard was so simply dressed. The Duc de Morny was very gracious, for the new-comer was so pretty. My godfather merely bent his head, as Mme. Guérard was nothing to him. Aunt Rosine glanced at her from head to foot—Mme. Guérard was by no means rich. Mlle. de Brabender shook hands cordially with her, for Mme. Guérard was fond of me.

My uncle, Félix Faure, gave her a chair and asked her to sit down, and then inquired in a kindly way about her husband, a *savant*, with whom my uncle collaborated sometimes for his book, "The Life of St. Louis."



MME. GUÉRARD, THE GREAT FRIEND OF SARAH BERNHARDT WHEN A CHILD.
From a Photo. by [*Delintras.*

Mamma had merely glanced across the room without raising her head, for Mme. Guérard did not prefer my sister to me.

"Well, as we have come here on account of this child," said my godfather, looking at his watch, "we must begin and discuss what is to be done with her."

I began to tremble, and drew closer to "*mon petit dame*," as I had always called Mme. Guérard from my infancy, and to Mlle. de Brabender. They each took my hand by way of encouraging me.

"Yes," continued M. Lesprin, with a laugh, "it appears you want to be a nun."

"Ah, indeed?" said the Duc de Morny to Aunt Rosine.

"'Sh! Be serious," she remarked. Mamma shrugged her shoulders and held her wools up close to her eyes to match them.

"You have to be rich, though, to enter a convent," grunted the Havre notary, "and you have not a sou." I leaned towards Mlle. de Brabender and whispered, "I have the money that papa left."

The horrid man overheard.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Your father left some money to get you married," he said.

"Well, then, I'll marry the *bon Dieu*," I answered, and my voice was quite resolute now. I turned very red, and for the second time in my life I felt a desire and a strong inclination to fight for myself. I had no more fear, as everyone had gone too far and provoked me too much. I slipped away from my two kind friends and advanced towards the other group.

"I will be a nun, I will!" I exclaimed. "I know that papa left me some money so that I should be married, and I know that the nuns marry the Saviour. Mamma says she does not care, it is all the same to her; so that it won't be vexing her at all, and they love me better at the convent than you do here!"

"My dear child," said my uncle, drawing me towards him, "your religious vocation appears to me to be mainly a wish to have someone to care for."

"And to be cared for herself," murmured Mme. Guérard, in a very low voice.

Everyone glanced at mamma, who shrugged her shoulders slightly. It seemed to me as though the glance they all gave her was a reproachful one, and I felt a pang of remorse at once. I went across to her and, throwing my arms round her neck, said:—

"You don't mind my being a nun, do you? It won't make you unhappy, will it?"

Mamma stroked my hair, of which she was very proud.

"Yes, it would make me unhappy. You know very well that, after your sister, I love you better than anyone else in the world."

She said this very slowly in a gentle voice. It was like the sound of a little waterfall as it flows down, babbling and clear, from the mountain, dragging with it the gravel, and gradually increasing in volume, with the thawed snow, until it sweeps away rocks and trees in its course. This was the effect my mother's clear, drawling voice had upon me at that moment. I rushed back impulsively to the others, who were all speechless at this unexpected and spontaneous burst of eloquence. I went from one to the other, explaining my decision, and giving reasons which were certainly no reasons at all. I did my utmost to get someone to support me in the matter. Finally the Duc de Morny was bored, and rose to go.

"Do you know what you ought to do with this child?" he said. "You ought to send her to the Conservatoire." He then patted my cheek, kissed my aunt's hand, and bowed to all the others. As he bent over my mother's hand, I heard him say to her, "You would have made a bad diplomatist, but take my advice and send her to the Conservatoire."

He then took his departure, and I gazed at everyone in perfect anguish.

The Conservatoire! What was it? What did it mean?

I went up to my governess, Mlle. de Brabender. Her lips were firmly pressed together, and she looked shocked, just as she did sometimes when my godfather told, at table, some story of which she did not approve. My uncle, Félix Faure, was looking at the floor in an absent-minded way; the notary had a spiteful look in his eyes; my aunt was holding forth in a very excited manner; and M. Lesprin kept shaking his head and muttering, "Perhaps—yes—who knows? Hum! hum!" Mme. Guérard was very pale and sad, and she looked at me with infinite tenderness.

What could be this Conservatoire? The word uttered so carelessly seemed to have entirely disturbed the equanimity of all these people. Each of them seemed to me to have a different impression about it, but none looked pleased. Suddenly, in the midst of the general embarrassment, my godfather exclaimed, brutally:—

"She is too thin to make an actress."

"I won't be an actress!" I exclaimed.

"You don't know what an actress is," said my aunt.

"Oh, yes, I do. Rachel is an actress!"

"You know Rachel?" asked mamma, getting up.

"Oh, yes; she came to the convent once to see little Adèle Sarony. She went all over the convent and into the garden, and she had to sit down because she could not get her breath. They fetched her something to bring her round, and she was so pale—oh, so pale! I was very sorry for her, and Sister Appoline told me that what she did was killing her, for she was an actress, and so I won't be an actress, I won't!"

I had said all this in a breath, with my cheeks on fire and my voice hard.

I remembered all that Sister Appoline had told me, and Mother Sainte-Sophie, too, the Superior of the convent. I remembered, too, that when Rachel had gone out of the garden, looking very pale and holding a lady's arm for support, a little girl had put her tongue out at her. I did not want people to put out their tongues at me when I was grown up. There were a hundred oth·r

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

things, too, to which I objected, and about which I have only a vague memory now.

My godfather laughed heartily, but my uncle was very grave. The others discussed the matter in a very excited way with my mother, who looked weary and bored. Mlle. de Brabender and Mme. Guérard were arguing in a low voice, and I thought of the aristocratic man who had just left us. I was very angry with him, for this idea of the Conservatoire was his. "Conservatoire!" This word frightened me. It was he who wanted me to be an actress, and now he had disappeared, and I could not talk the matter over with him. He had gone away smiling and tranquil, patting my head in the most ordinary yet friendly way. He had gone off without troubling a straw about the poor little, meagre child whose future was being discussed. "Send her to the Conservatoire," and this phrase, that had come to his lips so easily, was like a veritable bomb hurled into my life. I, the little, dreamy child, who that morning had rejected princes and kings; I, whose trembling fingers had only that morning told over whole rosaries of dreams and fancies; I, who only a few hours before had felt my heart beat wildly with some inexplicable émotion, and who had got up expecting some great event to happen during the day! Everything had given way under that phrase, which seemed as heavy as lead and as murderous as a cannon-ball. *Send her to the Conservatoire!*

I guessed somehow that that phrase was destined to be the finger-post of my life. All these people had stopped at the bend of the road where there were crossways.

Send her to the Conservatoire! I wanted to be a nun, and they all thought that absurd, idiotic, unreasonable. Those words, "Send her to the Conservatoire," had opened up a new field of discussion, widened the horizon of the future. My uncle, Félix Faure, and Mlle. de Brabender were the only ones who disapproved of this idea, but they were in the minority—a passive minority which felt for me. I got very nervous and excited, and my mother sent me away. Mlle. de Brabender tried to console me. Mme. Guérard said that this career had its advantages. Mlle. de Brabender considered that the convent would have a great fascination for so dreamy a nature as mine. The one was very religious and a great church-goer, and the other was a pagan in the purest acceptation



THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, TO WHICH SARAH BERNHARDT WAS TAKEN TO SEE HER FIRST PLAY WHEN HER DESTINY FOR THE STAGE HAD BEEN DECIDED.

From a] [*Photo.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of that word, and yet the two women got on very well together, thanks to their affectionate devotion to me.

Mme. Guérard adored the proud rebelliousness of my nature, my pretty face, and the slenderness of my figure; Mlle. de Brabender was touched by my delicate health. She spent no end of time trying to smooth my refractory hair. She endeavoured to comfort me when I was jealous at not being loved as much as my sister; but what she liked best about me was my voice. She always declared that my voice was modulated for prayers, and my delight in the convent appeared to her quite natural. She loved me with a gentle, pious affection, and Mme. Guérard loved me with bursts of paganism. These two women, whose memory is still dear to me, shared me between them, and made the best of my good qualities and my faults. I certainly owe to both of them this study of myself and the vision I have of myself.

The day was destined to end in the strangest of fashions. Mme. Guérard had gone back to her apartment upstairs, and I was lying back on a little straw arm-chair, which was the most ornamental piece of furniture in my room. I felt very drowsy, and was holding Mlle. de Brabender's hand in mine when the door opened and my aunt entered, followed by my mother. I can see them now—my aunt in her dress of puce silk trimmed with fur, her brown velvet hat tied under her chin with long, wide strings, and mamma, who had taken off her dress and put on a white woollen dressing-gown. She always detested keeping on her dress in the house, and I understood by her change of costume that everyone had gone and that my aunt was ready to leave. I got up from my arm-chair, but mamma made me sit down again.

"Rest yourself thoroughly," she said, "for we are going to take you to the theatre this evening—to the Français."

I felt sure that this was just a bait, and I would not show any sign of pleasure, although in my heart I was delighted at the idea of going to the Français. The only theatre I knew anything of was the Robert Houdin, to which I was taken sometimes with my sister, and I fancy that it was for her benefit we went, as I was really too old to care for that kind of performance.

"Will you come with us?" mamma said, turning to Mlle. de Brabender.

"Willingly, madame," she replied. "I will go home and change my dress."

My aunt laughed at my sullen looks.

"Little fraud," she said, as she went away, "you are hiding your delight. Ah, well, you will see some actresses to-night."

"Is Rachel going to act?" I asked.

"Oh, no; she is ill."

My aunt kissed me and went away, saying she should see me again later on, and my mother followed her out of the room. Mlle. de Brabender then prepared to leave me, as she had to go home to dress, and to say that she would not be in until quite late. She lived at a convent where old maids and widows were taken as boarders, and special permission had to be obtained when one wished to be out later than ten at night.

When I was alone I swung myself backwards and forwards in my arm-chair, which, by the way, was anything but a rocking chair. I began to think, and for the first time in my life my critical comprehension came to my aid. And so all these serious people had been inconvenienced, the notary fetched from Havre, my uncle dragged away from working at his book, the old bachelor, M. Lesprin, disturbed in his habits and customs, my godfather kept away from the Stock Exchange, and that aristocratic and sceptical Duc de Morny cramped up for two hours in the midst of our bourgeois surroundings, and all to end in this decision: *she shall be taken to the theatre!*

I do not know what part my uncle had taken in this burlesque plan, but I



THE HALL AND STAIRCASE OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

doubt whether it was to his taste. All the same, I was glad to go to the theatre; it made me feel more important. That morning on waking up I was quite a child, and now events had taken place which had transformed me into a young woman. I had been discussed by everyone, and I had expressed my wishes — without any result, certainly; but all the same I had expressed them, and now it was deemed necessary to humour and indulge me in order to win me over. They could not force me into agreeing to what they wanted me to do; my consent was necessary; and I felt so joyful and so proud about it that I was quite touched and almost ready to yield. I said to myself that it would be better to hold my own and let them ask me again.

After dinner we all squeezed into a cab —mamma, my godfather, Mlle. de Brabender, and I. My godfather made me a present of some white gloves.

On mounting the steps at the Français I trod on a lady's dress. She turned round and called me a "stupid child." I moved back hastily and came into collision with a very stout old gentleman, who gave me a rough push forward, so that I felt inclined to burst out crying.

When once we were all installed in a box facing the stage, mamma and I in the first row, with Mlle. de Brabender behind me, I felt more reassured. I was close against the partition of the box, and I could feel Mlle. de Brabender's sharp knees through the velvet of my chair. This gave me confidence, and I leaned against the back of the chair, purposely to feel the support of those two knees.

When the curtain slowly rose I thought I should have fainted. It was as though the curtain of my future life were being raised. Those columns ("Britannicus" was being played) were to be my palaces, the friezes above were to be my skies, and those boards were to bend under my frail weight. I heard nothing of "Britannicus," for I was far, far away, at Grand Champ, in my dormitory there.



THE BOXES OF THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, FROM ONE OF WHICH SARAH BERNHARDT SAW HER FIRST PLAY.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked my godfather, when the curtain fell. I did not answer, and he laid his hand on my head and turned my face round towards him. I was crying, and big tears were rolling slowly down my cheeks, the kind of tears that come without any sobs and as if there were no hope that they would ever cease.

My godfather shrugged his shoulders and, getting up, left the box, banging the door after him. Mamma, losing all patience with me, proceeded to review the house through her opera-glass. Mlle. de Brabender passed me her handkerchief, for my own had fallen, and I had not the courage to pick it up.

When the curtain rose on the second piece, "Amphitryon," I made an effort to listen, in order to please my governess, who was so kind and so conciliating. I remember only one thing about it, and that was I was so sorry for Alcmène, who seemed to be so unhappy, that I burst into audible sobs, and that everyone, much amused, looked at our box. My mother was most annoyed, and promptly took me out, accompanied by Mlle. de Brabender, leaving my godfather furious. "*Bon Dieu de bois!*" I heard him mutter, "what an idiot the child is! They'd better put her in the convent and let her stop there."

My teeth were chattering when Mlle. de Brabender, helped by Marguerite, put me to bed. Mme. Guérard was there too; she had been listening for my return, as though foreseeing what would happen.

I did not get up again for six weeks, and only narrowly escaped dying of brain fever.

Such was the *début* of my artistic career.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE MUTINOUS CONDUCT OF MRS RYDER.

By Morley Roberts.

ALTHOUGH Watchett of the *Battle-Axe* and Ryder of the *Star of the South* were cousins, there was no great love lost between them, and all unprejudiced observers declared that this lack of mutual admiration was in no way due to Captain Ryder. That they remained friends at all was owing largely to his infinite good nature, and to the further fact that Mrs. Ryder pitied Mrs. Watchett.

"I wonder she goes to sea with him at all," she said. "If you were one quarter as horrid as your cousin, Will, I should never go to sea till you came ashore."

But she always went to sea with Will Ryder. It was their great delight to be together, and there were few men, married or single, who did not take a certain pleasure in seeing how fond they were of each other. He was a typical seaman of the best kind; he had a fine voice for singing and for hailing the foretopsail yard; his eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots, and his skin was as clear as the air on the Cordilleras which peeped at them over the tops of the barren hills which surround the Bay of Valparaiso. And Mrs. Ryder was just the kind of wife for a man who was somewhat inclined to take things easily. If she was as pretty as the peach, she had, like the peach, something inside which was not altogether soft. Her brown eyes could turn black—she had resolution and courage.

"You shall not put up with it," was a favourite expression on her tongue. And there were times, to use his own expression, when she made sail when he would have shortened it. In that sense she was certainly capable of "carrying on."

Both vessels were barques of about eleven hundred tons register, and if the *Star of the South* had about twenty tons to the good in size she was rather harder to work. It is the nature of ships to develop in certain ways, and though both of these barques were sister ships it is always certain that sisters are never quite alike. But as they belonged to the same Port of London, and were owned by two branches of the same family, all of whose money was divided up in sixty-fourths, according to the common rule with ships, they were rivals and rival beauties. But, unlike the more respectable ladies who owned them, both the vessels were fast, and it was a sore point of honour with Ryder and Watchett to prove their own the fastest.

"If she only worked a little easier, I could lick his head off," said Ryder, sadly.

But there was the rub. The *Star of the South* needed more "beef" on her than the *Battle-Axe*. She wasn't so quick in stays. By the time Ryder yelled "Let go and haul," the *Battle-Axe* was gathering headway on a fresh tack.

"And instead of having two more hands than we are allowed, we are two short," said his wife, bitterly. "If I were you, Will, I'd take those Greeks."

"Not by an entire jugful," replied Captain Ryder. "I remember the *Lennie* and the *Caswell*, my dear. I never knew Valparaiso so bare of men."

"And we're sailing to-morrow," said Connie Ryder, angrily; "and you've betted him a hundred pounds we shall dock before him. It's too bad. I wonder whether he'd give us another day?"

But Ryder shook his head.

"And you've known him for years! He's spending that money in his mind."

"But not on his wife, Will," said Mrs. Ryder. "If we win, I'm to have it."

"I'd give him twenty to let me off," said Ryder.

But Connie Ryder went on board the *Battle-Axe* to see if she could induce her husband's cousin to forego the advantage he had already gained before sailing. She found him dark and grim and as hard as adamant.

"A bet's a bet and business is business," said Watchett. "We appointed to-morrow,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and, bar lying out a gale from the north, with two anchors down and the cables out to the bitter end, I'll sail."

His wife, who was as meek as milk, suggested humbly that it would be more interesting if he waited.

"I ain't in this for interest; I'm in it for capital," said Watchett, grinning gloomily. "The more like a dead certainty it looks the better I shall be pleased."

Mrs. Ryder darkened.

"I don't think you're a sportsman," she said, rather shortly.

"I ain't," retorted old Watchett; "I'm a seaman, and him that'd go to sea for sport would go to Davy Jones for pastime. You can tell Bill that I'll give him ten per cent. discount for cash now."

As Mrs. Ryder knew that he never called her husband "Bill" unless he desired to be more or less offensive, she showed unmistakable signs of temper.

"If I ever get half a chance to make you sorry, I will," she said.

"Let it go at that," said Watchett, sulkily. "I got on all right with Bill before you took to going to sea with him."

"He was too soft with you," said Bill's wife.

"And a deal softer with you than I'd be," said Watchett.

"Oh, please, please don't," cried Mary Watchett, in great distress.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Connie Ryder.

"Not you," replied Watchett; "you never, and you know it. I'm not one and never hankered to be. I'm rough and tough and a seaman of the old school. I'm no sea dandy. I'm Jack Watchett, as plain as you like."

"You're much plainer than I like," retorted his cousin's wife, "very much plainer."

And though she kissed Mary Watchett she wondered greatly how any woman could kiss Mary Watchett's husband.

"If I ever get a chance," she said "But there, how can I?"

She wept a little out of pure anger as she returned to the *Star of the South*. When she got on board she found the mate and second mate standing by the gangway.

"Is there no chance of these men, Mr. Semple?"

"No more than if it was the year '49 and this was San Francisco," said the mate, who was a hoary-headed old sea dog, a great deal more like the old school than "plain Jack Watchett."

"Why doesna the captain take they Greeks, ma'am?" asked McGill, the second mate, who had been almost long enough out of Scotland to forget his own language.

"Because he doesn't like any but Englishmen," said Connie Ryder.

"And Scotch, of course," she added, as she saw McGill's jaw fall a little. "I've been trying to get Captain Watchett to give us another day."

"All our ship and cargo to a paper-bag of beans he didn't, ma'am," said Semple.

"I—I hate him," cried Connie Ryder, as she entered the cabin.

"She's as keen as mustard—as red pepper," said Semple; "if she'd been a man she'd have made a seaman."

"I've never sailed wi' a skeeper's wife before," said McGill, who had shipped in the *Star of the South* a week earlier, in place of the second mate, who had been given his discharge for drunkenness. "Is she at all interferin', Mr. Semple?"

Old Semple nodded.

"She interferes some, and it would be an obstinate cook that disputed with her. She made a revolution in the galley, my word, when she first came on board. Some would



"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GENTLEMAN,' SAID CONNIE RYDER."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

say she cockered the crew over-much, but I was long enough in the fo'c's'le not to forget that even a hog of a man don't do best on hogwash."

Which was a marvellous concession on the part of any of the after-guard of any ship, seeing how the notion persists among owners, and even among officers, that the worse men are treated the better they work.

"She seems a comfortable ship," owned McGill.

And so everyone on board of her allowed.

"Though she is a bit of a heart-breaker to handle," said the men for'ard. "But for that she be a daisy. And to think that the bally *Battle-Axe* goes about like a racing yacht!"

It made them sore to think of it. But it also made the men on board their rival sore to think how comfortable the *Star of the South* was in all other respects.

Owing to the fact that the *Battle-Axe's* crowd was sulky, the *Star of the South* got her anchor out of the ground and stood to the north-west to round Point Angelos a good ten minutes before Watchett's vessel was under way.

"That's good," said Connie Ryder. "I know they're a sulky lot by now in the *Battle-Axe*. And our men work like dears."

It was with difficulty she kept from tailing on to the braces as they jammed the *Star* close up to weather the Point. For the wind was drawing down the coast from the nor'ard, and Valparaiso harbour faces due north. She was glad when they rounded the Point and squared away, for if there was any real difference in the sailing qualities of the rival barques, the *Star* was best before the wind and the *Battle-Axe* when she was in a bow-line.

"And with any real luck," said Mrs. Ryder, "we may have a good fair wind all the way till we cross the line."

It was so far ahead to consider the north-east trades, which meant such mighty long stretches in a wind, that she declined to think of them. And she entirely forgot the calms of Capricorn.

"We're doing very well, Will," she said to her husband when the starboard watch went below and the routine of the passage home commenced.

"It's early days," replied Will Ryder. "I fancy the *Battle-Axe* is in her best trim for a wind astern."

But Mrs. Ryder didn't believe it.

"And if she is, she mayn't be so good when it comes to beating."

She knew what she was talking about and spoke good sense.

"It's going to be luck," said Ryder. "If either of us get a good slant that the other misses, the last will be out of it. But I wish I'd had those other two hands. The *Star* wants 'beef' on the braces. Mr. Semple, as soon as possible see all the parrals greased and the blocks running as free as you can make 'em."

And Semple did his best, as the crew did. But Mrs. Ryder had her doubts as to whether her husband was doing his. For once he seemed to think failure was a foregone conclusion.

"I think it must be his liver," said Mrs. Ryder. "I'll see to that at once."

But instead of looking up the medicine chest she came across the Pacific Directory.

"I never thought of that," she said. "He's never done it, now he shall."

She took the big book down and read one part of it eagerly.

"I don't see why not," she decided, and she went to her husband with the request that he should run through Magellan's Straits when he came to it.

"Not for dollars," said Will Ryder. "When I'm skipper of a Pacific Navigation boat I'll take you through, but not till then."

"But look at all you cut off," urged his wife, "if you get through."

"And how you are cut off if you don't," retorted Ryder. "When I was an apprentice I went through in fine weather, and I'd rather drive a 'bus down Fleet Street in a fog than try it."

She said he had very little enterprise and pouted.

"Suppose the *Battle-Axe* does it?"

Ryder declined to suppose it.

"John wouldn't try it if you could guarantee the weather. I know him."

"You never take my advice," said his wife.

"I love you too much," replied Will Ryder. He put his arm about her, but she was cross and pushed him away.

"This is mutiny," said the captain, smiling.

"Well, I feel mutinous," retorted Connie. "I wanted you to steal two of your cousin's men and you wouldn't. I'm sure they would have come, for what the *Battle-Axe* owed them. And you wouldn't. And now I want to go through the Straits and you won't. The very, very next time that I want to do anything I shall do it without asking you. Why did you bet a hundred pounds if you weren't prepared to try to win it?"

"We'll win yet," said the skipper, cheerfully. "We're only just started."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The two vessels kept company right down to the Horn, and there, between Ildefonso Island and the Diego Ramirez Islands, the *Star of the South* lost sight of her sister and her rival, in a dark sou'-westerly gale. With the wind astern as it was when they squared away with Cape Horn frowning to the nor'-west the *Star* was a shooting star, as they said for'ard.

"If we could on'y carry a gale like this right to the line, we'd 'ave a pull over the *Battle-Axe*, ma'am," said Silas Bagge, an old fo'c's'le man, who was Mrs. Ryder's favourite among all the crew. He was a magnificent old chap with a long white beard, which he wore tucked inside a guernsey, except in fine weather.

"But we can't; there'll be the trades," said the captain's wife, dolorously.

"I've picked up the sou'-east trade blowin' a gale, ma'am, before now," said Bagge; "years ago, in '74 or thereabouts, I was in the *Secunderabad*, and we crossed the line, bound south, doing eleven close-'auled, and we carried 'em to twenty-seven south latitude. There's times when it's difficult to say where the trades begin south too. Mebbe we'll be chased by such a gale as this nigh up to thirty south."

"It's hoping too much," said Mrs. Ryder.

"Hope till you bust, ma'am," said Silas Bagge. "Nothin's lost till it's won. If we can only get out of the doldrums without breaking our hearts working the ship, there's no knowing what'll 'appen. 'Twas a pity we didn't get them other two 'ands, though."

And there she agreed with him.

"Me and Bob Condy could 'ave got Gribbs and Tidewell out of the *Battle-Axe* easy as easy," said Silas, regretfully. "'Twas a lost hopportunity, and there you are."

The honourable conduct of his skipper in vetoing this little game seemed no more than foolishness to Bagge.

"When we comes to the Hequator and it's 'square away' and 'brace up' every five minutes till one's 'ands are raw, 'twill be a grief to every mother's son aboard," said Bagge, as he touched his cap and went for'ard.

But now the *Star of the South* went booming on the outside of the Falklands with a gale that drew into the sou'-sou'-west and howled after her. She scooped up the seas at times and dipped her nose into them, and threw them apart and wallowed. The men were happy, for the fo'c's'le didn't leak, and the galley-fire was kept going every night to dry their clothes. At midnight every man got a mug of cocoa, and those that rose up called Mrs. Ryder blessed, and those that lay down agreed with them. The *Star* was a happy ship. There was no rule against playing the concertina on a Sunday in her fo'c's'le, and the men were not reduced to playing "blind swaps" with their oldest rags for amusement, as they were in the *Battle-Axe*. And yet every man in the *Star* knew his time for growling was coming on, with every pitch and send of the sea.



"'HOPE TILL YOU BUST, MA'AM,' SAID SILAS BAGGE."

They picked up the trades in nearly 30deg. south, with only a few days of a light and variable breeze, and the trades were good.

"But where's the *Battle-Axe*?" asked Mrs. Ryder.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

She kept a bright look-out for her, and deeply regretted that her petticoats prevented her going aloft to search the horizon for John Watchett. She rubbed her hands in hope.

"I do believe, Will, that we must be ahead of him," she declared, after the south-east trade had been steady on the *Star's* starboard beam for a week.

"Not much ahead," replied Will.

And just then Bob Condy, who was aloft on the foreto'gallant yard cutting off old seizings and putting on new ones, hailed the deck.

"There's a sail on the port beam, sir."

"Take a glass aloft and have a look at her, Mr. McGill," said the skipper. "No, never mind, I'll go myself, as you've never seen the *Battle-Axe* at sea. I know the cut of her jib, and no mistake."

So Will Ryder went up to the maintop-gallant-yard, and with his leg astride of the yard took a squint to loo'ard. He shut up the glass so quick that his wife knew at once that the distant sail was the *Battle-Axe*. As he came down slowly he nodded to her.

"It is?"

"Rather," said Ryder. "I'm sorry we've no stun-sails. We're carrying all we've got and all we can."

"And to think he's as good as we were on our own point of sailing!" said his wife, with the most visible vexation. "Can't you do anything to make her go faster, Will?"

And when Will said he couldn't unless he got out and pushed, Mrs. Ryder sat on a hen-coop and very nearly cried. For if the *Battle-Axe* had done so well up to this she would do better in the dead regions of the line, and the *Star* would do much worse. There the want of a few more hands would tell. The *Star* was no good at catching cat's-paws, and short-handed she worked like an unoiled gate.

"If I'd only done what Silas Bagge wanted," she said, "we'd have been all right. To think that the want of a couple of hands should make all the difference."

It was cruelly hard, but when vessels are undermanned at any time, less than their complement means "pull devil, pull baker," with the former best at the tug of war.

For days there was nothing to choose between the vessels, save that the unusual strength of the trades gave the *Star* a trifling advantage. Every night Watchett took in his royals. This Ryder declined to do, though he often expected them to take themselves in.

"What did I say, ma'am?" said old Bagge. "I told you it *could* blow quite 'eavy in its way in the south-east trades."

And thus it happened that what the *Star* lost by day she pulled up by night. And presently the *Battle-Axe* edged up closer and at last was within hailing distance. Watchett stood on his poop with a speaking-trumpet, and roared in sombre triumph:—

"I'm as good as you this trip on your best p'int, Ryder!"

"Tell him to go to—to thunder," said Mrs. Ryder, angrily. Nevertheless, she waved her handkerchief to her enemy's wife, who was standing by "plain Jack Watchett."

"You've done



"MRS. RYDER SAT ON A HEN-COOP AND NEARLY CRIED."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mighty well," said Ryder, in his turn, "but it isn't over yet."

Jack Watchett intimated that he thought it was. He offered to double the bet. He also undertook to sail round the *Star of the South* in a light wind. He offered to tow her, and made himself so disagreeable that Mrs. Ryder, who knew what became a lady, went below to prevent her snatching the speaking-trumpet from her husband and saying things for which she would be sorry afterwards. But Ryder, though he was by no means a saint, kept his temper and only replied with chaff, which was much more offensive to Watchett than bad language.

"And don't be *too* sure," he added. "I may do you yet."

"Not you," said Watchett. "I'm cocksure."

They sailed in company for a week, and gradually, as the trade lessened in driving power, the *Battle-Axe* drew ahead inch by inch. And as she did Mrs. Ryder's appetite failed—she looked thin and ill.

"Don't feel it so much, chickabiddy," said her husband.

"I can't help it," sobbed Connie. "I hate your cousin. Oh, Will, if you'd only let me entice those two men from him. Bagge was sure that Gribbs and Tidewell would have come."

"It wouldn't have been fair," said Ryder.

"I—I—wanted to win," replied Connie; "and it'll be calm directly, and you know what that means."

It *was* calm directly, and very soon everyone knew what it meant. For it was a real fat streak of a calm that both vessels ran into. And as luck would have it the *Battle-Axe*, which was by now almost hull down to the nor'ard, got into it first. The *Star of the South* carried the wind with her till she was within a mile of her rival. For a whole day they pointed their jibbooms alternately at Africa and South America, to the North Pole and the South. What little breeze there was after that day took them farther still into an absolute area of no wind at all.

"This is the flattest calm I ever saw," said Ryder. "In such a calm as this he has no advantage."

They boxed the compass for the best part of a week and lay and cooked in a sun that made the deck-seams bubble. At night the air was as hot as it had been by day. The men lay on deck, on the deck-house, on the fo'c's'le head.

"This is a bally scorcher," said the crews of both ships. "Let's whistle."

They whistled feebly, but the god of the winds had gone a journey, or was as fast asleep as Baal. And day by day the two vessels drifted together. At last they had to lower the boats and tow them apart. Watchett was very sick with the whole meteorology of the universe, and being a whole-souled man, incapable of more than one animosity at a time, he found no leisure to spare from reviling a heaven of brass to taunt Ryder. At the end of the week he even hailed the *Star* and offered to come on board and bring his wife.

"I don't want him," said Connie Ryder: "I won't have him."

And as she said so she jumped as if a pin had been stuck into her.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"Nothing," said Connie. "But let him come!"

She went for'ard to interview the cook, so she said. But she really went to interview Silas Bagge. When she came back she found Watchett and his wife on board. If she was a little stiff with Watchett he never noticed it. As a matter of fact, the whims and fads and tempers of a woman were of no more account than the growling of the men for'ard. He was too much engaged in cursing the weather to pay her any attention.

"This licks me," he said; "in a week we ain't moved—we're stuck. 'Ow long will it last, Bill?"

"It looks as if it might last for ever," replied Ryder. "We've struck a bad streak."

The women had tea and the men drank whisky and water. Although Watchett didn't know it, two of his hands left the boat and were given something to eat in the galley by Mrs. Ryder's orders. It was Bagge who conveyed the invitation, with the connivance of the mate, for whom the word of the captain's wife was law.

"'Ave some marmalade and butter?" said Bagge. "Does they feed you good in the *Battle-Axe*, Gribbs?"

"Hogwash," said Gribbs, with his mouth full. "Ain't it, Tidewell?"

Tidewell, who was a youngster of a good middle-class family, who had gone to sea as an apprentice and run from his ship, agreed with many bitter words.

"As I told you, we lives like fightin'-cocks 'ere," said Bagge. "When you're full in the back teeth, we'll 'ave your mates up. We likes to feed the pore and 'ungry, don't we, doctor?"

The cook, to whom Bagge had confided something, said he did his best, his humble best.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The *Star's* an 'appy ship," he added. "We know what your ship is."

The other two men came up in their turn and were filled with tea and biscuit and butter and marmalade till they smiled.

"This is like home," said Wat Crampe, who was from Newcastle.

"It wass petter—much petter," said Evan Evans, "and ass for the captain's wife, she iss a lady, whatefer."

That evening Ryder and his wife returned the call and were rowed to the *Battle-Axe* by Bagge, Bob Condy, and two more of the men. Bagge and Condy went into the fo'c's'le. They lost no time in condemning the *Battle-Axe* and in lauding their own ship.



"'AVE SOME MARMALADE AND BUTTER?' SAID BAGGE."

"This 'ere's a stinkin' 'ooker, mates," said Silas Bagge; "why, our fo'c's'le is a lady's droring-room compared with it. And as for the grub, ask them as come on board us this afternoon. What d'ye say, Gribbs?"

"Toppin'," said Gribbs. "It's spiled my happetite 'ere."

"It wass good," said the Welshman; "it wass good, whatefer."

Bagge took Billy Gribbs aside on the deck and had a talk with him.

"Oh, Lord!" said Gribbs. "Oh, what?"

"Straight talk," replied Silas; "*she* said so."

"Do you mean it?"

"Do I mean it?" replied Silas, with unutterable scorn. "In course I mean it. It will sarve them right as it sarves right."

Gribbs held on to the rail and laughed till he ached. "It's the rummiest notion I ever 'eard tell on."

"Not *so* rummy!"

"Wot!" cried Gribbs, "not so rummy? Well, if it ain't so rummy, I'm jiggered. I'll think of it."

"Do, and tell your mate Tidewell."

"If I tell Ned, 'e'll do it for sure. 'E's the biggest joker 'ere!"

"Then tell him," said Silas.

That evening Ned Tidewell and Billy Gribbs acted in a very strange way on board the *Battle-Axe*. Without any obvious reason they kept on bursting into violent fits of laughter.

"The pore blokes is gone dotty from the 'eat," said the pitying crowd. "We've 'eard of such before."

"Why shouldn't I laugh?" asked Gribbs. "I'm laughin' because I'm a pore silly sailor-man and my life ain't worth livin'. If I'd died early I'd ha' been saved a pile o' trouble. I was thinkin' of my father's green fields as I looked over the side this afternoon."

"Was you really?" asked the oldest man on board. "Then you take my advice quick and go and ask the skipper for a real good workin' pill of the largest size."

"Wot for?" asked Gribbs.

"Because you've hobvious got a calentoor," said the old fo'c's'le man. "And chaps as gets a calentoor jumps overboard. Oh, but that's well known at sea by those as knows anythin'."

But Gribbs laughed.

"The worst is as it's catchin'," said his adviser, anxiously; "it's fatally catchin'. I've 'eard of crews doin' it one hafter the hother, till there wasn't no one left. In 'eat it was and in calm."

"Gammon," said Gribbs. But he was observed to sigh.

"Are you 'ot in your 'ead?" asked the anxious and ancient one.

"I feels a little 'ot and rummy," said Gribbs; "but what I chiefly feels is a desire to eat grass."

The old man groaned.

"Then it's got you. Mates, we ought to tie

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Gribbs up, or lock 'im in the sail-locker, or 'is clothes will be auctioned off before long."

But Gribbs kicked at that, and just then eight bells struck.

"I'm turnin' in," said Gribbs, "and I'm all right."

But at six bells in the first watch he was missing, as was discovered by old Brooks, the authority on calentures. He waked up Ned Tidewell, who was extraordinarily fast asleep.

"Where's Gribbs?"

"Not in my bunk," returned Ned, who with Gribbs was one of the few who still dossed in the fo'c's'le.

"Then 'e's gone overboard for sartain," said Brooks, in great alarm; "there was the look of it in his eye, and in yours too, youngster. These long calms is fataller than scurvy. I shall go aft and report it."

He reported it to Mr. Seleucus Thoms, the second mate, who came for'ard, and roused the watch below from the deck-house and t'gallant fo'c's'le. When all hands were mustered it was certain that Gribbs was missing.

"This is a terrible catastrophe," said Seleucus Thoms, who had a weakness for fine language, derived from his rare Christian name, of which he was extremely proud. "My name is not Seleucus Thoms if he hasn't gone overboard."

"'E was rampagious with laughter in the second dog-watch, sir," put in old Brooks. "And 'e talked of green fields, the which I've 'eard is a werry fatal symptom of calentoor."

"Humph!" said Mr. Thoms, "there's something in that."

And when he went for'ard old Brooks was as proud as a dog with two tails! Though he usually spent the second dog-watch daily in proving that Thoms was no sailor, this endorsement of his theory flattered him greatly.

"I've been mistook in the second," he said, as Thoms went aft. "He's got 'orse sense, after all. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd make a sailor some day."

And Thoms reported the catastrophe to Watchett.

"Drowned himself?" roared the captain; "drowned himself? And who's responsible if you ain't?"

He came on deck in a great rage and scanty pyjamas and mustered the crew aft, and roared at them for full ten minutes as if it was their fault. When he had relieved his mind he asked if there was anyone who could throw light on the matter, and old Brooks was shoved to the front. He explained his views on calentures.

"Never 'eard of 'em," said Watchett.

"And I think, sir, as Tidewell 'ere 'as the symptoms."

"I haven't," said Tidewell, indignantly.

"Wild laughin' is a known symptom, sir, and Tidewell was laughin' 'orrid in the second dog-watch," insisted Brooks; "I'd put him in irons, sir."

But Watchett was not prepared to go so far in prophylaxis.

"If any of you 'as any more symptoms I'll flog 'im and take the consequences," he declared. He went below again unhappily, for he wasn't quite a brute after all.

"This is a mighty unpleasant thing," he said to poor Mrs. Watchett, who cried when she heard the news. "It's a mighty unfortunate affair. Gribbs was the smartest man in the whole crowd and worth two of the others."

But still the great and terrible calm lasted, and the morning was as hot as yesterday and the sea shone like polished brass and lapped faintly like heavy oil against the glowing iron of the sister barques. At dawn, which came up like a swiftly opening flower out of the fertile east, the vessels were just too far apart for hailing, and Watchett signalled the news to the *Star of the South*.

"Lost a man overboard!" said Ryder. "That's strange; I wish to Heaven we'd found him!"

When he told his wife she seemed extraordinarily callous.

"Serves him right," she said.

And it was wonderful how the crew of the *Star* took the news. They had never seemed so cheerful. They grinned when Watchett came aboard.

"This is an 'orrid circumstance," said Watchett. "I never lost a man before, not even when I was wrecked in the *Violet*. And this a dead calm!"

"Your men aren't happy," said Mrs. Ryder, "and you don't try to make 'em. If I give you three seven-pound tins of marmalade and some butter, will you serve it out to them?"

But Watchett shook his head angrily.

"I'll not cocker no men up," he declared; "not if they all goes overboard and leaves me and the missis to take 'er 'ome. And what's marmalade against 'eat like this?"

He mopped a melancholy brow and sighed.

"It will help them to keep from gloomy thoughts," said Mrs. Ryder. "The *Star of the South* is a home for our men."

"And two run in Valparaiso," retorted Watchett. "And I on'y lost one."

He took a drink with his cousin and went back on board the *Battle-Axe*, and spent the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'YOUR MEN AREN'T HAPPY,' SAID MRS. RYDER."

torrid day in getting a deal of unnecessary work done. And still no flaw of lightest air marred the awful mirror of the quiet seas. Early in the first watch the boats were lowered again to tow the vessels apart. At midnight, when the watch below came aft and answered to their names in the deep shadow of the moonless tropic night, Ned Tidewell did not answer to his name.

"Tidewell!" cried Thoms, angrily and anxiously.

And still there was no answer, but a groan from old Brooks.

"Wot did I tell you?" he demanded. "I seed it in 'is eye."

They searched the *Battle-Axe* from stem to stern; they overhauled the sails in the sail-lockers; they hunted with a lantern in the forepeak; they even went aloft to the fore and main tops, where once or twice someone who sought for coolness where no coolness could be found went up into what they jocosely called the "attic." But Ned had lost the number of his mess.

"More clothes for sale," said the melancholy crew, as they looked at each other suspiciously. "'Oo'll be the next?"

Brooks declared to the other fo'c's'le men that the next would be Wat Crampe, or Taffy, as they called the Welshman.

"There's an awful 'orrid look o' the deep, dark knowledge of death in their faces," declared old Brooks. "They thinks of the peace of it and the quiet, and smiles secret!"

Next morning Watchett hailed the *Star* and told the latest dreadful news. And at the end he added, in a truly pathetic roar, "Send me them tins o' marmalade aboard, and the butter."

And when Mrs. Ryder superintended the steward's work getting these stores out of the lazaret, she smiled very strangely. She said to her husband: "If he loses another hand or two the *Battle-Axe* will be no easy ship to work, Will."

"I wouldn't have believed the matter of a hundred pounds would have made you so hard," said Ryder. And Connie Ryder pouted mutinously, and her pout ran off into a wicked and most charming smile.

"I'm not thinking so much of the money as of our ship being beaten," she said.

And poor Watchett was now beginning to think the same of his ship. Like most vessels, the *Battle-Axe* required a certain number of men to work her easily, and her luck lay in the number allowed being the number necessary. With two hands gone a-missing she would not be much superior to the *Star* in easiness of handling, and if more went a week of baffling winds now or later, when the north-east trade died out, might give the *Star* a pull which nothing but an easterly wind from the chops of the Channel to Dover could hope to make up. He began to dance attendance on his crew as if they were patients and he their doctor. And the curious thing was that they all began to feel ill at once, so ill that they could not work in the sun. A certain uneasy terror got hold of them; they dreaded to look over the side, lest in place of an oily sea they should look down on grass and daisies.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Daisies draws a man, and buttercups draws a man," said old Brooks.

"Don't," said Crampe, with a snigger. "You make me feel that I must pick buttercups or die."

"Do you now?" asked Brooks. "Do you now?"

And he sneaked aft to the skipper, who was turning all ways, as if wondering where windward was.

"I'm very uneasy about Crampe, sir," he said, with a scrape, as he crawled up the port poop ladder. "'Is mind is set on buttercups."

"The deuce it is!" cried Watchett, and going down to the main deck he called Crampe out.

"What's this I 'ears about your 'ankering after buttercups?" he demanded, very anxiously.

"I *did* feel as if I'd like to see one, sir," said Crampe.

"Don't let me 'ear of it again," began Watchett, angrily, but he pulled himself up with an ill grace. "But there, go in and lie down, and you needn't come on deck in your watch. I can't afford to lose no more mad fools. And you shall have butter instead of buttercups."

"And marmalade, sir?" suggested Crampe. "Marmalade's yellow too, as yellow as buttercups."

"Say the word agin and I'll knock you flat," said the skipper. But, nevertheless, he sent the whole crowd marmalade and butter at four bells in the first dog-watch.

"Hoo, but it iss fine," said "Efan Efans." "Thiss iss goot grup whatefer and moreover, yess!"

"They scoffs the like in the *Star* day in and day out," said Crampe; "if I can't roll on grass I'd like to be in her."

And that night both Crampe and Evans disappeared.

"I believe I 'eard a splash soon after six bells," said old Brooks. "Mates, this is most 'orrid. I feels as if I should be drawed overboard by a mermaid in spite of myself."

And Watchett went raving crazy.

Ryder came on board the *Battle-Axe* as soon as the latest news was signalled to him. Mrs. Ryder declined to go, but she gave him a timely piece of advice.

"Don't let him off the bet, Will, or I'll never forgive you."

"I won't do that," said her husband, hastily, as if he hadn't been thinking of doing it.

"And if he asks for a man or two, you know we're short-handed already."

"Tell me something I don't know," said Ryder, a trifle crossly. Even his sweet temper suffered in 115deg. in the shade.

"I dare say I could," said his wife, when he was in the boat; "I dare say I could."

Watchett received his cousin with an air of gloom that would have struck a damp on anything anywhere but the Equator.

"This is a terrible business," he said. "I never 'eard of anything like it. Every night a man, and last night two!"

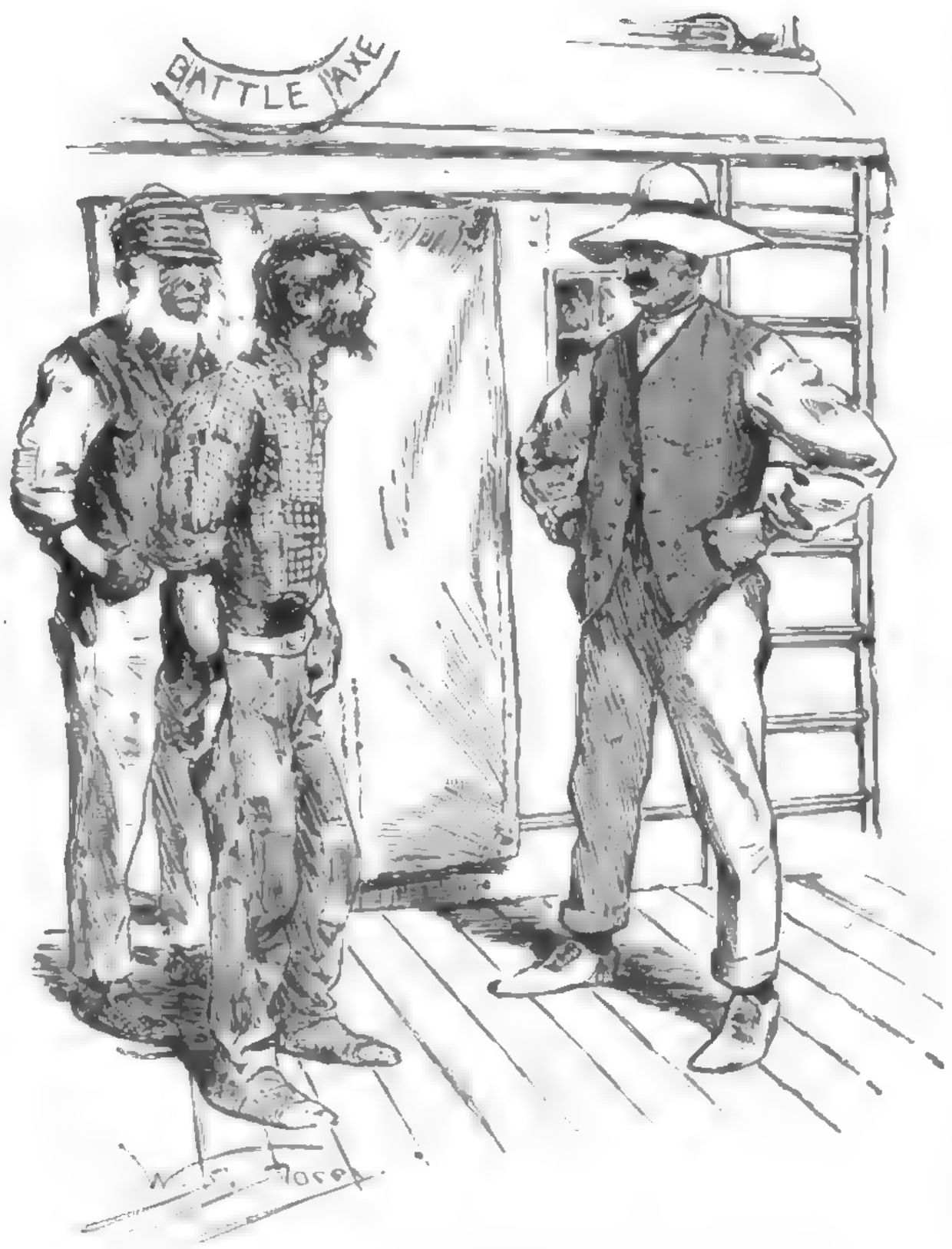
Ryder was naturally very much cut up about it, and said so.

"Will you have some more marmalade?" he asked, anxiously.

"Marmalade don't work," said Watchett, sadly; "it don't work worth a cent. Nor does butter. I'd give five pounds for some green cabbage"

A brilliant idea struck Ryder.

"Why don't you paint her green, all the inside of the rail and the boats?"



"YOU SHALL HAVE BUTTER INSTEAD OF BUTTERCUPS."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"She'd be a beauty show, like a blessed timber-droghing Swede," said Watchett, with great distaste. "But d'ye think it'd work?"

"You might try," replied Ryder.

"And now you've got the bulge on me," sighed Watchett; "with two 'ands missing from both watches, she'll be as 'ard in the mouth as your *Star*. You might let me off that bet, Bill."

"No," said Ryder, "a bet's a bet."

"But fairness is fairness," urged Watchett; "there should be a clause in a bet renderin' it void by the act of God or the Queen's enemies."

"There isn't," said his cousin, "and you forget you wouldn't help me about those two hands I wanted."

"Oh, if you talk like that——"

"That's the way I talk," said Ryder, remembering the wife he had left behind him. "I'm sorry."

"Hang your sorrow," said Watchett. "But I'll lose no more, and 'tain't your money yet."

"Will you and Mary come on board to tea?" asked Ryder.

"I won't tea with no unfair person with no sympathy," returned Watchett, savagely.

And when Ryder had gone he set the crowd painting his beautiful white paint a ripe grass-green.

"Watch if it soothes 'em any," he said to Seleucus Thoms. "If it seems to work I'll paint 'er as green as a child's Noah's Ark."

And that night there was no decrease of the *Battle-Axe's* sad crowd, in spite of the fact that he did not act on his impulse to lock them up in the stuffy fo'c's'le. For soon after midnight Mr. Double felt one side of his face cooler than the other as he stood staring at the motionless lights of the *Star of the South*, then lying stern on to the *Battle-Axe's* starboard beam.

"Eh? What? Jerusalem!" said Double. Then he let a joyous bellow out of him. "Square the yards!"

For there was a breath of wind out of the south. Both vessels were alive in a moment, and while the *Battle-Axe* was squaring away the *Star's* foreyard was braced sharp up on the starboard tack till she fell off before the little breeze. Then she squared her yards too, and both vessels moved at least a mile towards home before they began fooling all round the compass again.

"Them hands missin' makes a difference," said Watchett, gloomily. "Less than enough is starvation."

As they fought through the night for the flaws of wind which came out of all quarters, the short watches of the *Battle-Axe* found that out and grumbled accordingly. But it was a very curious thing that the *Star of the South* was never so easy to handle.

"That foreyard goes round now," said old Semple, "as if it was hung like a balance. This is very surprisin'. So it is."

He mentioned the remarkable fact to McGill when he came on deck at four in the morning, and so long as it was dark, as it was till nearly six, McGill found it so too. And both watches were in a surprisingly good temper. For nothing tries men so much as "brace up" and "square away" every five minutes as they work their ship through a belt of calm. But as soon as the sun was up the *Star* worked just as badly as she did before.

"It's maist amazin'," said McGill.

During the day the calm renewed itself and gave everyone a rest. But once more the breeze came at night, and the amazing easiness of the *Star* showed itself when the darkness fell across the sea. Ryder and Semple and McGill were full of wonder and delight.

"The character of a ship will change sometimes," said Semple. "It's just like a collision that will alter her deviation. This calm has worked a revolution."

Because of this revolution the *Star* got ahead of the *Battle-Axe* every change and chance of the wind. She got ahead with such effect that on the third day the *Battle-Axe* was hull down to the south-'ard, and when the fourth dawn broke she was out of sight. This meant much more than may appear, for the *Star* picked up the north-east trade nearly four days earlier than her rival, and a better trade at that. When the *Battle-Axe* crawled into its area it was half-sister to a calm, while the *Star* was doing eight knots an hour. And as there was now no need to touch tack or sheet, there was no solution of the mysterious ease with which she worked in the dark. How long the mystery might have remained such no one can say, but it was owing to Mrs. Ryder's curious behaviour that it came out. She laughed in the strangest manner till Ryder got quite nervous.

"These chaps that jumped over from the *Battle-Axe* laughed like that," he told her, in great anxiety.

And she giggled more and more.

"Shall I try marmalade?" she asked. Then she sat down by him and went off into something so like hysterics that a mere man might be excused for thinking she was crazy.

"They're not dead!" she cried; "they're not dead!"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'THEY'RE NOT DEAD!' SHE CRIED; 'THEY'RE NOT DEAD!'"

"Who aren't dead?" asked her husband, desperately.

And, remembering something which had been told him years before, he took her hands and slapped with such severity that she screamed and then cried, and finally put her head upon his shoulder and confessed.

"Was it mutiny of me to do it?" she asked, penitently.

Will Ryder tried to look severe, and then laughed until he cried. "What ever made you think of it?"

"It wasn't a what; it was a who," said his wife; "it was Silas Bagge."

"The dickens it was," said Will, and with that he left her.

"Call all hands and let them muster aft," he said to McGill, who, much wondering, did what he was told. The watch on deck dropped their jobs and the watch below turned out.

"Call the names over," said Ryder, sternly.

"They're all here, sir," said McGill.

The skipper looked down at the upturned faces of the men and singled out Silas Bagge as if he meant to speak to him. But he checked himself, and, going down to the main deck, walked for'ard to the fo'c's'le. The men turned to look after him, and there was a grin on every face which would have been ample for two. Ryder walked quietly, and pushing aside the canvas door he came on a party playing poker. He heard strange voices.

"I go one petter, moreover," said one of them.

"I see you and go two better," said a man with a Newcastle burr in his speech.

Then Ryder took a hand.

"And I see you," he remarked. They dropped their cards and jumped to their feet.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. And there wasn't a word from one of them; they looked as sheepish as four stowaways interviewing the skipper before a crowd of passengers.

"Get on deck," said Ryder. And much to McGill's astonishment the addition to the crew appeared with the captain behind them.

"Divide this lot among the watches," said Ryder.

Leaving McGill to "tumble to the racket," he walked to the mate's berth and explained to him that henceforth the *Star of the South* would go about as easy by day as by night.

"Then they're not dead!" cried Semple.

"Not by a jugful," said Ryder, nodding.

"This is very lucky, sir," said the mate, smiling.

"It's confoundedly irregular, too," replied the skipper, as he rubbed his chin. "Are you sure you knew nothing of it, Mr. Semple?"

"Me, sir! Why, I'd look on it as mutiny," said Semple; "rank mutiny!"

"It was Mrs. Ryder's notion, Semple."

"You don't say so, sir! She's a woman to be proud of!"

"So she is," replied Ryder. "So she is."

He went back to his wife.

"You'll win the hundred pounds now, Will?"

"I believe I shall," said Ryder.

"And I'll spend it," cried his wife, running to him and kissing him.

"I believe you will," said Ryder.

It was a happy ship.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

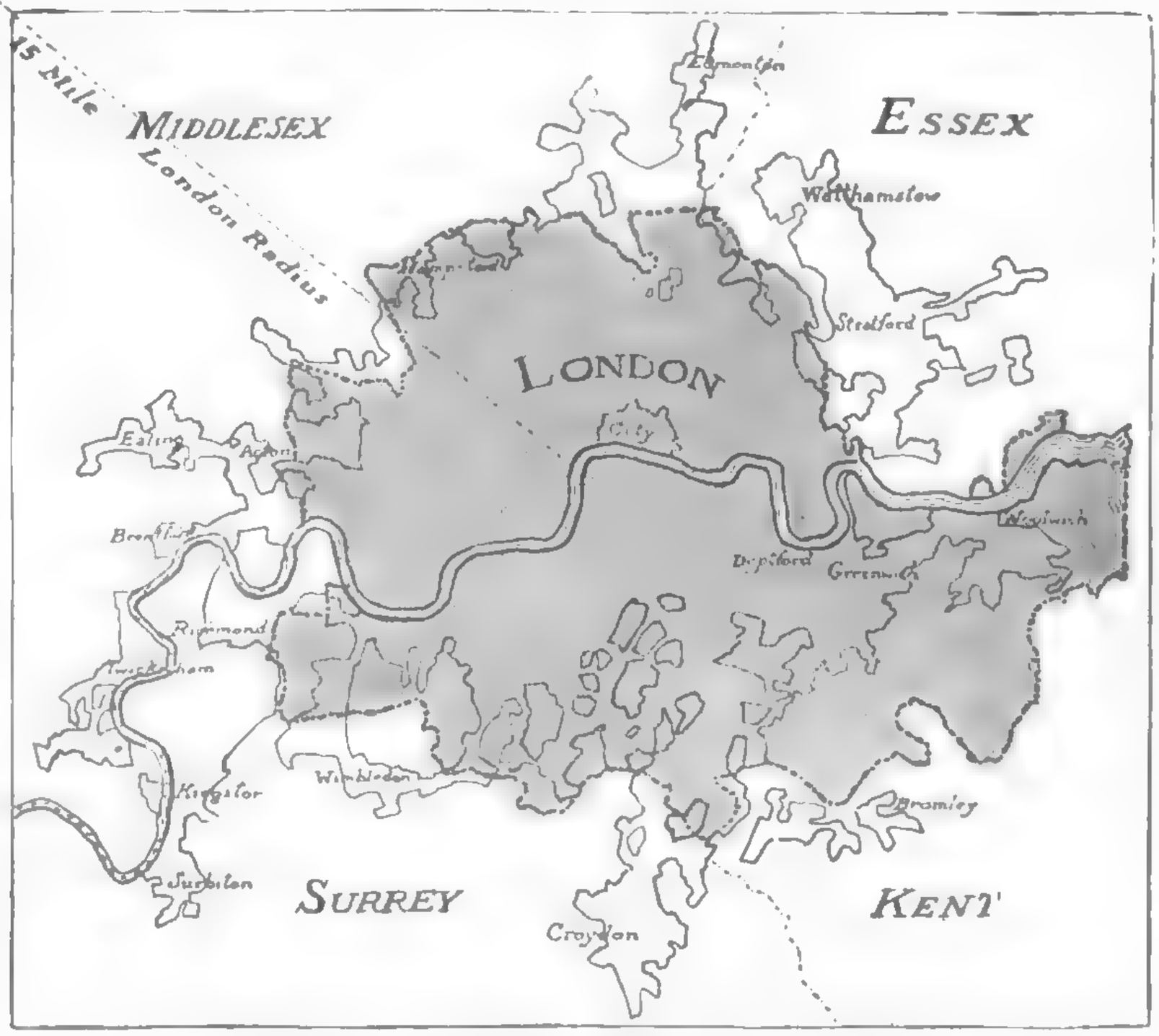
The Size of the World's Great Cities.

By Arthur T. Dolling.

THOSE imposing agglomerations of houses and dwellers we call cities (in most cases political or commercial capitals) have shown a notable rate of progress during the last two or three decades. More and more do the centripetal forces at work in almost every nation make for the growth of the capital at the expense of the rural community. A century ago a million human beings dwelling side by side under a single municipal government was almost of itself one of the great wonders of the world. Men spoke of London with bated breath and wondered where it would all end. Reports of monster cities in China with a population double that of London were dismissed as travellers' tales. Travellers' tales, verily, they have proved to be, seeing that Peking even to-day has fewer than a million souls. But what would our forefathers have said of these twentieth-century "wens," these "gloomy or glowing, febrile and throbbing concentrations" of human life, numbering not merely two, but three, four, and even five millions of souls?

Let us take London as the basis of our diagrams. London is an indeterminate quantity. It may mean the City of London, which comprises only 673 acres, or it may mean the Administrative County of London, which boasts nearly 117 square miles, or 74,839 acres, or Greater London, which embraces the Metropolitan Police district, and has an area of no less than 692 square miles, or 443,420 acres. If we take the second of these Londons we shall find it to consist of twenty-nine large and small cities, ranging in population from 334,991 to 51,247 inhabitants. These are called the Metropolitan boroughs; but as it is rather geographical size than population which here concerns us, we may state that the largest of these boroughs is Wandsworth, with an area of 9,130 acres, and the smallest is Holborn, with 409 acres. The average area of these boroughs, if we exclude the City, is about four square miles. Within these borders of London—which must not be confounded with Greater London—there were in 1901 4,536,541 souls, living in 616,461 houses. Within this area, besides buildings, must be counted 12,054 acres of grass, including the public parks and gardens.

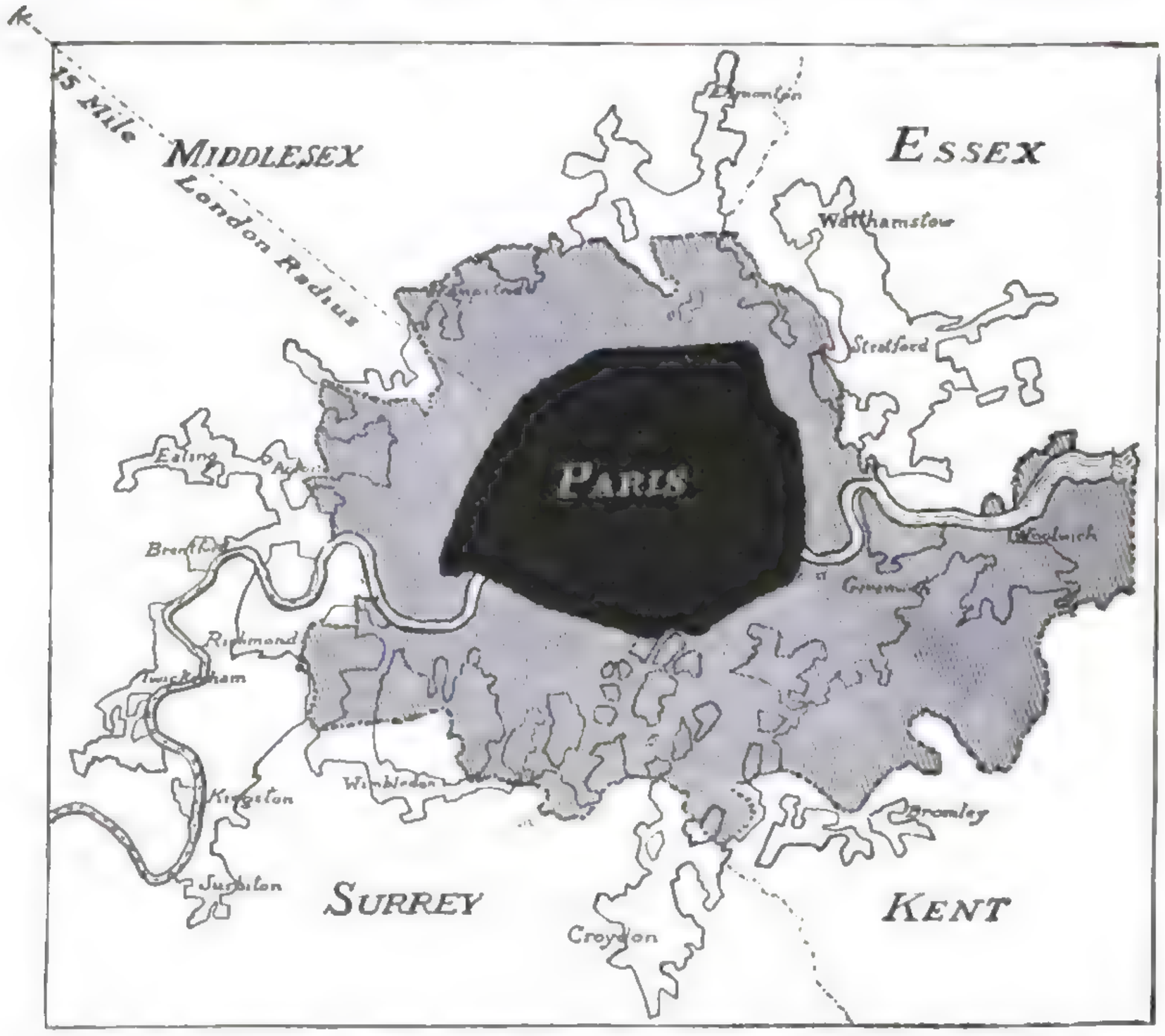
If we take Greater London we embrace a far wider and yet still a homogeneous community, for it cannot be denied that the adjoining boroughs just outside the pale of the administrative county are policed from the same centre, are London to the Post Office, and commonly regard themselves, what they must soon be officially, as an integral



LONDON: THE ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF LONDON, WITH WHICH THE OTHER CITIES ARE COMPARED, IS SHOWN BY THE SHADED PORTION.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

part of the Great Wen. Greater London—within the fifteen-mile radius—is far more homogeneous and compact than Greater Chicago, for example, or even than Greater New York or Greater Boston. We have here an aggregation of 6,580,000 inhabitants and, as we have already seen, 443,420 acres. But perhaps the fairest estimate of London is the natural one of a single mass of buildings, without any unoccupied or unimproved areas. This gives us a solid, compact city of 85,000 acres and 6,000,000 inhabitants; extending from Edmonton on



A MAP OF PARIS PRINTED UPON A MAP OF LONDON, SHOWING THE RELATIVE SHAPES AND SIZES.

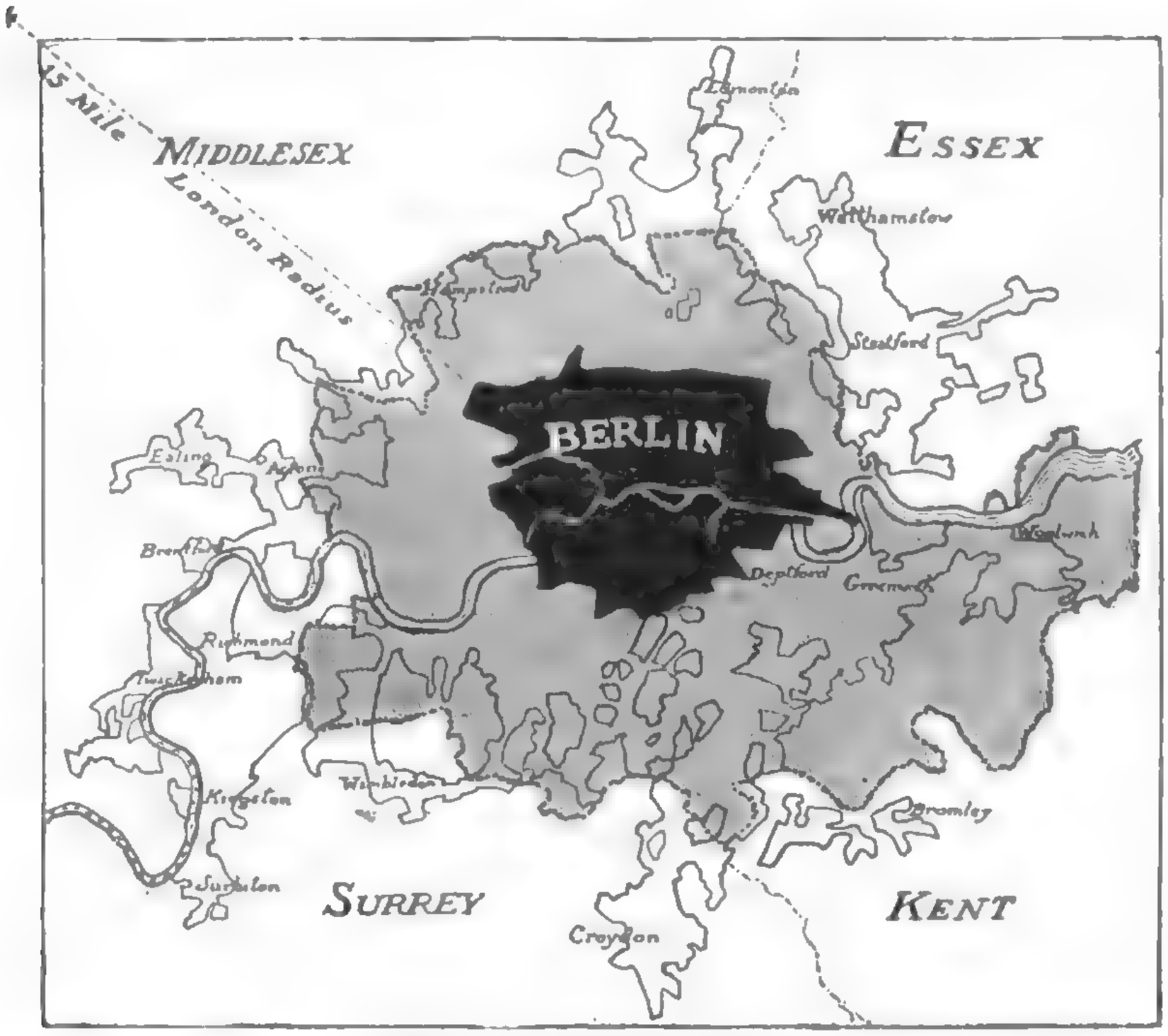
the north to Croydon on the south, and east and west from Woolwich to Ealing. Nor can one doubt, at the present rate of expansion, that even more distant areas than Croydon will eventually be included, although the Scotsman may have been a little "previous" who addressed a letter to a friend at "Bournemouth, S.W."

In the following article we propose to compare with London the sizes of the chief cities of the world and, by printing a black map of each city upon a map of London, to display their relative magnitude at a glance. Let us see, to begin with, how Paris compares with London as represented in the above diagram.

At a *coup d'œil* we perceive that the French capital is for its population remarkably small in area, a fact clearly owing to its fixed military barriers, which make growth upward rather than outward. Consequently, dwellers in Paris often have six or eight pairs of stairs to climb where the dweller in London has but two. There have been repeated agitations for municipal expansion, but so far nothing has been done to annex the surrounding communes. Paris has a population of 2,700,000, living in 75,000 houses, and an area of over thirty-one square miles. If, however, the agglomeration of houses be taken—including the suburbs—the area is forty-five square miles and the population 3,600,000, although, as yet, this is not actually and geographically Paris.

Berlin, a mere village a century ago, is the third city of Europe in point of population, and its growth since 1870 has been phenomenal, as we shall see. Yet the technical barriers which enclose the city remain precisely what they were more than forty years ago, and Berlin is still as it was in 1861, compressed within twenty-eight square miles, six miles long and five and a half wide. At the close of the Franco-Prussian War Berlin, now the capital of a new empire, became a paradise for builders. Streets of houses appeared almost as if by magic, and the

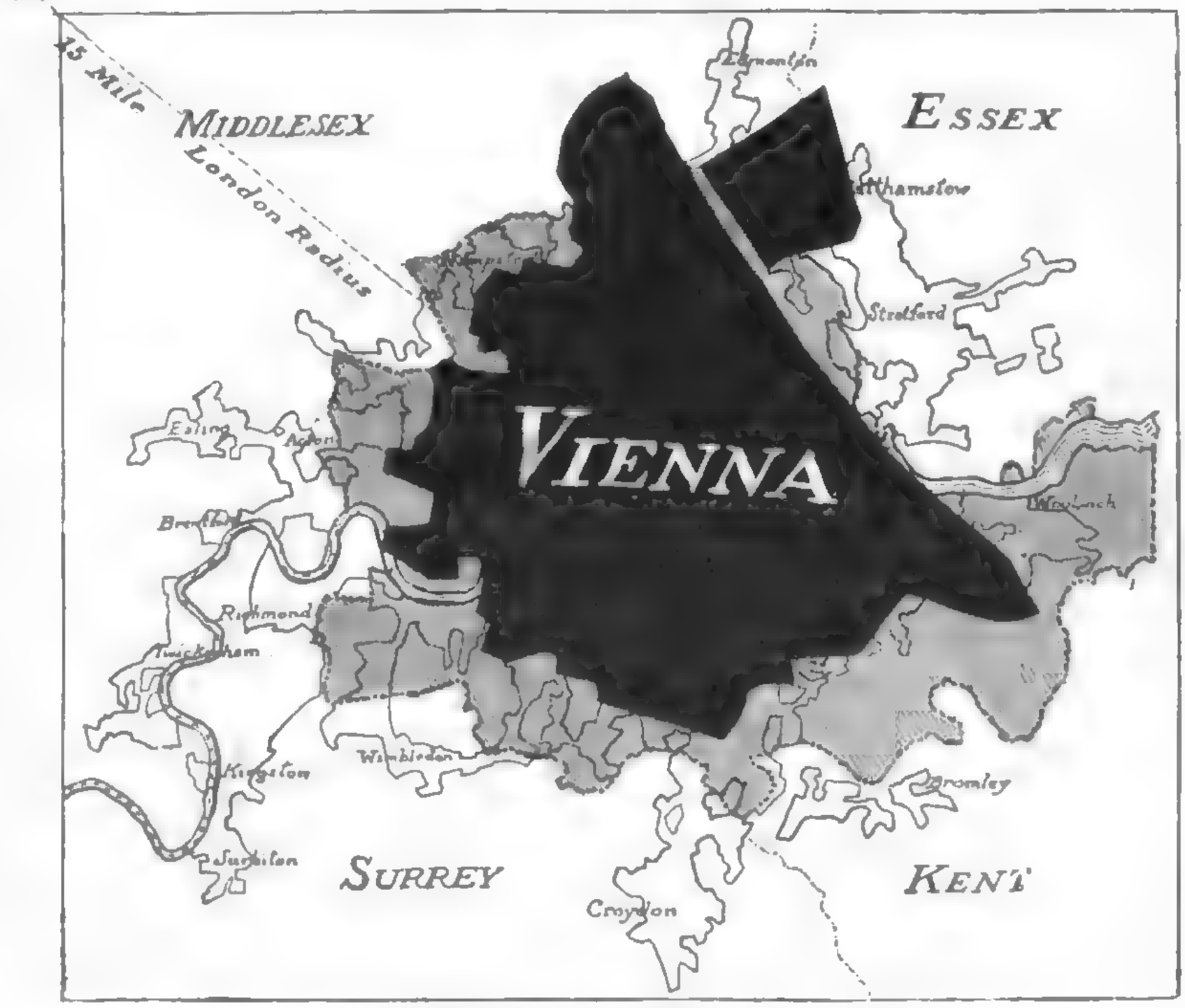
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



BERLIN COMPARED WITH LONDON.

whole aspect of the city became changed. From being the worst lighted, the worst drained, and ugliest capital in Europe it has become one of the finest, cleanest, and handsomest of cities, and its population has more than doubled. Berlin now boasts within its boundaries 1,857,000 inhabitants. But without there is, in Ibsen's phrase, "the younger generation knocking at the door," and Greater Berlin might have a population of 2,430,000, with an area at least treble, extending, indeed, as far as Potsdam. Berlin's actual increase from 1800 to 1900 was 818 per cent., multiplying its population by nine.

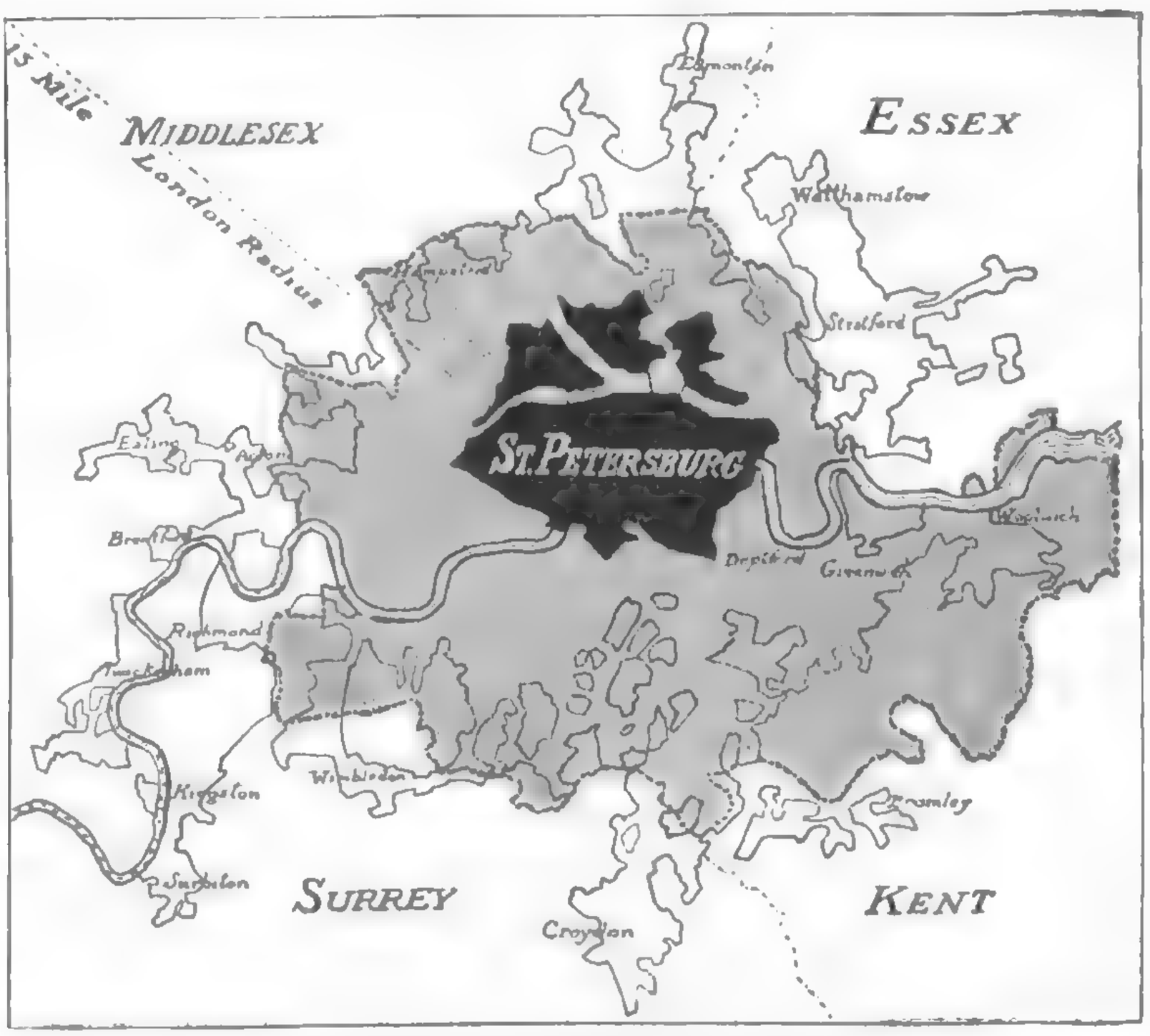
"The transformation of Vienna" has for nearly half a century been a watchword amongst the progressive party in the Austrian capital. The example of Paris—with which the Viennese love to be compared—has, since 1858, brought to the fore innumerable Haussmannizing projects, all of which have tended to the city's amplifying and beautifying. The second or outer girdle of fortifications has been taken down; the barriers thus removed, fifty suburbs became, in 1891, part and parcel of the capital. Before this time Vienna was twenty-one English square miles, or one-third less than Paris; afterwards it covered sixty-nine square miles, besides having by the pro-



VIENNA COMPARED WITH LONDON.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

cess added half a million to its population, which now stands at 1,662,269. But Vienna does not intend to be stationary in the coming decade. The fever of the municipal race for territory is upon her also. She is now reaching out for the adjoining town of Floridsdorf across the Danube, together with four other communes, having a population of 50,000; and this step increases the area of Vienna to about eighty-two square miles, nearly thrice the size of Berlin. Naturally such a large territory for a population smaller than a third that of London would comprise much open ground, especially as there is great overcrowding in the industrial districts. And, as a matter of fact, over five-eighths of Vienna



ST. PETERSBURG COMPARED WITH LONDON.

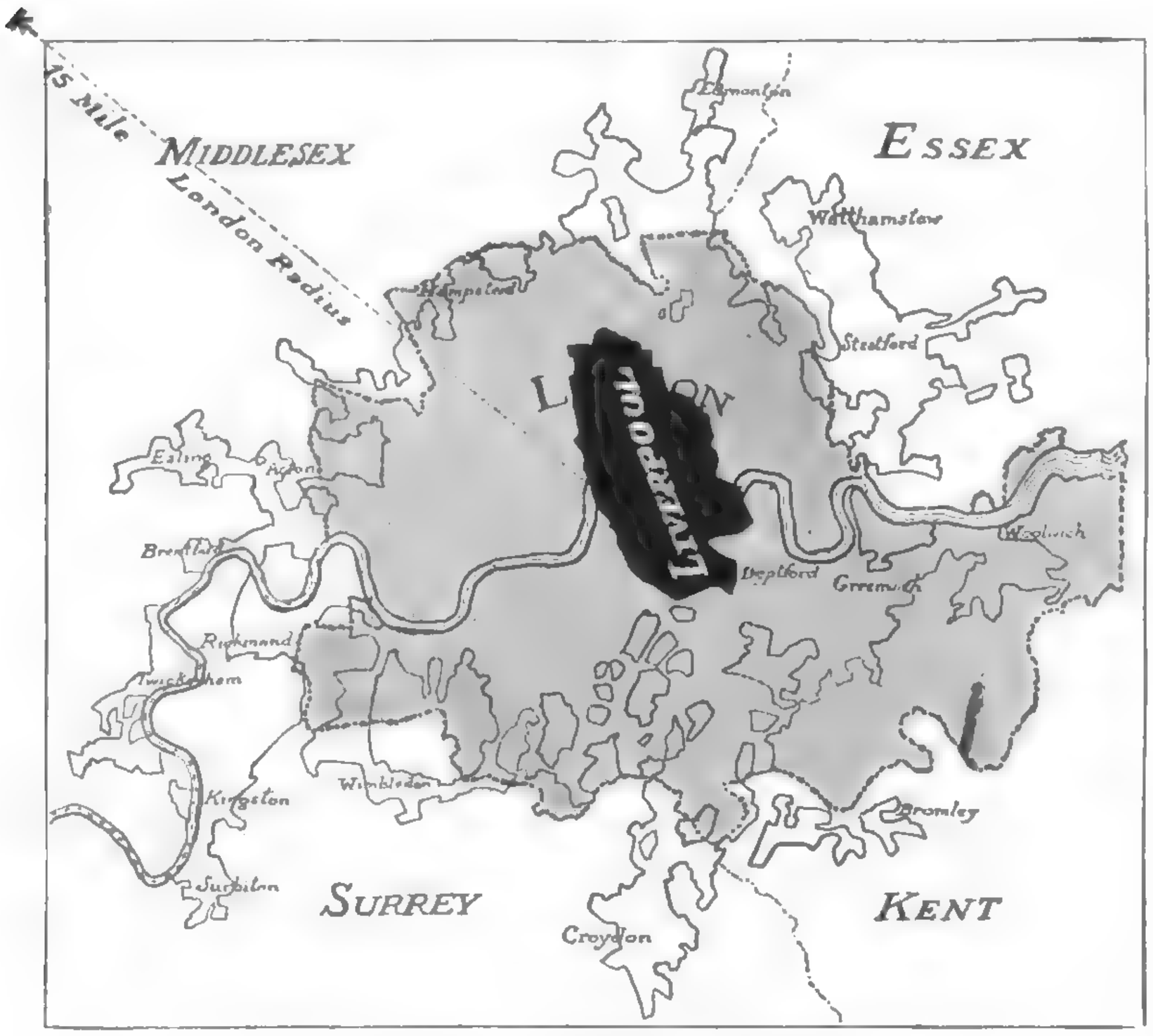
is woods, pastures and vineyards, and arable ground, while above a tenth of the total area is made up of parks, gardens, and squares. The cost of making Vienna so vast has been enormous; but it has not been borne by the ratepayers to any oppressive extent, because the appropriated military ground and sites of fortifications have yielded a handsome profit, and municipal improvements in the annexed districts have, of course, enhanced the value of property. Moreover, the most acute observers are convinced that, if Vienna had not roused herself to material self-improvement, her prestige, which is already threatened by Budapest, would ere this have completely vanished. After the Austro-Prussian struggle and the marvellous rise of Berlin and Budapest, the city on the Danube would have sunk to be the Bruges of the twentieth century.

There is, perhaps, hardly a capital in the world so badly situated as St. Petersburg. To its north and east is a desolate wilderness, and to its south is a mighty stretch of marshland, and it is 400 miles from any important commercial centre. Yet, built at the behest of an Imperial autocrat, it has risen steadily into magnitude and wealth, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of human lives.

St. Petersburg is, as all the world knows, built on a swamp, or low-lying alluvial deposits, at the mouth of the Neva. These cover altogether an area of 21,185 acres, of which 12,820 are part of the delta proper of the river and 1,330 acres are submerged. In consequence of its origin and present condition the city is naturally subject to inundations, but these, owing to the admirable public works and precautions taken, are not of frequent occurrence. Of the area of the city, 798 acres are given up to gardens and parks, while a third of the whole area is densely overcrowded, the average in some districts being one inhabitant for every ninety-three square feet and some dwellings containing from 400 to 2,000 inhabitants each. As for the population, it is now 1,248,739, to which if that of the suburbs be added (190,635), the Russian capital is the fifth city of Europe. Yet in area it is far too small; overcrowding is universal, in spite of the 1,000 dwellings that are erected annually, and the mortality is appalling.

Liverpool is about six miles long by about three broad, the area being 13,236 acres. It

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

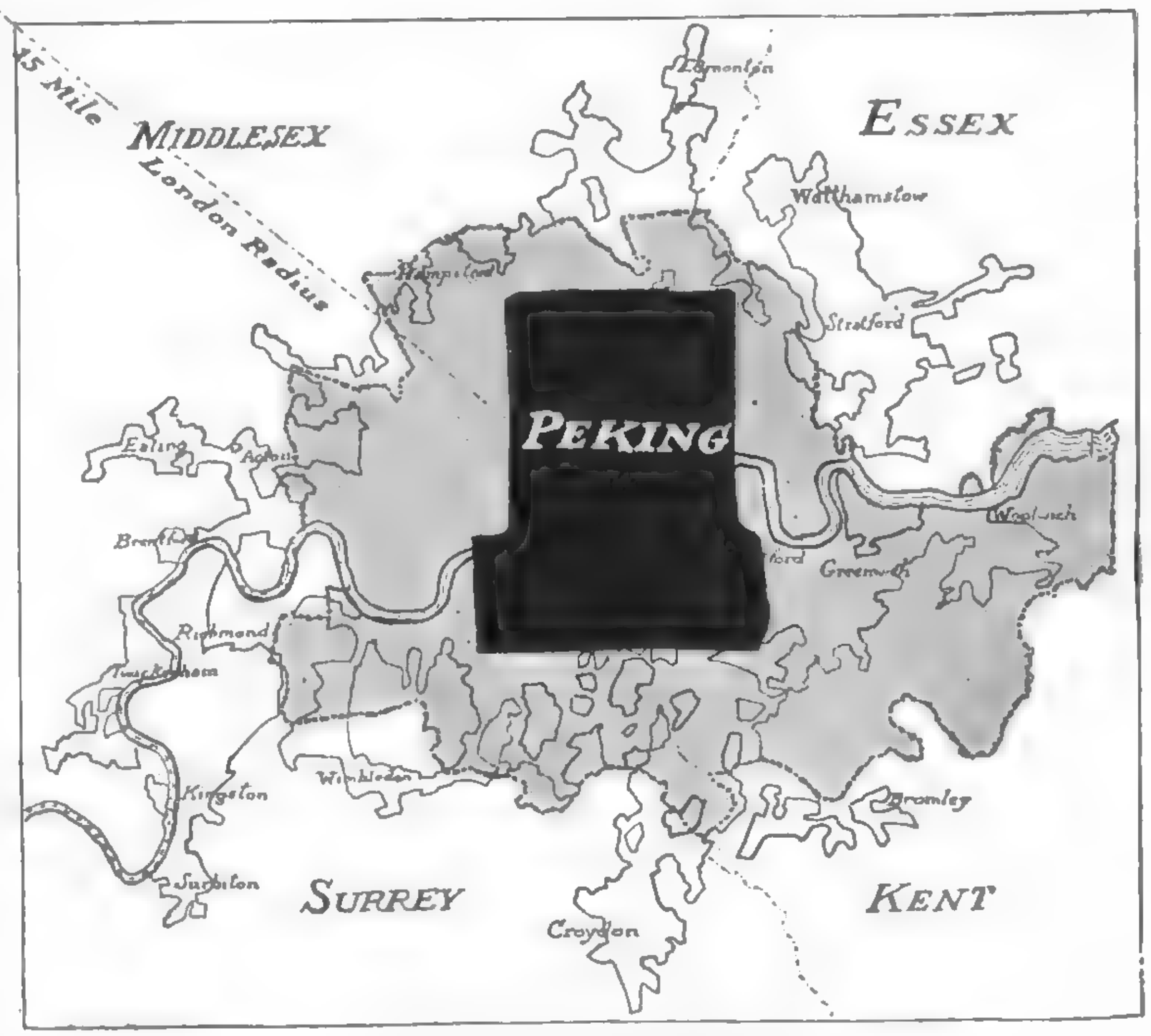


LIVERPOOL COMPARED WITH LONDON.

has a population of 686,332 within boundaries less than half the size of Berlin or Paris. But it comprised only 5,210 acres in 1895. In that year, feeling cramped, Liverpool annexed an area of 8,026 acres. Of the total area, there is comprised 772½ acres of parks and gardens.

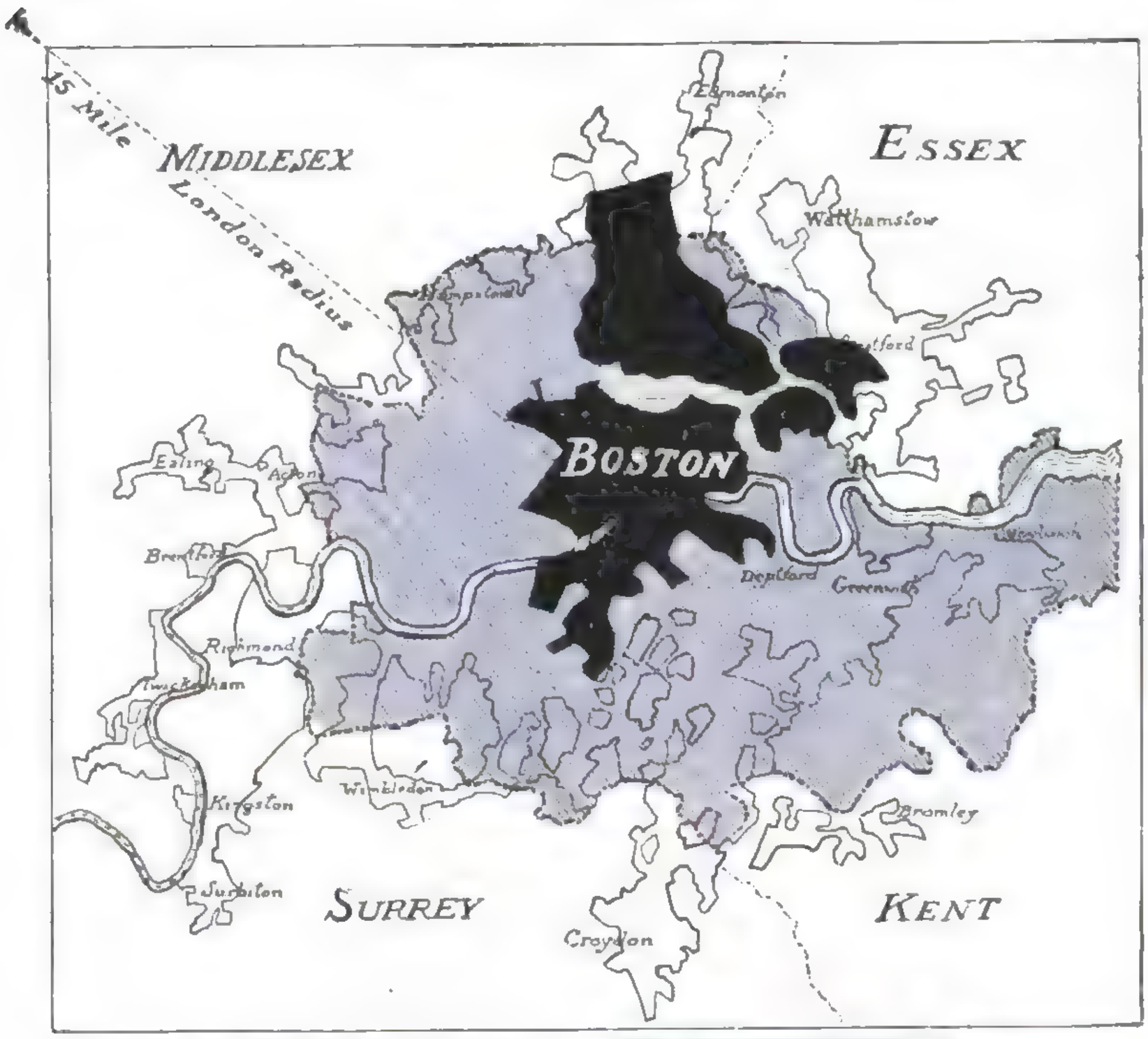
Peking, as we may see, is a walled city of oblong shape, and contains a total area of about thirty square miles. The two chief divisions are known as the Tartar city and the outer or Chinese city. The population is now about 1,000,000. Writing twenty years ago Sir Robert Douglas thought that a population of a mere million was "out of all proportion to the immense area enclosed within its walls. This disparity," he continued, "is partly accounted for by the fact that large spaces, notably in the Chinese city, are not built over, and that the grounds surrounding the Imperial Palace private residences are very extensive."

What would he have said of Chicago, New York, Budapest, or, indeed, of any modern capital "expanded"? To us, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a million inhabitants seems a very respectable population indeed for a city of only thirty square miles, and in this respect we can no longer sneer or be astonished at the "peculiarities" of Oriental cities.



PEKING COMPARED WITH LONDON.

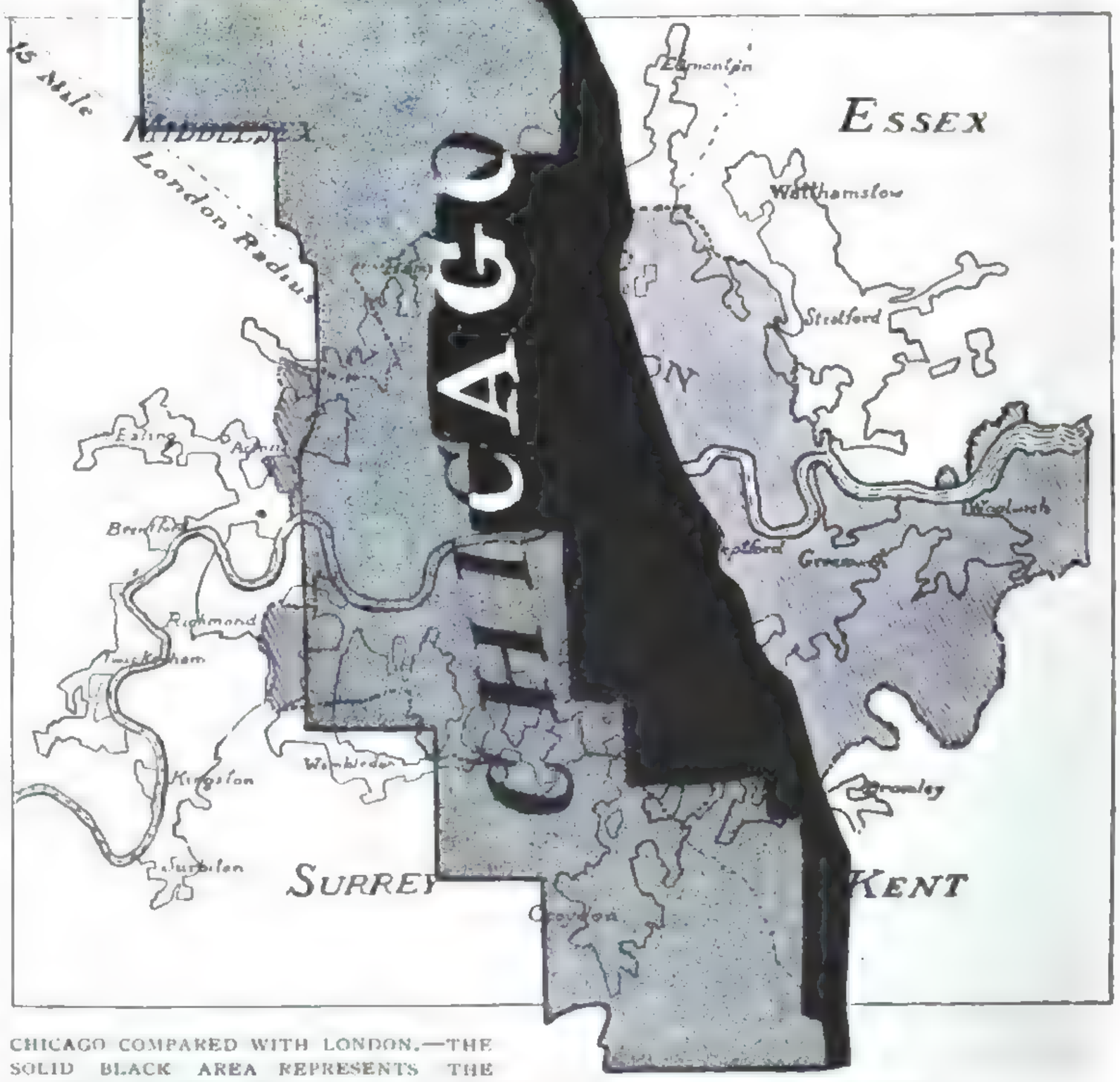
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



BOSTON COMPARED WITH LONDON.

Boston is one of the older and more conservative American cities which have lately been seized by the expansion fever, and now proudly refers to its "Greater Boston." But this is as yet only a term, and the new Boston metropolitan district, embracing all the area within a circle of ten miles from the State House, is hardly yet a distinct municipality. It will doubtless soon come about, and in that case twenty-two towns and cities will be taken to the bosom of "the Hub," and the total population will be close upon a million and a quarter. At present the area of the city is over thirty-seven square miles (24,000 acres), or just the size of Chicago a decade ago, of which 2,308 acres are common open spaces and 126 acres ponds and rivers, in addition to numerous squares, gardens, and playgrounds. The length of the city is eight miles and its greatest breadth about seven miles.

Exactly one hundred years ago the American Government built Fort Dearborn, on Lake Michigan. In 1831 there was a village of one hundred people on the site; to-day the city of Chicago has spread out (rather too generously, its rival municipalities think) until it comprises 190½ square miles and a population of 1,698,575. But only some



CHICAGO COMPARED WITH LONDON.—THE SOLID BLACK AREA REPRESENTS THE ACTUAL BUILDINGS OF CHICAGO; THE GREY AREA COMPLETING THE ADMINISTERED CITY.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

seventy square miles of this area is improved, and less than fifty miles built upon. As there are also 2,232 acres of parks and open spaces, Chicago cannot be said to be overcrowded; especially when one remembers the great height of most of the buildings in the business quarter. Chicago's expansion, in truth, follows the lines laid down by the early Western boom "cities," which were prairie wilderness one week, were surveyed the next, had a population of twelve, one man to the square mile, and applied for a charter the week following, and elected a Mayor and Corporation. The next week the boom was over and a mere shanty remained to mark the site of Boomopolis.



NEW YORK COMPARED WITH LONDON, THE SOLID BLACK AREA REPRESENTING THE ACTUAL BUILDINGS, THE GREY AREA COMPLETING THE ADMINISTERED CITY.

Before 1898 the city of New York lay partly on Manhattan Island, a long and narrow strip of land at the head of New York Bay, thirteen miles long and twenty-two square miles in area, and partly, although to a very trifling extent so far as population was concerned, north of the Harlem River, and on several small islands in the bay and East River. The total area was forty-two square miles, within which was a population of 1,515,301 souls. But in the aforementioned year the great arms of the city flung themselves out and gathered to its bosom so many of the outlying parts and people as to bring the total area of Greater New York up to 307 square miles, and the population to 3,437,202. It must be confessed that much of this huge municipal territory has been rather irrelevantly brought in—especially Staten Island (area 57·19 square miles), which is separated from New York proper by the width of the bay. But, on the other hand, other and nearer towns, such as Jersey City and Hoboken, were excluded, for the reason that they were in another State. Within Greater New York are included 6,766 acres of parks and open spaces, which is but little more than half that of London; yet the proportion of unoccupied land not under the control of the city is, of course, many times as great. The actual agglomeration of buildings in Greater New York—excluding Staten Island—covers barely 51,000 acres, or eighty square miles, as is shown in the diagram. Less than 5,000 acres is built upon in Staten Island.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Some Novel Banquets.

By Theodore Adams.

THE art of him who prepares the banquet has reached, in these latter days, a distinction of novelty which might reasonably make the gastronomer of fifty years ago hold up his knife and fork in wonder. It is a novelty born of the desire for change. No longer does the dinner-giver merely prepare, with the aid of his costly *chef*, the menu for his guests and the viands on it. He—or, more properly, she, because of the present prominence of the fair hostess—tries not only to set a pretty table with flowers and cutlery of gold. The giver of dinners is ever thinking of that which will make the banquet memorable to the guest, and, in some cases, even wonders what the Press will say about it. This means to lie awake at night, and in such nightly vigils many wondrous things have been evolved.

Thus we have come to hear of banquets under conditions that make the imagination reel, and arouse speculation as to what the dinner of the twenty-first century will be like. When thirty-two people sat about on horseback a year ago, in a temporary stable, eating from dishes handed to them by waiters dressed as grooms, it seemed as if the top notch of *bizarrerie* had been reached. But, as the German says, *noch nicht*.

This remarkable horseback dinner was given in the great ballroom at Sherry's by Mr. C. K. G. Billings, of New York, and, as it was intended to celebrate the construction of a new stable, the rumour went round that the banquet would be held in the structure itself. The guests, however, met at Sherry's, and were escorted to a small banquet-room, where a long table, in the form of an eliipse, was lavishly banked with flowers. The centre space was occupied by a stuffed horse, which cast his glass eyes curiously upon the assembly as the oysters and caviare were served. So convinced were the guests that this was the real and much-talked-about equestrian dinner that their surprise was great when they were asked to follow their host into an adjoining room.

"Here," according to the report of one who was at this famous banquet, "there had taken place an amazing transformation, for the decoration, the waxed floors, and everything of the world of indoors had been obliterated. A space sixty-five by eighty-five feet in the centre of the room had been enclosed by scenery. The guests were in a land of winding roadways, of brooks which coursed through green meadows, and of



A HORSEBACK DINNER IN A HOTEL BALLROOM, THE TABLES BEING CARRIED IN FRONT OF THE SADDLES.
From a Photo. by Byron.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

giant elms. There were cottages, vine-covered, and at the edge of a country estate was a porter's lodge. Far away stretched fields of grain. Over all was the blaze of a summer sun, for above in a vault of blue were strung electric lights. On all sides was the country, and in the middle of the room, rising in a pyramid, were geraniums, daisies, and roses, all blooming as if in the air of June. Above them a palm formed the apex of a pyramid thirty feet at the base. The floor was covered with long, velvety grass. Around the centrepiece were arranged thirty-one horses waiting for their riders. Mr. Billings's mount stood near the door, gazing into the geranium bed. How the steeds got up to the ballroom is no mystery in these days of large lifts, and they were well-trained horses, who cared not for lights and unusual conditions. Each guest found his mount by means of a horseshoe-shaped card attached to the saddle of the horse, just as he had been guided to his seat at the preliminary banquet by means of the bits of Bristol-board at each cover."

Between every two horses there was placed a carpet-covered block, from which the diners swung into their saddles, where, from little tables placed upon the pommels, they ate their splendid dinner. The horses showed little nervousness. Their trappings were yellow and gold, making pretty contrast with the costumes of the servants, who wore trousers of white buckskin, scarlet coats, and boots with yellow tops. Towards the end of the feast the horses were treated with a consideration due to their efforts, for a turkey-red fence surrounding the floral pyramid was discovered by the guests to contain feeding-troughs in which had been placed a plentiful quantity of superior oats. After dinner the horses were taken from the room by the grooms, small tables and chairs were brought in, and the guests sat down to an after-dinner chat as if in a beautiful garden.

The horse has figured in a less ambitious, though perhaps quite as attractive, manner at the dinners of the Equestrian Club, which meets in New York during the winter once a month. For one of these banquets was



A DINNER OF THE NEW YORK EQUESTRIAN CLUB, THE TABLE REPRESENTING A HORSE'S HEAD.
From a Photo. by Byron.

arranged a rural scene with trees, shrubs, and beautiful beds of tulips and hyacinths, the whole floor being covered with stage grass. The table represented a horse's head, chairs being placed around the neck, while the head proper of the horse was a mass of flowers, with eyes, nose, and mouth displayed by means of ornamental and many-coloured flowers. The bridle, particularly, stood out strongly in brilliant red. The menu was formed the shape of a horse's head, with a small bit and bridle made of leather and steel attached to it.

The use of effective scenery at such functions is growing more common. Perhaps the most effective use to which it was ever put was at the Proal banquet of April, 1903,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] A DINNER INSIDE AN EASTER EGG. *[Byron.*

when thirty-five ladies dined within a monster Easter egg. The egg itself towered to the top of Sherry's ballroom and extended almost to the outer walls. Outside the egg was represented a farm on which chickens, ducks, geese, rabbits, pigs, lambs, and guinea-pigs disported to the life—for they were really live. The ballroom had been turned into a fine landscape, with scenes representing fields and pastures, with flowing brooks near by, and farmhouses, windmills, and hayricks in the distance. One or two mirrors reflected parts of this landscape, which had been arranged to express that longing for "green fields and pastures new" which comes to all who live a city life when spring appears.

In every respect the farm was true to life. A farmer with blue overalls and smock passed in front of the guests, followed by a flock of geese. Pigs ran between his legs, and the spring lamb frisked upon the green. Rabbits munched their carrots until, timid at the sight of strange people, they hid themselves in the straw which lay about. Around were scattered the implements of labour, as if the farmers had just left their work. There were scythes, mowing-machines, milk-pails, and milking-stools to be seen. Every detail, in fact, had been thought of necessary to make the illusion complete, and the guests—all of whom had been kept in ignorance until they came into the room—were justly astonished at the sight.

The egg itself, with its shell of white, was geometrically perfect, and brought to mind the famous tale of Sindbad and the gigantic roc. The shell was fashioned with light timber bands bent to the required shape, and the supports were covered with green, all making a delightful arbour-like effect. The table was oval in form, hollowed in the centre, within which were floral decorations representing the white and yellow of an egg. Daffodils and jonquils were used for the yolk, while lilies, candytuft, and other white flowers were freely used. The air was filled with fragrance from these blooms. Mrs. Proal sat at the head of the ornamental table, with her guests around the oval. Music was provided by a band of negro musicians, who, seating themselves on wooden benches outside the dining-room, sang plantation melodies. The waiters were dressed as farm-labourers in gaily-coloured shirts and smocks, with wisps of straw upon their heads. Fortunate, indeed, were the thirty-five women who took part at this unique banquet, for the farm and its giant egg had come into existence only for a single day, to be destroyed when luncheon was ended and its use was over.

We already begin to see in these dinners the existence of a new form of humour. This is shown even better in the so-called "babies' dinner" given at Sherry's by a Philadelphia organization called the Kettle Club. This club, composed of gentlemen who summer in the Adirondack Mountains, and who eat their forest meals round a vast and fragrant kettle, recently decided to admit five new members, or "babies." The only condition of candidacy was that the "babies" should show due appreciation of the honour conferred upon them. The result was a banquet such as had never been held before. To it were invited the older members of the club. The ballroom resembled a forest glade. Round the walls were painted forests with real trees in the foreground, to one of which was hitched a hunting-horse. The scenic effects included a dark blue cloth which represented a sky, with a moon in the distance and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

twinkling stars. In the centre of the room rested on a tall mound a huge kettle, twenty-five feet high and twenty-eight feet in diameter, with a door at one side reached by a rustic stairway. There was a circular table within the kettle, around which sat the guests, each with a wine "cooler" at his side.

In the centre of the table, perfectly dark when dinner began, was a bed of tall flowers on the floor, nine feet below. Suddenly, when this hole was lighted, was revealed a magnificent display of orchids, with a vine of pale purple flowers. Below sat a negro with a banjo, who sang and played throughout the evening for the pleasure of the guests. The menu card showed a picture of the kettle, into which five babies were climbing, the faces of these being those of the five new members, each with a teething ring, a nursing bottle, and a rattle. Souvenirs of the occasion were given to the guests in the form of small kettles, each with the name of the guest and the club motto, "Take the Kettle," painted on the side. This same inscription appeared on the structure in which the banquet took place, as shown in our illustration. Here we may note the part which the backcloth played at this noteworthy function.

Another novel dinner was that given by a well-known New Yorker, Colonel O'Brien, to the Old Guard of Delmonico's, known to fame as the guard that "dines but never surrenders." For this affair two menus had been provided, one as a joke, the other for consumption. The mock bill of fare contained a list of dishes which *might* have been provided. For example, under the heading of oysters were the words "half shell," which the waiters solemnly set before the assembled gentlemen, minus the bivalves. These being removed made way for the next item, which, being "cream of celery" and presumably a soup, was found to be small tubes of celery with cold cream inside. Through all the regular courses the joke was carried, with amusing success, the joint being spring lamb with "string," or French, beans. What was the astonishment of the guests to find served for this course a woolly toy lamb on a spring, which squeaked when pressed, and wore dried beans on a string around its neck! The humour of the dinner came with the continued surprise at the ingenuity shown by the preparer of the feast, and it can be truly said that each item tickled the guests immensely. With the woolly lambs this band of gastronomers were especially pleased, and it was at the moment when these ridiculous toys were handed round to the well-propor-



THE GUESTS OF THE KETTLE CLUB DINNER, WITH THE KETTLE IN WHICH THEY DINED.
From a Photo. by Byron.

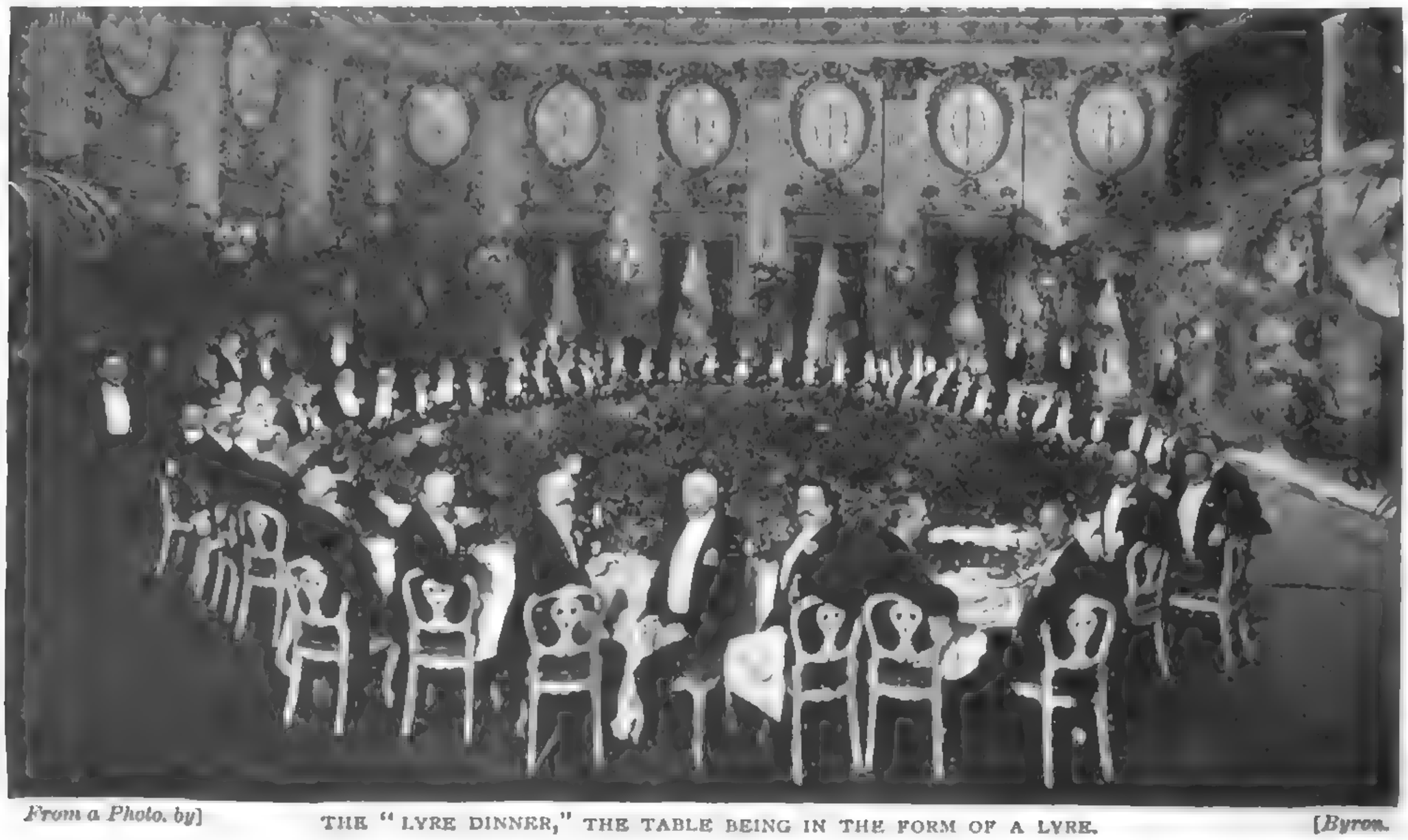
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] THE OLD GUARDS' "MOCK-MENU" DINNER. *[Byron.*

tioned diners that our photograph was secured.

A few years ago Mr. Sherry himself was returning with the *impresario*, Maurice Grau, from Europe, and as the result of a wager upon the ship's "run" Mr. Grau was given a splendid dinner. It is now known in gastronomic history as the "lyre dinner," for the table was arranged in the form of an enormous lyre. Long gilded ropes covered with pretty vines represented the strings, while, to carry out the idea of the instrument, there was a golden cloth on the inner side of the table. Into this were woven mauve orchids, with electric lights sparkling under the green leaves, thus bringing out sufficient brilliancy to please the guests and not to affect their eyesight. Between each two seats of the table was a wine "cooler," sunk into the wood in such a way that the neck only of each champagne bottle showed above the edge. The banquet was attended by those best known to music in New York, and its brilliancy has probably never been surpassed.



From a Photo. by] THE "LYRE DINNER," THE TABLE BEING IN THE FORM OF A LYRE. *[Byron.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A Doubtful Case.

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick (Pleydell North).

WHEN, in the year 189—, a weakness of the throat prevented me from preaching for a time, I had considerable difficulty in persuading Allan Fortescue to take my place in the pulpit.

He had been amongst us rather more than two years; and although an ordained priest in the Church of England, and a man of considerable ability, was without preferment, and, apparently, content to remain so.

How came it, I often wondered, that he stayed on in our quiet village, with no apparent interest or occupation in life beyond his garden and his books?

Nor, when he at length consented to my proposal and preached his first sermon in Stony Lea, was my perplexity lessened. His diction was that of a classical scholar, but his words were also the outpouring of a sensitive, warm-hearted man; I could have fancied that in these impersonal utterances he sought compensation for years of enforced silence and isolation.

He had attracted me from the first. Manly, genial, but strangely reserved, Sir Lewin Maxwell and myself were, I believe, the only visitors who had gained admittance to his cottage.

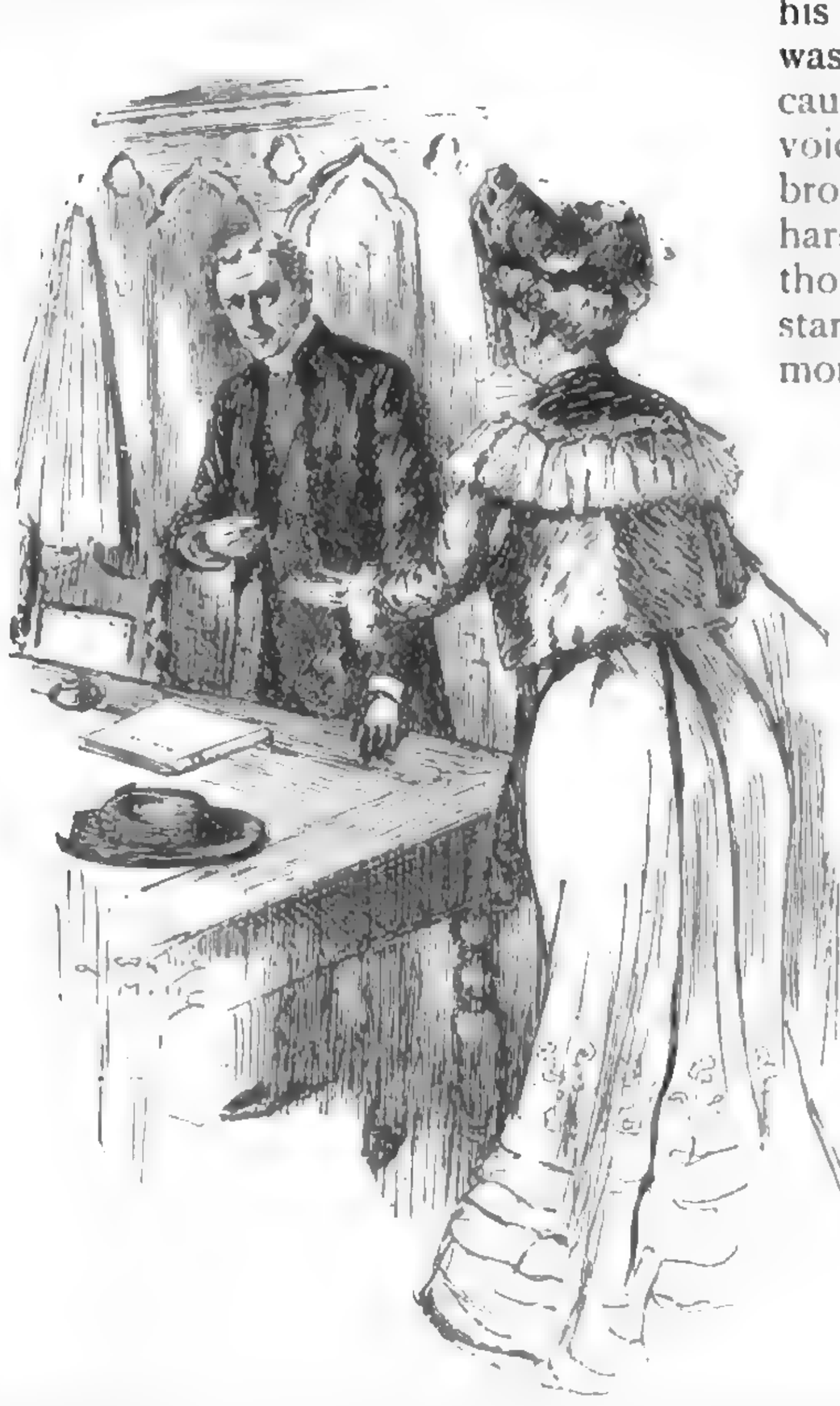
When I so far induced him to change his habits as to help me with my weekly sermons Sir Lewin Maxwell was abroad. He had left Stony Lea for the Riviera in November, and now, early in May, the fact of his marriage had just been announced. No particulars, however, concerning the bride had reached us, and the appearance of the newly-married couple at the Hall was looked for with much interest and curiosity. They did not come until June, and then, by the express desire of Sir Lewin, were met by no demonstration of any kind; indeed, no one, I believe, except the steward and myself knew the exact date or hour at which they were to be expected.

On the Sunday following their arrival, therefore, glances were turned with some eagerness towards the Hall pew, but it was occupied only by a stout, elderly lady, who could not assuredly be Sir Lewin's newly-married wife.

No sooner, on that day, had Allan Fortescue in due course mounted the pulpit than I became aware of something amiss. From my position in the chancel I could not see his face, but the pause which preceded his announcement of a text was just long enough to cause uneasiness, and his voice, when at length he broke the silence, was harsh and unnatural, although, when once fairly started, he spoke with even more than his usual fervour.

When I reached the sacristy after the service Fortescue had already left, and as I was preparing to follow him I was accosted by the lady whom I had seen in the squire's pew.

My visitor's comely, good-tempered face was flushed with heat and nervous indignation. After abruptly closing the sacristy door upon the two of us she turned to me and inquired whether I was aware of the true character of the man I had



"SHE TURNED TO ME AND INQUIRED WHETHER I WAS AWARE OF THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE MAN."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

admitted to my pulpit, adding that it was with the greatest difficulty she had refrained from walking out of the church.

Somewhat startled, I asked for further explanation, whereupon she gave me, at considerable length, the particulars I will here try to relate as concisely as possible.

It seemed that about five years previously Allan Fortescue had been engaged as resident tutor to Mrs. Llewellyn's only son, and in that capacity had accompanied the family to Llidisfarn, a solitary, old-fashioned place in Wales. The house was occupied for the greater part of the year by a gardener and his wife as caretakers; but during the residence of their mistress these people retired to their own cottage. Mrs. Llewellyn brought with her two old and faithful servants — both women. Her party further included her niece and ward, Edith Graham, now Sir Lewin Maxwell's wife. The evening of her arrival Mrs. Llewellyn retired early to her room and to bed. The latter was an antiquated four-poster; the canopy had been removed for the sake of air, but the curtains remained, and on the night in question, the weather being boisterous and the room draughty, had been drawn so as to have only a small opening at the foot. Before retiring Mrs. Llewellyn had taken from her travelling-bag an ebony and silver casket which contained some valuable diamonds. She had intended placing the casket in an iron safe near the head of the bed, but had found the lock rusty from disuse; consequently, being exceedingly tired, and believing there could be no fear of burglars in this quiet and remote place, she left the casket on the dressing-table.



"A FIGURE CARRYING A SMALL READING-LAMP PASSED THE APERTURE."

The dressing-table faced the door of the room, and to cross from one to the other it was necessary to pass the foot of the bed.

In the dead of the night Mrs. Llewellyn awoke, feeling sure that someone was stirring in the room, and, as she became more fully conscious, saw on the ceiling above her a dim reflection of light. Almost at the same moment a figure carrying a small reading-lamp passed the aperture between the curtains at the foot of the bed, going towards the door, and she recognised, to her amazement, the tutor, Allan Fortescue. She described herself as being too surprised and terrified to call out; it seemed but a moment before the door was closed and she was in darkness and alone. Then she struck a light, sprang from the bed, and went to the dressing-table. The ebony casket was gone. Even then she gave no alarm. Except her son and Allan Fortescue, only women were in the house; and she reflected that it would be safer and wiser to wait until the morning. That the thief should dispose of the diamonds during the night was virtually impossible. Also the circumstances were otherwise peculiar. Allan Fortescue was at that time the avowed admirer of Miss Graham, and for her sake an open scandal was, if possible, to be avoided.

The following morning, however, after hours of sleepless anxiety, Mrs. Llewellyn summoned the tutor to the study, made her accusation, and demanded the return of her property.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He did not attempt either to explain or deny his presence in her room during the night, but appeared to treat the idea of theft as a ludicrous jest, and stoutly maintained that the jewels were not in his possession. During the altercation which followed Miss Graham entered, and Fortescue at once explained the situation.

Apparently to his surprise, Miss Graham took the affair very seriously, and seemed to feel that the evidence against him was overwhelming. She pleaded, however, so piteously that for her sake he might be spared from public disgrace that Mrs. Llewellyn finally consented to allow him to leave the house, upon the understanding that he should seek no further intercourse with any member of the family, and that he should never again undertake the duties either of a clergyman or a tutor. Under these circumstances he at last seemed to realize the seriousness of his position; he went away that morning, maintaining towards the end an obstinate silence. The most rigorous search, made at his own request, among his possessions failed to reveal the diamonds, which, indeed, had never since been heard of.

I also gathered that, although made fully aware of the penalty to be incurred by any breach of the conditions named, he had steadily refused to bind himself as to his future.

That afternoon, as soon as I was at leisure, I walked down to Allan Fortescue's cottage.

Shocked and distressed as I was at the story, I felt many points in it needed clearing up, and was inwardly assured that, if he would, he had the power to explain the whole matter satisfactorily.

He opened the door himself.

"I know," he said, abruptly, before I could speak, "why you have come. Mrs. Llewellyn was with you this morning; I saw her rustling up towards the sacristy. Don't let charity bring you any farther."

I signed to him to let me come in.

"We can't talk on the doorstep," I said. "Of course, it is all a mistake."

He let me come to the study; then, as he closed the door behind me, he said:—

"There is no mistake. I was there—in her room that night. She saw me."

"You were not there to take the diamonds," I persisted.

"I was not there to steal the diamonds; I will own so much."

"In that case, who did steal them, if stolen they were? No pains should have been spared at the time to discover the actual thief. Even now it might not be too late, if you would only account for your presence in the room."

"The actual thief——" He began restlessly to pace the floor. "What if I were to say that I took the diamonds—with my own hands?"

"I should answer that you must have been in some way unconscious of your actions."

My confidence seemed to touch him; he looked at me, and for a moment I hoped I was to gain some enlightenment; then he said, slowly:—

"I was never in my life more completely master of myself. And now there must be an end of my confessions."

I saw that to question him further would be useless, and shortly afterwards took my leave. As we parted he grasped my extended hand.

"I owe you an apology," he said, "for having brought this annoyance upon you, and I don't know how to thank you for your patience with me."

A few days later an invitation reached me to dine at the Hall. Any intercourse between Allan Fortescue and Sir Lewin Maxwell had inevitably ceased. Sir Lewin, not unnaturally, accepted Mrs. Llewellyn's view of the case, but he did not quarrel with me for taking my own line, and young Lady Maxwell seemed almost grateful for my belief in the possible innocence of her old lover. She was a most charming woman, with an habitually sweet and gracious manner, rendered only more attractive, I at first thought, by a variableness of mood which brought suggestion of possible storms.

An accomplished musician, her talent made a link between us. Often, indeed, during the earlier part of our intercourse she became associated in my mind with the harmonies of Beethoven, whose creations she rendered with remarkable skill and feeling. Later, however, I noticed an increase of nervous restlessness, an expression in her eyes as of some haunting, eager desire, little in keeping with the works of the master, which, however full of variety, are to my mind always instinct with a great satisfaction and repose.

For some time I was inclined to attribute these signs of disturbance to the neighbourhood of Allan Fortescue, and to think that he would have done well to leave the village. But, so far as I could see, he studiously avoided all chance of encounter with any of the Hall party; and, without definite reason, I had not the heart to suggest that he should become once more a wanderer.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In this way some few months passed without noticeable event. Sir Lewin, I thought, at times looked careworn and more aged than the passage of months would justify, but he seemed, if possible, more entirely devoted to his wife than in the earlier days of their marriage. Then, one Monday afternoon early in April, as I was riding homewards from visiting an outlying district, a curious thing happened.

My way led me through Oxley Dell, a piece of road bordered on each side by Sir Lewin's woods, through which to the right a bridle-path leads by a short cut to Stony Lea. The path and immediate neighbourhood are but little frequented, owing to an old story of a murder and a subsequent ghost.

As I neared the Dell I saw Allan Fortescue tramping along the road in front of me, but before I could overtake him he turned aside into the bridle-path. There I presently followed, and had him once more in view, when a woman suddenly appeared from among the trees and accosted him. Allan raised his hat, and the two walked on together; the meeting had the air of an appointment.

Having no wish to play the spy I turned my pony's head, but I was ill at ease. The tall, graceful figure of the woman, enveloped though it was in a long rain-coat, had been ominously familiar, and as I jogged slowly homewards I resolved that I would call that evening on Allan and have the matter out with him.

I found him in better spirits than usual, but when I explained my errand he seemed somewhat disconcerted.

"Ah! you saw us," he said, and bent to knock the ashes from his pipe; then added, "You are sure, I suppose, of the identity of the lady?"

"As sure as it is possible to be without having seen her face to face."

"Still, you might be utterly mistaken. Would it not be better, for the sake of—the lady chiefly concerned in your mind—to give her the benefit of the doubt?"



"A WOMAN SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM AMONG THE TREES."

His eyes met mine fully. I answered question with question.

"Do you think you are dealing fairly with me? Strictly speaking, perhaps this is no affair of mine, and yet——"

"And yet you have been extraordinarily

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

good to me, and deserve that I should be open with you. I can only ask you to trust me a little farther; to believe that the meeting you witnessed to-day cannot possibly injure the lady you are thinking of except through your interference, and that it was as far removed from being of a sentimental nature as though I had met my grandmother."

The Friday following this interview I received a visit from the squire; he looked ill and harassed.

"I am vexed," he said, "about Edith. She went to town for a day's shopping on Wednesday and has not returned. She was to lunch with Mrs. Llewellyn and come back for dinner. She has frequently made these little excursions of late. In the evening, however, I got a telegram to say she was detained by the dressmaker, and yesterday morning a letter to the same effect. This morning I had no letter, but half an hour ago I met General Anson—he had just arrived by the three o'clock train. He told me that he had seen Edith having lunch at Franconi's with Fortescue. They did not see him—his table was behind theirs—but as he left the room he passed close to them and heard Fortescue say, 'To-night, then, without fail, by the seven-thirty.' 'So,' the old man went on, 'I suppose Lady Maxwell comes down to-night, and Mr. Fortescue is to escort her. I thought there was a coolness — that he was under a cloud.' I laughed, and told him it was a case of mistaken identity."

"And Fortescue?"

"He went to London yesterday; I happen to know that."

I must here mention that Stony Lea, although but a small village in Kent, has a good train service, and is but an hour's run from town. I looked at my watch. It was barely four o'clock. "Why not," I said, "go up to town by the four-forty-five, and travel down yourself with Lady Maxwell when she is prepared to come? You could be in Belgrave Road before six o'clock."

"Will you come with me?" he asked.

I consented; and by 6.30 we were in Belgrave Road.

Mrs. Llewellyn's house had an empty, uninhabited air, and the servant who came to the door said his mistress had been out of town for a few days. Lady Maxwell had been staying there during the week. She had driven out in the morning and not returned until four o'clock; then, after a cup of tea, she had gone out again, walking; she had said she was leaving town that evening, and would return about half-past six in a cab for various parcels that were awaiting her.

"Quite so," Sir Lewin said; "she is travelling down with me. I will wait for her here," and he walked straight into the drawing-room, whither I followed him. The room opened into the hall. Presently a hansom drove up; Lady Maxwell got out and entered the house with a latch-key. Sir Lewin moved towards the door of the room as though intending to meet her, when the arrival of another cab made him pause and look round. Lady Maxwell ran lightly upstairs; the door was ajar and I heard the swish-swish of her skirts. The second cab was a four-wheeler; Fortescue descended from it, and the electric bell of the front door tingled persistently in the silence of the house. Then we heard him asking for Lady Maxwell, and almost before the servant could reply Sir Lewin was on the doorstep. Fearful of what might ensue I followed him from the room; I saw him touch Fortescue on the shoulder, and Allan's start of surprise and, apparently, dismay; then the two men entered the hall together.

"Now," said Sir Lewin, "kindly explain your presence here and your business with my wife."

Allan's answer was unexpected.

"I think," he said, quietly, "I will leave that to Lady Maxwell herself."

They had spoken so far in low tones and with outward calm; now Sir Lewin muttered angrily some words which I could not hear, and raised his arm.

I stepped forward.

"Come into the drawing-room," I said hurriedly in his ear. "Don't make a public scene."

He shook me off, but at that moment another and more importunate voice intervened.

"My dear Lewin, you here? How exceedingly fortunate! Now we need not rush for that seven-thirty train; you and dear Edith can stay to dinner."

There was a darkening of the doorway, a rustle of garments, and Mrs. Llewellyn advanced with outstretched hands.

Sir Lewin stared in blank amazement. Allan smiled.

"I was in the cab," went on the lady, "waiting for Edith. Mr. Fortescue kindly drove with me from the station, and I had intended to travel down with her, trusting, my dear Lewin, to your hospitality to put me up for the night. I am so sorry I have been

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

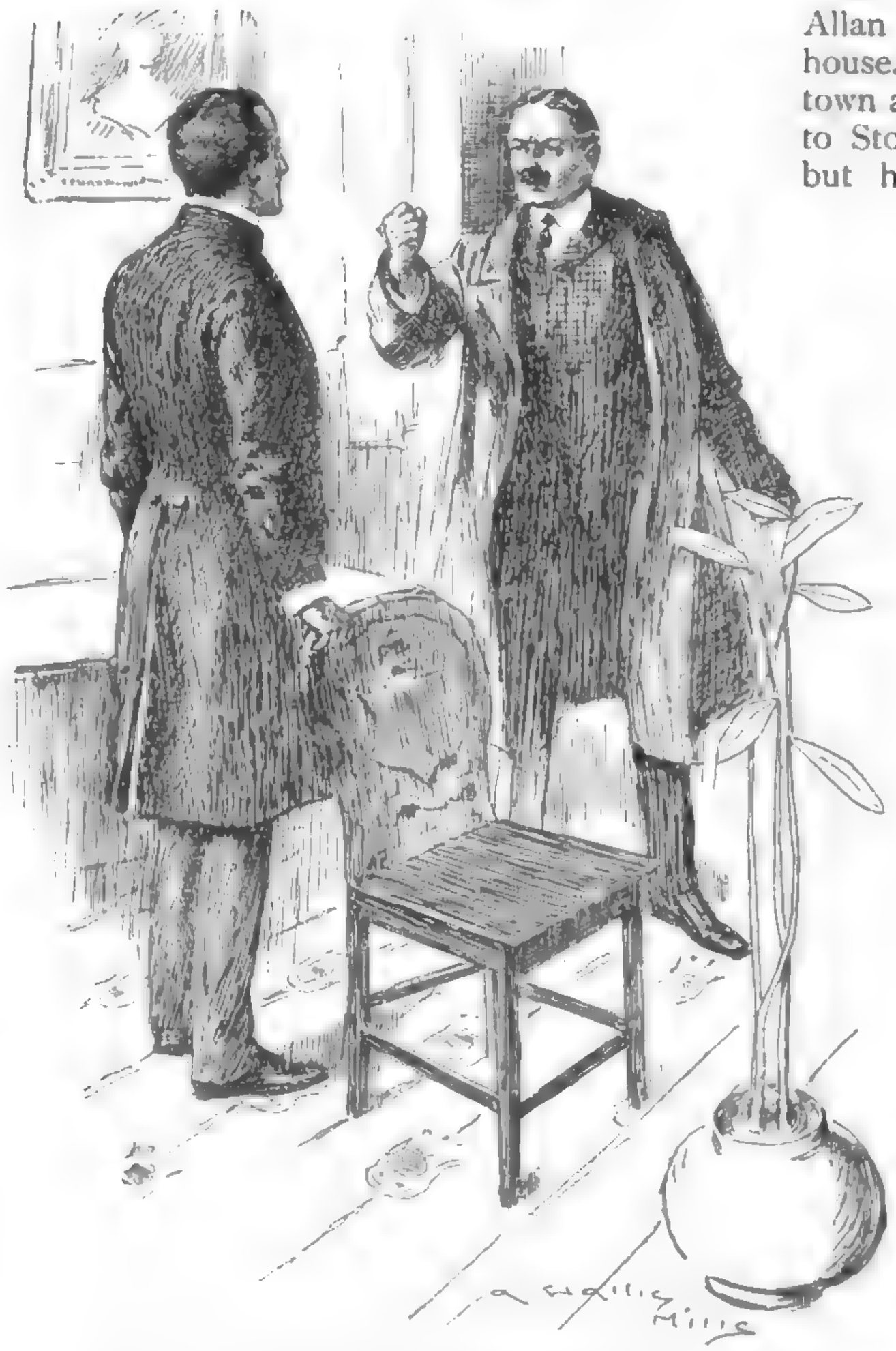
unable to return before, to be with the dear child all the time."

She had talked us all to the drawing-room door.

"I still quite fail to see," began Sir Lewin, stiffly, "how Mr. Fortescue ——"

"I will explain," said Lady Maxwell. She had come down the stairs unheard, and now advanced towards us. Her face was as white as the gown she wore, her eyes looked wild and startled. "Come with me," she added to Sir Lewin, and led the way to a small back room. He followed her without a word.

"Pay the cab," said Mrs. Llewellyn, cheerfully, to the servant, "and bring all those packages in. Sir Lewin and Lady Maxwell will remain to dinner. Mr. Greyling and Mr. Fortescue, please come in, and let me offer you some refreshment."



"SIR LEWIN MUTTERED ANGRILY SOME WORDS WHICH I COULD NOT HEAR, AND RAISED HIS ARM."

She moved towards the dining-room and, the door being safely closed, fell gasping into a chair. There was wine upon the sideboard; Allan poured some into a glass and brought it to her. She sighed heavily as she took it. "How all this is to end, Heaven only knows!"

"I think," said Allan, "there is nothing further for me to do. If you will allow me I will bid you good-night."

She looked at him curiously, the wine-glass half-way to her lips.

"Can you," she said, "trust your vindication to us?"

"Entirely. It has come to be the last thing I think about," he answered, sadly; "and, if she may in any degree be spared, I beg that it may be the very last thing in your mind also."

A few minutes later Allan and I left the house. We dined in town and travelled back to Stony Lea together; but he offered me no explanation of the events of the afternoon, and I respected his silence.

Nearly a week passed before I heard anything further about the matter.

Then, one morning, Sir Lewin called upon me; he and Lady Maxwell had returned only the previous night from town. He made no reference to the circumstances of our last meeting, but asked me to come to the Hall that afternoon, as his wife was far from well, and anxious to see me.

I went accordingly and found her alone, lying upon a couch in her morning-room and looking sadly, terribly changed.

"I have asked you to come," she said, when I had taken a seat beside her, "because I want to tell you the truth about Allan Fortescue; he has suffered all these years through my fault, and I must make what reparation I can before—— It was I who really had the diamonds; I wanted them, and I employed him to bring me the casket; he did this quite innocently, as you will hear, not knowing what it contained. I had seen it on the dressing-table when I went to say good-night to my

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

aunt just after she had gone to bed—about nine o'clock; but I was equally afraid either to take it then or to return to the room in the dark later on. Yet the chance seemed too good to be lost; I had never seen the casket left exposed before; it was always kept under lock and key. On my way downstairs I met Allan Fortescue, and we went together to the drawing-room. As we sat chatting by the fire, the plan I afterwards carried out occurred to me. The talk turned



"'DON'T JUDGE ME TOO HARDLY,' SHE SAID, PITEOUSLY."

upon ghosts, and he said he should much like to meet one. Then I told him, truly, that one room in the house was said to be haunted by the spirit of a lady who had died there mysteriously on her return from a ball at which she had promised her lover to elope with him. I explained that nothing had been disturbed since the morning she was found there, dead in her chair before the mirror; but instead of the room to which the story really attached I described the one I had just left, and dared him to visit it after midnight. He said he had no fear, but I added that I should not believe in his courage unless he brought me as a proof a small ebony casket which had always stood upon the dressing-table. He laughed and said he would do even that, and I promised to meet him in the conservatory the following morning before breakfast to receive it and hear his experiences. He was quite strange to the house and did not know how any of the bedrooms were occupied except his own and his pupil's, which were in another wing. In the morning he handed me the casket as arranged. You know the rest; you see he was helpless in my hands."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that you wrecked a man's life for a few jewels?"

"Don't judge me too hardly," she said, piteously. "I was in terrible straits. I had been staying with some of my father's relations in town, and had learned much of a side of life concerning which Aunt Mary knew practically nothing. I owed a great deal of money, and was afraid to tell her about it. When I had the diamonds I was able to put off the most threatening of my creditors with promises of payment, and, later, one of my cousins helped me to dispose of the stones. I told him they were some jewels of my mother's which had just been made over to me. Aunt Mary would hold no intercourse with my father's family, so I had no fear of awkward explanations. When I was twenty-one I came in for a little money, all that was left of my mother's fortune, and I gave Aunt Mary some fresh jewels. You see, I had inherited certain tendencies from my father—perhaps in the beginning there was some excuse for me; you will understand when I say that he died from a hurt received in a gambling quarrel when I was about twelve years old. The house and all he possessed were sold to pay his debts, and Aunt Mary took charge of me. It was a great change. To me at all events my father had been good always, and I loved him dearly.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"As to Allan Fortescue, when he found how I had tricked him he was furious, but I managed to see him alone and persuaded him to accept the situation. You see, I had contrived things so that his speaking would have been of very little use unless I had chosen to confess—only his word against mine. Of course, I was dreadfully upset when I found that Aunt Mary had seen him. That was just what I had not counted upon; but I couldn't go back then and give up the jewels—I couldn't. I promised him that, if he would keep silence, I would never be reckless and extravagant or wicked again; and for a long time I kept my word. But life was dreadfully dull, and the thought of what I had done made me wretched; if Allan had been prosecuted I don't think I could have borne it—I must have spoken out. As it was, I became subject to dreadful fits of depression, and I think Aunt Mary was very glad to get me safely married, as she called it. For a time, then, I was very happy; for I loved Lewin dearly, and I tried to forget. Then, finding Allan here, seeing the wreck I had made of his life, brought back to me all my trouble. I began to crave again for excitement of any sort. Lewin thought I was ill, and at first used to give me champagne as a tonic.

"When we were in town last year I got back into the old set, from a different standpoint, and with more money at command——"

Once more she stopped, but I would not again interrupt her; I felt that the whole sad story must be finished now.

"I don't know," she continued, presently, "how Allan Fortescue discovered what was going on, but he did. One day I received a communication from him—I can't call it a letter—telling me that he knew the sort of life I was leading, and that unless I kept my promise to him he would speak and tell Lewin the truth even now. He knew and could prove where I had sold the diamonds. In reply to that I induced him to meet me in the Oxley Woods, and persuaded him to give me a little more time. I promised to tell Lewin that very night about my debts. Instead, I went to London. I really meant to start afresh; but I thought I could raise some money and get fairly straight without saying anything to my husband. I—I stayed longer than I meant. Allan came to look for me. He followed me to the places where he thought I was likely to be—he must have kept a watch upon me for some time past—but our meeting at last was accidental. I was really at my wits' end, and I went into Franconi's with Allan to talk things over. We saw General Anson leave the place, and I think that made Allan decide there must be no more concealment; also, I suppose he felt it was useless to trust me any longer. He went straight from me to Aunt Mary and fetched her. She knew that he must be speaking the truth. I had promised to go home that night anyhow; but I don't know what I might have done if I had been left to myself. Then you and Lewin appeared—— It is better as it is—I should never have had the strength, the courage—I am so sorry—so sorry—for Lewin—for myself—for Allan—for my little child that is coming——"

She turned her face to the wall, and I saw her slight frame shiver with voiceless, choking tears.

There is little more to tell. Lady Maxwell lived only a few months after she had made this confession. Her child survived—a son—and there are three men who watch over that boy with perhaps exaggerated solicitude and love—his father, Allan Fortescue, and myself.

Will he reward our care? I think so. He has his mother's face and charm, but in character he takes after Sir Lewin. Allan Fortescue has remained in the village as my curate. I trust he may never leave me, and that the bishop may see fit hereafter to appoint him vicar in my stead; I am growing old.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LXXXI.—DR. EDWARD ELGAR.

By Rudolph de Cordova.



From a Photo. by] DR. EDWARD ELGAR. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

"IF ever this votary of the muse of song looked from the hills of his present home at Malvern, from the cradle of English poetry, the scene of the vision of Piers Plowman, and from the British camp, with its legendary memories of his own 'Caractacus,' and in the light of the rising sun sees the towers of Tewkesbury and Gloucester and Worcester, he might recall in that view the earlier stages of his career, and confess with modest pride, like the bard in the 'Odyssey':—

Self-taught I sing; 'tis Heaven, and Heaven alone,
Inspires my song with music all its own."

It was in November, 1900, that these words were spoken by the Orator when the University of Cambridge honoured itself by conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Music on Dr. Elgar, whom one of the most distinguished German writers on music declared to be "the most brilliant champion of the National School of Composition which is beginning to bloom in England."

The encomiums which Germany—the acknowledged leader of the world in music—has showered on Dr. Elgar, have at length been reflected in England, which has awakened to the fact that to him at least that much misapplied word "genius" belongs by right divine. That awakening was marked by the three days' festival in the middle of March, when Covent Garden Opera House reverted to an old custom and for two glorious nights became the home of oratorio, with a concert on the third night. That festival is unique in the history of music, for it is the first time an English composer has been so honoured.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

However gratifying the applause of the public may be to the worker in any art, his greatest pleasure must properly come from his fellow-workers, who know the difficulties which have to be surmounted before the desired effect can be produced.

"Was not Herr Steinbach, the conductor of the Meiningen Orchestra, among the others who said that you have something different from anybody else in the tone of your orchestra?" I asked Dr. Elgar, as we sat in his study at Malvern, with a great expanse of country visible through the wide windows.

"I believe so," he replied; "and that remark has been one from which I have naturally derived great pleasure.

"You know," said Dr. Elgar, as he settled down to talk for the purpose of this interview, in accordance with a long-standing promise made in what he came to regard as an unguarded moment—"you know, since you compel me to begin at the beginning, that I 'began' in Broadheath, a little village three miles from Worcester, in which city my father was organist of St. George's Catholic Church, a post he held for thirty-seven years. I was a very little boy indeed when I began to show some aptitude for music and used to extemporize on the piano. When I was quite small I received a few lessons on the piano. The organ-loft then attracted me, and from the time I was about seven or eight I used to go and sit by my father and watch him play. After a time I began to try to play myself. At first the only thing I succeeded in producing was noise, but gradually, out of the chaos, harmony began to evolve itself. In those days, too, an English opera company used to visit the old Worcester Theatre, and I was taken into the orchestra, which consisted of only eight or ten performers, and so heard old operas like 'Norma,' 'Traviata,' 'Trovatore,' and, above all, 'Don Giovanni.'

"My general education was not neglected. I went to Littleton House School until I was about fifteen. At the same time I saw and learnt a great deal about music from the stream of music that passed through my father's establishment.

"My hope was that I should be able to get a musical education, and I worked hard at German on the chance that I should go to Leipsic, but my father discovered that he could not afford to send me away, and anything in that direction seemed to be at an end. Then a friend, a solicitor, suggested that I should go to him for a year and see how I liked the law. I went for a year, but came to the conclusion that the law was not for me, and I determined to return to music. There appeared to be an opening for a violinist in Worcester, and as it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to try to take advantage of the opening, I had been teaching myself to play the violin. Then I began to teach on my own account, and spent such leisure as I had in writing music. It was music of a sort — bad, very bad—but my juvenile efforts are, I hope, destroyed.



DR. EDWARD ELGAR.
From a Photo. by E. T. Holding.

"Although I was teaching the violin I wanted to improve my playing, so I began to save up in order to go to London to get some lessons from Herr Pollitzer. On one occasion I was working the first violin part of the Haydn quartet. There was a rest, and I suddenly began to play the 'cello part. Pollitzer looked up. 'You know the whole thing?' he said.

"'Of course,' I replied.

"He looked up, curiously. 'Do you compose, yourself?' he asked.

"'I try,' I replied again.

"'Show me something of yours,' he said.

"I did so, with the result that he gave me an introduction to Mr., now Sir, August Manns, who, later on, played many of my things at the daily concerts at the Crystal Palace.

"When I resolved to become a musician and found that the exigencies of life would

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

prevent me from getting any tuition, the only thing to do was to teach myself. I read everything, played everything, and heard everything I possibly could. As I have told you, I used to play the organ and the violin. I attended as many of the cathedral services as I could to hear the anthems, and to get to know what they were, so as to become thoroughly acquainted with the English Church style. The putting of the fine new organ into the cathedral at Worcester was a great event, and brought many organists to play there at various times. I went to hear them all. The services at the cathedral were over later on Sunday than those at the Catholic church, and as soon as the voluntary was finished at the church I used to rush over to the cathedral to hear the concluding voluntary. Eventually I succeeded my father as organist at St. George's. We lived at that time in the parish of St. Helen's, in which is the mother church of Worcester, which had a peal of eight bells. The Curfew used always to be rung in those days at eight o'clock in the evening, and I believe it is still rung. I made friends with the sexton and used to ring the Curfew, and afterwards strike the day of the month. My enthusiasm was so great that I used to prolong the ringing from three minutes to ten minutes, until the people in the neighbourhood complained, when I had to reduce the time. On Sunday the bells were supposed to go for half an hour before service, from half-past ten to eleven. The performance was divided into certain parts. With a friend, I used to 'raise' and 'fall' the bell for ten minutes, chime a smaller bell for ten minutes or so, and at five minutes to eleven I would fly off to play the organ at the Catholic church.

"You ask me to go into greater details about my musical education. I am constantly receiving letters on this point from all over the world, for it is well known that I am self-taught in the matter of harmony, counterpoint, form, and, in short, the whole of the 'mystery' of music, and people want to know what books I used. To-day there are all sorts of books to make the study of harmony and orchestration pleasant. In my young days they were repellent. But I read them and I still exist."

If only cold type could suggest the humour with which those words were spoken!

"The first was Catel, and that was followed by Cherubini. The first real sort of friendly leading I had, however, was from 'Mozart's Thorough-bass School.' There was something in that to go upon—something human. It is a small book—a collection of papers beautifully and clearly expressed—which he wrote on harmony for the niece of a friend of his. I still treasure the old volume. Ouseley and Macfarren followed, but the articles which have since helped me the most are those of Sir Hubert Parry in 'Grove's Dictionary.'"

"How did these various authorities mix?" I interrupted.

"They didn't mix," was Dr. Elgar's reply, "and it appears it is necessary for anyone who has to be self-taught to read everything and—pick out the best. That, I suppose, is the difficulty—to pick out the best. How to forget the rubbish and remember the good I can't tell you, but perhaps that is where his brains must come in.

"It would be affectation were I to pretend that my work is not recognised as modern, and I hate affectation, yet it would probably surprise you to know the amount of work I did in studying musical form. Only those can safely disregard form who ignore it with a full knowledge and do not evade it through ignorance.

"Mozart is the musician from whom everyone should learn form. I once ruled a score for the same instruments and with the same number of bars as Mozart's G Minor Symphony, and in that framework I wrote a symphony, following as far as possible the same outline in the themes and the same modulation. I did this on my own initiative, as I was groping in the dark after light, but looking back after thirty years I don't know any discipline from which I learned so much.

"So you insist on my telling you some more of my early struggles and my early work? I was interested in many other things besides music, and I had the good fortune to be thrown among an unsorted collection of old



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF DR. ELGAR.
From a Photograph.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

books. There were books of all kinds, and all distinguished by the characteristic that they were for the most part incomplete. I busied myself for days and weeks arranging them. I picked out the theological books, of which there were a good many, and put them on one side. Then I made a place for the Elizabethan dramatists, the chronicles including Baker's and Hollinshed's, besides a tolerable collection of old poets and translations of Voltaire, and all sorts of things up to the eighteenth century. Then I began to read. I used to get up at four or five o'clock in the summer and read—every available opportunity found me reading. I read till dark. I finished by reading every one of those books—including the theology. The result of that reading has been that people tell me I know more of life up to the eighteenth century than I do of my own time, and it is probably true.

"In studying scores the first which came into my hands were the Beethoven symphonies. Anyone can have them now, but they were difficult for a boy to get in Worcester thirty years ago. I, however, managed to get two or three, and I remember distinctly the day I was able to buy the Pastoral Symphony. I stuffed my pockets with bread and cheese and went out into the fields to study it. That was what I always did. Even when I began to teach, when a new score came into my hands I went off for a long day with it out of doors, and when my unfortunate—or fortunate?—pupils went for their lessons I was not at home to give them.

"By the way, talking about scores, it will probably surprise you to know that I never possessed a score of Wagner until one was given to me in 1900.

"In the early days of which I have been speaking five of us established a wind quintet. We had two flutes, an oboe, a clarionet, and a bassoon, which last I played for some time, and afterwards relinquished it for the 'cello. There was no music at all to suit our peculiar requirements, as in the ideal wind quintet a horn should find a place and not a second flute, so I used to write the music. We met on Sunday afternoons, and it was an understood thing that we should have a new piece every week. The sermons in our church used to take at least half an hour, and I spent the time composing the thing for the afternoon. It was great experience for me, as you may imagine, and the books are all extant, so some of that music still exists. We played occasionally for friends, and I remember one moonlight night stopping in front of a house to put the bassoon together. I held it up to see if it was straight before tightening it. As I did so, someone rushed out of the house, grabbed me by the arms, and shouted, 'It will be five shillings if you do.' He thought I had a gun in my hand.



DR. ELGAR AS A MEMBER OF HIS QUINTET, FOR WHICH HE WROTE THE MUSIC.
From a Photo. by Bennett.
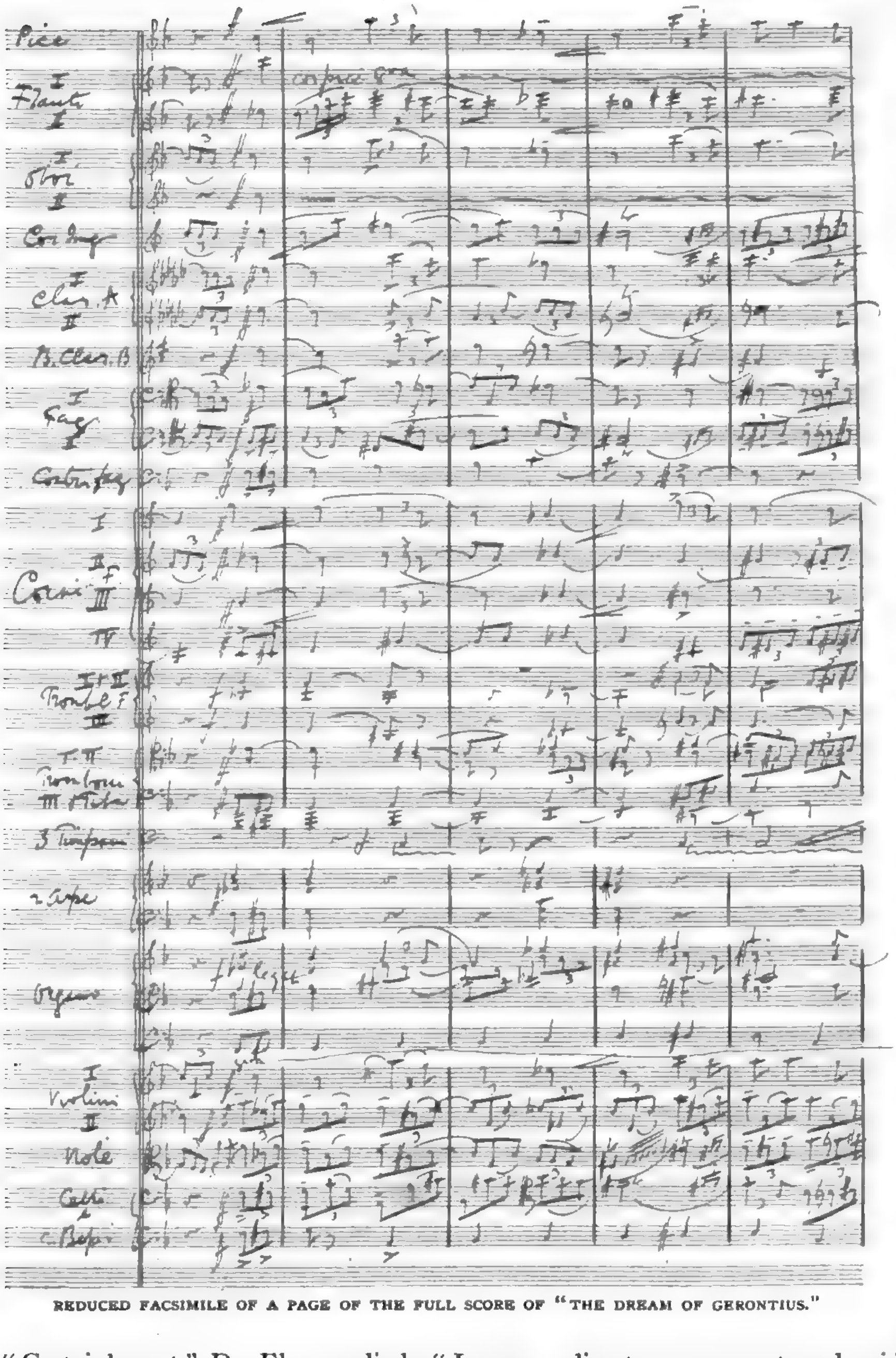
"The old Worcester Glee Club had been established as long ago as 1809 for the performance of old glees, with an occasional instrumental night. At these last I first played second fiddle and afterwards became leader, as, after a time, I used to do the accompanying. It was an enjoyable and artistic gathering, and the programmes were principally drawn from the splendid English compositions for men's voices. The younger generation seemed to prefer ordinary part-songs, and ballads also were introduced, and the tone of the thing changed. I am not sure if the club is still in existence.

"It was in 1877 that I first went to take lessons of Pollitzer. He suggested that I should stay in London and devote myself to violin playing, but I had become enamoured of a country life, and would not give up the prospect of a certain living by playing and teaching in Worcester on the chance of only a possible success which I might make as a soloist in London.

"The thing which brought me before a larger public as a composer was the production of several things of mine at Birmingham by Mr. W. C. Stockley, to whom my music was introduced by Dr. Wareing, himself a composer, and still resident in Birmingham. At that time I was a member of Mr. Stockley's orchestra—first violin."

In this connection it is interesting to break Dr. Elgar's narrative to tell an anecdote which Mr. Stockley relates. When he decided to do something of Dr. Elgar's, he asked him if he would like to conduct it.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE FULL SCORE OF "THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

"Certainly not," Dr. Elgar replied; "I am a member of the orchestra and I am going to stick in the orchestra. I am not recognised as a composer, and the fact that you are going to do something of mine gives me no title to a place anywhere else." The piece was a success and the audience called for Dr. Elgar, who came down from among the fiddles, made his bow, and then went back to his place.

To resume. "Don't suppose, however," Dr. Elgar said, "that after that recognition as a composer things were easy for me. The directors of the old Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre were good enough to write that they thought sufficiently of my things to devote a morning to rehearsing them. I went on the appointed day to London to conduct the rehearsal. When I arrived it was explained to me that a few songs had to be taken before I could begin. Before the songs were finished Sir Arthur Sullivan unexpectedly arrived, bringing with him a selection from one of his operas. It was the only chance he had of going through it with the orchestra, so they determined to take advantage of the opportunity. He consumed all my time in rehearsing this, and when he had finished the director came out and said to me, 'There will be no chance of your going through your music to-day.' I went back to Worcester to my teaching, and that was the last of my chance of an appearance at the Promenade Concerts.

"Years after I met Sullivan, one of the most amiable and genial souls that ever lived. When we were introduced he said, 'I don't think we have met before.' 'Not exactly,' I replied, 'but very near it,' and I told him the circumstance. 'But, my dear boy, I hadn't

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] DR. ELGAR'S HOUSE AT MALVERN. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

the slightest idea of it,' he exclaimed, in his enthusiastic manner. 'Why on earth didn't you come and tell me? I'd have rehearsed it myself for you.' They were not idle words. He would have done it, just as he said. He never forgot the episode till the end of his life.

"Two similar occurrences took place at the Crystal Palace: rehearsals were planned which never came off, so I was no nearer to getting a hearing for big orchestral works.

"Mr. Hugh Blair, then the organist of Worcester Cathedral, saw some of the cantata, 'The Black Knight,' and said: 'If you will finish it I will produce it at Worcester.' I finished it, and it was produced by the Worcester Festival Choir. This cantata then came under the notice of Dr. Swinnerton Heap, to whom I owe my introduction to the musical festivals as a writer of choral works. He had known me for a good many years as a violinist, but it had never occurred to him to talk to me about my composing, and he knew nothing of it.

"It was through Dr. Heap that I was asked to write a cantata for the Staffordshire Musical Festival, and, shortly after, the committee asked me to provide an oratorio for the Worcester Festival. They were 'The Light of Life,' performed in Worcester Cathedral, and 'King Olaf," at Hanley.

"Since then it has been a record of the production of one composition after another until we come to 'The Apostles,' and my new overture 'In the South,' produced at Covent Garden; the one great event that particularly stands out is the production of the 'Variations' by Dr. Richter, to whom I was then a complete stranger.

"For a long time I had had the idea of writing 'The Apostles' in pretty much the form in which I hope it will eventually appear. As you know, there have been oratorios on many points of Jewish and Christian history, but none had shown how Christianity has risen. I take the men who were in touch with Christ, the Apostles in fact, and show them to be ordinary mortals rather than superhuman men, as they are generally represented in art. I was always particularly impressed with Archbishop Whately's conception of Judas, who, as he wrote, 'had no design to betray his Master to death, but to have been as confident of the will of Jesus to deliver Himself from His enemies by a miracle as He must have been certain of His power to do so, and accordingly to have designed to force Him to make such a display of His superhuman powers as would have induced all the Jews—and, indeed, the Romans too—to acknowledge Him King.'



From a Photo. by] DR. ELGAR'S STUDY. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"In carrying out this plan I made the book myself, taking out lines from different parts of the Bible which exactly express my conception. How it was done the following chorus will show you, for you will notice that the references to the text are printed in the margin:—

The Lord hath chosen them to stand before Him, to serve Him.—*II. Chron.* 29, 11.

He hath chosen the weak to confound the mighty.—*I. Cor.* 1, 27.

He will direct their work in truth.—*Isa.* 61, 8.

Behold, God exalteth by His power: who teacheth like Him?—*Job* 36, 22.

The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way.—*Ps.* 25, 9.

He will direct their work in truth.—*Isa.* 61, 8.

For out of Zion shall go forth the law.—*Isa.* 2, 3.

"You will notice that occasionally, as in the third extract, I have used the words in their meaning that appears on the surface, and not in the real meaning of the sentence which may be found in any commentary. To keep the diction exactly the same I have not gone outside the Scripture except in one sentence from the Talmud in the case of the watchers on the Temple roof.



From a Photo. by] GOLF ON MALVERN COMMON. *[Foulsham & Banfield.*

"It was part of my original scheme to continue 'The Apostles' by a second work carrying on the establishment of the Church among the Gentiles. This, too, is to be followed by a third oratorio, in which the fruit of the whole—that is to say, the end of the world and the Judgment—is to be exemplified. I, however, faltered at that idea, and I suggested to the directors of the Birmingham Festival to add merely a short third part to the two into which the already published work, 'The Apostles,' is divided. But I found that to be unsatisfactory, and I have decided to revert to my original lines. There will, therefore, be two other oratorios."

This definite pronouncement of Dr. Elgar's cannot fail to evoke the warmest anticipations on the part of the music-loving world.

It is worth noting here that shortly after "The Dream of Gerontius" was produced at the Birmingham Festival, in 1900, Herr Julius Buths, the famous conductor of Düsseldorf, was so struck with it that he determined to produce it in Germany and himself translated the libretto. So great a success was this performance that "The Dream," which one of the most celebrated German musical critics has declared to be "the greatest composition of the last hundred years, with the exception of the 'Requiem' of Brahms," was repeated at the Lower Rhine Festival, a thing hitherto unheard of in the annals of English music, and at the Lower Rhine Festival on Whit-Sunday "The Apostles" is to be given.
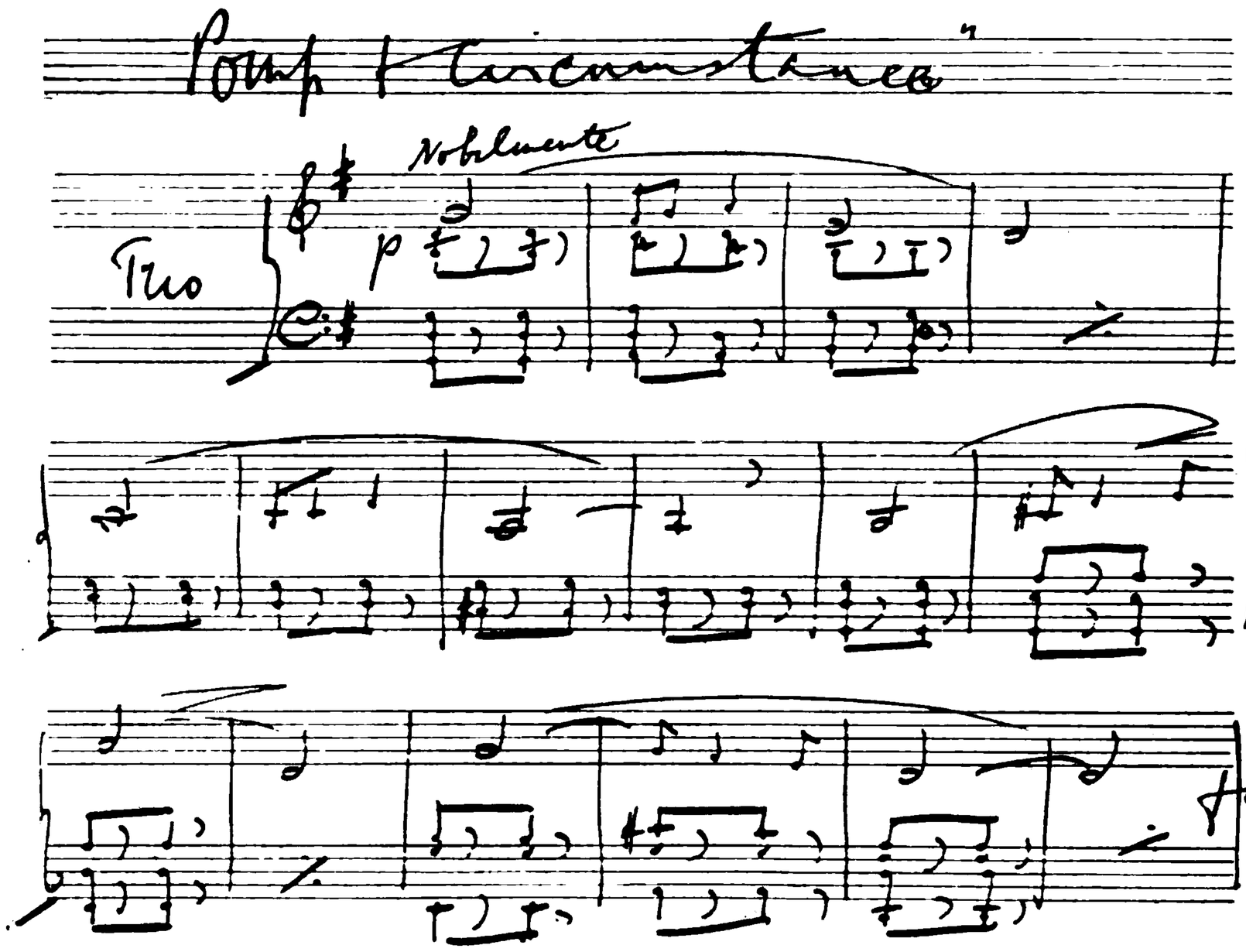
Dr. Elgar has a delightful and most acute sense of humour, so that I was sure I should not be misunderstood if I ventured to ask a question about his "musical crimes."

He smiled. "But which of my musical crimes do you mean? From the point of view of one person or another I understand all my music has been a crime," he replied, lightly. Then he added, "Oh, you mean 'The Cockaigne,' 'The Coronation Ode,' and 'The Imperial March' especially. Yes, I believe there are a good many people who have objected to them. But I like to look on the composer's vocation as the old troubadours or bards did. In those days it was no disgrace to a man to be turned on to step in front of an army and inspire the people with a song. For my own part, I know that there are a lot of people who like to celebrate events with music. To these people I have given tunes. Is that wrong? Why should I write a fugue or something which won't appeal to anyone, when the people yearn for things which can stir them——"

"Such as 'Pomp and Circumstance,'" I interpolated.

"Ah, I don't know anything about that,"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF MS. OF "POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE."

replied Dr. Elgar, "but I do know we are a nation with great military proclivities, and I did not see why the ordinary quick march should not be treated on a large scale in the way that the waltz, the old-fashioned slow march, and even the polka have been treated by the great composers; yet all marches on the symphonic scale are so slow that people can't march to them. I have some of the soldier instinct in me, and so I have written two marches of which, so far from being ashamed, I am proud. 'Pomp and Circumstance,' by the way, is merely the generic name for what is a set of six marches. Two, as you know, have already appeared, and the others will come later. One of them is to be a Soldier's Funeral March.

"As for 'The Imperial March,' which was written for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897, it would, perhaps, interest you to know that only on January 22nd last it was given in St. George's Chapel, Berlin, at the unveiling of the memorials of Queen Victoria and the Empress Frederick, and Dr. G. R. Sinclair, of Hereford Cathedral, played it on the organ.

"How and when do I do my music? I can tell you very easily. I come into my study at nine o'clock in the morning and I work till a quarter to one. I don't do any inventing then, for that comes anywhere and everywhere. It may be when I am walking, golfing, or cycling, or the ideas may come in the evening, and then I sit up until any hour in order to get them down. The morning is devoted to revising and orchestration, of which I have as much to do as I can manage. As soon as lunch is over I go out for exercise and return about four or later, after which I sometimes do two hours' work before dinner. A country life I find absolutely essential to me, and here the conditions are exactly what I require. As you see," and Dr. Elgar moved over to the large window which takes up the whole of one side of his study, "I get a wonderful view of the surrounding country. I can see across Worcestershire, to Edgehill, the Cathedral of Worcester, the Abbeys of Pershore and Tewkesbury, and even the smoke from round Birmingham. It is delightfully quiet, and yet in contrast with it there is a constant stream of communication with the outside world in the shape of cables from America and Australia, and letters innumerable from all over the world."

In the house itself there are not many evidences of Dr. Elgar's productions, but prominent in a corner of the drawing-room is the laurel wreath presented to him at Düsseldorf when "The Dream" was first produced. The leaves are brown to-day, but the scarlet ribbon is as bright as the memory of the music in the enraptured ears of those who have heard it. In his study are two prized possessions, the one a tankard made by some members of the Festival Choir at Hanley at the time of the production of "King Olaf." The inscription, taken from one of the choruses, is, appropriately, a Bacchanalian one:—

> The ale was strong;
> King Olaf feasted late and long.
> —*Longfellow.*

Next to this is a cup, also specially designed by Mr. Noke, of Hanley, to commemorate the performance of "The Dream." On one side is a portrait of Cardinal Newman and on the other a portrait of Dr. Elgar, with the following inscription from the work itself:—

> Learn that the flame of the everlasting love
> Doth burn ere it transform.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Off the Track in London.

By George R. Sims.

II.—IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON.

THE sun shines brightly on the gay Kensington thoroughfare in which I meet my artist *confrère* and prepare to wander off the track in a district which is held to be the wealthiest in the Empire.

It is a winter morning, but the sky is blue, the air is balmy, and the flood of sunlight gives a Rivieran aspect to the stately mansions and pleasant villas that we pass on our way to the point at which we are to turn off and make our plunge into one of the strangest districts of London, a district of which its rich neighbours have no knowledge, although it lies at their doors.

A walk of a few minutes and we have left wealth and fashion behind us; the gay shops have vanished, the well-dressed people have disappeared as if by magic. The mansions and the villas have given place to the long streets of grey, weather-beaten, two and three story houses, in which the local industry writes itself large in white letters.

Here we are in Notting Dale and in the heart of Laundry-Land. In every house in street after street the blinds of the ground floor are down as though someone lay dead within. But if you look from the opposite side of the street you will see that in every room above the blinds lines are stretched from wall to wall, and from these lines wrung out details of the washing-tub are hanging. If you cross to the dilapidated railings of the sorry little patch that was once a front garden and peer into the basement you will see that laundry work is in full swing. The blinds of the ground-floor rooms are probably drawn because the hand laundresses do not like to be criticised too closely by the neighbours, who are also their business rivals.

The street is typical of a dozen others. You may see again and again that broken-down little front garden, with its stunted trees, strewn rubbish, and the little wooden, lop-sided railing that looks as though it no longer thought the patch it once guarded worth standing up for. On the window-sill of the top floor of a score of houses you may see a lonely, empty flower-pot that looks more like a handy missile in an emergency than an adjunct of window gardening. The rain-sodden, blackened stucco meets you at every turn, and when you have counted the twentieth cat sitting on a sill or a doorstep washing its shirt to snowy whiteness you begin to wonder why the local influence has not made itself more widely felt. Everybody inside the houses is washing for other people, everything is conducted with scrupulous cleanliness and under official inspection, but there are plenty of streets adjacent to Laundry-Land in which only the cats make themselves conspicuously clean.

A little farther away towards Latimer Road are the great steam laundries employing a small army of young women, who at the dinner hour will turn out and make every street in the Dale a forest of white aprons.

But all the streets of Laundry-Land are not given up to useful industry. A portion of the district is so notorious as a guilt garden that it has been called the London Avernus. It is packed with common lodging-houses, a large number of them for women, and it has streets of evil reputation in which almost every window is broken and stuffed with rags. The Borough Council has now in hand a splendid rehousing scheme which will vastly improve the district, but we must take it as we find it to-day.

We turn out of the sunlight, and entering a narrow doorway descend into the basement of a typical lodging-house. The house is known locally as the "Golden Gates," a name bestowed upon it in a spirit of badinage by a client with a sense of humour.

The kitchen is crowded with women, young and old. Some are sitting on the benches around the wall, one or two are making a late breakfast; an old woman is cooking something at the red coke fire.

As a rule there is little conversation in a lodging-house in the morning hours. I have been constantly struck by the note of moodiness, not to say sullenness, which hangs over the company during the hours of daylight. The men are, as a rule, more communicative than the women. Women of the class that drift to the doss-house are not inclined to exchange confidences with their neighbours.

But the kitchen of the Golden Gates as we enter it has one talkative occupant. As soon as our eyes get accustomed to the gloom, which is only relieved by a ray of

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

light filtering through a small, dust-covered window, we notice that a tall woman in faded finery and an astrachan hat, and with some traces of refinement in features and bearing, is standing in the centre and chaffing the others. One or two smile at her jokes, but the majority are wholly indifferent, wearing that air of sullen aloofness which is peculiarly characteristic of a woman's lodging-house.

I have not intruded on the privacy of the ladies of the Golden Gates without a show of justification. To enable my companion to make a sketch of the scene, I have resorted to an expedient which permits me to make certain inquiries of a semi-official nature, and to attract the attention of the guests while my *confrère* is at work. If they were aware that they were being sketched it is quite likely that there would be trouble, and my comrade might find himself in as unpleasant a fix as did a photographer who once went with me to the Chinese quarter in Limehouse, for "Living London," and attempted to take the proprietor of an opium den and some of his clients. The photographer emerged unscathed, but the camera required a considerable amount of repair.

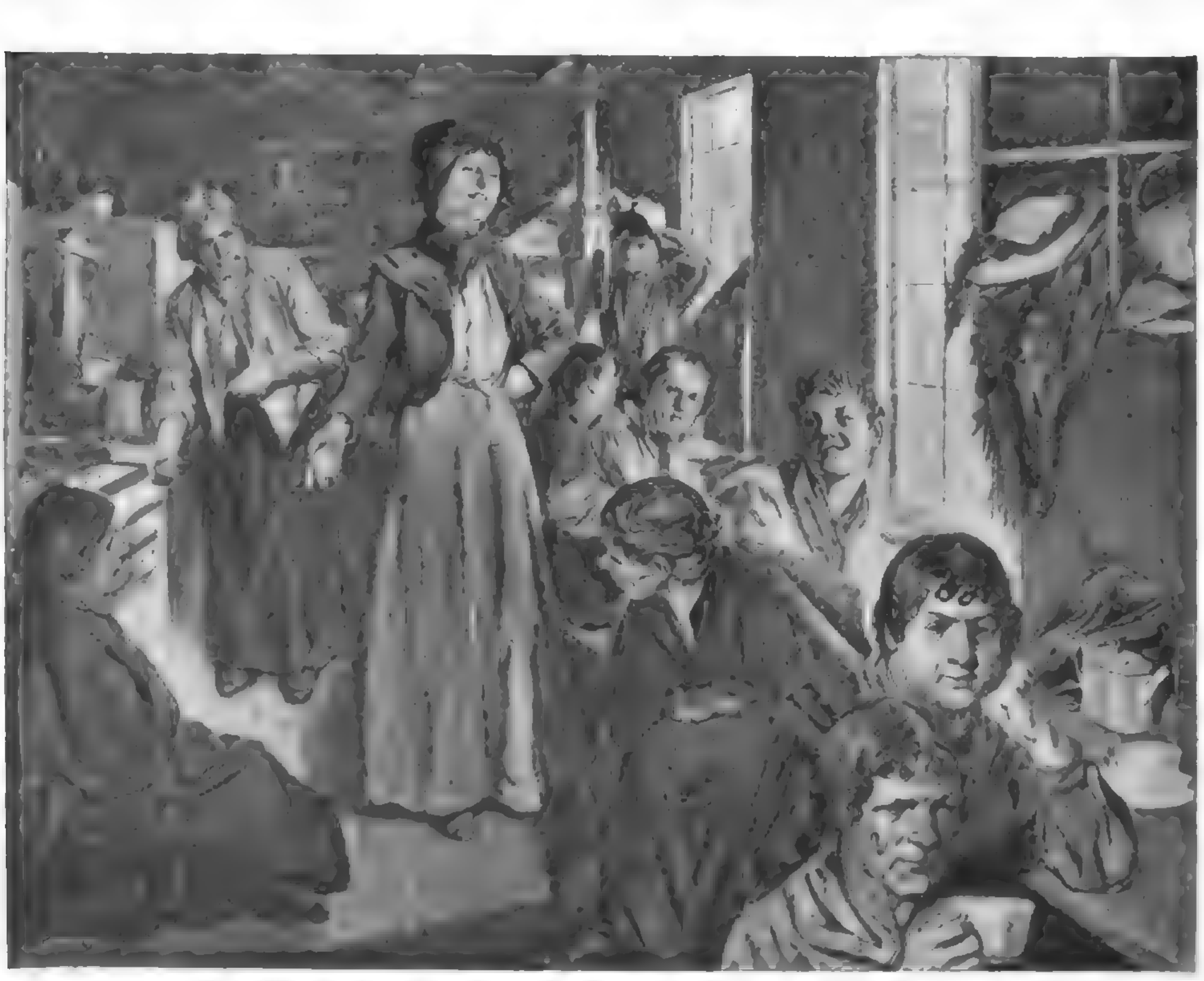
Fortunately I have an inquiry to make which puts my audience in sympathy with me, and my *confrère* is supposed to be making notes of the information supplied as to the last movements of a woman who had used the house for some time and had mysteriously disappeared.

During the whole time the lady in the dingy astrachan keeps up a running fire of chaff, which materially assists us.

She welcomes us to the "Hotel de Fourpence," and says, though it isn't exactly the Carlton, it is quite comfortable when you get used to it. She interlards her bantering remarks with French words, and we come to the conclusion that she is a governess who has drifted down.

It is no uncommon thing to find men and women of education in the lowest lodging-houses of London. I have found a clergyman in one of the worst dens of Flower and Dean Street. In one of the Dale lodging-houses there is a woman whose father had his town house and his country house and his villa in the South of France.

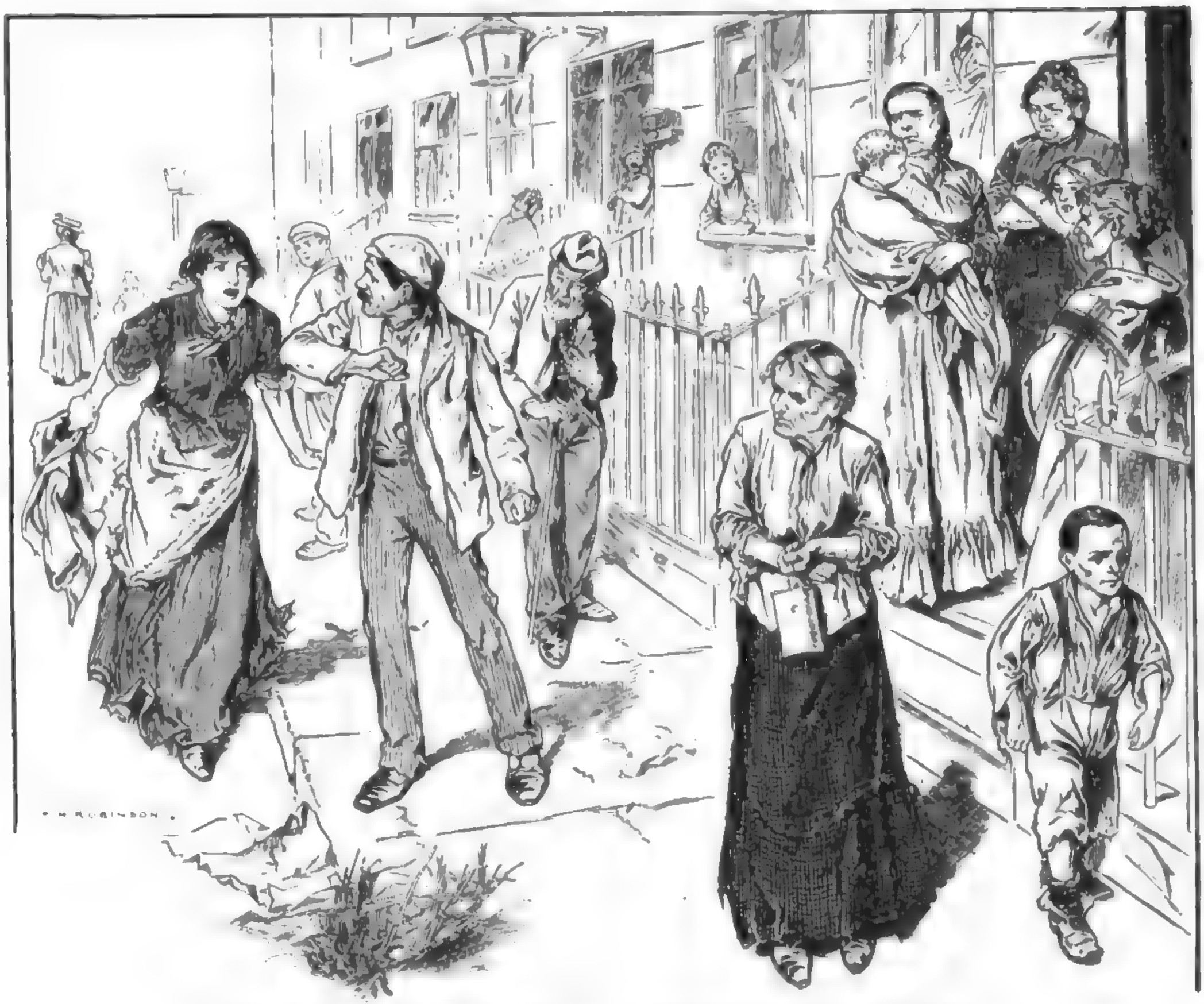
This woman in the astrachan hat is a striking contrast to her surroundings. Most of the other inmates are of the usual type—



"THE LADY IN THE DINGY ASTRACHAN KEEPS UP A RUNNING FIRE OF CHAFF."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"ONE OR TWO WOMEN STANDING ON THE DOORSTEPS WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS."

women who have drifted down from honest industry to vagabondage, or have been born to it.

Returning through the Golden Gates into the sunshine, we make our way to Jetsam Street. That is not its real name, but the one I have given it. This is a street of black and battered doors, of damaged railings, and of broken windows. On the doorsteps here and there stand groups of slatternly, unkempt women. From the windows above a tousled head occasionally appears. Many of the houses here are common lodging-houses; but some of them are in the hands of the house-farmers, who let them out in furnished rooms at a shilling a day. We enter a room which is unoccupied and take stock of the furniture. It consists of a bed, two chairs, and the wreckage of a dirty deal table.

In this room a man and his wife and children are accommodated at night, but the shilling paid only entitles the family to remain there until ten in the morning.

At that hour they are turned out and their tenancy ceases. If they wish to renew it they can do so in the evening, but not before.

These people, who are paying six shillings a week, or seven shillings where Sunday is not a free day, for a single room, have to spend the day in the streets. Many of them make their way to the public parks and sleep on the seats or on the grass. Some of them beg, some of them hawk trumpery articles. They are probably paying eighteen pounds a year for a wretched room, and yet in the house-farmer's hands they are homeless every day in the week.

Jetsam Street is flooded with golden sunshine as we pass through it, but the sunshine has not made the inhabitants light-hearted. Half-way down the street a man and a woman are fighting. The man is delivering a series of kicks in the style of La Savate at the woman, who is defiant and nimble and defends herself with her jacket, which she has taken off and uses both as a guard and as a weapon.

One or two women standing on the doorsteps watch the proceedings, but apparently without interest. An old woman proceeding to the public-house for beer turns her head for a moment and then passes on her way.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A little boy in rags passes the fighting couple and takes no notice whatever. It is an ordinary incident, and has no special attraction for the neighbours.

Presently the man succeeds in planting a blow that sends the woman down. She is up again in a moment and faces him, prepared to continue the contest. But he thinks he has scored a point and is satisfied.

"Now I'll go to the workhouse," he says.

"And the best place for you," answers the woman.

The man thrusts his hands in his pockets and slouches of. The woman puts on her jacket and strolls away. If we were to investigate the circumstances that have led up to the fight, we should find that we had been assisting at a Notting Dale version of the story of Carmen, Don José, and Escamillo, only Carmen in this case is a laundry girl, Don José is an idle ruffian, and Escamillo is another, only of a bolder type.

In Notting Dale the women are the principal wage-earners, and the district is infested with a contemptible set of men, who are loafers or worse. It is a common thing in the Dale for a man to boast that he is going to marry a laundry girl and do nothing for the rest of his life.

It seems difficult to realize that such a scene and such a street can exist within a stone's throw of a quarter crowded with the wealth and fashion of the capital. But wherever you step off the beaten track in London a hundred surprises await you.

I do not wonder at the fight in Jetsam Street which fails to rouse the lookers-on from their midday lethargy, for I am an old traveller in this strange land. But I must confess that it gives me a little shock when at the end of the street I come upon a man in the last stage of consumption sitting propped up with pillows in an arm-chair on the doorstep.



"BROUGHT OUT TO SIT A LITTLE WHILE IN THE SUNSHINE."

He has been brought out to sit a little while in the sunshine. The poor fellow has, I ascertain, taken his discharge from the infirmary a few days previously. He wants to die at home—at home in Jetsam Street!

The picture I have had so far to draw is a painful one and a squalid one. But it is typical of the neighbourhood, and could not be omitted if in these travels off the track I am to give a faithful account of the London that is so little known even to Londoners.

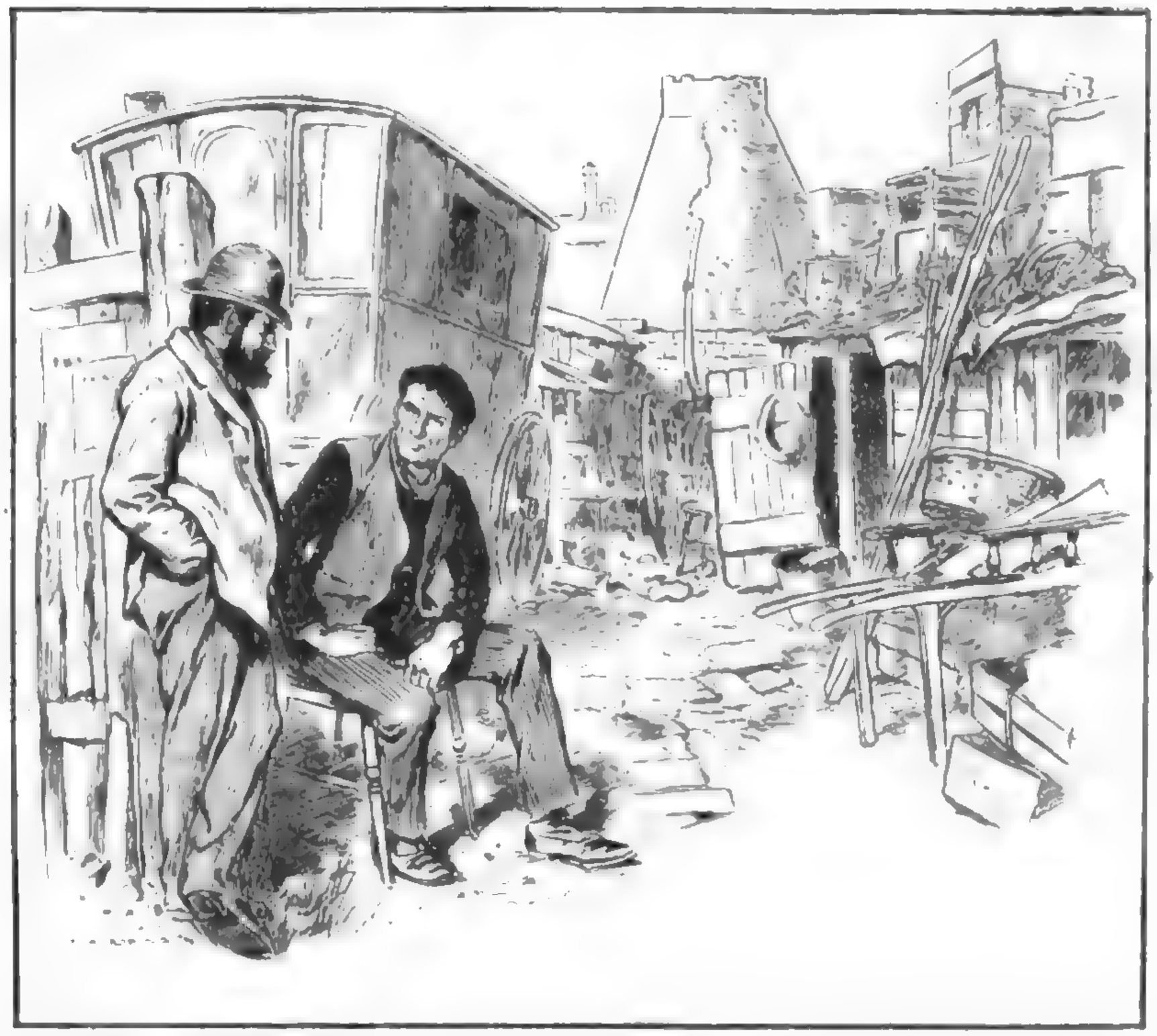
Let us hasten through the sordid streets, looking up at the blue skies and ignoring the squalid houses, and make our way to a more romantic spot.

"The Potteries!" How odd this description of a portion of Kensington sounds, yet the district we are now in is known by this name, and yonder is what remains of the kiln.

Here in the Potteries the spell of the old romance still lingers, for this is the district of the gipsies. In front of it is the pleasant recreation-ground, Avondale Park, which the County Council has made beautiful for the children of the Dale, and just round the corner is hidden a space where, year after year, the gipsies came with their vans and encamped for the winter. And close at hand are cottages and gardens, to which ducks and geese give quite a rural appearance.

The gipsies are not here this winter, but there are one or two vans left to mark the spot where, until quite recently, the sons and daughters of Egypt pitched their "tans" in the heart of fashionable Kensington. Some of them, yielding to the force of such modern ideas as the sanitary inspector and the School Board officer, have given up the fight for existence in a dwelling-van and have gone to live

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THERE ARE ONE OR TWO VANS LEFT TO MARK THE SPOT."

under a roof like the gorgios, though a gipsy of the true Romany blood believes that nothing but ill-luck will attend the Romany chal or the Romany chi who lives in a house.

To-day the children of the gipsies are, many of them, in the Notting Dale Board School and the fathers and mothers are in the lodging-houses. One of the wanderers, who in the old times used to pitch on the vacant ground of the Potteries, so far fell into Gentile ways as to take a lodging-house and run it himself. He and his wife became noted characters in the Dale, and when he died a little time ago the gipsies came from far and near and gave him a genuine Romany funeral, with all the ancient rites and ceremonies of the great Pali tribe who wandered out of India long centuries ago and gave the word "pal" to our language to signify brother.

Though the gipsy camp has departed and the ground will know it no more, the surroundings are still suggestive of the old days. Hard by a dwelling-van left, like the rose of the poet, blooming alone is the shed of a chair-caner, a handsome, prosperous-looking man, who is working in the open and singing at his congenial task. The battered carts, the old chains, the broken wheels, the pigeon lofts, and the wooden sheds standing on a patch of waste ground remind you of the pictures you were given to copy at school when you were in the drawing-class. If there had only been a mill handy the resemblance would have been complete, but the chimney of the old kiln dominates the scene and takes the mill's place.

Here the note of Jetsam Street has disappeared. All around are respectable working-class dwellings and stable-yards. A little farther up is a double row of cottages with a paved way between them that seem to have been lifted bodily out of a Yorkshire mill town and dropped with their quaint out-houses on to the confines of Kensington. When you come upon Thresher's Place you rub your eyes and wonder if it is possible that five minutes' walk will bring you out on Campden Hill.

In the mews round about the Potteries are the remnants of the Italian colony that drifted here some years ago, when Little Italy in Clerkenwell began to be encroached upon by the modern builder. The majority have now drifted farther afield, to Fulham and Hammersmith.

But there are still a fair number of the children of the Sunny South in the Dale. You may see the organs in the early morning being polished up outside the houses, and if you go into the yards you may discover the ice-barrows packed away in the coach-houses, waiting for the disappearance of the baked-chestnut season and the coming of summer.

Here, in a large coach-house in a mews, is a proprietor of ice-cream barrows hard at work repainting his stock in gorgeous colours. Brilliant streaks of red and green light up the dreary place where the signor is working. When we look in upon his artistic proceed-

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ings he is filling his studio with melody. He is singing an air from "Il Trovatore" in his native Italian, and at the same time painting an Italian girl in her national costume on the panel of an ice-barrow.

A little farther down the mews we climb the crazy staircase that leads to the loft, and find a middle-aged widow occupying it with five children.

We have arrived at an awkward moment, for the widow is in tearful converse with the Industrial Schools officer.

One of the children has been caught the previous night begging. Children are not allowed to beg in the streets to-day, and if it is found that the parents send them out or have not sufficient control over them to keep them in the little offenders can be taken before a magistrate and sent to an industrial school, to be trained for more reputable occupations in life.

The widow declares that the boy was not sent out by her, and weeps copiously while she relates her story. She has five children and no money. I don't think the officer is very much impressed. I am afraid he knows more about the widow and the begging boy than he cares to reveal in the presence of strangers. He gives the woman a kindly warning, and leaves her with the intimation that if any more of her children are caught begging she will be invited to pay a visit to the magistrate.

The Industrial Schools officer has a busy time in the Dale, for there are many young children living in vicious and criminal surroundings, and it is his task to remove them at the first opportunity, in order that they may have a chance in life. The work the industrial schools are accomplishing is invaluable. Under the Act a careful guardianship can be exercised by the State until the rescued boy or girl has reached the age of eighteen. There is no coming out of the industrial schools and returning to the evil surroundings now. But the task of the officer who has to see that the lads and lasses do not, after their school days are up, return to their evil associates is not a light one. He has occasionally to exercise the ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes in order to get on the track of "one of his young people" who has mysteriously disappeared from the place that has been found for him or her.

Not long ago a young girl who had been sent to Canada, and was supposed to be doing well there, was discovered dressed in boy's clothes back again in the Dale with her uncle and aunt, who were undesirable companions for her. The girl had in some way managed to get her passage-money and come home, and had hoped, disguised as a young man, to escape the vigilance of the Industrial Schools officer.

Through a couple of streets and we are back in common lodging-house land. There is one long street in which the houses are registered from end to end. Some of them look like shops with the shutters up, others like private houses that have come down in the world. But every room is packed with as many beds as the law permits, and the common kitchen is reached by the area steps.

At one of the houses along this street a man and a woman are standing at the door. The woman has only one arm and one eye, the man has no arms. But they are a highly popular couple, and a good many of the lodging-houses in the street belong to them. The lady is said to be quite equal to quieting any disturbance among the lodgers with her one hand, and the man displays the most remarkable skill, suffering apparently little inconvenience from his loss. When you have seen him take his pipe out of his mouth with the empty sleeve of his jacket you will understand how he is able, with his wife's assistance, to keep his rough *clientèle* well in hand, and to compel their respect.

There is one feature of Notting Dale which strikes you forcibly if you go into a local crowd engaged in a heated argument, and that is the preponderance of the rural accent; for this is a district in which the evil of rural immigration has written itself large. Thousands of honest country folks crowd up year after year to the great city that they believe to be paved with gold. Of those who come in by the Great Western a large percentage drift to the Dale, failing to find room in the districts around the terminus; and in the Dale a process of moral deterioration goes on which is a tragedy.

The husband fails to find the work he expected would be ready to his hand in busy London. The little savings are soon gone; the man and his wife are driven to the common lodging-house, or, if there are children with them, to the furnished room. The wife perhaps goes to the laundry work. The husband's enforced idleness often ends in his becoming a confirmed loafer, contented to live on what his wife can earn. There is in Notting Dale a large working population living cleanly by honest industry, but the country folk who have been un-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

fortunate at the commencement of the struggle for life in London cannot avail themselves of the cleaner accommodation and the better environment. They are forced into the area which is given over to the vicious and the criminal, and they gradually sink to the level of their neighbours.

Many a tale of heroic struggle against evil surroundings do the women tell who come before the School Board officials to explain the non-attendance of their children. Sometimes it is the man who has had the moral strength to resist, and with tears in his eyes will tell of the healthy, country-bred wife who came with him one day from the far-away village full of hope, but who has yielded to the awful environment, deserted his home, and left his children to fall into evil companionship.

There is n sadder chapter in the story of London than that of the light-hearted country folk who come to it full of courage and hope, and gradually sink down under the evil influence of a slum to which their poverty has driven them, until they themselves are as criminal and as vicious as their neighbours.

For them little can be done, though now and again the brave men and women who are working in the good cause succeed in rescuing them, even though they have fallen to the lowest depths of the abyss.

But for the next generation the hope is greater. High above one of the most notorious streets in the Dale tower the great buildings in which the children are gathered together and educated and taught the principles of right doing.

This is the thought that comes to me as, fresh from our pilgrimage of pain, we stand in the big playground and watch the little ones filing out in the sunshine to go to their homes. Some of them are well clad, the children of honest, hard-working folk who love them and care for them. But many are going back to miserable dens where there is neither love nor care, where there is no respect for the laws of God or man.

They cannot all be saved from the evil environment that awaits them, but they come day after day to the schools, and there they fall under an influence which, if they are not inherently bad, will stand them in good stead through all their lives.



"MANY ARE GOING BACK TO MISERABLE DENS."

We watch the little ones as with the light-heartedness of childhood they trip away, some to the meal which loving hands have prepared for them, others to crowd and clamour at the doors of the mission-house, where the free meal stands between them and the hunger pain, and then we turn into a street that bore formerly so ill a name that the authorities changed it, to remove the stigma of the address from the few decent people in it.

In five minutes we are once more on the beaten track and in the heart of Royal and aristocratic Kensington.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER IX.

THE church bells were ringing for morning service as Mr. Vickers, who had been for a stroll with Mr. William Russell and a couple of ferrets, returned home to breakfast. Contrary to custom, the small front room and the kitchen were both empty, and breakfast, with the exception of a cold herring and the bitter remains of a pot of tea, had been cleared away.

"I've known men afore now," murmured Mr. Vickers, eyeing the herring disdainfully, "as would take it by the tail and smack 'em acrost the face with it."

He cut himself a slice of bread, and, pouring out a cup of cold tea, began his meal, ever and anon stopping to listen, with a puzzled face, to a continuous squeaking overhead. It sounded like several pairs of new boots all squeaking at once, but Mr. Vickers, who was a reasonable man and past the age of self-deception, sought for a more probable cause.

A particularly aggressive squeak detached itself from the others and sounded on the stairs. The resemblance to the noise made by new boots was stronger than ever. It *was* new boots. The door opened, and Mr. Vickers, with a slice of bread arrested half-way to his mouth, sat gazing in astonishment at Charles Vickers, clad for the first time in his life in new raiment from top to toe. Ere he could voice inquiries, an avalanche of squeaks descended the stairs, and the rest of the children, all smartly clad, with Selina bringing up the rear, burst into the room.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Vickers, in a voice husky with astonishment; "a bean-feast?"

Miss Vickers, who was doing up a glove which possessed more buttons than his own waistcoat, looked up and eyed him calmly. "New clothes—and not before they wanted 'em," she replied, tartly.

"New clothes?" repeated her father, in a scandalized voice. "Where'd they get 'em?"

"Shop," said his daughter, briefly.

Mr. Vickers rose and, approaching his offspring, inspected them with the same interest that he would have bestowed upon a wax-works. A certain stiffness of pose combined with the glassy stare which met his gaze helped to favour the illusion.

"For once in their lives they're respectable," said Selina, regarding them with moist eyes. "Soap and water they've always had, bless 'em, but you've never seen 'em dressed like this before."

Before Mr. Vickers could frame a reply a squeaking which put all the others in the

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

shade sounded from above. It crossed the floor on hurried excursions to different parts of the room, and then, hesitating for a moment at the head of the stairs, came slowly and ponderously down until Mrs. Vickers, looking somewhat nervous, stood revealed before her expectant husband. In scornful surprise he gazed at a blue cloth dress, a black velvet cape trimmed with bugles, and a bonnet so aggressively new that it had not yet accommodated itself to Mrs. Vickers's style of hair-dressing.

"Go on!" he breathed. "Go on! Don't mind me. What, you—you—you're not going to *church?*"

Mrs. Vickers glanced at the books in her hand—also new—and trembled.

"And why not?" demanded Selina. "Why shouldn't we?"

Mr. Vickers took another amazed glance round and his brow darkened.

"Where did you get the money?" he inquired.

"Saved it," said his daughter, reddening despite herself.

"*Saved* it?" repeated the justly-astonished Mr. Vickers. "*Saved* it? Ah! out of my money; out of the money I toil and moil for—out of the money that ought to be spent on food. No wonder you're always complaining that it ain't enough. I won't 'ave it, d'ye hear? I'll have my rights; I'll——"

"Don't make so much noise," said his daughter, who was stooping down to ease one of Mrs. Vickers's boots. "You would have fours, mother, and I told you what it would be."

"He said that I ought to wear threes by rights," said Mrs. Vickers; "I used to."

"And I s'pose," said Mr. Vickers, who had been listening to these remarks with considerable impatience—"I s'pose there's a bran' new suit o' clothes, and a pair o' boots, and 'arf-a-dozen shirts, and a new hat hid upstairs for me?"

"Yes, they're *hid* all right," retorted the dutiful Miss Vickers. "You go upstairs and amuse yourself looking for 'em. Go and have a game of 'hot boiled beans' all by yourself."

"Why, you must have been stinting me for years," continued Mr. Vickers, examining the various costumes in detail. "This is what comes o' keeping quiet and trusting you—not but what I've 'ad my suspicions. My own kids taking the bread out o' my mouth and buying boots with it; my own wife going about in a bonnet that's took me weeks and weeks to earn."

His words fell on deaf ears. No adjutant getting his regiment ready for a march-past could have taken more trouble than Miss Vickers was taking at this moment over her small company. Caps were set straight and sleeves pulled down. Her face shone with pride and her eyes glistened as the small fry, discoursing in excited whispers, filed stiffly out.



"'WHY, YOU MUST HAVE BEEN STINTING ME FOR YEARS,' CONTINUED MR. VICKERS."

A sudden cessation of gossip in neighbouring doorways testified to the impression made by their appearance. Past little startled groups the procession picked its way in

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

squeaking pride, with Mrs. Vickers and Selina bringing up the rear. The children went by with little set, important faces; but Miss Vickers's little bows and pleased smiles of recognition to acquaintances were so lady-like that several untidy matrons retired inside their houses to wrestle grimly with feelings too strong for outside display.

"Pack o' prancing peacocks," said the unnatural Mr. Vickers, as the procession wound round the corner.

He stood looking vacantly up the street until the gathering excitement of his neighbours aroused new feelings. Vanity stirred within him, and leaning casually against the door-post he yawned and looked at the chimney-pots opposite. A neighbour in a pair of corduroy trousers, supported by one brace worn diagonally, shambled across the road.

"What's up?" he inquired, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of Mr. Vickers's vanished family.

"Up?" repeated Mr. Vickers, with an air of languid surprise.

"Somebody died and left you a fortin?" inquired the other.

"Not as I knows of," replied Mr. Vickers, staring. "Why?"

"*Why?*" exclaimed the other. "Why, new clothes all over. I never see such a turn-out."

Mr. Vickers regarded him with an air of lofty disdain. "Kids must 'ave new clothes sometimes, I s'pose?" he said, slowly. "You wouldn't 'ave 'em going about of a Sunday in a ragged shirt and a pair of trowsis, would you?"

The shaft passed harmlessly. "Why not?" said the other. "They gin'rally do."

Mr. Vickers's denial died away on his lips. In twos and threes his neighbours had drawn gradually near and now stood by listening expectantly. The idea of a fortune was common to all of them, and they were anxious for particulars.

"Some people have all the luck," said a stout matron. "I've 'ad thirteen and buried seven, and never 'ad so much as a chiney tea-pot left me. One thing is, I never could make up to people for the sake of what I could get out of them. I couldn't not if I tried. I must speak my mind free and independent."

"Ah! that's how you get yourself disliked," said another lady, shaking her head sympathetically.



"THEY WERE ANXIOUS FOR PARTICULARS."

"Disliked?" said the stout matron, turning on her fiercely. "What d'ye mean? You don't know what you're talking about. Who's getting themselves disliked?"

"A lot o' good a chiney tea-pot would be to you," said the other, with a ready change of front, "or any other kind o' tea-pot."

Surprise and indignation deprived the stout matron of utterance.

"Or a milk-jug either," pursued her opponent, following up her advantage. "Or a coffee-pot, or——"

The stout matron advanced upon her, and her mien was so terrible that the other, retreating to her house, slammed the door behind her and continued the discussion

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

from a first-floor window. Mint Street, with the conviction that Mr. Vickers's tidings could wait, swarmed across the road to listen.

Mr. Vickers himself listened for a little while to such fragments as came his way, and then, going indoors, sat down amid the remains of his breakfast to endeavour to solve the mystery of the new clothes.

He took a short clay pipe from his pocket, and, igniting a little piece of tobacco which remained in the bowl, endeavoured to form an estimate of the cost of each person's wardrobe. The sum soon becoming too large to work in his head, he had recourse to pencil and paper, and after five minutes' hard labour sat gazing at a total, which made his brain reel. The fact that immediately afterwards he was unable to find even a few grains of tobacco at the bottom of his box furnished a contrast which almost made him maudlin.

He sat sucking at his cold pipe and indulging in hopeless conjectures as to the source of so much wealth, and, with a sudden quickening of the pulse, wondered whether it had all been spent. His mind wandered from Selina to Mr. Joseph Tasker, and almost imperceptibly the absurdities of which young men in love could be capable occurred to him. He remembered the extravagances of his own youth, and bethinking himself of the sums he had squandered on the future Mrs. Vickers—sums which increased with the compound interest of repetition—came to the conclusion that Mr. Tasker had been more foolish still.

It seemed the only possible explanation. His eye brightened, and, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he crossed to the tap and washed his face.

"If he can't lend a trifle to the man what's going to be his father-in-law," he said, cheerfully, as he polished his face on a roller-towel, "I shall tell 'im he can't have Selina, that's all. I'll go and see 'im afore she gets any more out of him."

He walked blithely up the road, and, after shaking off one or two inquirers whose curiosity was almost proof against insult, made his way to Dialstone Lane. In an unobtrusive fashion he glided round to the back, and, opening the kitchen door, bestowed a beaming smile upon the startled Joseph.

"Busy, my lad?" he inquired.

"What d'ye want?" asked Mr. Tasker, whose face was flushed with cooking.

Mr. Vickers opened the door a little wider, and, stepping inside, closed it softly behind him and dropped into a chair.

"Don't be alarmed, my lad," he said, benevolently. "Selina's all right."

"What d'ye want?" repeated Mr. Tasker. "Who told you to come round here?"

Mr. Vickers looked at him in reproachful surprise.

"I suppose a father can come round to see his future son-in-law?" he said, with some dignity. "I don't want to do no interrupting of your work, Joseph, but I couldn't 'elp just stepping round to tell you how nice they all looked. Where you got the money from I can't think."

"Have you gone dotty, or what?" demanded Mr. Tasker, who was busy wiping out a saucepan. "Who looked nice?"

Mr. Vickers shook his head at him and smiled waggishly.

"Ah! who?" he said, with much enjoyment. "I tell you it did my father's 'art good to see 'em all dressed up like that; and when I thought of its all being owing to you, sit down at home in comfort with a pipe instead of coming to thank you for it I could not. Not if you was to have paid me I couldn't."

"Look 'ere," said Mr. Tasker, putting the saucepan down with a bang, "if you can't talk plain, common English you'd better get out. I don't want you 'ere at all as a matter o' fact, but to have you sitting there shaking your silly 'ead and talking a pack o' nonsense is more than I can stand."

Mr. Vickers gazed at him in perplexity. "Do you mean to tell me you haven't been giving my Selina money to buy new clothes for the young 'uns?" he demanded, sharply. "Do you mean to tell me that Selina didn't get money out of you to buy herself and 'er mother and all of 'em—except me—a new rig-out from top to toe?"

"D'ye think I've gone mad, or what?" inquired the amazed Mr. Tasker. "What d'ye think I should want to buy clothes for your young 'uns for? That's your duty. And Selina, too; I haven't given 'er anything except a ring, and she lent me the money for that. D'ye think I'm made o' money?"

"All right, Joseph," said Mr. Vickers, secretly incensed at this unforeseen display of caution on Mr. Tasker's part. "I s'pose the fairies come and put 'em on while they was asleep. But it's dry work walking; 'ave you got such a thing as a glass o' water you could give me?"

The other took a glass from the dresser and, ignoring the eye of his prospective father-in-law, which was glued to a comfortable-looking barrel in the corner, filled it to

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the brim with fair water and handed it to him. Mr. Vickers, giving him a surly nod, took a couple of dainty sips and placed it on the table.

"It's very nice water," he said, sarcastically.

"Is it?" said Mr. Tasker. "We don't drink it ourselves, except in tea or coffee; the cap'n says it ain't safe."

Mr. Vickers brought his eye from the barrel and glared at him.

"I s'pose, Joseph," he said, after a long pause, during which Mr. Tasker was busy making up the fire—"I s'pose Selina didn't tell you you wasn't to tell me about the money?"

"I don't know what you're driving at," said the other, confronting him angrily. "I haven't got no money."

Mr. Vickers coughed. "Don't say that, Joseph," he urged, softly; "don't say that, my lad. As a matter o' fact, I come round to you, interrupting of you in your work, and I'm sorry for it—knowing how fond of it you are—to see whether I—I couldn't borrow a trifle for a day or two."

"Ho, did you?" commented Mr. Tasker, who had opened the oven door and was using his hand as a thermometer.

His visitor hesitated. It was no use asking for too much; on the other hand, to ask for less than he could get would be unpardonable folly.

"If I could lay my hand on a couple o' quid," he said, in a mysterious whisper, "I could make it five in a week."

"Well, why don't you?" inquired Mr. Tasker, who was tenderly sucking the bulb of the thermometer after contact with the side of the oven.

"It's the two quid that's the trouble, Joseph," replied Mr. Vickers, keeping his temper with difficulty. "A little thing like that wouldn't be much trouble to you, I know, but to a pore man with a large family like me it's a'most impossible."

Mr. Tasker went outside to the larder, and returning with a small joint knelt down and thrust it carefully into the oven.

"A'most impossible," repeated Mr. Vickers, with a sigh.

"What is?" inquired the other, who had not been listening.

The half-choking Mr. Vickers explained.

"Yes, o' course it is," assented Mr. Tasker.

"People what's got money," said the offended Mr. Vickers, regarding him fiercely, "stick to it like leeches. Now, suppose I was a young man keeping company with a gal and her father wanted to borrow a couple o' quid—a paltry couple o' thick 'uns—what d'ye think I should do?"

"If you was a young man—keeping company with a gal—and 'er father wanted—to borrow a couple of quid off o' you—what would you do?" repeated Mr. Tasker, mechanically, as he bustled to and fro.

Mr. Vickers nodded and smiled. "What should I do?" he inquired again, hopefully.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the other, opening the oven door and peering in. "How should I?"

At the imminent risk of something inside giving way under the strain, Mr. Vickers restrained himself. He breathed hard, and glancing out of window sought to regain his equilibrium by becoming interested in a blackbird outside.

"What I mean to say is," he said at length, in a trembling voice—"what I mean to say is, without no roundaboutedness, will you lend a 'ard-working man, what's going to be your future father-in-law, a couple o' pounds?"

Mr. Tasker laughed. It was not a loud laugh, nor yet a musical one. It was merely a laugh designed to convey to the incensed Mr. Vickers a strong sense of the absurdity of his request.

"I asked you a question," said the latter gentleman, glaring at him.

"I haven't got a couple o' pounds," replied Mr. Tasker; "and if I 'ad, there's nine hundred and ninety-nine things I would sooner do with it than lend it to you."

Mr. Vickers rose and stood regarding the ignoble creature with profound contempt. His features worked and a host of adjectives crowded to his lips.

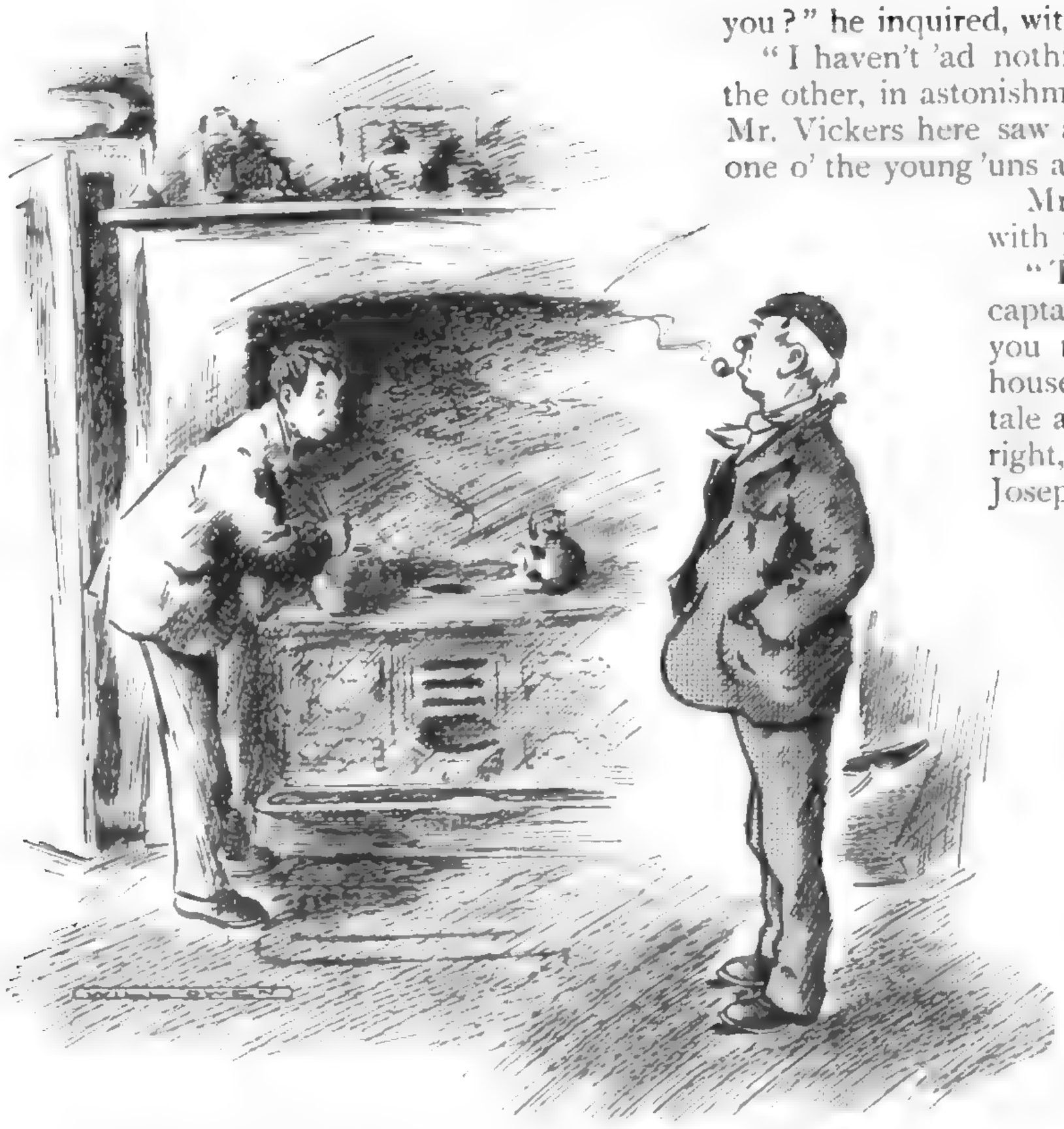
"Is that your last word, Joseph?" he inquired, with solemn dignity.

"I'll say it all over again if you like," said the obliging Mr. Tasker. "If you want money, go and earn it, same as I have to; don't come round 'ere cadging on me, because it's no good."

Mr. Vickers laughed; a dry, contemptuous laugh, terrible to hear.

"And that's the man that's going to marry my daughter," he said, slowly; "that's the man that's going to marry into my family. Don't you expect *me* to take you up and point you out as my son-in-law, cos I won't do it. If there's anything I can't abide it's stinginess. And there's my gal—my pore gal don't know your real character. Wait till I've told 'er about this morning and opened 'er eyes! Wait till——"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"MR. VICKERS ROSE AND STOOD REGARDING THE IGNOBLE CREATURE WITH PROFOUND CONTEMPT."

He stopped abruptly as the door leading to the front room opened and revealed the inquiring face of Captain Bowers.

"What's all this noise about, Joseph?" demanded the captain, harshly.

Mr. Tasker attempted to explain, but his explanation involving a character for Mr. Vickers which that gentleman declined to accept on any terms, he broke in and began to give his own version of the affair. Much to Joseph's surprise the captain listened patiently.

"Did you buy all those things, Joseph?" he inquired, carelessly, as Mr. Vickers paused for breath.

"Cert'nly not, sir," replied Mr. Tasker. "Where should I get the money from?"

The captain eyed him without replying, and a sudden suspicion occurred to him. The strange disappearance of the map, followed by the sudden cessation of Mr. Chalk's visits, began to link themselves to this tale of unexpected wealth. He bestowed another searching glance upon the agitated Mr. Tasker.

"You haven't *sold* anything lately, have you?" he inquired, with startling gruffness.

"I haven't 'ad nothing to sell, sir," replied the other, in astonishment. "And I dare say Mr. Vickers here saw a new pair o' boots on one o' the young 'uns and dreamt all the rest."

Mr. Vickers intervened with passion.

"That'll do," said the captain, sharply. "How dare you make that noise in my house? I think that the tale about the clothes is all right," he added, turning to Joseph. "I saw them go into church looking very smart. And you know nothing about it?"

Mr. Tasker's astonishment was too genuine to be mistaken, and the captain, watching him closely, transferred his suspicions to a more deserving object. Mr. Vickers caught his eye and essayed a smile.

"Dry work talking, sir," he said, gently.

Captain Bowers eyed him steadily. "Have we got any beer, Joseph?" he inquired.

"Plenty in the cask, sir," said Mr. Tasker, reluctantly.

"Well, keep your eye on it," said the captain. "Good morning, Mr. Vickers."

But disappointment and indignation got the better of Mr. Vickers's politeness.

CHAPTER X.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, uncle," said Miss Drewitt, as they sat at dinner an hour or two after the departure of Mr. Vickers.

"*H'm?*" said the captain, with a guilty start.

"You've been scowling and smiling by turns for the last five minutes," said his niece.

"I was thinking about that man that was here this morning," said the captain, slowly; "trying to figure it out. If I thought that that girl Selina——"

He took a draught of ale and shook his head solemnly.

"You know my ideas about that," said Prudence.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Your poor *mother* was obstinate," commented the captain, regarding her tolerantly. "Once she got an idea into her head it stuck there, and nothing made her more angry than proving to her that she was wrong. Trying to prove to her, I should have said."

Miss Drewitt smiled amiably. "Well, you've earned half the sum," she said. "Now, what were you smiling about?"

"Didn't know I was smiling," declared the captain.

With marvellous tact he turned the conversation to lighthouses, a subject upon which he discoursed with considerable fluency until the meal was finished. Miss Drewitt, who had a long memory and at least her fair share of curiosity, returned to the charge as he smoked half a pipe preparatory to accompanying her for a walk.

"You're looking very cheerful," she remarked.

The captain's face fell several points. "Am I?" he said, ruefully. "I didn't mean to."

"Why not?" inquired his niece.

"I mean I didn't know I was," he replied, "more than usual, I mean. I always do look fairly cheerful—at least, I hope I do. There's nothing to make me look the opposite."

Miss Drewitt eyed him carefully and then passed upstairs to put on her hat. Relieved of her presence the captain walked to the small glass over the mantelpiece and, regarding his tell-tale features with gloomy dissatisfaction, acquired, after one or two attempts, an expression which he flattered himself defied analysis.

He tapped the barometer which hung by the door as they went out, and, checking a remark which rose to his lips, stole a satisfied glance at the face by his side.

"Clark's farm by the footpaths would be a nice walk," said Miss Drewitt, as they reached the end of the lane.

The captain started. "I was thinking of Dutton Priors," he said, slowly. "We could go there by Hanger's Lane and home by the road."

"The footpaths would be nice to-day," urged his niece.

"You try my way," said the captain, jovially.

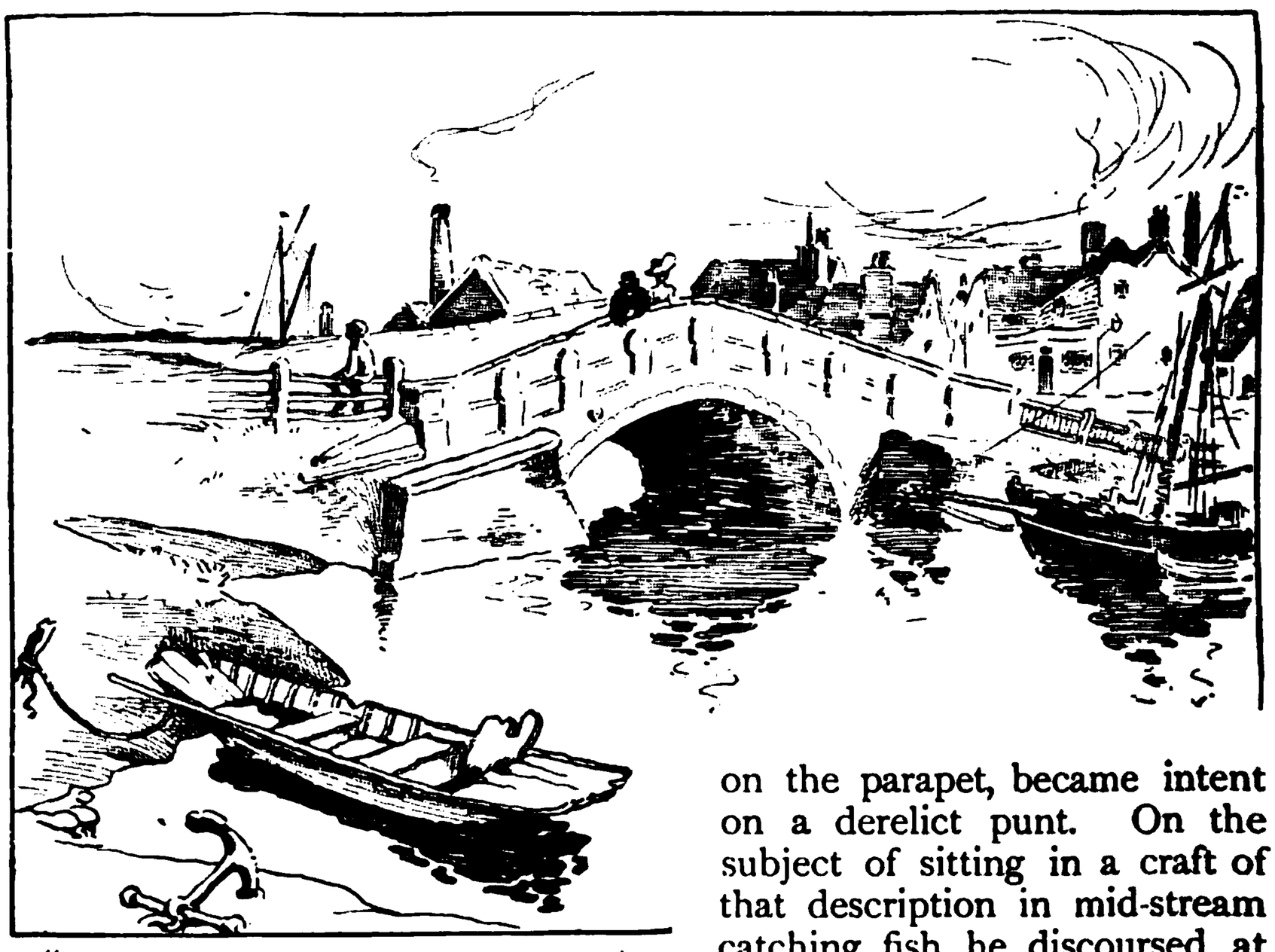
"Have you got any particular reason for wanting to go to Dutton Priors this afternoon?" inquired the girl.

"Reason?" said the captain. "Good gracious, no. What reason should I have? My leg is a trifle stiff to-day for stiles, but still——"

Miss Drewitt gave way at once, and, taking his arm, begged him to lean on her, questioning him anxiously as to his fitness for a walk in any direction.

"Walking 'll do it good," was the reply, as they proceeded slowly down the High Street.

He took his watch from his pocket, and, after comparing it with the town clock, peered furtively right and left, gradually slackening his pace until Miss Drewitt's fears for his leg became almost contagious. At the old stone bridge, spanning the river at the bottom of the High Street, he paused, and, resting his arms on the parapet, became intent on a derelict punt. On the subject of sitting in a craft of that description in mid-stream catching fish he discoursed at such length that the girl eyed him in amazement.



"HE BECAME INTENT ON A DERELICT PUNT."

"Shall we go on?" she said, at length.

The captain turned and, merely pausing to point out the difference between the lines of a punt and a dinghy, with a digression to sampans which included a criticism of the

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Chinese as boat-builders, prepared to depart. He cast a swift glance up the road as he did so, and Miss Drewitt's cheek flamed with sudden wrath as she saw Mr. Edward Tredgold hastening towards them. In a somewhat pointed manner she called her uncle's attention to the fact.

"Lor' bless my soul," said that startled mariner, "so it is. Well! well!"

If Mr. Tredgold had been advancing on his head he could not have exhibited more surprise.

"I'm afraid I'm late," said Tredgold, as he came up and shook hands. "I hope you haven't been waiting long."

The hapless captain coughed loud and long. He emerged from a large red pocket-handkerchief to find the eye of Miss Drewitt seeking his.

"That's all right, my lad," he said, huskily. "I'd forgotten about our arrangement. Did I say this Sunday or next?"

"This," said Mr. Tredgold, bluntly.

The captain coughed again, and with some pathos referred to the tricks which old age plays with memory. As they walked on he regaled them with selected instances.

"Don't forget your leg, uncle," said Miss Drewitt, softly.

Captain Bowers gazed at her suspiciously.

"Don't forget that it's stiff and put too much strain on it," explained his niece.

The captain eyed her uneasily, but she was talking and laughing with Edward Tredgold in a most reassuring fashion. A choice portion of his programme, which, owing to the events of the afternoon, he had almost resolved to omit, clamoured for production. He stole another glance at his niece and resolved to risk it.

"Hah!" he said, suddenly, stopping short and feeling in his pockets. "There's my memory again. Well, of all the——"

"What's the matter, uncle?" inquired Miss Drewitt.

"I've left my pipe at home," said the captain, in a desperate voice.

"I've got some cigars," suggested Tredgold.

The captain shook his head. "No, I must have my pipe," he said, decidedly. "If you two will walk on slowly, I'll soon catch you up."

"You're not going all the way back for it?" exclaimed Miss Drewitt.

"Let me go," said Tredgold.

The captain favoured him with an inscrutable glance. "I'll go," he said, firmly. "I'm not quite sure where I left it. You go by Hanger's Lane; I'll soon catch you up."

He set off at a pace which rendered protest unavailing. Mr. Tredgold turned, and, making a mental note of the fact that Miss Drewitt had suddenly added inches to her stature, walked on by her side.

"Captain Bowers is very fond of his pipe," he said, after they had walked a little way in silence.

Miss Drewitt assented. "Nasty things," she said, calmly.

"So they are," said Mr. Tredgold.

"But you smoke," said the girl.

Mr. Tredgold sighed. "I have often thought of giving it up," he said, softly, "and then I was afraid that it would look rather presumptuous."

"Presumptuous?" repeated Miss Drewitt.

"So many better and wiser men than myself smoke," explained Mr. Tredgold, "including even bishops. If it is good enough for them, it ought to be good enough for me; that's the way I look at it. Who am I that I should be too proud to smoke? Who am I that I should try and set my poor ideas above those of my superiors? Do you see my point of view?"

Miss Drewitt made no reply.

"Of course, it is a thing that grows on one," continued Mr. Tredgold, with the air of making a concession. "It is the first smoke that does the mischief; it is a fatal precedent. Unless, perhaps—— How pretty that field is over there."

Miss Drewitt looked in the direction indicated. "Very nice," she said, briefly. "But what were you going to say?"

Mr. Tredgold made an elaborate attempt to appear confused. "I was going to say," he murmured, gently, "unless, perhaps, one begins on coarse-cut Cavendish rolled in a piece of the margin of the Sunday newspaper."

Miss Drewitt suppressed an exclamation. "I wanted to see where the fascination was," she said, indignantly.

"And did you?" inquired Mr. Tredgold, smoothly.

The girl turned her head and looked at him. "I have no doubt my uncle gave you full particulars," she said, bitterly. "It seems to me that men can gossip as much as women."

"I tried to stop him," said the virtuous Mr. Tredgold.

"You need not have troubled," said Miss Drewitt, loftily. "It is not a matter of any consequence. I am surprised that my uncle should have thought it worth mentioning."

She walked on slowly with head erect,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pausing occasionally to look round for the captain. Edward Tredgold looked too, and a feeling of annoyance at the childish stratagems of his well-meaning friend began to possess him.

"We had better hurry a little, I think," he said, glancing at the sky. "The sooner we get to Dutton Priors the better."

"Why?" inquired his companion.

"Rain," said the other, briefly.

"It won't rain before evening," said Miss Drewitt, confidently; "uncle said so."

"Perhaps we had better walk faster, though," urged Mr. Tredgold.

Miss Drewitt slackened her pace deliberately. "There is no fear of its raining," she declared. "And uncle will not catch us up if we walk fast."

A sudden glimpse into the immediate future was vouchsafed to Mr. Tredgold; for a fraction of a second the veil was lifted. "Don't blame me if you get wet, though," he said, with some anxiety.

They walked on at a pace which gave the captain every opportunity of overtaking them. The feat would not have been beyond the powers of an athletic tortoise, but the most careful scrutiny failed to reveal any signs of him.

"I'm afraid that he is not well," said Miss Drewitt, after a long, searching glance along the way they had come. "Perhaps we had better go back. It does begin to look rather dark."

"Just as you please," said Edward Tredgold, with unwonted caution; "but the nearest shelter is Dutton Priors."

He pointed to a lurid, ragged cloud right ahead of them. As if in response, a low, growling rumble sounded overhead.

"Was—was that thunder?" said Miss Drewitt, drawing a little nearer to him.

"Sounded something like it," was the reply.

A flash of lightning and a crashing peal that rent the skies put the matter beyond a doubt. Miss Drewitt, turning very pale, began to walk at a rapid pace in the direction of the village.

The other looked round in search of some nearer shelter. Already the pattering of heavy drops sounded in the lane, and before they had gone a dozen paces the rain came down in torrents. Two or three fields away a small shed offered the only shelter. Mr. Tredgold, taking his companion by the arm, started to run towards it.

Before they had gone a hundred yards they were wet through, but Miss Drewitt, holding her skirts in one hand and shivering at every flash, ran until they brought up at a tall gate, ornamented with barbed wire, behind which stood the shed.

The gate was locked, and the wire had been put on by a farmer who combined with great ingenuity a fervent hatred of his fellowmen. To Miss Drewitt it seemed insurmountable, but, aided by Mr. Tredgold and a peal of thunder which came to his assistance at a critical moment, she managed to clamber over and reach the shed. Mr. Tredgold followed at his leisure with a strip of braid torn from the bottom of her dress.

The roof leaked in twenty places and the floor was a puddle, but it had certain redeeming features in Mr. Tredgold's eyes of which the girl knew nothing. He stood at the doorway watching the rain.



"AIDED BY MR. TREDGOLD AND A PEAL OF THUNDER, SHE MANAGED TO CLAMBER OVER."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Come inside," said Miss Drewitt, in a trembling voice. "You might be struck."

Mr. Tredgold experienced a sudden sense of solemn pleasure in this unexpected concern for his safety. He turned and eyed her.

"I'm not afraid," he said, with great gentleness.

"No, but I am," said Miss Drewitt, petulantly, "and I can never get over that gate alone."

Mr. Tredgold came inside, and for some time neither of them spoke. The rattle of rain on the roof became less deafening and began to drip through instead of forming little jets. A patch of blue sky showed.

"It isn't much," said Tredgold, going to the door again.

Miss Drewitt, checking a sharp retort, returned to the door and looked out. The patch of blue increased in size; the rain ceased and the sun came out; birds exchanged congratulations from every tree. The girl, gathering up her wet skirts, walked to the gate, leaving her companion to follow.

Approached calmly and under a fair sky the climb was much easier.

"I believe that I could have got over by myself after all," said Miss Drewitt, as she stood on the other side. "I suppose that you were in too much of a hurry the last time. My dress is ruined."

She spoke calmly, but her face was clouded. From her manner during the rapid walk home Mr. Tredgold was enabled to see clearly that she was holding him responsible for the captain's awkward behaviour; the rain; her spoiled clothes; and a severe cold in the immediate future. He glanced at her ruined hat and the wet, straight locks of hair hanging about her face, and held his peace.

Never before on a Sunday afternoon had Miss Drewitt known the streets of Binchester to be so full of people. She hurried on with bent head, looking straight before her, trying to imagine what she looked like. There was no sign of the captain, but as they turned into Dialstone Lane they both saw a huge, shaggy, grey head protruding from the small window of his bedroom. It disappeared with a suddenness almost startling.

"Thank you," said Miss Drewitt, holding out her hand as she reached the door. "Good-bye."

Mr. Tredgold said "Good-bye," and with a furtive glance at the window above departed. Miss Drewitt, opening the door, looked round an empty room. Then the kitchen door opened and the face of Mr. Tasker, full of concern, appeared.

"Did you get wet, miss?" he inquired.

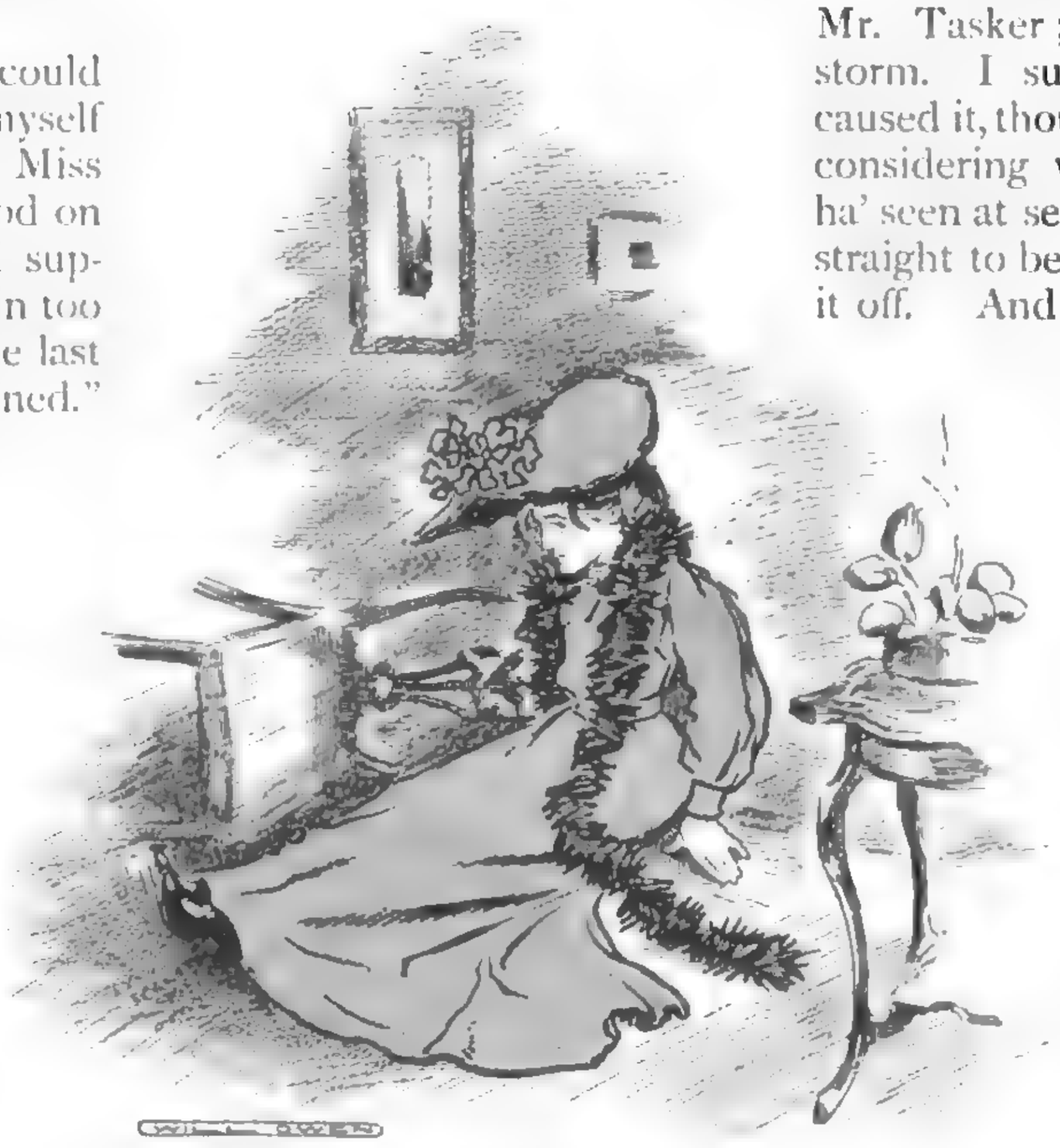
Miss Drewitt ignored the question. "Where is Captain Bowers?" she asked, in a clear, penetrating voice.

The face of Mr. Tasker fell. "He's gone to bed with a headache, miss," he replied.

"Headache?" repeated the astonished Miss Drewitt. "When did he go?"

"About 'arf an hour ago," said Mr. Tasker; "just after the storm. I suppose that's what caused it, though it seems funny, considering what a lot he must ha' seen at sea. He said he'd go straight to bed and try and sleep it off. And I was to ask you to please not to make a noise."

Miss Drewitt swept past him and mounted the stairs. At the captain's door she paused, but the loud snoring of a determined man made her resolve to postpone her demands for an explanation to a more fitting opportunity. Tired, wet, and angry she gained her own room, and threw herself thoughtlessly into that famous old Chippendale chair which, in accordance with Mr. Tredgold's instructions, had been placed against the wall.



"SHE THREW HERSELF THOUGHTLESSLY INTO THAT FAMOUS OLD CHIPPENDALE CHAIR."

The captain stirred in his sleep,

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

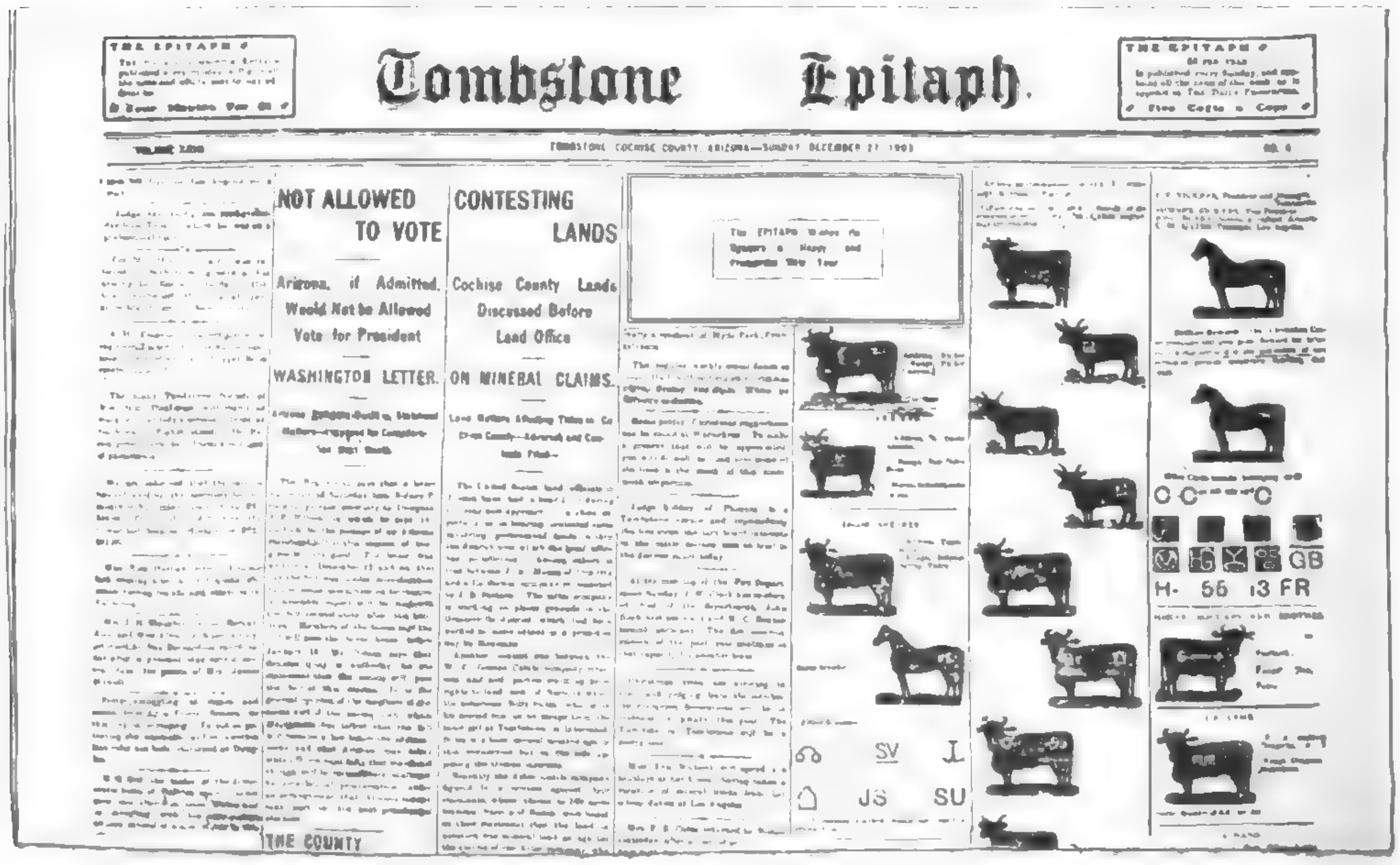
Wild Western Journalism.

By an ex-Editor.

ONE of the most thrilling occupations that a human being could follow in the old days — say a brief generation since—was that of editing a newspaper in a small American town. There was a fulness in the life, a feverish activity in the office and a perpetual spice of danger out of it, that made all other callings seem trivial. Things have changed a great deal in the past few years, but even yet Wild Western journalism can boast a flavour — a tang of its own. There is no other Press in the world quite like it; there is no similar body of men like those who engineer it. To our old friends, Mr. Pott, of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and Mr. Slurk, of the *Eatanswill Independent*, their Occidental followers of the *Arizona Arrow* and the *Tombstone Epitaph* bear but faint resemblance. Perhaps in the birth-throes of English journalism—in the era of the *Mercurius Pragmaticus* and the *Scot's Dove*—the vicissitudes of editors were not dissimilar to those endured by the Colorado and Texas editor of yesterday, who was often his own publisher, his own printer, and his own editor rolled in one—and not only that, but was forced to perform these functions with a six-chambered revolver reposing gracefully, yet ominously, on his desk. As to his Protean character there has been little if any improvement. I cull the following from a recent issue of the *Yampa* (Oregon) *Leader*:—

> The great city papers think they are smart in having a large staff, and, although we have not published ours before, we shall do so to take some of the conceit out of the city brethren. The editorial staff of the *Leader* is composed of: Managing editor, V. S. Wilson; city editor, Vic Wilson; news editor, V. Wilson; editorial writer, Hon. Mr. Wilson; exchange editor, Wilson; pressman, the same Wilson; foreman, more of the same Wilson; devil, a picture of the same Wilson; fighting editor, Mrs. Wilson.

By no means exaggerated is the description of a Western editor and his environment which was given some years ago by the authors of that amusing novel, "The Golden Butterfly." Prototypes of Gilead P. Beck could be found in abundance throughout the region west of the Mississippi. One of the most extraordinary characters and one of the most delightful was the late Alvin S. Peek—"Judge" Peek of Dakota—whose boast it was that he had "run" papers in nine different States and territories, had shot eleven men who disagreed with his opinions —three of them fatally—and had never


Tombstone Epitaph.

NOT ALLOWED TO VOTE

Arizona, if Admitted, Would Not be Allowed Vote for President

WASHINGTON LETTER.

CONTESTING LANDS

Cochise County Lands Discussed Before Land Office

ON MINERAL CLAIMS.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

swallowed a word he had ever written, and who died universally respected in bed and at the ripe age—for Dakota—of fifty-one years.

But apart from any personal contact with the men who make the newspapers of the wild and woolly West it was once my experience to receive and peruse weekly many hundreds of their productions—"exchanges" they are called—and ranging from the *Mother Lode Magnet* of California and the *Tombstone Epitaph* of Tombstone, Arizona, to the *Arkansas Howler* and the *Mustang* (Colorado) *Mail*. Many a pleasant evening have I spent over them, and I still prize a scrap-book containing things to me as funny as I could find in any collection of wit and humour in the world. There is reason for this, because the backwoods and prairie Press of America is the nursery of American humour. It produced Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Petroleum V. Nasby, Joshua Billings, J. M. Bailey, Bob Burdette, Bill Nye, John Phœnix, and F. L. Stanton, to mention only a few of the humorists of international renown. I was well acquainted with Stanton at the time he was editing, printing, and publishing the famous *Smithville News*. *Texas Siftings*, the *Arizona Kicker*, and the *Burlington Hawkeye* have made the peculiarities and amenities of Western journalism familiar to English readers. Albeit, scattered through a dozen States and territories are thousands of small newspapers, eking out a precarious existence—full of native humour and sentiment—of which not even the resident of Chicago and St. Louis has so much as heard. How precarious that existence is may be judged from the following editorial appeal in the *Gem*, of Flagstaff, Arizona:—

> Have you paid your subscription yet? Remember even an editor must live. If the *hard times* have struck your shebang, don't forget turnips, potatoes, and corn in the shock are most as welcome as hard cash at the *Gem* office. Also hard wood. Our latch-string is always out, or same (*i.e.*, the turnips, etc.) can be delivered to our wife, who will give receipt in our absence.

One of the pleasing fictions preserved by the Western Press is, as we have seen, that of a plurality of editors. To these supposititious editors the most extraordinary titles and functions are bequeathed. On the front page of the *Rising Star* (Texas) *X-ray* no pretence of a numerous staff is made—Mr. Albert Tyson boldly announces himself as "horse, snake, lying, and fighting editor," while his motto is, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you, and do it *fust!*"

In mining districts or in the new territories, where a "tenderfoot" is made welcome in the "'eave 'arf-brick" fashion, the career of an editor is one of constant risk and turmoil. If he is young and inexperienced there are always lawless spirits ready to take a rise out of him, just for the pleasure and excitement of the thing.

The Rising Star X-Ray.

ALBERT TYSON, HORSE, SNAKE, LYING, AND FIGHTING EDITOR,

Entered at the Rising Star Post-office as Second-class Mail matter. Published every Friday.

"DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO TO YOU, AND DO IT FUST"

EDITORIAL

—O—

This is 1901, Have you resoluted any yet? If you have been making a dozzen New Year resolutions and breaking them all in about 30 days, try the plan this time of making only six and see if you can't keep your integrity with at least three of them.

In this New Year, A D 1901. make a grave effort to "Do unto others as you would have them do to you, and do it FUST'

0 0 0

The May Enterprise has gone into hence,—is a mournful corpse She died, according to a hasty post mortem examination, of a malignant attack of impecuniosity fever or financial strangulation.

0 0 0

The X-Ray makes a motion that the people of Eastland county instruct their next Representative to the Legislature to introduce a bill in that honouable body against the sale of toy pistols, firecrakers, and torpedos of every description.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Even in the civilized Southern States to the east of the Mississippi editing was not fifteen years ago a healthy pastime. On one occasion, when I was assisting a friend in Georgia, a citizen in a high state of excitement entered the "editorial sanctum"—they are very particular about the dignity of these epithets in America—and riddled the walls and my desk with bullets from a revolver.

Luckily, I happened not to be there, but in the composing-room, engaged in making-up the editorial page. My eye dwelt lovingly on a neat row of paragraphs, one beginning in this wise:—

If our esteemed (but chronically overheated) fellow-townsman, Sam Beale, will take our advice, etc.

At that moment three shots rang out in deafening succession. My journeyman "comp." dropped on his knees under the composing-case, and I was just deciding on my own line of conduct when the door was flung violently open, and Mr. Samuel Beale and I stood face to face. There were no words—none which I could bring my pen to write—but a heavy printer's mallet lay at one end of the make-up stone; this "our esteemed (but chronically overheated) fellow-townsman" seized and flung with all possible force straight at my head. Had his aim been true I should never have lived to tell this tale. As it was, the mallet grazed my ear and crashed into the wall, and the next object I saw was Beale wrestling with the door in a frantic effort to escape. The conclusion of this anecdote doesn't matter; but my printer was, I believe, finally obliged to haul me off the body of the prostrate Mr. Beale, upon whom I then and there felt it my editorial duty to take summary vengeance. Afterwards I wisely went armed, my victim having openly threatened to shoot me on sight. But the quarrel was eventually patched up, my chief inserting the following characteristic *amende*:—



"THE MALLET GRAZED MY EAR AND CRASHED INTO THE WALL."

The *News-Democrat* having on divers occasions, through a misapprehension of the true circumstances, stated that our esteemed townsman Sam Beale was a liar, a thief, and the meanest skunk in the whole State of Georgia, we beg hereby to retract this, and declare that our knowledge is solely confined to Pawnee County. Shake, Sam, and be friends!

One of the arts which a Western editor must understand is that of "padding," especially in his local "society" items.

Thus a Missouri paper, the *Hannibal Hornet*, is responsible for the following string of "personals":—

Dec. 7th. Miss Sadie James, of Tarrant Springs, is visiting her friend, Miss Annabel S. Colver, at the house of Miss Annabel S. Colver, on Decatur Street.

Dec. 8th. Miss Annabel S. Colver gave a party in honour of her guest, Miss Sadie James, who is visiting her at Miss Colver's beautiful home on Decatur Street, at which all the youth and beauty of Hannibal were present in full force.

Dec. 9th. Miss Sadie James, of Tarrant Springs, was observed out sleigh-riding with her charming hostess, Miss A. S. Colver, and their neat turn-out was shortly joined by several others.

Dec. 10th. Miss Sadie James terminated a pleasant visit to Hannibal and returned to Tarrant Springs.

But occasionally it happens that an ex-

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



quisite item of "society" falls in the editor's way, without his having to do any "padding" at all, as in this from the *Fairplay Flume*, published in the flourishing Colorado "city" of Fairplay:—

MARRIED. MARKHAM — SEELY.—At the residence of the groom's parents one of the most up-to-date weddings took place. (There had been an agreement between the bride and groom not to be married in the old-fashioned way, but to change the mode a little.) Therefore they were married at the residence of the father of the groom, Peter J. Seely, Esq. The groom wore a long pair of overalls and a cut-away coat. The bride wore a calico dress and apron. They both looked the picture of health, and were ably assisted—the groom by the bride's sister and the bride by Mr. Sam Meadows, a particular friend of the groom's. After spending a couple of weeks in the West they will return and settle down in their pleasant home, "Swandown"; Burlap, the furniture man at Five Forks, having already the contract to see that their home is properly furnished during their absence.

As to the titles of many of these Western productions, it might be supposed these spring from the fertile brain of some incorrigible humorist. But this is not so. Nothing could be more real—"alive and kicking"—in Anno Domini 1904, than the *Creede* (Colorado) *Candle*, the *Arizona Arrow* of Chloride, Arizona, the *Rifle Reveille*, the *Rising Star X-ray*, the *Bald-Knob Herald*, the Dallas *World Hustler*, the *Kosse Cyclone*, the Blooming Grove *Rustler*, the Carrizo *Javelin*, the Noyales *Oasis*, and the Devil's Lake *Free Press*. The names of some Western towns are fantastic to a degree, and the editorial love for alliteration is strong. Thus we have the *Bliss Breeze*, the *Mustang Mail*, and the Searchlight *Searchlight* in addition to those I have mentioned. What more natural in the "city" of Tombstone, Arizona, than that the newspaper should be entitled the *Epitaph?* Or that an *Epitaph* should take as naturally to obituaries as a duck to water or an Arizonian takes to his "gun"?

JAKE MOFFATT GONE SKYWARD!

As we feared on hearing that two doctors had been called in, the life of our esteemed fellow-citizen Jake Moffatt ered out on Wednesday last, just after we had gone to press. Jake was every inch a scholar and a gentleman, upright in all his dealings, unim-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



peachable in character, and ran the Front Street Saloon in the very toniest style consistent with order. Jake never fully recovered from the year he spent in the county jail at the time of the Ryan-Sternberg fracas. His health was shattered, and he leaves a sorrowing widow and nary an enemy.

The Tombstone men are handy with their "shooting-irons," as may be judged from the accompanying cheery advertisement last Christmas time.

TURKEY
SHOOTING
Wednesday, December 23, 1903
North End of Fifth Street
Use Any Kind of Rifle
AT 50 YARDS,
Turkey's Head Exposed, 25c Per Shot
AT 200 YARDS,
Entire Turkey Exposed, 25c Per Shot
To Draw Blood Entitles You to the Turkey
SPORT BEGINS AT 2 P. M.
Turkeys Now on Exhibition at Saylor's Store,
Allen, Bet. Fourth and Fifth Streets.

The chief advertisements in the *Epitaph*, as in the other papers in the ranching country, consist of cattle-brands — *i.e.*, rude outlines or silhouettes of equine or bovine quadrupeds, marked with the peculiar sign which distinguishes their ownership from others. By this means any strayed or stolen cattle are readily identified.

As to the technical aspect of all the papers, which have so much in common, the reader may like to learn something. How are they produced so as to cover expenses in a "city" which boasts often fewer than one thousand inhabitants, rarely reaches two thousand, and not seldom has but five hundred souls? The answer is, in the first place, to be found in the invention of patent "insides" or "outsides." These are sheets ready printed on two of the four outside or inside pages; or, if it should happen to be an eight-page paper, six pages would be set up and printed at some great centre of population like Chicago or St. Louis. The invention is of English origin, but owes its vogue in America to A. N. Kellogg, who in 1861 was editing a little paper at Baraboo, Wisconsin. When the Civil War broke out his printers left him for the front, and, unable to get out his journal, he wrote to the publisher of the Madison *Daily Journal* for sheets of that paper printed

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



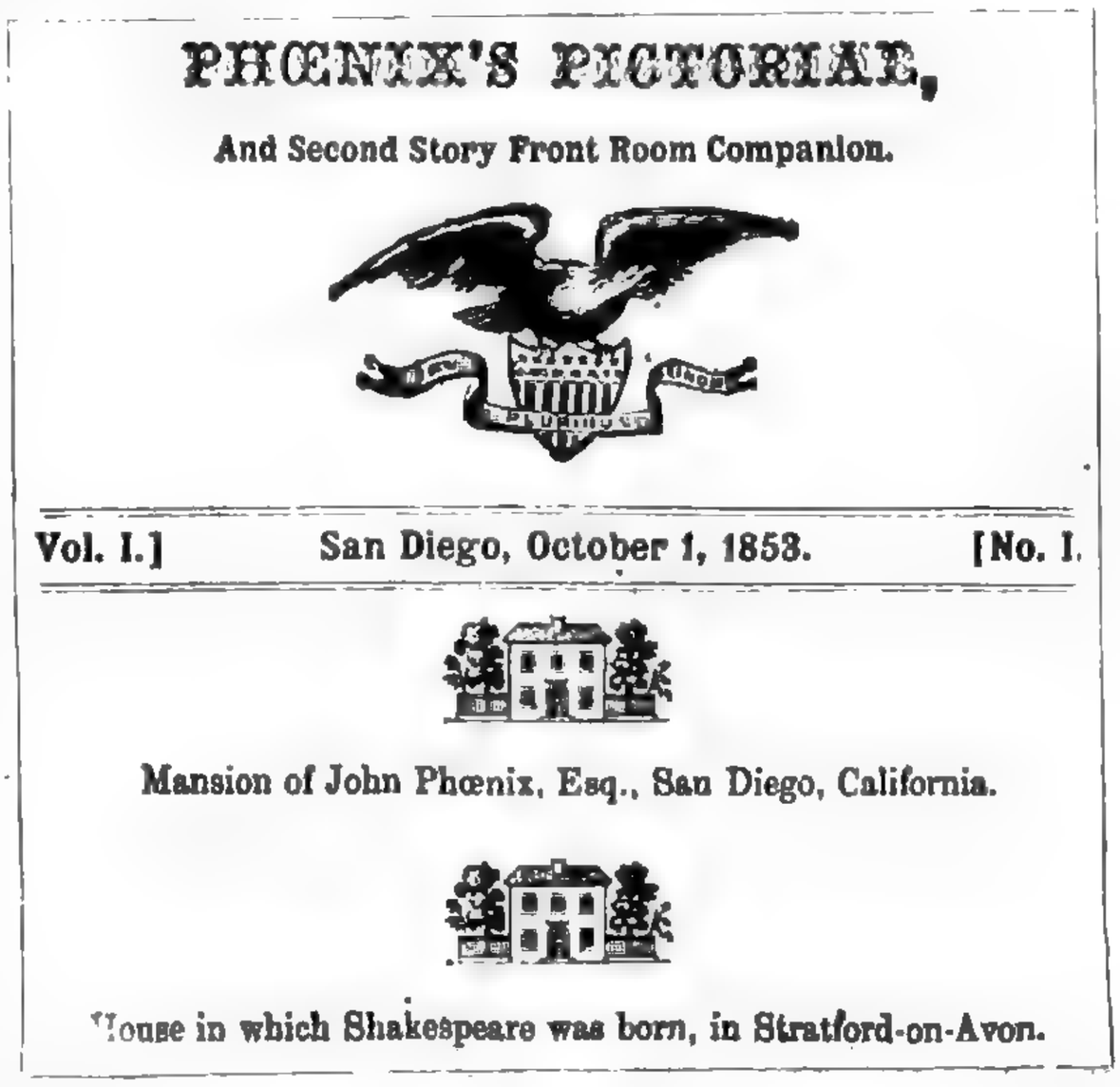
CATTLE-BRAND ADVERTISEMENTS.

on one side only with the latest available war news. The blank side the enterprising Kellogg filled up himself with big "block" advertisements and local items and the inevitable political "editorial," without which no American newspaper, however small, would be complete in its editor's eyes, although it is rarely read. In a short space of time other country editors followed Kellogg's example, and the Madison daily was printing newspapers for thirty different Wisconsin papers on one side of the sheet. The enterprise grew, Kellogg directed his entire attention to it, and ended by founding a business which to-day prints two thousand different sets or editions of patent insides.

At one time the same formes were used for hundreds of papers, only the titles, headings, etc., being changed to suit each customer. But now the editors of the *Oasis* and the *Hustler* have at least a hundred different styles of paper to select from. As to the cost, the editor pays hardly more than what the blank paper is worth, for the ready-print companies derive their profit from the advertisements, for which they reserve several columns of space. These country papers are usually sold in "bundles" of nine hundred and sixty copies, but the circulation may not be one-half of that figure.

We have seen that editing is a precarious livelihood, yet the editor manages to get along somehow. I have seen it publicly stated that there are four classes of men who usually own these small papers: farmers' sons who are too good for farming and not quite good enough to do nothing; school-teachers; lawyers who have made a failure of the law; and professional printers who have "worked their way" — these last two by far the most numerous class. They derive their chief profits from advertisements, for it is a point of honour with the local bankers, storekeepers, implement dealers, lawyers, doctors, liverymen, and blacksmiths to advertise in the local paper. Then there is the annual, and occasionally the semi-annual, circus advertisement, which may bring in as much as a hundred dollars, "if a picture of the elephant is thrown in." In the cattle-raising districts, as in Arizona, the different cattle-brands fill up a large part of the paper, as in the case of the *Tombstone Epitaph*. But besides the patent "inside," the editor of the little paper has another convenient expedient for filling up his columns. He can buy stereotype plates—that is, columns of interesting matter in thin sheets. These are made to fit metal bases with which he is supplied, and which he keeps in stock. Plates and bases being "type high," or level with the type of the newspaper, are cheap to send by rail, and being furnished to hundreds of other journals are of far higher literary character than the editor could turn out himself for treble cost.

I have said little of illustrated journalism in the Far West; but, as the accompanying reproduction humorously suggests, it is — inexpensive. And it may also betray the fount whence the authors of that amusing brochure, "Wisdom While You Wait," drew some, at least, of their inspiration.



PHŒNIX'S PICTORIAL,

And Second Story Front Room Companion.

Vol. I.] San Diego, October 1, 1853. [No. 1.

Mansion of John Phœnix, Esq., San Diego, California.

House in which Shakespeare was born, in Stratford-on-Avon.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Red Counter.

By L. J. Beeston.

I.

VÉTÉRIN gathered up from the table the papers which his captain pushed toward him. He said, moodily :—

"I am surprised at *you*. We shall all be killed while you are making love here. You may be very emotional, but you will have to tell that to the German advanced guard."

Nicolas La Hire rose and took his sabre from a chair in this, the best room of the *auberge*. He was commanding a scattered remnant of cuirassiers who were shadowed by a Prussian force. It was his intention to join the main body, but not only were there many obstacles in the way, but he had fallen very desperately in love with Rachel Nay, the sweetest and prettiest girl in Orgemont. He replied—by no means offended by the familiarity of his officer, for whom he had the greatest friendship :—



"LOVE SPEAKS LOUDER THAN A BUGLE-CALL."

"You are needlessly alarmed. Besides, love speaks louder than a bugle-call."

"But not so loud as a bomb, and that is what we shall get very soon. I am not afraid—I ; but there is a time for making love and a time for making war. Then, consider your family. A farmer's pretty daughter is no match for a La Hire. And in any case you will not get her, for she is promised to that rascal Simon Mansart, who lives in the château on the hill yonder" ; and Vétérin pointed through the unshuttered window, across the village, where the cottages bore a covering of snow, and the frozen road, to where a clump of acacias crowned an eminence.

"That is what troubles me," answered La Hire, beginning to pace the room. "If she is married to that man, whom she detests and fears —to that miser, that creature ——!" he broke off suddenly, then continued: "It is a burning shame that this pure girl, this sweet Rachel, this wild-flower——!"

"Oh, come," interrupted Vétérin, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, "if you are going to dilate in that strain ——".

"Silence!" shouted La Hire ; "you go too far." He muttered, in an undertone, "I cannot leave her, loving her as I do, loving me as she does, for I greatly fear that this vulture Mansart will be too strong for me when I am gone."

"Then visit him," said Vétérin. "Have

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

you not a sword to threaten with? Better still, have you not gold to offer? That will persuade him, if anything can."

La Hire thought for a moment; then he said, "That is not at all a bad idea. I will go now. . . . We will leave to-night. You will give the word. Laporte is moving on Besançon, which is in a state of siege. We really ought to join him three leagues from here, if only these confounded Prussians will let us alone." He went out, murmuring, "I must see Rachel before I go."

"You hear what I say, Monsieur Mansart?" thundered La Hire.

Simon did not reply, nor did his eyes fail before the stern gaze of the captain of cuirassiers. A crafty smile touched the corners of his thin lips, and he stroked with either hand the heads of two immense mastiffs that crouched on the floor by his side.

"Mademoiselle Rachel Nay does not need your attentions. You will not molest or annoy her in any way. Your gold, which, if report says true, you have spent your life in wringing from whom you can, cannot buy a woman's heart, and hers is pledged to me."

Simon smiled still more craftily. He knew that his parsimony had made him notorious; he knew that the widow and the fatherless had little cause to love him. His heart had shrunk in the grip of his miserly instincts. But he was not afraid as he answered:—

"I shall take my own course, monsieur. Who are you to dictate to me? I care not for your clanking spurs, your fierce looks. I have influence with Mademoiselle Rachel's parents, who are very poor, and I shall use it to the uttermost. I pit my gold against your handsome face and swaggering manner. We will see who will win."

"Listen!" said Nicolas, in a voice hoarse with anger. "I will descend to make terms with you, though, *mon Dieu!* there is little reason why I should. Since money is as vital breath to you, I offer you five thousand francs if you will withdraw your suit."

"I refuse."

"Ten thousand, then?"

Mansart laughed and snapped his dry fingers.

"Come, I offer you fifteen thousand francs, and not a sou further will I go."

Simon was visibly moved, and his hands rested nervously upon the heads of his great curs; but he controlled the rising temptation and answered, bitterly:—

"It is clear that you fear me or you would not make such overtures. I decline your offer."

"Think well! I will never yield this girl."

"That is unfortunate, for I certainly intend to win her."

"Be careful!" said La Hire, in such a terrible voice that the mastiffs growled and bared their teeth.

And instinctively, though he meant nothing, his hand groped at the hilt of his sabre.

Mansart half rose from his chair. "You forget my dogs," he snarled.

"And you forget the Prussians, who cannot be far off," replied the other; and when he perceived that the warning had a distinct effect he followed up his advantage. "You will have to take care of yourself here, monsieur, and yet greater care of your gold. I warn you that a Prussian force is shadowing us, so that they will almost certainly take this direction, if that is comforting for you to know."

Mansart turned pale.

"And as they have a couple of field-pieces, you may expect a display, by Jove!"

He had scarcely spoken the words when a deep sound, a heavy thud, which appeared to come from a long distance, startled him.

"Malediction! A gun!" exclaimed the captain.

He had scarcely spoken when a second and much sharper report sounded. The shell had burst. Faint shouting came from below in the village.

"The 'Blues' have come after all," said La Hire, and he went out.

Looking northward he saw a tiny cloud drifting across the stars. It was the smoke from the cannon which had been discharged. In that direction a ridge broke the flatness of the fields, that were buried under a sheet of ice. He muttered to himself:—

"They are there, on the escarpment. They will put a few shells into the village and turn us out, and we must retreat—as usual. I do not care if I can withdraw them from Orgemont." His eyes grew tender; he was thinking of Rachel.

"Are they here—these Germans?" asked a fearful voice at his elbow.

Mansart also had quitted the house. That note of war, which was the first he had ever heard, had terrified him.

"You may be sure of it," said the other, laughing. "And it is to be hoped that you have some good things in your larder, for if

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

these Prussians visit you you will find that they have the stomachs of wolves."

A bugle sounded.

"They will be expecting me," murmured La Hire.

It was frightfully cold. The air, like the earth, seemed frozen, biting the lungs and making it difficult to breathe. The swaying branches of the trees in the garden appeared to be trying to obtain a little warmth by the exercise. The final crescent of the moon had risen, and her pale gleam upon the fields seemed to have become petrified also with the cold, and permanent.

La Hire had no sooner made up his mind to move than a red flame glowed on the summit of the escarpment, and passed. It was quickly followed by a second heavy thud—the report of a six-pounder field-gun. A bright light appeared upon the sky, moving swiftly.

Something uttered a wail; something rushed amongst the acacia trees in the garden, flinging down branches and tearing up earth. There was a splitting report, a spouted flame, a terrible cry.

The night closed down as before, scarcely disturbed by that burst of passion.

La Hire relaxed his grip of the garden soil. He lifted his face, which was covered with earth.

"*Ciel!* I thought I was done for," he muttered.

He rose from the prostrate position into which he had flung himself, and looked around with eyes that were still dazed by the explosion.

"Simon—Simon Mansart! Are you still alive?" he called.

A loud burst of derisive laughter came from one of the lower windows of the house.

"Go! The Prussians are waiting for you!" cried Mansart.

La Hire shrugged his shoulders, then stepped briskly from the garden to where an orderly waited with his horse.

And as he rode away he felt his love swell and rise in his heart, and a mad longing to see Rachel once more gripped him; to feel on his lips the soft touch of her lips, and round his neck the clinging fingers once clasped there. And this wave of passion that ran through his veins seemed to unstring his nerves, weaken his purpose, and cast a mist of love over his courage.

He found Vétérin waiting impatiently for his appearance; and he led his men southward, tempting the Prussians and drawing them from the village.

II.

WEEKS passed. The battles with the Germans, that were scarring the land and so many hearts, only threatened Orgemont.

Now Simon Mansart lay very ill, and it was said that he was dying. At a late hour that night Rachel received a letter. It was from Mansart, and ran as follows:—

"RACHEL,—I am very ill, and have but a few more hours to live. Will you wed me, dying? This is a strange request; but if for one brief hour I might call you wife it should not make you sad, and it would give me happiness. . . . I have a considerable sum of money with me in this house, which represents the greater part of my fortune. I am anxious that you should possess this when I am gone. I have papers drawn up making over to you the whole of this sum. Only your signature is needed and all becomes yours, even while I live. I would have it so, fearing that you might say, 'If he should not die after all!' In any case you will be rich. But have no fears; I am sinking, and can scarcely hold this pen. Rachel, you have scorned my offer of marriage; at any rate you cannot scorn me now. Let me call you wife; let me hold your hand for my final but sweetest hour.—SIMON MANSART."

Old Joseph Nay, when this letter was read to him, slapped his shrunken thighs. "And I wished, when you were born, that you had been a boy!" cried he. "What a piece of fortune this is! At last I hope you will show some sense. Quick, and get ready. I will take you round in the cart. It is a frightful night, but one does not get a fortune every day on such terms. Then one must respect the request of a man who is dying." And he went out, adding to himself, "We are so poor that this is nothing less than a godsend."

Rachel had turned very pale. She had greatly feared Mansart living; now, at his last moments, he still threatened her peace. Seeing marriage only in the holy light it has for lovers, she shrank from this thing.

A month passed.

One day the hamlet was thrown into a state of excitement.

A horseman came dashing bravely up the rough, snow covered road. He was a splendid figure. He wore a steel helmet with streaming plumes, a glittering cuirass, red breeches, and immense boots to his knees. A sabre leaped at his side, and foam flew from the red jaws of his magnificent horse. His bronzed face carried a formidable scar, that added to the fierceness of his appearance.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

He reined in his charger with a most telling effect.

"Where is Mademoiselle Rachel Nay?" he demanded.

They brought her to him. He sprang off his horse, removed his helmet, which he placed in the bend of his left arm, and bowed with gallantry, while his eyes showed his appreciation of the girl's beauty. He was Philippe Vétérin.

"I have come for you, mademoiselle," said he, trying to soften his voice, that had been roughened in the war.

The blood crept from Rachel's cheeks.

"And with a message from Nicolas La Hire, who is my friend. He is wounded—ah! pardon my stupidness, I am too abrupt; the hurt is not much, but enough to prevent his coming for you. *Mon Dieu!*—do not look so frightened, my pretty one; I have the best of news — news to bring the blood again to those smooth cheeks. Listen! We ambushed a whole host of Prussians, and we cut them to pieces. La Hire was equal to any two of us. The colonel vowed he would give him whatever he asked for. 'Then send,' said Nicolas, 'to Orgemont, which is three leagues from here, and fetch my sweetheart to me, that I may kiss her lips.'

"We cheered him, mademoiselle, for it appealed to our hearts and made us think of the women whose love is ours, and who are waiting for us. 'It shall be done,' said the colonel, 'and you shall wed her, La Hire, if that be your present wish. Then she can return to her parents to wait for you until we have finished the war.'

"This is my errand, pretty one. I have come to fetch you. Ah! you are paler than before. Courage! You shall have such a wedding that every woman in France shall envy you. The church bells will peal while our sentries guard the roads, the guns will salute you, and each breast that a cuirass hides will swell with the cheers that we shall give you. My sword, why am I not Nicolas La Hire!"

Rachel tried to speak, but there was such a weight upon her heart that the words she would have uttered stopped in her throat. At length she said, faintly: "I—I cannot go: it is impossible."



"I AM MARRIED ALREADY."

The trooper laughed outright. "*Pardonnez moi,*" he cried, "I said that I have come for you, and without you I dare not return, or I should be compelled to fight my regiment, one by one. Mademoiselle, you will obtain a horse, and you will accompany me; that is as certain as my name is Philippe Vétérin." He twisted his moustache, and a flash almost of menace sparkled in his black eyes.

They were without old Joseph's cottage as they spoke, and Rachel drew Vétérin in, closing the door against the little crowd of villagers, who turned their attention to the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

trooper's charger. She said, in a heart-broken voice :—

"Nevertheless, I cannot accompany you. I am married already; I am another man's wife."

The trooper gave back a step; then he laughed harshly—a contemptuous laugh.

"Oh, oh!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "that is a different matter. All the same, it is bad, bad news for La Hire," and he moved toward the door.

"Stay!" said the girl, flushing hotly at his derisive tone. "I have a message in return for yours. Will you tell Nicolas that, though he must come no more to Orgemont, though he must not see me again, I am wife in name only. Maiden I am still, before God, and, for Nicolas's sake, shall always remain so. You will tell him, monsieur, that he had been gone but a few weeks when Simon Mansart——"

"Ah!" interrupted Vétérin, "I have heard about him."

"——when Simon Mansart fell ill. At the point of death (so it seemed to all of us) he besought me to wed him, for he loves me almost as much as he loves his gold. And he offered me in return all his money that is hid in his house. I refused. It was pointed out to me that Monsieur Mansart had no one to whom to leave the wealth which he had accumulated, but he asked nothing better than to leave it to me if I would grant him one brief hour in which to call me wife, that, holding my hand, he might pass the last great barrier. I refused again. Then they made it clear to me that certain papers only wanted my signature, and even while Monsieur Mansart lived his wealth became mine—so certain was he that he could not recover. Again I declined this offer. I was told that I should hold sacred the prayer of one who loved me and was dying; that it would not be only right, but an act of nobleness to render his end peaceful and happy. Still I refused."

"Ah! Yet you yielded!" sighed Vétérin, moved to his heart by a tear that was trickling down one of the soft brown cheeks.

"For my parents' sake. They had their way at last. They are very poor; the war has tried us greatly. Against my heart, against my conscience, I said 'yes.' That night I signed the papers and was wedded to Monsieur Mansart; that night he held my hand as I sat by his couch, and he looked into my eyes with a terrible gaze of love."

"And he lived? My sword! I could swear he was not so ill as he said. The cunning rascal!"

"It was God's will. I have not seen him since then, and will not. . . . You will tell Nicolas all this, monsieur; and you will give him these papers and ask him to destroy them, lest he should say, 'Rachel married this man for the money.' I thought at first that I would send them back to Monsieur Mansart, for you may be sure I shall not touch this money that has come between Nicolas and me. And you will tell him that he must not grieve for me, because I am not worthy of his remembrance."

"And I shall tell him that you love him still. Is it not so, mademoiselle?" said Vétérin, huskily.

"Yes, yes!" Rachel answered, struggling with her rising tears. She caught the trooper by the arm, clasping his great muscles with her two hands, and her breath fanned his face. "Tell him that—that I love him as much as—as I despise myself; that my heart, which I gave to him, must always be his; that all my thoughts are of him, are with him wherever he goes. And you may tell him, monsieur, if you like, that my heart is breaking—no, no; you must not say that! He would come to see me, and he must not. Oh, *mon Dieu!*"

The clinging fingers tightened round the soldier's arm; the voice broke off into a sob. Vétérin's eyes were wet. He blinked fiercely.

"Take him my message. Tell him all this. But you cannot, wanting my voice and my eyes, in which he used to read every thought. Yet you will remember how I looked and what I said. And you will tell Nicolas that I love him as he taught me to, that without him all the world has grown dark, and that I shall love him until I die!"

The trooper caught her to him, for he felt that she was falling. Rachel controlled herself by a strong effort, and she pushed him gently toward the door. Vétérin turned to give one last look at that supplicating figure, with the dishevelled hair in sweet confusion about the tear-stained face; then he went out. He muttered, in a voice that he might not have known as his own :—

"*Peste!* It seems to me that this Simon Mansart is very much in the way!"

III.

On the evening of that day Simon Mansart was sitting alone before a handful of fire when he heard his big dogs barking with anger. As the disturbance continued he

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

went to the door, and he thought he perceived without, in the black night, a blacker shadow beyond the gate.

"Will you call off your lambs?" shouted a voice.

"Who are you? And what do you want?" cried Mansart, always terribly suspicious of strangers, and especially those who arrived after dusk.

"You do not know me, but I have come on your business."

"Then you will come again when it is daylight, my friend," and he began to close the door.

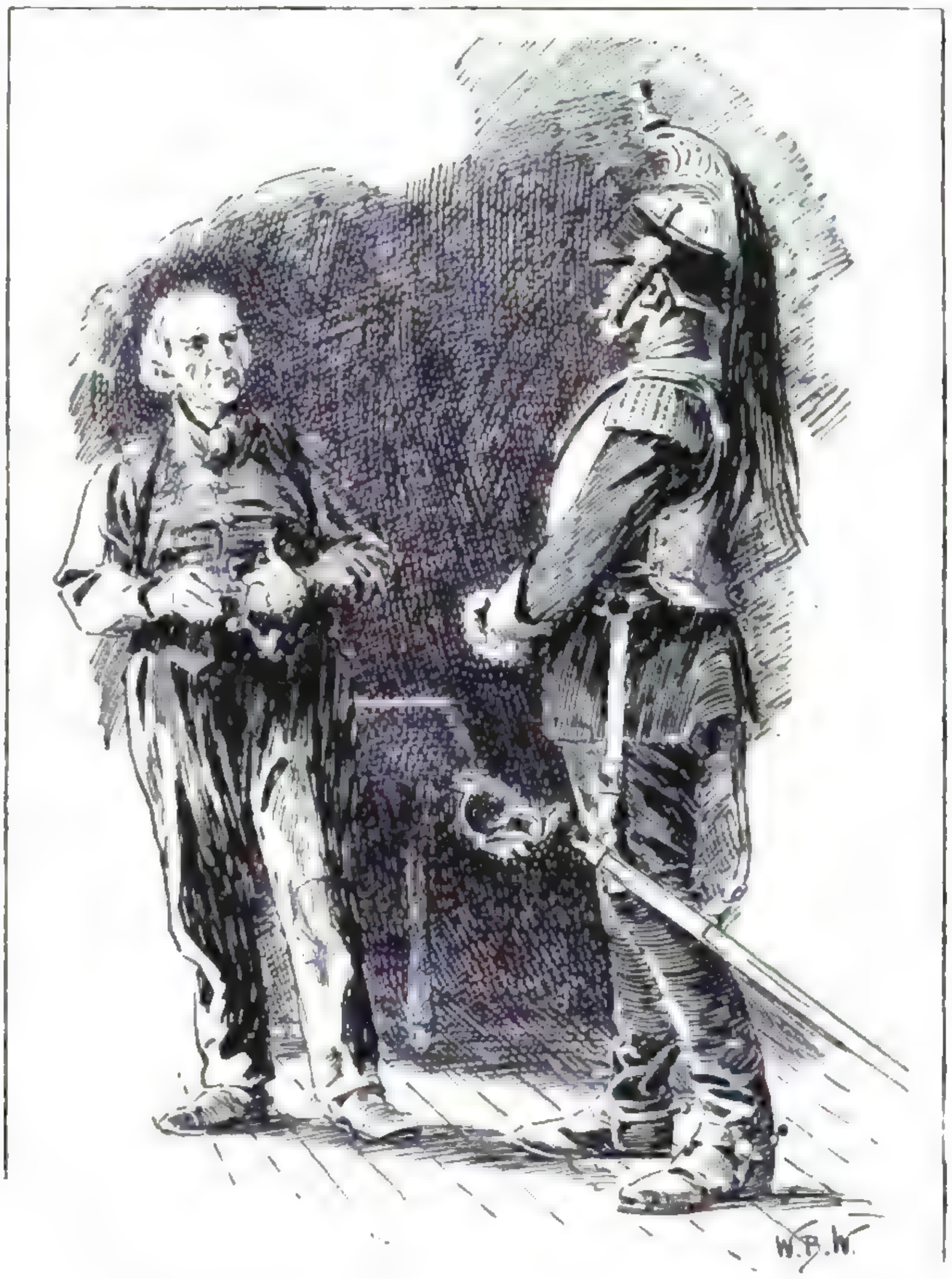
"Very well," was the immediate reply. "I am determined to see you now, and if your dogs attempt to stop me they must take the consequences."

Simon laughed incredulously; but when he heard the iron gate scream on its rusty hinges, and when he heard the growls of the dogs, he exclaimed, vehemently, "Take care! You will be torn to pieces!"

"I shall at least kill one of your dogs first," was the determined reply.

"Stop! I will call them off," said Mansart, who would never have yielded had he the smallest doubt of the other's resolution. He whistled his great curs off; but he was sorry that he had done so when he perceived his visitor, who was a French trooper, swaggering and fierce, and who could have crushed Mansart in his strong arms.

"May I come in?" said he, and he advanced so persistently that the other was compelled to retreat before him. He closed the door and stood before it—tall, erect, commanding.



"'MY NAME IS PHILIPPE VÉTERIN,' SAID THE CUIRASSIER."

"Your errand, monsieur?" demanded Simon, trembling with rage, yet afraid.

"How dark it is in here! And what a little fire for so cold a night!"

"We do not need light to talk by, and I am warm enough."

"And poor enough. Is it not so? It is about that that I have come."

Mansart grew more polite. He had signed away a fortune to a girl who loathed him. When peace should come the courts would make good her claim. So that any overture, any compromise, was welcome.

"My name is Philippe Vétérin," said the cuirassier, folding his arms with their gauntleted hands, and fixing a stern look upon Mansart. "Captain Nicolas La Hire is my friend."

"And my enemy," muttered Simon, his deep-set eyes flashing.

"I have come to Orgemont onn his behalf."

"Ah! Is he wounded?"

"He is."

Mansart rubbed his hands together.

"But not badly. Unless you are going to listen to me, I think it likely that La Hire will pay you a visit one of these days."

Simon sank uneasily into his chair. "What has this to do with me?" he demanded. "And how is it that you are here?"

Vétérin went on steadily. "I am here with a message for Mademoiselle Rachel Nay, that sweet girl——"

"That name is hers no longer. Also you will keep your compliments until I ask for them," interrupted the other, savagely.

"You are her husband; that is true enough. To you I bear a message also.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Yet I can scarcely call it that, since what I am about to propose to you is entirely an idea of my own, and which I should like to mention in the interests of my friend Monsieur Nicolas La Hire. It is of a most unusual nature. Here it is. Rachel married you believing that you were at Death's door. But the door wouldn't open. Good for you, bad for her, bad for Nicolas, whom she loves. Now, La Hire loves this girl; she is as indispensable to his happiness as your money is to yours. Mark that."

There was a pause. Then Mansart said, "What do you mean?"

"That I have come to offer to restore to you these papers, which represent the fortune which you have bestowed upon your wife. Ah! not so quick. There is one condition attached. You must release this girl."

A terrible light of joy leaped into Simon's face, but it died away instantly. "The thing is impossible," he said. "She is my wife; we were lawfully wedded, remember. How, then, can I release her? How can she be wedded to another?"

"Yet La Hire has sworn that only as her husband will he kiss the lips of his love again."

"But, monsieur, how can it be? See for yourself!"

Vétérin continued, imperturbably:—

"Certainly, if I restore to you these papers, which I am sure you would be glad to get back, that would scarcely break the bond between you and Rachel; yet I am about to yield them to you. It follows, then, that you will still call her your wife and enjoy your own as well? I am afraid that it does, but there is an 'if' in the case; for though I am perfectly willing to give you these papers, yet it is just possible that they may cost you your life."

"My life!"

"Precisely."

Mansart crouched back. "You are threatening me?" said he, hoarsely.

"By no means. Look here."

Vétérin advanced to the table, upon which he emptied a handful of small counters. "There are thirteen of them," he said. "You will perceive that twelve of them are white and that the other is red. Will you count them?"

"Oh, I take your word for it."

"Yet you had better count for yourself. That is right. And now I will tell you my idea, which is so unusual and so dramatic that I rather pride myself upon it. I throw these ivory discs into my helmet and cover them with a handkerchief—so. And I ask you, if you are a man of courage, to raise one corner of the handkerchief and take out a single counter. If it be a white one—as is almost certain to be the case—I hand you the papers in my possession and I wish you good-night, enjoyment of your hoarded gold, and happiness with Rachel. But if it be the solitary red one—and that is extremely unlikely—then—then—if it be the red one, I say——"

The cuirassier broke off and regarded the other steadily. Mansart had turned livid. "Go on," he said, in a shaking voice; "why do you stop? If I should draw the red one—what then?"

Vétérin shrugged his shoulders as he answered, "In that case I should ask you to fight with me."

"Ah! you would murder me!" said Simon, recoiling.

"Pardon, I have *two* pistols here. It would be fair fighting."

"It is horrible, monstrous! I will not listen to you."

"Almost as terrible as wedding a maid whose soul has been given to another; almost as monstrous as coming eternally between two hearts that beat for each other," was the stern response.

"I tell you that I will not hear of it," repeated Mansart, frantically.

"Then you will be a great fool. I wish I stood in your shoes. The chances of life are twelve; of death, one. And even then it will be fair fighting—though, by my sword, I shall do my best to kill you. Consider. But a moment separates you from your wealth. Come, it might have been over and forgotten by now."

"Monsieur, if you are a gentleman, if you entertain toward me no sinister intent, you will leave my house at once."

"Very well, I will go," said Vétérin, and he moved toward the door. He opened it and was about to pass out when the querulous voice of Simon called to him again.

"Well?"

"The chances in my favour are not sufficient."

"What a coward it is!"

"Add six more to the number and I will agree."

The trooper laughed and tossed half-a-dozen more of the white discs into his helmet. "There you are," he said. "Take one; you are perfectly safe."

"Shake them well together," whispered Mansart, who appeared to be almost fainting with the excitement of this terrible gamble.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Then he put his hand under the handkerchief and into the steel casque. He withdrew it slowly. The trooper snatched away his helmet to prevent any trick, and Simon looked at the disc which his fingers held.

It was the red one !

And he began to mutter ; inarticulate words, such as one may use under the spell of some strangling dream. He remained gazing fixedly at that symbol of death. A rush of blood mounted to his forehead, swelling the veins, then as quickly died away, leaving him pallid.

"Ah !" said Vétérin, "how unfortunate for you !"

Mansart retreated a few steps, crouching back like a wild beast that has received a wound, which simulates an approaching end, and which holds its remaining strength together waiting for its destroyer to draw near.

"You must acknowledge that it does not look like chance," went on Vétérin, who was cool as ice. "Eighteen to one ! *Ma foi*, it is astonishing." He placed two pistols upon the table.

"Come, monsieur," he exclaimed, suddenly, in a hard, rasping voice. "You will play the man, will you not ?"

Mansart appeared unable to reply ; perhaps he could not. His look was steadily directed upon the trooper, whose slightest movement he observed with the most intense anxiety.

Vétérin examined the pistols, while he threw more than one furtive glance at the other's passionless face. He pushed a pistol toward Simon. "I think you had better defend yourself," he said. "I am going to hold you to your word," and he stepped back, raising his own weapon.

"Stop !" exclaimed Mansart, in a choked voice. "We do not fight on equal terms."

"What do you mean ?"

"You are skilled in the use of your weapon, while I——"

"That is easily remedied." Vétérin suddenly extinguished the candle. He called out, "Take care ! I shall fire at the first opportunity."



"HE REMAINED GAZING FIXEDLY AT THAT SYMBOL OF DEATH."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A nebulous red glow came from the nearly-burned log in the grate and shone upon the farther side of the apartment. Both men had retreated into the shadow ; both waited.

There was a profound silence, broken occasionally by whispering sounds from the log that pulsated, red and grey, as the draught fanned it. Vétérin was scarcely breathing ; his straining eyes peered into the dark, seeking to detect the form of Simon Mansart. He listened intently. Not the faintest sound was audible. Suddenly he believed that he perceived a black object but a few feet from him. Surely that was Mansart.

The cuirassier lifted his pistol and aimed at the centre of that indistinct form ; yet his finger did not press the trigger. Instead he gradually lowered the weapon.

"What is the matter with my nerves?" he thought.

He remained standing in a rigid posture, undecided. "Why not?" he asked himself again. "It is fair fighting. *Ma foi*, I have done worse things."

Another minute passed. Vétérin sighed deeply. "I cannot do it," he muttered ; "not even for you, Nicolas." Then he called out aloud :—

"Light the candle ; I shall do you no harm."

No answer.

"You need not fear me," repeated the trooper.

Still no reply.

"If I move he will shoot at me," thought Vétérin. Nevertheless, he advanced in the direction of the table and groped about for the candlestick. He found it, went to the fire, and held the coarse wick against the log. All the time he did not remove his eyes for an instant from that black something which he believed to be Mansart. The candle smoked, glowed, then broke into a flame. The trooper had made a mistake ; he perceived that the shadowy object was a chair merely.

Vétérin spun round, expecting a pistol-ball and extending his weapon. A low cry escaped him at the sight which met his eyes.

Simon Mansart, crouched in an angle of the room, held with dead fingers his undischarged pistol, looked with dead eyes at the flaring light. The excitement of the gamble and terror of this unfought duel had stopped his heart.

Vétérin crossed himself. "God judge me! I did it for Nicolas's sake," he said. He crossed to the grate and pushed some papers into the embers.

And all at once there came upon him a sudden fear which sent him running from the house. The sharp air and a strong effort of self-control gave him his wits again. For a moment he halted to look back at the château, with its unlighted windows and dead aspect ; and he said aloud, as if concluding an unspoken thought :—

"—— and they will be married when the war is over."



"A LOW CRY ESCAPED HIM AT THE SIGHT WHICH MET HIS EYES."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A MEETING OF THE PORTSMOUTH NAVAL WAR GAME SOCIETY IN THE NELSON ROOM AT THE "GEORGE," PORTSMOUTH.

The Naval War Game and How it is Played.

By Angus Sherlock.

(Note.—This is the only popular article that has ever appeared on the Naval War Game, though it is played in every navy in the world. The subject is of some special interest just at present, because both the Japanese and Russian navies trained on it for the present war. Proofs of the article have been submitted to the inventor, who himself selected the illustrations.)

FROM time to time one reads in the technical naval Press brief references to, or fixtures for, the Naval War Game. At rare intervals a "war-game battle" will be found described at length in some of the Service journals, but beyond this it is safe to say that the game is a mystery to the general public. The reason is, in part, that it touches technical questions that are caviare to the million, but as much, or more so, it is mysterious on account of the secrecy with which many of its details are guarded. It is open to the public to purchase the "game," it is true, but, though the material and plenty of directions can thus be secured, it is by now well enough known that many unpublished "confidential" rules exist.

These, it may be noted, differ in every navy. The problems of naval warfare and the ideals of facing them are not the same for a Russian as for an American, and Sweden and the Argentine Republic again have nothing in common in their naval aspirations. However, were I in a position to divulge these matters they would not be of any great interest to readers of The Strand Magazine, so I propose to confine myself as much as possible to things in which the human interest is the dominant factor.

First, however, some description of the game and its invention may be of interest. The naval war game reached its fruition some five years ago, but Mr. Fred. T. Jane, its inventor, always asserts that he began to think it out when he was a small boy at school.

"When I was a small boy," said Mr. Jane, "I had the boat-sailing craze. A school-fellow had a better boat than I; I mounted a gun in mine and committed an act of piracy on a duck-pond. My chum was a sportsman, and, after punching my head, proceeded to arm his ship also. We took to armour-plates made from biscuit-tins, and to squadrons instead of single ships. In the battle that ensued our fleets annihilated each other, and depleted finances forbade their

Copyright in the United States by A. P. Watt and Son.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

renewal. Then it was that the economy born of necessity caused me to think that make-believe battles would be cheaper. Thus was the naval war game evolved in embryo. At first we fought with imaginary leviathans, but after a time such impossible vessels were claimed that we decided to simulate nothing but existing ships.

"A year or so later I read in some newspaper that a fortune awaited the man who could invent something that could be applied to ships as the land *Kriegspiel* to armies. I thought I could do with that fortune, so packed the game in an empty Australian beef-tin and sent it to the Admiralty, together with a letter in which the following magnificent sentence occurred: 'I shall not be above accepting financial remuneration, and for convenience this can be paid in instalments.'

"In due course 'My Lords' returned the game with thanks. They had 'inspected it with much interest,' they said.

"Somehow I doubt it. After the lapse of many years I still remember vividly the smell of that old meat-tin in which the game was sent to them.

"My next step was one which is, I believe, chronic with disappointed inventors. I wrote letters to the newspapers attacking Admiralty policy in general, with a view to making the callous authorities tremble! I never witnessed the trembling, but as out of this campaign I grew into what is called a 'naval expert,' I suppose I owe the Admiralty a debt of gratitude! However, that is another story.

"Meanwhile, war game languished, till some seven years ago it was found by accident in a lumber-room. Even then it was resuscitated only as a toy. I used to take it to the *Majestic*, and it was played there very much *à la* ping-pong, till one day the captain, Prince Louis of Battenberg, asked about it, and wished to see the rules.

"Feeling somewhat of a fraud," says Mr. Jane, "I hastily recast the thing into its original serious mould, plus a variety of improvements that occurred to me, or were suggested by various naval friends.

"The game was then played in the *Majestic* once more, and 'caught on.' To my astonishment I was deluged with letters asking about the game. The first came from the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, the Czar's brother-in-law, who, with that absence of 'side' so characteristic of the Romanoffs, wrote himself as a naval officer. He had, he told me, himself invented a naval war game, the strategical part of which was successful, but the tactical not what he had hoped for it. If mine were satisfactory, he would do all he could for it.

"That is how the game came to have its Imperial and Royal 'godfathers,' as announced on the title-page. Royal sailors are usually regarded as mere ornamental dummies, but both the Grand Duke Alexander and Prince Louis of Battenberg were responsible for many excellent improvements in the game, for which I, perhaps, have received the credit.

"There were two other godfathers—Rear-Admiral H. J. May, of the British Navy, and Captain Kawashima, of the Japanese Navy. The former expended endless labour in revising the rules; the latter it was who played with me all the early experimental games to test the rules, and alter them when necessary to make practice as simple as possible. We used to fight little one-man 'wars,' beginning at about ten in the morning and carrying on till after midnight. Captain Kawashima is now in command of the *Matsushima* (the famous cruiser that was flagship at Yalu in the Chino-Japanese War), and when I remember the painstaking enthusiasm he used to put into the 'wars' he and I had, I think that he will go far in the present war.

"A lecture at the United Service Institution followed the *Majestic* battle, and thus the game 'took root.' It is in every navy in the world now."

About this time a foreign Government approached the inventor with a view to purchasing the game and its secret. The offer was declined, but Mr. Jane gave a similar option to the British Admiralty, which, however, made no reply whatever beyond an official acknowledgment of the receipt of the letter. Perhaps, like Mr. Jane, the Permanent Secretary remembered the old meat-tin!

After an interval the game was produced —the very first set to be sold being secured by, of all people, the Chinese! This particular set later on helped to make history; indeed, it has been seriously surmised that it caused the Chinese attack on the allied fleets at Taku. After that affair a British landing party found the ground inside one fort littered with war-game models, each model ship being stuck full of pins. The leader of the party being a war-game player followed up his find, to discover a shed laid out for naval war game and "scorers"* of all the allied fleets in various stages of destruction!

* For particulars of "scorers" see later.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Chinese had apparently worked out things by war game before opening fire. They had, however, made one little mistake —they had made no allowance for the allied fleet firing back !

Following China, the United States, Germany, Russia, and Japan secured early sets, and a little while afterwards the British War Office. That much-abused department was, curiously enough, the very first to recognise the utility of the game for the chief purpose its inventor designed it for—the teaching of the guns and armour of possible enemies. It was procured for the use of artillery officers in sea forts, and in his last report Lord Roberts emphasized the vast difference between those officers who had played the game and those who had not. The former knew the weak points of every possible enemy ; the latter, on hearing the name of any ship, could not tell whether she were a battleship or gunboat, dangerous or harmless. Every War Office has since followed suit in adopting the " Kindergarten war system."



From a Photo. by] A STANDARD NORWEGIAN NAVAL WAR-GAME SET. *[Symonds & Co.*

And now for some account of how the game is played. A large table is the primary requisite. This is covered with blue cards divided into a multitude of little squares, each of which represents half a cable—that is to say, a hundred yards. Over these squares are moved the pieces—model ships on the same scale as the board.

These models are a most important part of the game. They are made of cork, painted, and most accurate representations of actual ships ; and this they need to be, for the players have to recognise them Each model is fitted with tiny guns—little bits of wire set in at various angles which indicate the arcs of training of the corresponding guns in the real ships, while long pins mark the bearings of the torpedo tubes. Other pins, fitted with delicate little military tops, make the masts ; and, to digress a moment, hereby hangs a tale.

One of the earliest experimenters with the naval war game was the ubiquitous Kaiser. He took to it keenly, and himself played it often with his admirals. One day, so runs the story in the German Navy, the Kaiser was winning hand over fist, his fleet, led by his flagship, bearing down upon the enemy. Excitement was high, when at the critical moment the Kaiser's fleet suddenly disappeared !

The Kaiser gazed at the deserted board and then at his admirals. An " awkward pause " is said to have ensued, and the writer for one can quite believe that. It is undoubtedly an awkward thing to seem to have played tricks with an Emperor so as to cheat him out of victory.

" Where is my fleet ? " asked the Kaiser.

" I do not know, sire," exclaimed his chief opponent, a famous admiral.

He saluted as he spoke, and thereupon there fell to the floor, apparently from down the admiral's sleeve, three of the missing warships ! What the admiral felt is better imagined than described.

Fortunately for his reputation one model still remained stuck in his sleeve. In moving his own ships he had rested his arm on the Kaiser's vessels, and so lifted the lot unawares. All's well that ends well, and the Kaiser laughed most heartily ; but there is

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

an admiral in the German fleet whom it is in no way wise to talk to about naval war game.

However, this admiral is not the only one who has met misadventure from war-game models, no less a person than the Japanese Admiral Togo heading the list of those who have had "naval war-game hand"—the result of inadvertently leaning on the masts of a model ship!

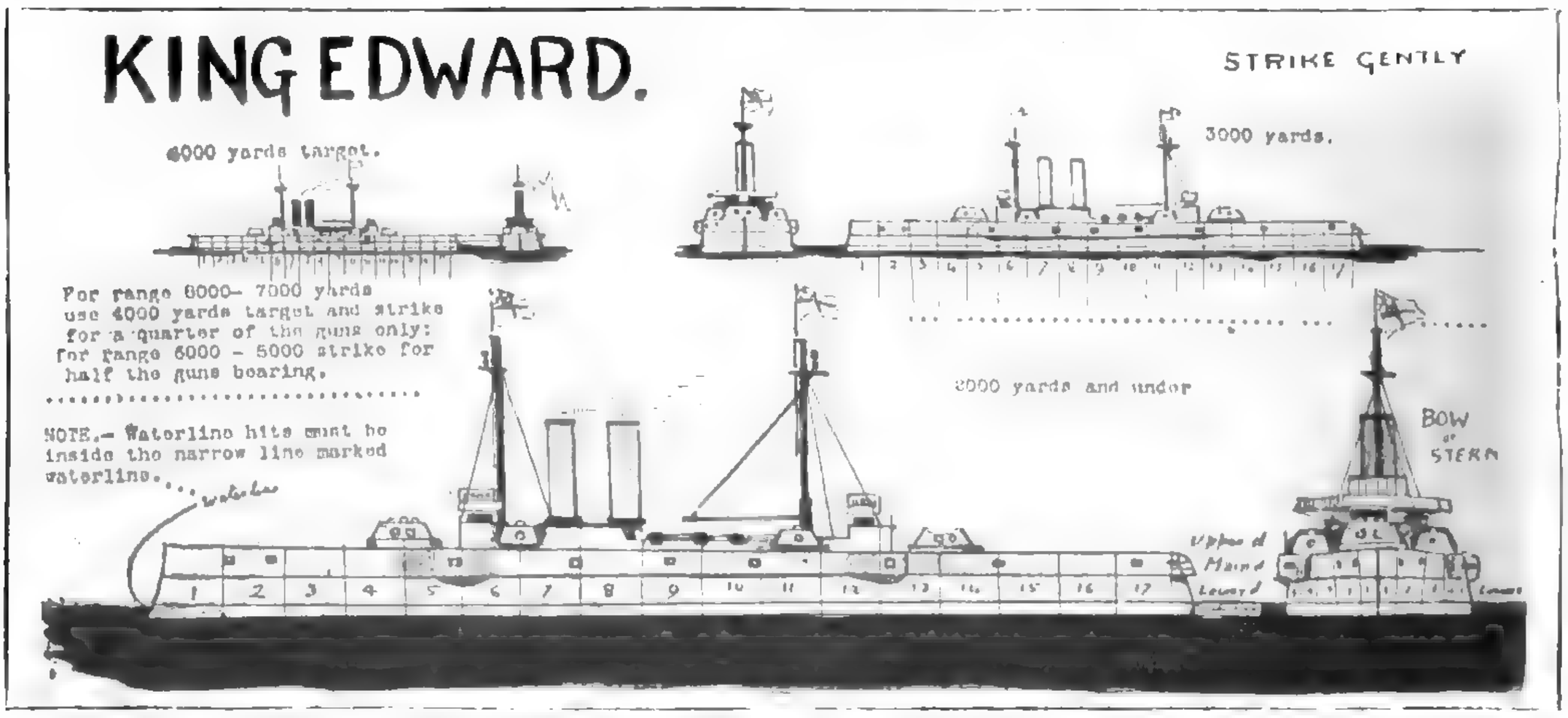
To resume the description. Every player has assigned to him a particular ship, and this he moves simultaneously with all the others at the direction of his "admiral." Each move nominally occupies a minute of time—actually it usually takes more, and it is in the ways and means adopted to balance this that most of the confidential rules exist. A most essential part of the game is to counterfeit with all possible realism the hurry-scurry of an actual battle.

The distance moved depends, of course, upon the speed of the ship represented. A flier like H.M.S. *Drake*, for instance, can cover as many as eight squares should full speed be ordered. This means eight hundred yards a minute—equivalent, approximately, to a speed of twenty-four knots per hour. In actual practice the ships do not move by squares, else a vessel proceeding along the diagonals would go much faster than one moving straight across; the squares merely exist to afford a rough means of guessing the range. Special measures are, therefore, employed.

Innumerable rules cover such matters as increasing and decreasing speed, turning, and so forth. General conventions exist, but in actual practice the real turning circles of ships are alone made—and here, of course, confidential features are thick. The inventor of the game is probably the repository of more secrets in this respect than three of the best Naval Intelligence Departments of Europe put together.

At the end of each "minute" more firing takes place. This is the characteristic feature of the game. Each player has a card with a plan of his ship showing guns, armour, etc., and divided into arbitrary vertical sections of twenty-five feet each. This card is known technically as a "scorer." Pictures of each ship, similarly divided, but showing no armour, and of different sizes for different ranges, are also provided. These are the "targets."

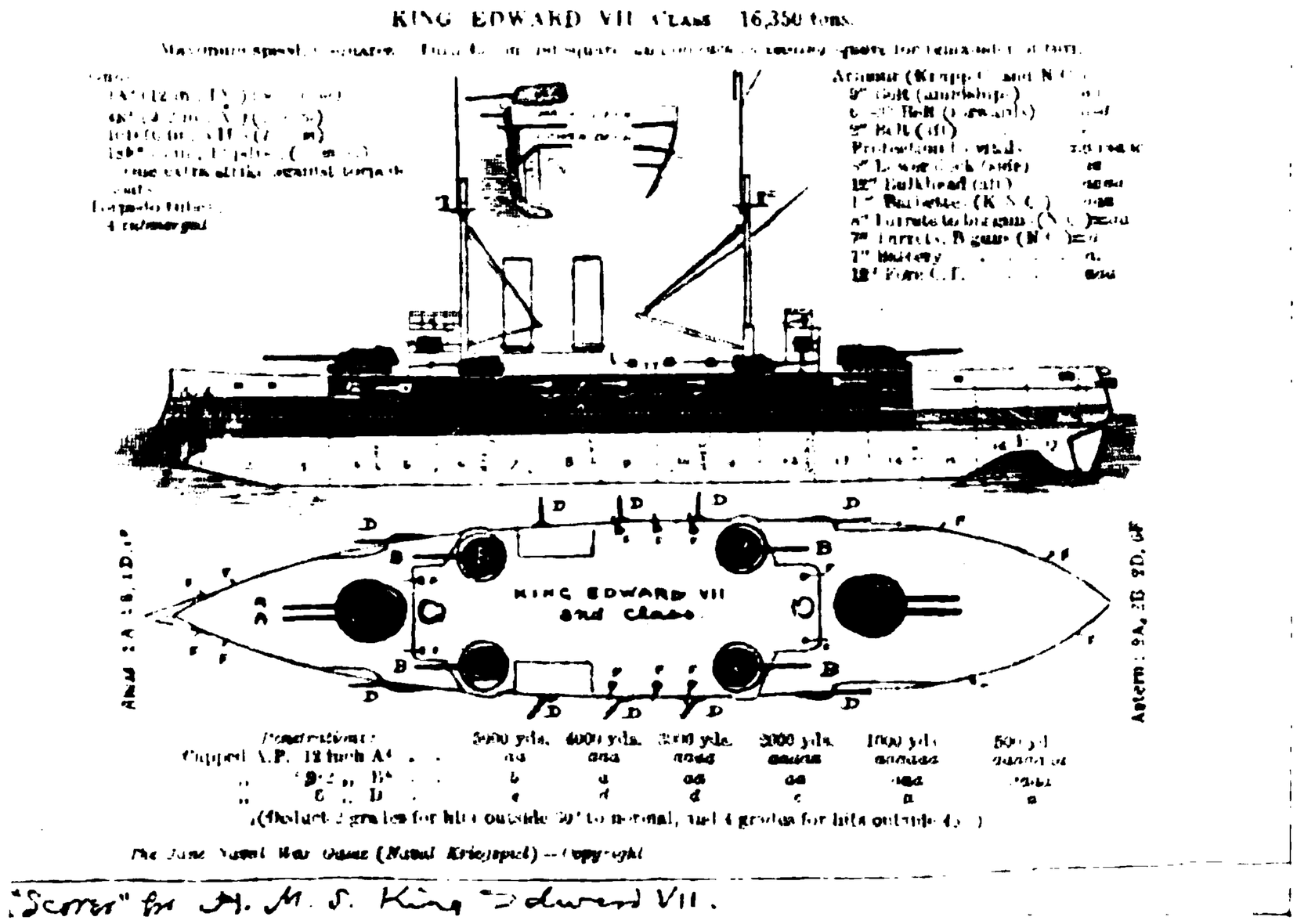
They are struck at by "strikers," which at first sight are rather like ping-pong bats with a pin in them.* This pin is nearly, but never quite, in the centre of the striker. To ensure hitting any particular part of a ship is, therefore, practically impossible, except at close range, and not very often then. Nice calculation is required, and also great coolness—too great effort after accuracy being usually as fatal as too little. Thus, by automatic means, that great factor of modern warfare, "moral effect," is provided for, since experience shows that no player whose ship has been badly knocked about ever hurts the enemy very much. One strike per gun is allowed; with reduced gun-fire he feels his chances of hitting reduced, and tries harder to make the most of what he has got, and the slight excitement, coupled with the extra



A NAVAL WAR-GAME TARGET—ACTUAL SIZE.

* "Strikers" will be seen on the table and in the hands of players in the big picture of a war game.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

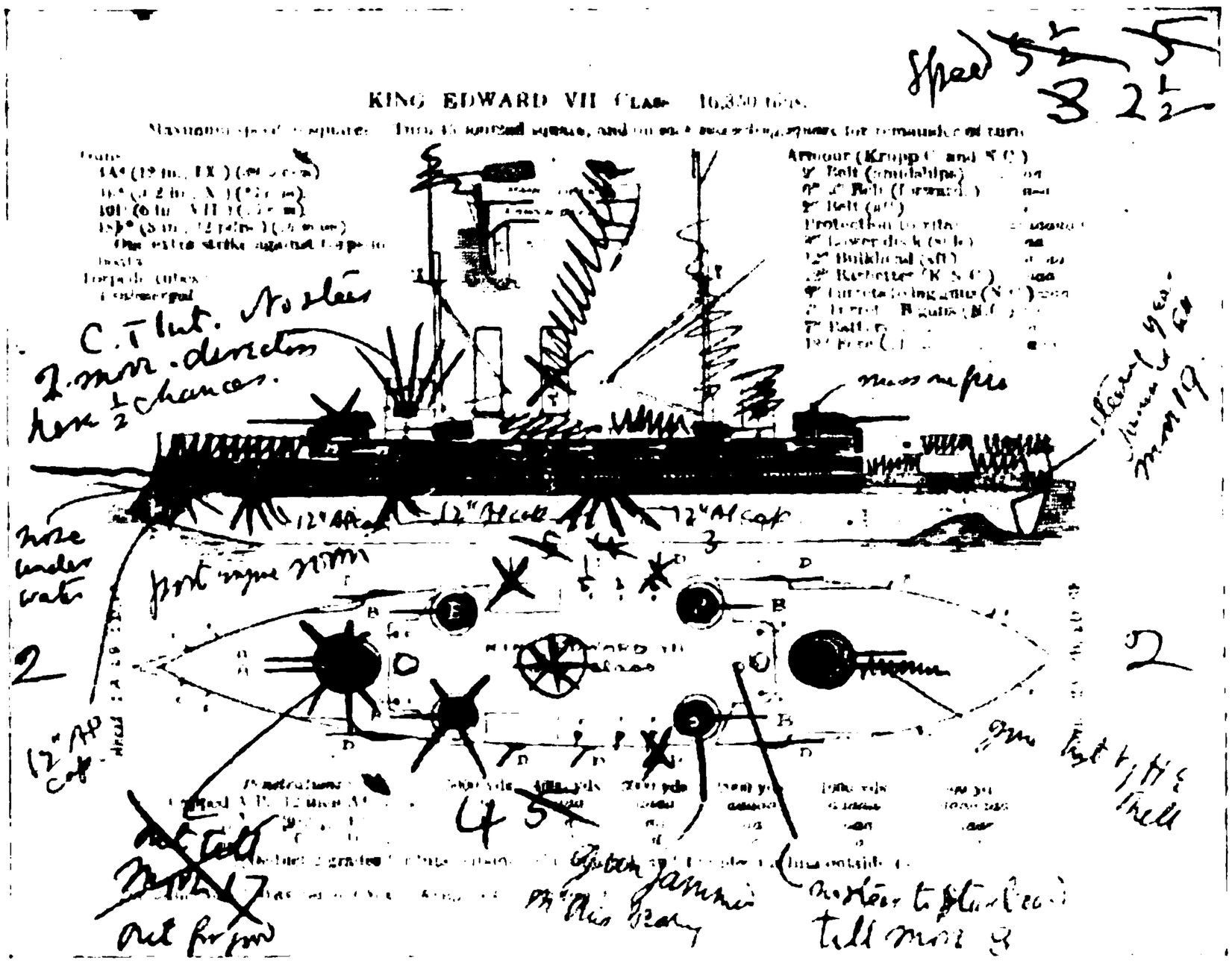


"SCORER" FOR H.M.S. "KING EDWARD VII."

effort that he makes, invariably disconcerts his aim.

To some extent the excitement of a battle always does this. When the game was first exhibited at the Royal United Service Institution, a certain admiral urged as a weak point in the shooting system that he could hit the enemy every time. He took a target and did it. Yet in the battle that ensued he never scored a single hit—the slight extra tension upset his aim completely. And it is astonishing how many misses are made by many players from this cause.

Hitting the enemy is, however, but half the battle. If the ship fired at is armoured the impact may be on a cuirass that the gun represented cannot get through, or an armour-piercing shot may hit a part where no armour exists, and so do next to no harm. When harm is done it is scored on the card of the ship hit on a scale corresponding to the actual damage that would be inflicted. In a very little while the player realizes that what will put one ship out of action will hardly hurt another. This in theory he has, of course, always known, but between knowing a thing and fully realizing it there is an enormous gap. He has been firing, perhaps, at the German *Kaiser Friedrich* and blown her to pieces almost with big shell. He shifts his fire to the *Wittelsbach*, hits her as often, and she comes on unhurt. These two ships have the same armament and the same weight of armour—it is merely differently disposed. That difference of disposition tells in naval war game as heavily as it would in actual war.



THE SAME "SCORER" AFTER A BATTLE IN WHICH THE SHIP WAS KNOCKED ABOUT. THE DAMAGES HAVE BEEN SCORED ACCORDING TO HITS RECEIVED ON "TARGETS."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In this little piece of realism lies the fascination of the game. That it has extraordinary fascinations for some naval officers is beyond dispute. The Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, for instance, had all the furniture turned out of the big drawing-room at the Xenia Palace, St. Petersburg, in order to have set up a table large enough to allow huge fleets to be manœuvred, and he invited the inventor over to stay with him at St. Petersburg for a month in order to play against him. In a Russian lunatic asylum there is at this day a captain who actually went mad on the game and spends his existence in perpetual imaginary battles. In the British Navy there are dozens of young officers who think nothing of playing a game from half-past eight on to four in the morning, taking their chances of being able to find a shore-boat to take them back to their ships at that hour in the depth of winter. I have seen battles often in which the opposing sides would not speak to each other; indeed, when a regular "war" is being worked out this is the usual situation. It is being "real war in miniature" that produces this. The writer can vouch for the maddening effect in a battle of some apparently splendid scheme being ruined by a single "lucky shell" from the enemy. Too late one realizes that the best dispositions are not those that promise most, but those in which a lucky shot or two will not bring about failure.

Torpedoes, however, perhaps take first place as maddening irritants. In the game as now played in the British Navy, between each move screens are usually put up. The object of these is to prevent the enemy "answering" any change of formation more quickly than could be done in actual battle. Under cover of these screens torpedoes are fired—the firing method being to draw a pencil line following the bearing of the tube, firing not at the enemy, but at the spot on which he is *expected to be when the torpedo reaches him.* Torpedoes are slow things relatively. They can travel a thousand yards in a minute, but take three minutes to do two thousand yards, and six to go three thousand. Very nice calculation is, therefore, needed. At the expiration of the time—that is to say, anything from one to six moves after firing—if the torpedo line and any ship (friend or foe) coincide, the ship is torpedoed. Till then nothing has been said: the torpedo comes as a bolt from the blue.

The panic caused by the first torpedoes fired under this system was immense. Both fleets put about and rushed away from each other, never getting within torpedo range again. In the centre, between the fleet, lay the victim, which the umpire had notified as torpedoed. Not till the battle was over was it made known that the torpedoed vessel had been hit by a torpedo fired by one of her consorts, across the path of which she had unwittingly wandered!

The acme of horror in this direction is perhaps provided by submarines. Slow moving, they have more or less to take up their positions before the battle begins. It is not permitted me to describe exactly how they are worked. I may say, however, that they are manœuvred on a separate board, and work blindly enough; for all that the player of a submarine sees of the battlefield is what he can find reflected in a tiny mirror. He has, in fine, to guess a great deal as to the course and distance of the enemy from the spot corresponding to that on which he is supposed to be, which reproduces the conditions under which a periscope is used fairly accurately. If a submarine can get within a square (one hundred yards) of a ship, that ship is allowed torpedoed. Nothing is allowed for the chance of the boat being seen by the ship, the assumption being that these chances are too small to be worth consideration; at any rate, till such time as it is too late for the ship to do anything.

This looks like an easy time for the submarine, but it is not so comfortable in reality, because destroyers and picket-boats may be with the enemy. Should a destroyer at any time pass within a hundred yards of the submarine, it is exit submarine!

In the British Navy the official home of the naval war game is at Greenwich Naval College, where captains play it during the "war course." In the United States the War College is its home. Its real British head-quarters are at Portsmouth, where a voluntary society plays it twice a week. Admiral Sir John Hopkins is the president of this association, and Mr. Fred. T. Jane, the inventor, its secretary. Both naval and military officers are eligible for membership, and, as far as possible, junior officers only. At the "war course" tactics are the principal study, but at Portsmouth tactics play a minor part. "Tactics cannot be taught by naval war game, save in a very general way," is the dictum of the inventor. "The Portsmouth Naval War-Game Society exists for quite different objects. It aims chiefly at teaching the guns and armour of possible enemies;

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and for the rest tries to train officers to think out war problems, to train them to think things quickly, and to exhibit resource, to learn the value of all the vital side issues of war, such as international law or the keeping up of communications, and so forth. There is no such thing as the abstract right or wrong move in war; to do a more or less wrong thing at once may often be better than doing a better thing a little later. 'Act' is the motto that the society strives to inculcate."

It is, it will be seen, far removed from a "theory hot-bed." In pursuance of the plan the society's members are incessantly at war with each other. Advantage is taken of the rivalry that exists between ships in the Navy — and one ship's officers are usually pitted against those of another ship. At other times it is the Navy against the Army; and before now personal enemies have been pitted against each other.

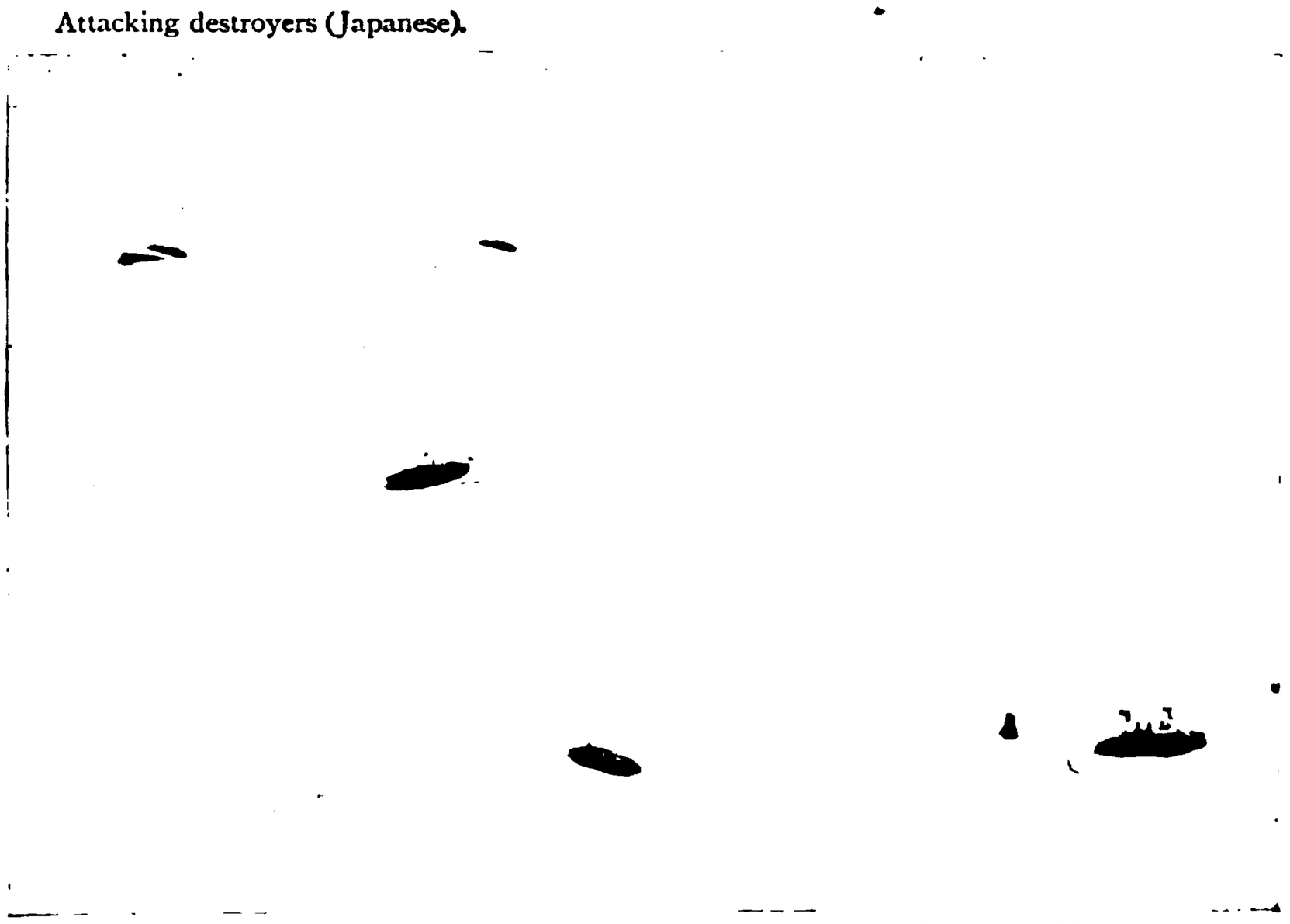
"In cards and games you play for sport, but in war game you must 'play to win,'" is the principle inculcated.

"Each is then to have strapped to it a leather band, holding a short pole in position (as per small model accompanying), after which it is to be liberated.

"I claim that these fish will, as usual, follow any vessels in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur dropping offal—that is to say, Japanese ships only—and that they will be taken for submarine boats when the pole like a periscope is sighted.

"The Japanese will soon detect the imposition, and then grow so used to the sight that after a time a real submarine will be able to approach without attracting any suspicion."

Attacking destroyers (Japanese).



Russian merchantman. Russian battleship *Peresviet.*

A TORPEDO-BOAT ATTACK IN A RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR GAME—PLAYED OCTOBER-DECEMBER LAST. AS USUAL IN TORPEDO OPERATIONS, THIS WAS PLAYED ON A BOARD WITHOUT SQUARES, IN ORDER TO RENDER IT MORE DIFFICULT TO JUDGE DISTANCES.
From a Photo. by West.

To this end anything whatever may be claimed, subject, however, to the provision that, should the umpire consider any claim impossible or absurd, the maker of it gets a breakdown to his best ship as a reward.

The record in claims is held by a young lieutenant who acted as Admiral Alexieff in a Russo-Japanese War. His claim ran as follows:—

"Orders issued that no offal is to be thrown overboard from Russian ships.

"A special field of small observation mines is to be laid at —— (here a place geographically suitable near Port Arthur is mentioned). At this spot offal is to be freely thrown into the water to attract porpoises and sharks. When a good number have collected the mines are to be exploded and the stunned fish collected.

Truly an astounding claim! It was not allowed by the umpire, but the fertile brain whence it originated is never likely to let its owner come to grief for want of an expedient.

As a rule possible actual wars are not often played: more usually imaginary countries are established in some part of Europe and given the ships which it is most desired to study. Admiralty charts are used, and an immense amount of study of harbours is thus put in as pastime, while these little wars give prominence to such minor operations as attacks on coastguard stations and so forth, which could not well enter into a larger war. Usually, too, there is some special theme—international law, perhaps, one time, gleaning and sifting intelligence another time, and so forth.

What was, perhaps, the funniest war ever

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

carried out had "Intelligence Sifting" as its theme. The combatants were allowed to procure information of each other's plans by any means they chose—any trick being regarded as legitimate. The gamut of the possible was run in no time. Both sides enrolled their friends as spies, and a silver-haired old lady, who liked to hear officers talk of their professions, was most deadly to one player. Two others, wishing to ensure private discussion, hired a motor-car. They had only gone some little way into the country when a policeman sprang from the hedge and stopped them. After the usual protests the policeman admitted an element of doubt in the case; if they would drive him to the police-station he would have his stop-watch tested in their presence. They took him on board and, as motorists have done before and since, marooned him far away after an hour's drive. By then, plans being decided, they went home by devious routes, thinking no more of the marooned policeman. Not till some days afterwards did it dawn on them that the policeman was a bogus one—an enemy who had availed himself of this means of learning their secret plans!

They were not, however, without resource. The day following the discovery they called on the ship which the chief "admiral" of the other side served in. Keeping out of sight, they waited till he went to his cabin; then, slipping in, gagged and bound him, after which they proceeded to rifle his cabin. Plans were soon found, but false information had been disseminated once or twice, and they were wary. They continued the search, being at last rewarded by finding the whole plain of campaign concealed inside a telescope.

After this they departed happy, and made their dispositions accordingly, handing these in to the umpire long before the gagged one—for they left him gagged and bound—was able to release himself.

Total failure was theirs: their wily enemy had in some way anticipated their raid, and the plan concealed in the telescope had been carefully prepared for their undoing!

It must not be supposed, however, that a war game is often so frivolous as this one, for in the ordinary way any such "spying" is strictly forbidden. Yet few games, perhaps, have been more useful than this one, for certainly half the players must have had impressed upon them in the most direct and unexpectedly forcible of ways the urgent necessity of taking no information for granted and also of sifting it all most carefully, which was the object sought. And if in the hereafter any one of them is the repository of important Service secrets he will have to be a very wily spy who secures them from him. There cannot be much wrong while young officers can be found ready to sacrifice such little leisure as they get in studying war problems for amusement.

It is only in the British Navy that—so far as I can ascertain—this is done. In other navies officially supervised games are plentiful enough, but with them, of course, there is not the same interest. Here and there isolated foreign ships have the game on board and use it for purposes akin to those for which the inventor designed it. Two such ships are the Russian *Bayan* and *Novik*—the only two ships which have, so far, distinguished themselves in the present war.

In connection with the former ship it is interesting to note that her captain was a regular attendant at the Grand Duke Alexander's games in St. Petersburg, and used there to be laughingly called the "War-Game Skobeleff." Skobeleff, it will be remembered, was that Russian general who, in the Turco-Russian War, led a hundred desperate forlorn hopes untouched, though all around him were killed or wounded. Any ship played by Captain Wiren of the *Bayan* used to have similar extraordinary luck; as one Russian officer, who must have Irish blood in him, put it: "The enemy's hits on him were all misses." Strangely enough, the same luck has followed him in the present war—the *Bayan* survived the torpedo attack of February 8th; in the battle of the 9th, though she charged the Japanese fleet, she was untouched; in the action of the 25th February, when Captain Wiren, with three Russian cruisers, tried to fight the entire Japanese squadron, two were badly mauled, but the *Bayan* was not hurt.

In concluding this brief sketch of naval war game from the popular standpoint a reference may be made to flying-machines, which some think will be the warships of the future. Rules of the aerial fights of the future are said to exist all ready cut and dried, together with an ingenious machine by which the aerial warship's moves can be made. There is, in fine, nothing in earth, sky, or sea, or under the sea, that has not been the subject of rules in this "War by Kindergarten."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



XI.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

"WELL, I *must* say," mother said, looking at the Wishing Carpet as it lay, all darned and mended and backed with shiny American cloth, on the floor of the nursery—"I *must* say I've never in my life bought such a bad bargain as that carpet."

A soft "Oh!" of contradiction sprang to the lips of Cyril, Robert, Jane, and Anthea. Mother looked at them quickly, and said:—

"Well, of course I see you've mended it very nicely, and that was sweet of you, dears."

"The boys helped too," said the dears, honourably.

"But, still—twenty-two and ninepence! It ought to have lasted for years. It's simply dreadful now. Well, never mind, darlings, you've done your best. I think we'll have cocoanut matting next time. A carpet doesn't have an easy life of it in this room, does it?"

"It's not our fault, mother, is it, that our boots are the really reliable kind?" Robert asked the question more in sorrow than in anger.

"No, dear, we can't help our boots," said mother, cheerfully, "but we might change them when we come in, perhaps. It's just an idea of mine. I wouldn't dream of scolding on the very first morning after I've come home. Oh, my Lamb, how could you?"

This conversation was at breakfast, and the Lamb had been beautifully good until everyone was looking at the carpet, and then it was for him but the work of a moment to turn a glass dish of syrupy blackberry jam upside down on his young head. It was the work of a good many minutes and several persons to get the jam off him again, and this interesting work took people's minds off the carpet, and nothing more was said just then about its badness as a bargain and about what mother hoped for from cocoanut matting.

When the Lamb was clean again he had to be taken care of while mother rumpled her hair and inked her fingers and made her head ache over the difficult and twisted housekeeping accounts which cook gave her on dirty bits of paper, and which were supposed to explain how it was that cook had only fivepence-halfpenny and a lot of unpaid bills left out of all the money mother had sent her for housekeeping. Mother was very clever, but even she could not quite understand the cook's accounts.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Lamb was very glad to have his brothers and sisters to play with him. He had not forgotten them a bit, and he made them play all the old exhausting games: "Whirling Worlds," where you swing the baby round and round by his hands; and "Leg and Wing," where you swing him from side to side by one ankle and one wrist. There was also climbing Vesuvius. In this game the baby walks up you, and when he is standing on your shoulders you shout as loud as you can, which is the rumbling of the burning mountain, and then tumble him gently on to the floor and roll him there, which is the destruction of Pompeii.

"All the same, I wish we could decide what we'd better say next time mother says anything about the carpet," said Cyril, breathlessly ceasing to be a burning mountain.

"Well, you talk and decide," said Anthea; "here, you lovey ducky Lamb. Come to Panther and play Noah's Ark."

The Lamb came with his pretty hair all tumbled and his face all dusty from the destruction of Pompeii, and instantly became a baby snake, hissing and wriggling and creeping in Anthea's arms, as she said:—

I love my little baby snake,
He hisses when he is awake,
He creeps with such a wriggly creep,
He wriggles even in his sleep.

"Well, you see," Cyril was saying, "it's just the old bother. Mother can't believe the real true truth about the carpet, and——"

"You speak sooth, O Cyril!" remarked the Phœnix, coming out from the cupboard where the black-beetles lived, and the torn books, and the broken slates, and odd pieces of toys that had lost the rest of themselves. "Now hear the wisdom of the Phœnix, the son of the Phœnix."

"There's a society called that," said Cyril.

"Where is it? And what is a society?" asked the bird.

"It's a sort of joined-together lot of people—a sort of brotherhood—a kind of—well, something very like your temple, you know, only quite different."

"I take your meaning," said the Phœnix. "I would fain see these calling themselves Sons of the Phœnix."

"But what about your words of wisdom?"

"Wisdom is always welcome," said the Phœnix.

"Pretty Polly!" remarked the Lamb, reaching his hands towards the golden speaker.

The Phœnix modestly retreated behind Robert, and Anthea hastened to distract the attention of the Lamb by murmuring:—

I love my little baby rabbit;
But oh, he has a dreadful habit
Of paddling out among the rocks
And soaking both his bunny-socks.



"'PRETTY POLLY!' REMARKED THE LAMB."

"I don't think you'd care about the Sons of the Phœnix, really," said Robert. "I have heard that they don't do anything fiery. They only drink a great deal. Much more than other people, because they drink lemonade and fizzy things, and the more you drink of those the more good you get."

"In your mind, perhaps," said Jane; "but it wouldn't be good in your body. You'd get too balloony." The Phœnix yawned.

"Look here," said Anthea, "I really have an idea. This isn't like a common carpet. It's very magic indeed. Don't you think, if we put Tatcho on it and then gave it a rest, the magic part of it might grow, like hair is supposed to do?"

"It might," said Robert, "but I should

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

think paraffin would do as well—at any rate as far as the smell goes, and that seems to be the great thing about Tatcho."

But with all its faults Anthea's idea was something to do, and they did it.

It was Cyril who fetched the Tatcho bottle from father's washhand-stand. But the bottle had not much in it.

"We mustn't take it all," Jane said, "in case father's hair began to come off suddenly; if he hadn't anything to put on it, it might all drop off before Eliza had time to get round to the chemist's for another bottle. It would be dreadful to have a bald father, and it would all be our fault."

"And wigs are very expensive, I believe," said Anthea. "Look here, leave enough in the bottle to wet father's head all over with in case any emergency emerges—and let's make up with paraffin. I expect it's the smell that does the good really—and the smell's exactly the same."

So a small teaspoonful of the Tatcho was put on the edges of the worst darn in the carpet and rubbed carefully into the roots of the hairs of it, and all the parts that there was not enough Tatcho for had paraffin rubbed into them with a piece of flannel. Then the flannel was burned. It made a gay flame, which delighted the Phœnix and the Lamb.

"How often," said mother, opening the door—"how often am I to tell you that you are *not* to play with paraffin? What have you been doing?"

"We have burnt a paraffiny rag," Anthea answered. It was no use telling mother what they had done to the carpet. She did not know it was a magic carpet, and no one wants to be laughed at for trying to mend an ordinary carpet with lamp-oil.

"Well, don't do it again," said mother. "And now away with melancholy! Father has sent a telegram. Look!" She held it out, and the children holding it by its yielding corners read:—

"Box for kiddies at Garrick. Stalls for us, Haymarket. Meet Charing Cross, 6.30."

"That means," said mother, "that you're going to see 'The Water Babies' all by your happy selves, and father and I will take you and fetch you. Give me the Lamb, dear, and you and Jane put clean lace in your red evening frocks, and I shouldn't wonder if you found they wanted ironing. This paraffin smell is ghastly. Run and get out your frocks."

The frocks did want ironing—wanted it rather badly, as it happened; for, being of tomato-coloured Liberty silk, they had been found very useful for *tableaux vivants* when a red dress was required for Cardinal Richelieu. They were very nice *tableaux*, these, and I wish I could tell you about them—but one cannot tell everything in a story. You would have been specially interested in hearing about the *tableaux* of the Princes in the Tower, when one of the pillows burst and the youthful Princes were so covered with feathers that the picture might very well have been called "Michaelmas Eve; or, Plucking the Geese."

Ironing the dresses and sewing the lace in occupied some time, and no one was dull because there was the theatre to look forward to, and also the possible growth of hairs on the carpet, for which everyone kept looking anxiously. By four o'clock Jane was almost sure that several hairs were beginning to grow.

The Phœnix perched on the fender, and its conversation, as usual, was entertaining and instructive—like school prizes are said to be. But it seemed a little absent-minded and even a little sad.

"Don't you feel well, Phœnix, dear?" asked Anthea, stooping to take an iron off the fire.



"'DON'T YOU FEEL WELL, PHŒNIX, DEAR?' ASKED ANTHEA."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"I am not sick," replied the golden bird, with a gloomy shake of the head, "but I am getting old."

"Why, you've only been hatched about two months."

"Time," remarked the Phœnix, "is measured by heart-beats. I'm sure the palpitations I've had since I've known you are enough to blanch the feathers of any bird."

"But I thought you lived five hundred years," said Robert, "and you've hardly begun this set of years. Think of all the time that's before you."

"Time," said the Phœnix, "is, as you are probably aware, merely a convenient fiction. There is no such thing as time. I have lived in these two months at a pace which generously counterbalances five hundred years of life in the desert. I am old, I am weary. I feel as if I ought to lay my egg, and lay me down to my fiery sleep. But unless I'm careful I shall be hatched again instantly, and that is a misfortune which I really do not think I *could* endure. But do not let me intrude these desperate personal reflections on your youthful happiness. What is the show at the theatre to-night? Wrestlers? Gladiators? A combat of camelopards and unicorns?"

"I don't think so," said Cyril; "it's called 'The Water Babies,' and if it's like the book there isn't any gladiating in it. There are chimney-sweeps and professors, and a lobster and an otter and a salmon, and children living in the water."

"It sounds chilly," the Phœnix shivered, and went to sit on the tongs.

"I don't suppose there will be *real* water," said Jane. "And theatres are very warm and pretty, with a lot of gold and lamps. Wouldn't you like to come with us?"

"*I* was just going to say that," said Robert, in injured tones, "only I know how rude it is to interrupt. Do come, Phœnix, old chap; it will cheer you up. It'll make you laugh like anything. Mr. Bourchier always makes ripping plays. You ought to have seen 'Shock-Headed Peter' last year."

"Your words are strange," said the Phœnix, "but I will come with you. The revels of this Bourchier of whom you speak may help me to forget the weight of my years."

So the Phœnix snuggled inside the waistcoat of Robert's Etons—a very tight fit it seemed both to Robert and to the Phœnix—and was taken to the play.

Robert had to pretend to be cold at the glittering, many-mirrored restaurant where they all had dinner, with father in evening dress, with a very shiny white shirt-front, and mother looking lovely in her grey evening



"ROBERT HAD TO PRETEND TO BE COLD."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

dress, that changes into pink and green when she moves. Robert pretended that he was too cold to take off his great-coat, and so sat sweltering through what would otherwise have been a most thrilling meal. He felt that he was a blot on the smart beauty of the family, and he hoped the Phœnix knew what he was suffering for its sake. Of course, we are all pleased to suffer for the sake of others, but we like them to know it—unless we are the very best and noblest kind of people, and Robert was just ordinary.

Father was full of jokes and fun, and everyone laughed all the time, even with their mouths full, which is not manners. Robert thought father would not have been quite so funny about his keeping his overcoat on if father had known all the truth. And there Robert was probably right.

When dinner was finished to the last grape and the last paddle in the finger-glasses—for it was a really truly grown-up dinner—the children were taken to the theatre, guided to a box close to the stage, and left. Father's parting words were :—

"Now, don't you stir out of this box, whatever you do. I shall be back before the end of the play. Be good and you will be happy. Is this zone torrid enough for the abandonment of great-coats, Bobs? No? Well, then, I should say you were sickening for something—mumps or measles, or thrush or teething. Good-bye."

He went, and Robert was at last able to remove his coat, mop his perspiring brow, and release the crushed and dishevelled Phœnix. Robert had to arrange his damp hair at the looking-glass at the back of the box, and the Phœnix had to preen its disordered feathers for some time before either of them was fit to be seen.

They were very, very early. When the lights went up fully the Phœnix, balancing itself on the gilded back of a chair, swayed in ecstasy.

"How fair a scene is this!" it murmured; "how far fairer than my temple! Or have I guessed aright? Have you brought me hither to lift up my head with emotions of joyous surprise? Tell me, my Robert, is it not that this, *this* is my true temple, and the other was but a humble shrine frequented by outcasts?"

"I don't know about outcasts," said Robert, "but you can call this your temple if you like. Hush! the music is beginning."

I am not going to tell you about the play. As I said before, one can't tell everything, and no doubt you saw "The Water Babies" yourselves. If you did not it was a shame, or rather a pity.

What I must tell you is that, though Cyril and Jane and Robert and Anthea enjoyed it as much as any children possibly could, the pleasure of the Phœnix was far, far greater than theirs.

"This is indeed my temple," it said, again and again. "What radiant rites! And all to do honour to me!"

The songs in the play it took to be hymns in its honour. The choruses were choric songs in its praise. The electric lights, it said, were magic torches lighted for its sake, and it was so charmed with the footlights that the children could hardly persuade it to sit still. But when the limelight was shown it could contain its approval no longer. It flapped its golden wings, and cried in a voice that could be heard all over the theatre :—

"Well done, my servants! Ye have my favour and my countenance!"

Little Tom on the stage stopped short in what he was saying. A deep breath was drawn by hundreds of lungs, every eye in the house turned to the box where the luckless children cringed, and most people hissed, or said "Shish!" or "Turn them out!"

Then the play went on, and an attendant presently came to the box and spoke wrathfully.

"It wasn't us, indeed it wasn't," said Anthea, earnestly; "it was the bird."

The man said well, then, they must keep their bird quiet.

"Disturbing everyone like this," he said.

"It won't do it again," said Robert, glancing imploringly at the golden bird; "I'm sure it won't."

"You have my leave to depart," said the Phœnix, gently.

"Well, he is a beauty, and no mistake," said the attendant, "only I'd cover him up during the acts. It upsets the performance."

And he went.

"Don't speak again, there's a dear," said Anthea; "you wouldn't like to interfere with your own temple, would you?"

So now the Phœnix was quiet, but it kept whispering to the children. It wanted to know why there was no altar, no fire, no incense, and became so excited and fretful and tiresome that four at least of the party of five wished deeply that it had been left at home.

What happened next was entirely the fault of the Phœnix. It was not in the least the fault of the theatre people, and no one could ever understand afterwards how it did happen.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

No one, that is, except the guilty bird itself and the four children. The Phœnix was balancing itself on the gilt back of the chair, swaying backwards and forwards and up and down, as you may see your own domestic parrot do. I mean the grey one with the red tail. All eyes were on the stage, where the lobster was delighting the audience with that gem of a song, "If you can't walk straight, walk sideways!" when the Phœnix murmured warmly:—

"No altar, no fire, no incense!" and then, before any of the children could even begin to think of stopping it, it spread its bright wings and swept round the theatre, brushing its gleaming feathers against delicate hangings and gilded wood-work.

It seemed to have made but one circular wing-sweep, such as you may see a gull make over grey water on a stormy day. Next moment it was perched again on the chair-back—and all round the theatre, where it had passed, little sparks shone like tinsel seeds, then little smoke wreaths curled up like growing plants—little flames opened like flower-buds.

People whispered—then people shrieked.

"Fire! Fire!" The curtain went down—the lights went up.

"Fire!" cried everyone, and made for the doors.

"A magnificent idea!" said the Phœnix, complacently. "An enormous altar—fire supplied free of charge. Doesn't the incense smell delicious?" The only smell was the stifling smell of smoke, of burning silk, or scorching varnish.

The little flames had opened now into great flame-flowers. The people in the theatre were shouting and pressing towards the doors.

"Oh, how *could* you!" cried Jane. "Let's get out."

"Father said stay here," said Anthea, very pale, and trying to speak in her ordinary voice.

"He didn't mean stay and be roasted," said Robert; "no boys on burning decks for me, thank you."

"Not much," said Cyril, and he opened the door of the box.

But a fierce waft of smoke and hot air made him shut it again. It was not possible to get out that way.

They looked over the front of the box. Could they climb down?



"HE OPENED THE DOOR OF THE BOX."

It would be possible, certainly, but would they be much better off?

"Look at the people," moaned Anthea; "we couldn't get through." And, indeed, the crowd round the doors looked thick as flies in the jam-making season.

"I wish we'd never seen the Phœnix," cried Jane.

Even at that awful moment Robert looked round to see if the bird had overheard a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

speech which, however natural, was hardly polite or grateful.

The Phœnix was gone.

"Look here," said Cyril, "I've read about fires in papers; I'm sure it's all right. Let's wait here, as father said."

"We can't do anything else," said Anthea, bitterly.

"Look here," said Robert, "I'm *not* frightened—no, I'm not. The Phœnix has never been a skunk yet, and I'm certain it'll see us through somehow. I believe in the Phœnix!"

"The Phœnix thanks you, O Robert," said a golden voice at his feet, and there was the Phœnix itself, on the Wishing Carpet.

"Quick!" it said, "stand on those portions of the carpet which are truly antique and authentic—and——"

A sudden jet of flame stopped its words. Alas! the Phœnix had unconsciously warmed to its subject, and in the unintentional heat of the moment had set fire to the paraffin with which that morning the children had anointed the carpet. It burned merrily. The children tried in vain to stamp it out. They had to stand back and let it burn itself out. When the paraffin had burned away it was found that it had taken with it all the darns of Scotch heather-mixture fingering. Only the fabric of the old carpet was left—and that was full of holes.

"Come," said the Phœnix, "I'm cool now."

The four children got on to what was left of the carpet. Very careful they were not to leave a leg or a hand hanging over one of the holes. It was very hot—the theatre was a pit of fire. Everyone else had got out.

Jane had to sit on Anthea's lap.

"Home!" said Cyril, and instantly the cool draught from under the nursery door played upon their legs as they sat. They were all on the carpet still, and the carpet was lying in its proper place on the nursery floor, as calm and unmoved as though it had never been to the theatre or taken part in a fire in its life.

Four long breaths of deep relief were instantly breathed. The draught which they had never liked before was for the moment quite pleasant. And they were safe. And everyone else was safe. The theatre had been quite empty when they left. Everyone was sure of that.

They presently found themselves all talking at once. Somehow none of their adventures had given them so much to talk about. None other had seemed so real.

"Did you notice ——?" they said, and "Do you remember ——?"

When suddenly Anthea's face turned pale under the dirt which it had collected on it during the fire.

"Oh," she cried, "mother and father! Oh, how awful! They'll think we're burned to cinders. Oh, let's go this minute and tell them we aren't."

"We should only miss them," said the sensible Cyril.

"Well—*you* go, then," said Anthea, "or I will. Only do wash your face first. Mother will be sure to think you are burnt to a cinder if she sees you as black as that. Mother, she'll faint or be ill or something. Oh, I wish we'd never got to know that Phœnix."

"Hush!" said Robert; "it's no use being rude to the bird. I suppose it can't help its nature. Perhaps we'd better wash too. Now I come to think of it my hands are rather——"

No one had noticed the Phœnix since it had bidden them to step on the carpet. And no one noticed that no one had noticed.

All were partially clean, and Cyril was just plunging into his great-coat to go and look for his parents—he, and not unjustly, called it looking for a needle in a bundle of hay—when the sound of father's latchkey in the front door sent everyone bounding up the stairs.

"Are you all safe?" cried mother's voice; "are you all safe?" and the next moment she was kneeling on the linoleum of the hall, trying to kiss four damp children at once, and laughing and crying by turns, while father stood looking on and saying he was blessed or something.

"But how did you guess we'd come home?" said Cyril, later, when everyone was calm enough for talking.

"Well, it was rather a rum thing. We heard the Garrick was on fire and, of course, we went straight there," said father, briskly. "We couldn't find you, of course—and we couldn't get in—but the firemen told us everyone was safely out. And then I heard a voice at my ear say, 'Cyril, Anthea, Robert, and Jane'—and something touched me on the shoulder. It was a great yellow pigeon, and it got in the way of my seeing who'd spoken. It fluttered off, and then someone said in the other ear, 'They're safe at home'; and when I turned again, to see who it was speaking, hanged if there wasn't that confounded pigeon on my other shoulder. Dazed

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

by the fire, I suppose. Your mother said it was the voice of——"

"I said it was the bird that spoke," said mother, "and so it was. Or at least I thought so then. It wasn't a pigeon. It was



"IT WAS A GREAT YELLOW PIGEON."

an orange-coloured cockatoo. I don't care who it was that spoke. It was true—and you're safe."

Mother began to cry again, and father said bed was a good place after the pleasures of the stage.

So everyone went there.

Robert had a talk to the Phœnix that night.

"Oh, very well," said the bird, when Robert had said what he felt, "didn't you know that I had power over fire? Do not distress yourself. I, like my high priests in Lombard Street, can undo the work of flames. Kindly open the casement."

It flew out.

That was why the papers said, next day, that the fire at the theatre had done less damage than had been anticipated. As a matter of fact, it had done none, for the Phœnix spent the night in putting things straight. How the management accounted for this, and how many of the theatre officials still believe that they were mad on that night, will never be known.

Next day mother saw the burnt holes in the carpet.

"It caught where it was paraffiny," said Anthea.

"I must get rid of that carpet at once," said mother.

But what the children said in sad whispers to each other, as they pondered over last night's events, was:—

"We must get rid of that Phœnix."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



NIAGARA FALLS—THE POINT MARKED X SHOWS THE SPOT REACHED BY GUIDE BARLOW AND SUPERINTENDENT PERRY.
From a Photo.

Walking on the Brink of Niagara.

By Orrin E. Dunlap.

THERE is no man who has so many adventures at Niagara to his credit as John R. Barlow. Mr. Barlow, in the summer-time, is the chief guide at the Cave of the Winds, that wonderful cavern under the waterfall as it plunges between Goat and Luna Islands. Years of familiarity with the waters of the world-famed Niagara have caused Guide Barlow to forget what fear is, and he moves about in dangerous places without thinking of possible disaster. He is the oldest and best-known guide at Niagara, and people from many countries have crossed his palm with silver in token of care bestowed upon them, or in return for the kindly information which he is ever ready to give.

When the new stone arch bridges were built to connect Goat Island to the mainland, a temporary bridge was erected on piers for the convenience of pedestrians. When this temporary structure had ceased to be useful it was destroyed, and, unfortunately for the scenic beauty of the portion of the upper rapids lying between the brink of the American fall and the island bridges, several of the cribs lodged on the reefs and refused to be stirred by the rush of the downpouring waters. The hope of the State Reservation officials was that the cribs would pass over the fall in time of high water, but flood after flood poured down from Lake Erie and the cribs refused to move. They were unsightly to a remarkable degree, and quite an annoyance to the officials who had charge of the beauty of Niagara. This was the condition when winter set in last autumn.

The winter proved of unusual severity. Ice came down from the lake in large sheets, and a considerable quantity of it lodged on the reefs between the mainland and Goat Island. By February the main part of the channel through which the water flows to the American fall was blocked with ice. Between Goat Island and the mainland there were three open channels, through which the water ran streak-like to the brink. One of these was close by the mainland, and made

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the plunge over the fall close to Prospect Point. The second was close to the outer edge of Luna Island, while the third was between Luna and Goat Islands. This left a wide expanse of the American fall, and the river-bed immediately above it, covered with ice. This ice-field remained unbroken for several days, but by going out on the ice-bridge that spanned the river in front of the fall it was possible to study the face of the cliff and to see that at several points the water crept through under the ice and found its way to the fall.

However, the fact that the portion of the fall below Green Island was covered with ice gave the impression to Superintendent Edward Perry, of the State Reservation, that the unsightly cribs on the river-bed could be removed. He called Guide Barlow to go with him, together with another man named William Mullane, and the trio made their way to Green Island. Going to the foot of this island, it was easy for them to step out over the ice to several of the cribs, which Superintendent Perry then and there ordered to be removed.

It was while Superintendent Perry and Guide Barlow were on this mission that the latter recognised the unusual conditions of the ice. His practised eye scanned the white expanse as it extended westward and turned over the precipice.

"I believe it would be possible for us to walk to the brink of the American fall," said Barlow, addressing Superintendent Perry.

The superintendent looked at him in amazement. So far as is known no human being had ever stood where Guide Barlow contemplated going. Still, the superintendent is a man of nerve, and as he looked down the river at Robinson's Island, at Chapin's Island, at Crow and Blackbird Islands, he longed to set foot on the possessions of the Empire State over which he was the official guard.

There was little said. Guide Barlow had already commenced to move down the river over the ice. It was firm, and stood his weight well. In a minute Superintendent Perry followed him. As they moved along the untrodden path the condition of the ice gave them new courage, and both felt that



GUIDE BARLOW AND SUPERINTENDENT PERRY STANDING ON THE BRINK OF THE FALL AT A POINT NEVER BEFORE REACHED BY MAN.
From a Photo.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

they were walking where man had never before been. Their route carried them between Robinson's and Blackbird Islands, and on down by a little isle as yet unnamed. Leaving the foot of Robinson's Island behind, they moved cautiously over the frozen expanse



GUIDE BARLOW AND SUPERINTENDENT PERRY STANDING ON THE BRINK OF NIAGARA.
From a Photo.

down, farther down, right to the brink of the American fall, midway between Luna Island's shore and Prospect Park. Along the very crest of the brink they walked, realizing that they were at the very centre of the great fall that is a world-wonder. Guide Barlow pointed out to Superintendent Perry the mighty ice-mountain that reared its head from below, and also related how human beings passing over the fall at that point were never found.

Their dark forms outlined against the pure white, snow-covered ice, standing only a few feet back from the awful brink of the fall, made a startling picture. As they stood there a dark shadow crept down over the ice, intimating that the river was rising and might overflow the ice on which they stood. Yet it was such a novel place to be in that they lingered and looked—looked and gained new and wonderful ideas of the sublimity and awfulness of Niagara. So close did they go to the brink that a slight advance would have carried them over the precipice to the frightful, unknown, unexplored regions behind the icy mounds below.

Before they returned the author of this story hurried from Goat Island, from which point he had taken a picture of the remarkable trip, to the brink of the American fall, where he took another photograph of Superintendent Perry and Guide Barlow as they stood at the edge of the precipice over which the Niagara torrent flows in chaotic fury in summer-time.

The trip up the channel carried the party outside of Robinson's Island, all stopping to pay tribute to Chapin's Island, the little spot where, in 1838, a man had lodged as he was being swept toward the fall by the awful current.

"I am glad to be back," said Superintendent Perry, as the party reached the lower end of Green Island.

"But you are also glad to have been where you have been," added Guide Barlow, the only man who had ever conducted a party to that dangerous point on the brink of the American fall.

The date was Saturday, February 13, 1904.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A WHEEL—OR WHAT?

"This is a cross-section of a white pine tree about twenty-eight inches in diameter. What appear to be carrots sticking through the sides are the knots caused by the branches, which, owing to their resinous nature, have not decayed, while the wood which formerly surrounded them has rotted away."—Mr. A. S. Angell, care of *Times* Printing and Publishing Co., Victoria, B.C.

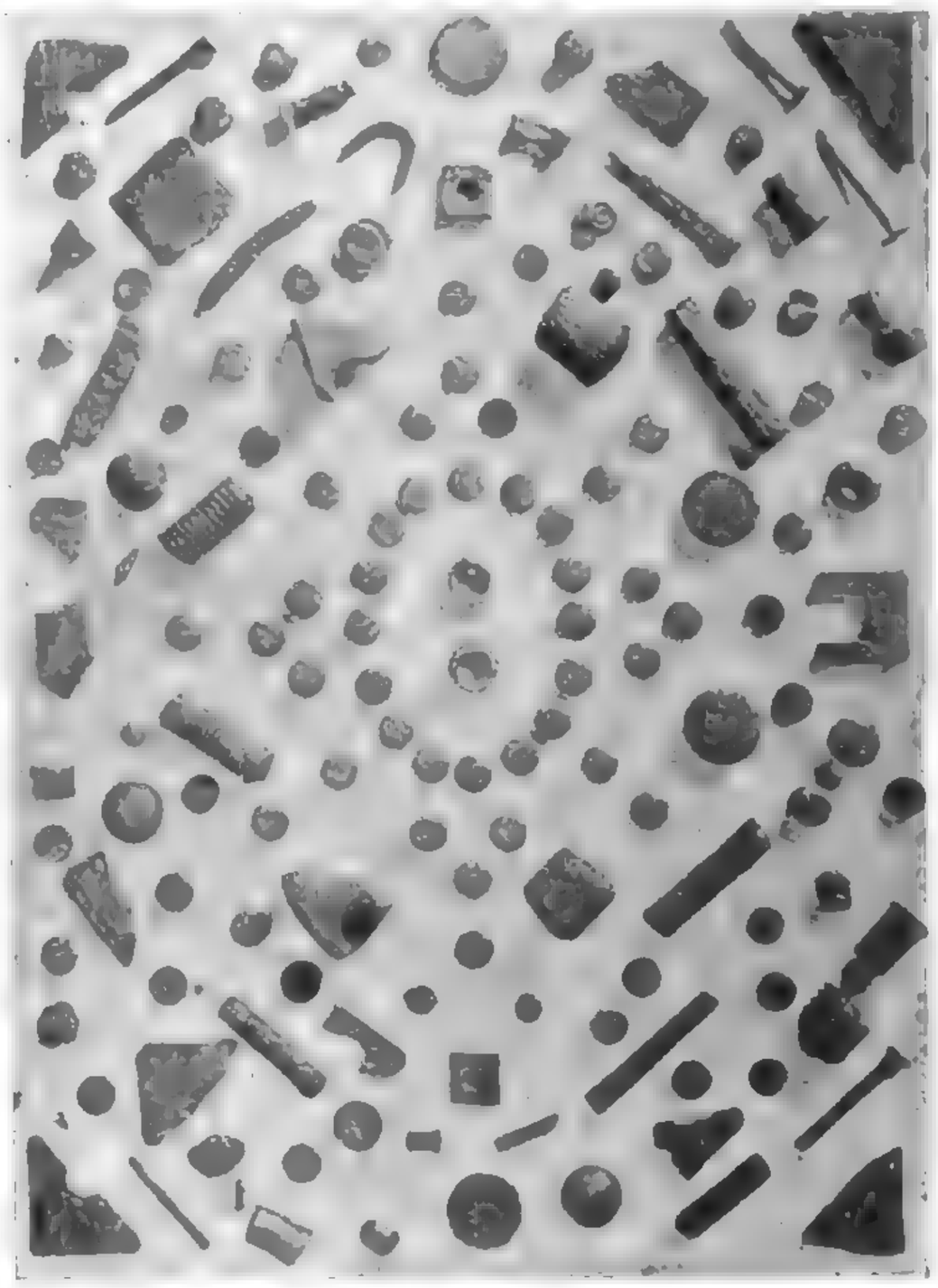
A HOME-MADE BICYCLE.

This photograph, taken in Russia by a Blackburn contributor, is of an extraordinary bicycle and its ingenious maker, a Russian peasant, who at the time was employed as a mill watchman in St. Petersburg. The frame of the bicycle is mainly made out of broomsticks, the wheels consist of barrel hoops and wooden spokes, the cranks are of wood, and bobbins form the principal part of the pedals; the front forks are likewise of wood, working inside a ten-inch "slubbing bobbin"; the saddle (movable) is cut out of an ordinary piece of wood, the back of a disused arm-chair does duty as handle-bars, and the chain was taken off an old "flat-card" machine. It only remains to add that this curiosity is not a mere exhibit, for a friend of the gentleman who supplies the photo. rode it more than once, though he never accomplished anything in the way of record-breaking on the wooden "bike."



SWALLOWED BY AN OSTRICH.

"I send you a photo. of the contents of a tame ostrich's stomach, which you will not be surprised to



hear was the cause of its death. All these pieces of metal were picked up by it around the blacksmith's shop of a farm in South America. The circle of round pieces in the centre is made up of ⅜in. punch pellets from a punching-machine, and will give an idea of the size of the rest of the metal. All these pieces were more or less worn, according to the time they had been swallowed; some had almost disappeared. The total weight of iron was considerable."—Mr. E. Windus, Erin Manor, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY





PECULIAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

"The accompanying photos. are of two musical instruments which, with their inventor, can be found at an obscure little hamlet called Keld, about twenty miles from Richmond in Yorkshire. No. 1 is an adaptation to a harmonium, and consists of the branch of a tree fastened to the end of the harmonium; upon the branch is a double row of bells which come from all parts of England. When playing, the musician has a long piece of wood ending in a steel spike, and at the lower end of the wood is a finger-hole. The striker is slipped upon one of the fingers of the left hand, and as the treble and bass are being played the finger with the striker upon it is bent in order to strike one of the bells. No. 2 is what the inventor calls 'a stone organ.' The old man said that one day when fishing in the river his foot caught a stone and he noticed that it gave forth a musical note, so he constructed a sounding-board, secured stones from the river, and placed them thereon. He found that clipping a piece off the end of the stone sharpened the note, whilst to clip off the side flattened it; in this way he made three octaves. The old man has never had any lessons in music."—Mr. G. Hardwick, The Promenade, Bridlington.



SAVED BY A CARTRIDGE.

"Here is the photograph of a cartridge which has been pierced by a bullet. My brother, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was carrying this in his bandolier when he was wounded in the late South African War. The bullet after piercing the cartridge passed clean through his body, leaving in the centre of his back after penetrating one of his lungs. Fortunately it did not touch the spinal cord, owing probably to being deviated by the cartridge, and he recovered. The cartridge did not explode, and has still the explosive in it intact."—Mr. F. W. Robins, 14, Wellington Road, Barnsbury, N.

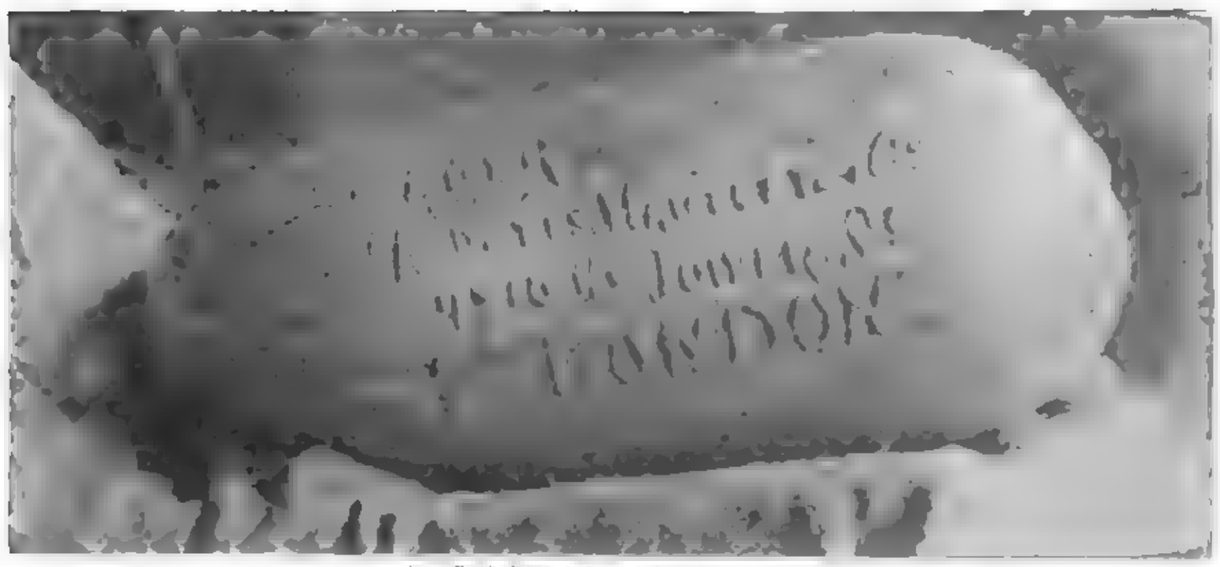
A DIVING TOWER ON DRY LAND.

"I send you a photo. of a curious structure which stands not very far from the Lake of Neuchâtel. It would be difficult for anyone unacquainted with its history to give a name to it, for its appearance and position furnish absolutely no clue as to its use. It is, as a matter of fact, a diving tower, built many years ago for the use of bathers in the Lake of Neuchâtel. The peculiar part about it is that any-one desirous of diving from it nowadays would have to fly horizontally over a railway, a road, and a good three hundred yards of dry land before reaching the water, for, the lake having gradually receded, the tower has been left high and dry, about a quarter of a mile from the edge of the water. As may be seen from the photo., it is now in a very tumble-down condition."—Mr. J. O. S. Ziegler, Place Bel Air, Yverdon, Switzerland.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A POSTAL MARROW.

"The vegetable marrow shown in the accompanying photograph was grown by my brother, Mr. David Ager, gardener to Mr. Milton Bode, of West Dean, near Reading, the well-known gold medallist for chrysanthemum culture. The name and address were marked on the marrow when it was quite small, and the writing has become more distinct with increasing age. When about nine inches in length the marrow was cut, a label with the necessary postage affixed tied to the small piece of stalk, and it was then handed in at the post-office. In due course it arrived at its destination, the marrow being none the worse for its journey."—Mr. J. Ager, c/o Messrs. Betts, Hartley, and Co., 9 and 10, Great Tower Street, E.C.



WHAT IS THERE BENEATH THE IVY?

"This curious statue, which appears to be looking out of a tree, is to be found in the public park at Bath. The ivy has been allowed to cover the whole statue with the exception of the head; probably no one knows what the rest of it is like. This is a winter view; in summer the head has a background of foliage."—Mr. James A. Rooth, 112, Oakwood Court, Kensington.

"HOW THE CROW FLIES."

"A remarkable instance of the unexpected happening, especially to devotees of the camera, occurred to me the other day. I took the photograph of Canterbury Cathedral which I send you, and whilst the plate was exposed I noticed a crow rising from the branches of the tree at the extreme left of the picture. The bird flew slowly upwards and in zigzag fashion until it reached a height nearly equal to the cathedral spire. On developing the negative I found that the bird's flight was most accurately recorded in the shape of a thin black line, which can be distinctly



traced in the photograph. By means of a magnifying glass the extended wings of the crow could be distinctly seen. I may add that as I was using a small stop the exposure was rather a long one."—Mr. H. J. Divers, 13, Burgate Street, Canterbury.

THE MORRIS DANCE.

"I send you a photograph which may interest some of your readers. The village of Bidford-on-Avon keeps up the quaint old custom of the Morris Dance, and on high days and holidays the six dancers, accompanied by the clown and the hobby-horse, dance through the village to the music of a violin."—Miss Dryhurst, 11, Downshire Hill, Hampstead.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

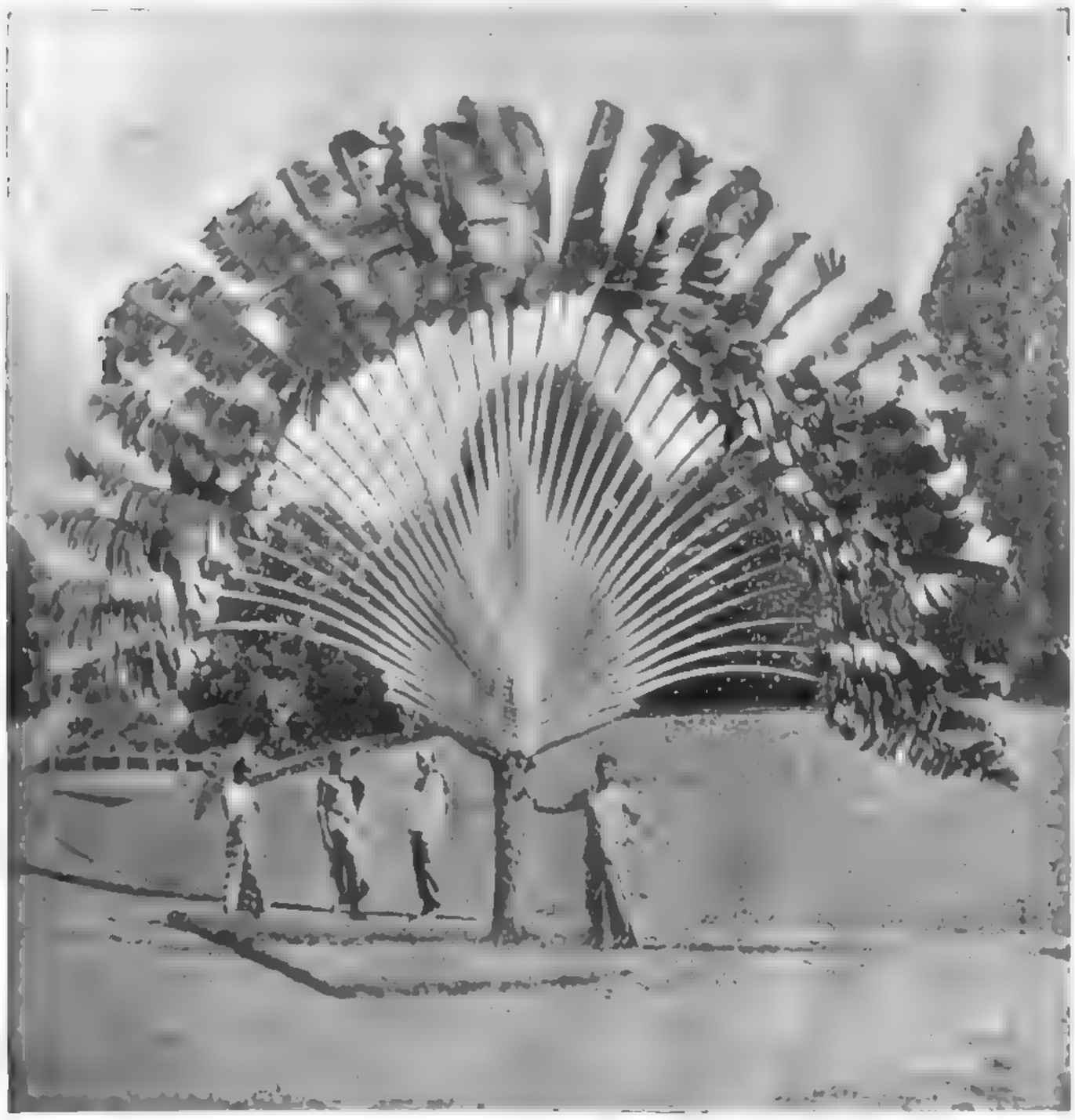


VERY SIMPLE.

"The curious effect produced in the photograph which I send was obtained by the simple means of placing a small piece of specially-cut paper over the negative."—Mr. R. J. Chenneour, Ishpeming, Mich.

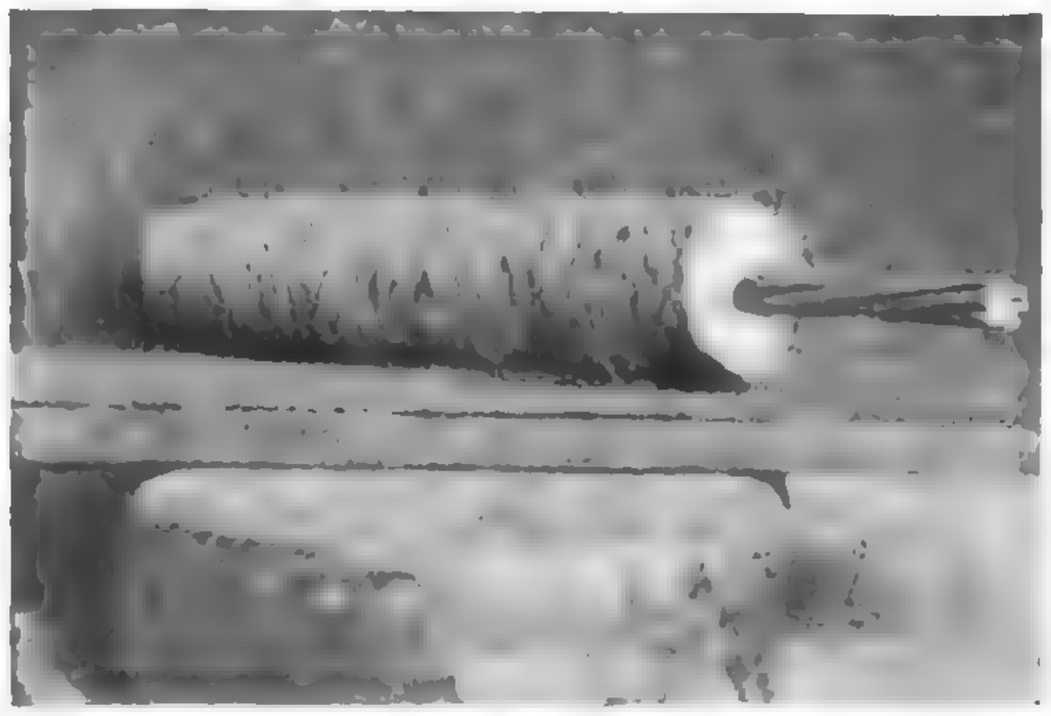
THE FAN TREE.

"Travellers in South-Eastern Asia sometimes see at a distance what appears to be a gigantic fan. In fact, it closely resembles the dainty creations of feathers and ivory which are so popular with ladies. On approaching closer, however, the fan is seen to be a natural one, being a species of palm tree which is wonderfully like a fan, not only in the way in which its branches project from the trunk, but in the leaves in which the branches terminate. As shown in the picture, the tree spreads out like an extended fan and the leaves bear a strong resemblance to feathers. It is called the Traveller's Palm, partly for the reason that in the forenoon or afternoon, when the sun is not directly above, it frequently offers welcome shade. Some of the palms grow to a height of fifty or sixty feet, with 'feathers' ranging from ten to fifteen feet in length."—Mr. D. A. Willey, Baltimore.



PETRIFIED WIRE.

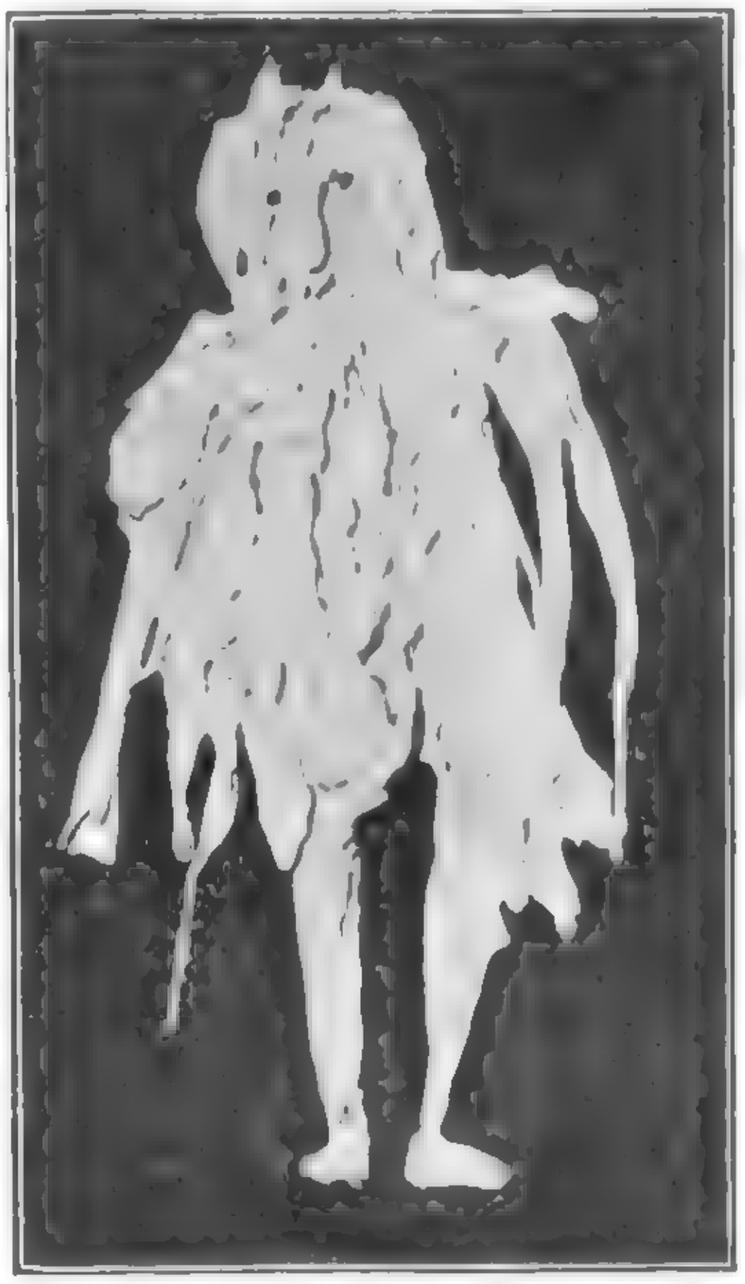
"Here is the photo. of a piece of wire rope taken from a coal-mine in Wales. The mine referred to had not been worked for some ten years, and when the water was pumped out the rope was discovered as



shown, encased in a formation of hard stone. I may add that when the stone was broken the wire was found to be in a perfect state of preservation."—Mr. B. H. Wadsworth, Oriel College, Helensburgh, N.B.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

"This is not a snap-shot of Satan, nor of Pluto, or any demon of the heathen mythology. Neither is it the picture of a water-logged member of the 'tramp' profession after a shower of rain. It is simply the photograph of the curious form which a splash of lead took when it dropped from a crucible on the floor."—Mr. Joseph W. Hammond, 12, Stafford Street, Dublin.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A WOODEN SOLDIER.

"I took this snap-shot in Spain, at La Zubia, a small town about two miles from Granada. The 'soldier' is a most surprising object to come upon suddenly. He is cut out of a single tree, and is therefore all in one piece. Branches have been neatly adapted to make his fingers, which, it will be observed, have a somewhat knotted and gouty appearance. A flower-pot forms the head, while a plant of aloes makes a very fine plumed head-dress. His uniform is painted in the most realistic way, so that altogether he has a most ferocious appearance and his expression does not invite confidence, as may be seen from the photograph. The garden in which he lives is rather an historic one, for it was here that the great Queen Isabella the Catholic was saved from falling into the hands of the Moors by hiding in a laurel bush. A monument marks the spot." — Miss A. Milne Home, Caldra, Duns, N.B.



IN THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY.

"A gamekeeper in this neighbourhood had shot a fine carrion crow, and hung up his prize, as usual, on a nail near his cottage. A wren finding it built her nest between the wings, and in the body of her greatest enemy actually reared her family. By the kindness of the owner of the nest I have been able to photograph it."—Miss Mary Sharp, Riding Mill, Northumberland.

A PECULIAR HARVEST.

"The Rev. W. H. Jenoure, rector of Barwick, Yeovil, describes a novel sight which may be seen in his parish. A farmer had been feeding his sheep on oats, and some of the grain fell on the back of one of the animals. It has taken root in the wool and sprouted, and the young shoots may be seen growing on the animal's back." — Mr. S. G. Witcomb, Middle Street, Yeovil, Somerset.

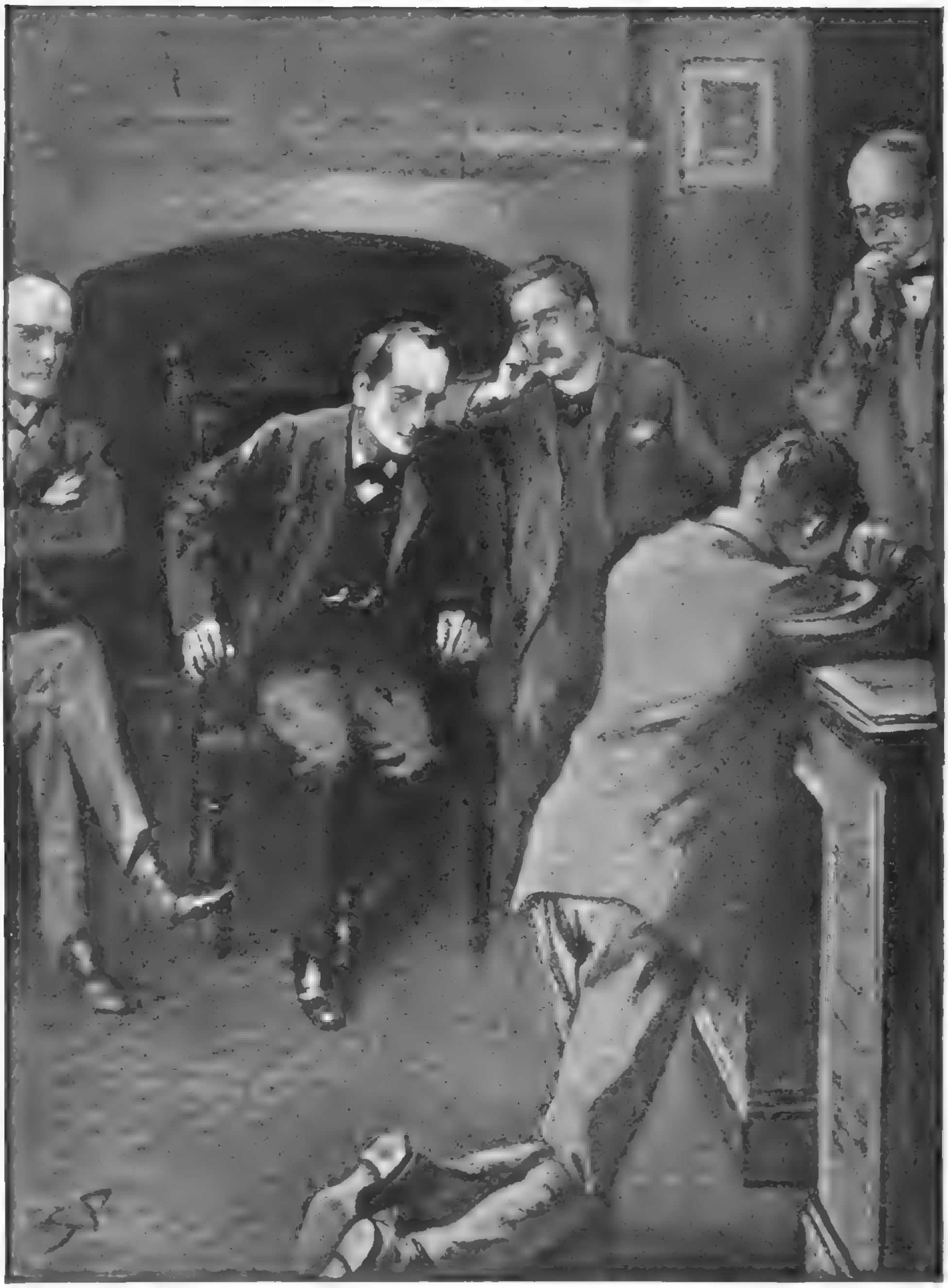


Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'COME, COME,' SAID HOLMES, KINDLY, 'IT IS HUMAN TO ERR.'"

(*See page* 612.)

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxvii. JUNE, 1904. No. 162.

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

IX.—The Adventure of the Three Students.

IT was in the year '95 that a combination of events, into which I need not enter, caused Mr. Sherlock Holmes and myself to spend some weeks in one of our great University towns, and it was during this time that the small but instructive adventure which I am about to relate befell us. It will be obvious that any details which would help the reader to exactly identify the college or the criminal would be injudicious and offensive. So painful a scandal may well be allowed to die out. With due discretion the incident itself may, however, be described, since it serves to illustrate some of those qualities for which my friend was remarkable. I will endeavour in my statement to avoid such terms as would serve to limit the events to any particular place, or give a clue as to the people concerned.

We were residing at the time in furnished lodgings close to a library where Sherlock Holmes was pursuing some laborious researches in early English charters—researches which led to results so striking that they may be the subject of one of my future narratives. Here it was that one evening we received a visit from an acquaintance, Mr. Hilton Soames, tutor and lecturer at the College of St. Luke's. Mr. Soames was a tall, spare man, of a nervous and excitable temperament. I had always known him to be restless in his manner, but on this particular occasion he was in such a state of uncontrollable agitation that it was clear something very unusual had occurred.

"I trust, Mr. Holmes, that you can spare me a few hours of your valuable time. We have had a very painful incident at St. Luke's, and really, but for the happy chance of your being in the town, I should have been at a loss what to do."

"I am very busy just now, and I desire no distractions," my friend answered. "I should much prefer that you called in the aid of the police."

"No, no, my dear sir; such a course is utterly impossible. When once the law is evoked it cannot be stayed again, and this is just one of those cases where, for the credit of the college, it is most essential to avoid scandal. Your discretion is as well known as your powers, and you are the one man in the world who can help me. I beg you, Mr. Holmes, to do what you can."

My friend's temper had not improved since he had been deprived of the congenial surroundings of Baker Street. Without his scrap-books, his chemicals, and his homely untidiness, he was an uncomfortable man. He shrugged his shoulders in ungracious acquiescence, while our visitor in hurried words and with much excitable gesticulation poured forth his story.

"I must explain to you, Mr. Holmes, that to-morrow is the first day of the examination for the Fortescue Scholarship. I am one of the examiners. My subject is Greek, and the first of the papers consists of a large passage of Greek translation which the candidate has not seen. This passage is printed on the examination paper, and it would naturally be an immense advantage if the candidate could prepare it in advance. For this reason great care is taken to keep the paper secret.

"To-day about three o'clock the proofs of this paper arrived from the printers. The exercise consists of half a chapter of Thucydides. I had to read it over carefully, as the text must be absolutely correct. At four-

 [Copyright, 1904, by A. Conan Doyle, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

thirty my task was not yet completed. I had, however, promised to take tea in a friend's rooms, so I left the proof upon my desk. I was absent rather more than an hour.

"You are aware, Mr. Holmes, that our college doors are double—a green baize one within and a heavy oak one without. As I approached my outer door I was amazed to see a key in it. For an instant I imagined that I had left my own there, but on feeling in my pocket I found that it was all right. The only duplicate which existed, so far as I knew, was that which belonged to my servant, Bannister, a man who has looked after my room for ten years, and whose honesty is absolutely above suspicion. I found that the key was indeed his, that he had entered my room to know if I wanted tea, and that he had very carelessly left the key in the door when he came out. His visit to my room must have been within a very few minutes of my leaving it. His forgetfulness about the key would have mattered little upon any other occasion, but on this one day it has produced the most deplorable consequences.

"The moment I looked at my table I was aware that someone had rummaged among my papers. The proof was in three long slips. I had left them all together. Now I found that one of them was lying on the floor, one was on the side table near the window, and the third was where I had left it."

Holmes stirred for the first time.

"The first page on the floor, the second in the window, the third where you left it," said he.

"Exactly, Mr. Holmes. You amaze me. How could you possibly know that?"

"Pray continue your very interesting statement."

"For an instant I imagined that Bannister had taken the unpardonable liberty of examining my papers. He denied it, however, with the utmost earnestness, and I am convinced that he was speaking the truth. The alternative was that someone passing had observed the key in the door, had known that I was out, and had entered to look at the papers. A large sum of money is at stake, for the scholarship is a very valuable one, and an unscrupulous man might very well run a risk in order to gain an advantage over his fellows.

"Bannister was very much upset by the incident. He had nearly fainted when we found that the papers had undoubtedly been tampered with. I gave him a little brandy and left him collapsed in a chair while I made a most careful examination of the room. I soon saw that the intruder had left



"HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW THAT?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

other traces of his presence besides the rumpled papers. On the table in the window were several shreds from a pencil which had been sharpened. A broken tip of lead was lying there also. Evidently the rascal had copied the paper in a great hurry, had broken his pencil, and had been compelled to put a fresh point to it."

"Excellent!" said Holmes, who was recovering his good-humour as his attention became more engrossed by the case. "Fortune has been your friend."

"This was not all. I have a new writing-table with a fine surface of red leather. I am prepared to swear, and so is Bannister, that it was smooth and unstained. Now I found a clean cut in it about three inches long—not a mere scratch, but a positive cut. Not only this, but on the table I found a small ball of black dough, or clay, with specks of something which looks like sawdust in it. I am convinced that these marks were left by the man who rifled the papers. There were no footmarks and no other evidence as to his identity. I was at my wits' ends, when suddenly the happy thought occurred to me that you were in the town, and I came straight round to put the matter into your hands. Do help me, Mr. Holmes! You see my dilemma. Either I must find the man or else the examination must be postponed until fresh papers are prepared, and since this cannot be done without explanation there will ensue a hideous scandal, which will throw a cloud not only on the college, but on the University. Above all things I desire to settle the matter quietly and discreetly."

"I shall be happy to look into it and to give you such advice as I can," said Holmes, rising and putting on his overcoat. "The case is not entirely devoid of interest. Had anyone visited you in your room after the papers came to you?"

"Yes; young Daulat Ras, an Indian student who lives on the same stair, came in to ask me some particulars about the examination."

"For which he was entered?"

"Yes."

"And the papers were on your table?"

"To the best of my belief they were rolled up."

"But might be recognised as proofs?"

"Possibly."

"No one else in your room?"

"No."

"Did anyone know that these proofs would be there?"

"No one save the printer."

"Did this man Bannister know?"

"No, certainly not. No one knew."

"Where is Bannister now?"

"He was very ill, poor fellow. I left him collapsed in the chair. I was in such a hurry to come to you."

"You left your door open?"

"I locked up the papers first."

"Then it amounts to this, Mr. Soames, that unless the Indian student recognised the roll as being proofs, the man who tampered with them came upon them accidentally without knowing that they were there."

"So it seems to me."

Holmes gave an enigmatic smile.

"Well," said he, "let us go round. Not one of your cases, Watson—mental, not physical. All right; come if you want to. Now, Mr. Soames—at your disposal!"

The sitting-room of our client opened by a long, low, latticed window on to the ancient lichen-tinted court of the old college. A Gothic arched door led to a worn stone staircase. On the ground floor was the tutor's room. Above were three students, one on each story. It was already twilight when we reached the scene of our problem. Holmes halted and looked earnestly at the window. Then he approached it, and, standing on tiptoe with his neck craned, he looked into the room.

"He must have entered through the door. There is no opening except the one pane," said our learned guide.

"Dear me!" said Holmes, and he smiled in a singular way as he glanced at our companion. "Well, if there is nothing to be learned here we had best go inside."

The lecturer unlocked the outer door and ushered us into his room. We stood at the entrance while Holmes made an examination of the carpet.

"I am afraid there are no signs here," said he. "One could hardly hope for any upon so dry a day. Your servant seems to have quite recovered. You left him in a chair, you say; which chair?"

"By the window there."

"I see. Near this little table. You can come in now. I have finished with the carpet. Let us take the little table first. Of course, what has happened is very clear. The man entered and took the papers, sheet by sheet, from the central table. He carried them over to the window table, because from there he could see if you came across the courtyard, and so could effect an escape."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"WITH HIS NECK CRANED, HE LOOKED INTO THE ROOM."

"As a matter of fact he could not," said Soames, "for I entered by the side door."

"Ah, that's good! Well, anyhow, that was in his mind. Let me see the three strips. No finger impressions—no! Well, he carried over this one first and he copied it. How long would it take him to do that, using every possible contraction? A quarter of an hour, not less. Then he tossed it down and seized the next. He was in the midst of that when your return caused him to make a very hurried retreat—*very* hurried, since he had not time to replace the papers which would tell you that he had been there. You were not aware of any hurrying feet on the stair as you entered the outer door?"

"No, I can't say I was."

"Well, he wrote so furiously that he broke his pencil, and had, as you observe, to sharpen it again. This is of interest, Watson. The pencil was not an ordinary one. It was above the usual size, with a soft lead; the outer colour was dark blue, the maker's name was printed in silver lettering, and the piece remaining is only about an inch and a half long. Look for such a pencil, Mr. Soames, and you have got your man. When I add that he possesses a large and very blunt knife, you have an additional aid."

Mr. Soames was somewhat overwhelmed by this flood of information. "I can follow the other points," said he, "but really in this matter of the length ——"

Holmes held out a small chip with the letters NN and a space of clear wood after them.

"You see?"

"No, I fear that even now——"

"Watson, I have always done you an injustice. There are others. What could this NN be? It is at the end of a word. You are aware that Johann Faber is the most common maker's name. Is it not clear that there is just as much of the pencil left as usually follows the Johann?" He held the small table sideways to the electric light. "I was hoping that if the paper on which he wrote was thin some trace of it might come through upon this polished surface. No, I see nothing. I don't think there is anything more to be learned here. Now for the central table. This small pellet is, I presume, the black, doughy mass you spoke of. Roughly pyramidal in shape and hollowed out, I perceive. As you say, there appear to be grains of sawdust in it. Dear me, this is very interesting. And the cut—a positive tear, I see. It began with a thin scratch and ended in a jagged hole. I am much indebted to you for directing my attention to this case, Mr. Soames. Where does that door lead to?"

"To my bedroom,"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Have you been in it since your adventure?"

"No; I came straight away for you."

"I should like to have a glance round. What a charming, old-fashioned room! Perhaps you will kindly wait a minute until I have examined the floor. No, I see nothing. What about this curtain? You hang your clothes behind it. If anyone were forced to conceal himself in this room he must do it there, since the bed is too low and the wardrobe too shallow. No one there, I suppose?"

As Holmes drew the curtain I was aware, from some little rigidity and alertness of his attitude, that he was prepared for an emergency. As a matter of fact the drawn curtain disclosed nothing but three or four suits of clothes hanging from a line of pegs. Holmes turned away and stooped suddenly to the floor.

"Halloa! What's this?" said he.

It was a small pyramid of black, putty-like stuff, exactly like the one upon the table of the study. Holmes held it out on his open palm in the glare of the electric light.

"Your visitor seems to have left traces in your bedroom as well as in your sitting-room, Mr. Soames."

"What could he have wanted there?"

"I think it is clear enough. You came back by an unexpected way, and so he had no warning until you were at the very door. What could he do? He caught up everything which would betray him and he rushed into your bedroom to conceal himself."

"Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, do you mean to tell me that all the time I was talking to Bannister in this room we had the man prisoner if we had only known it?"

"So I read it."

"Surely there is another alternative, Mr. Holmes. I don't know whether you observed my bedroom window?"

"Lattice-paned, lead framework, three separate windows, one swinging on hinge and large enough to admit a man."

"Exactly. And it looks out on an angle of the courtyard so as to be partly invisible. The man might have effected his entrance there, left traces as he passed through the bedroom, and, finally, finding the door open have escaped that way."

Holmes shook his head impatiently.

"Let us be practical," said he. "I understand you to say that there are three students who use this stair and are in the habit of passing your door?"

"Yes, there are."

"And they are all in for this examination?"

"Yes."

"Have you any reason to suspect any one of them more than the others?"

Soames hesitated.

"It is a very delicate question," said he. "One hardly likes to throw suspicion where there are no proofs."

"Let us hear the suspicions. I will look after the proofs."

"I will tell you, then, in a few words the character of the three men who inhabit these rooms. The lower of the three is Gilchrist, a fine scholar and athlete; plays in the Rugby team and the cricket team for the college, and got his Blue for the hurdles and the long jump. He is a fine, manly fellow. His father was the notorious Sir Jabez Gilchrist, who ruined himself on the turf. My scholar has been left very poor, but he is hard-working and industrious. He will do well.

"The second floor is inhabited by Daulat Ras, the Indian. He is a quiet, inscrutable fellow, as most of those Indians are. He is well up in his work, though his Greek is his weak subject. He is steady and methodical.

"The top floor belongs to Miles McLaren. He is a brilliant fellow when he chooses to work—one of the brightest intellects of the University, but he is wayward, dissipated, and unprincipled. He was nearly expelled over a card scandal in his first year. He has been idling all this term, and he must look forward with dread to the examination."

"Then it is he whom you suspect?"

"I dare not go so far as that. But of the three he is perhaps the least unlikely."

"Exactly. Now, Mr. Soames, let us have a look at your servant, Bannister."

He was a little, white-faced, clean-shaven, grizzly-haired fellow of fifty. He was still suffering from this sudden disturbance of the quiet routine of his life. His plump face was twitching with his nervousness, and his fingers could not keep still.

"We are investigating this unhappy business, Bannister," said his master.

"Yes, sir."

"I understand," said Holmes, "that you left your key in the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it not very extraordinary that you should do this on the very day when there were these papers inside?"

"It was most unfortunate, sir. But I have occasionally done the same thing at other times."

"When did you enter the room?"

"It was about half-past four. That is Mr. Soames's tea time."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"How long did you stay?"

"When I saw that he was absent I withdrew at once."

"Did you look at these papers on the table?"

"No, sir; certainly not."



"HOW CAME YOU TO LEAVE THE KEY IN THE DOOR?"

"How came you to leave the key in the door?"

"I had the tea-tray in my hand. I thought I would come back for the key. Then I forgot."

"Has the outer door a spring lock?"

"No, sir."

"Then it was open all the time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anyone in the room could get out?"

"Yes, sir."

"When Mr. Soames returned and called for you, you were very much disturbed?"

"Yes, sir. Such a thing has never happened during the many years that I have been here. I nearly fainted, sir."

"So I understand. Where were you when you began to feel bad?"

"Where was I, sir? Why, here, near the door."

"That is singular, because you sat down in that chair over yonder near the corner. Why did you pass these other chairs?"

"I don't know, sir. It didn't matter to me where I sat."

"I really don't think he knew much about it, Mr. Holmes. He was looking very bad—quite ghastly."

"You stayed here when your master left?"

"Only for a minute or so. Then I locked the door and went to my room."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Oh, I would not venture to say, sir. I don't believe there is any gentleman in this University who is capable of profiting by such an action. No, sir, I'll not believe it."

"Thank you; that will do," said Holmes. "Oh, one more word. You have not mentioned to any of the three gentlemen whom you attend that anything is amiss?"

"No, sir; not a word."

"You haven't seen any of them?"

"No, sir."

"Very good. Now, Mr. Soames, we will take a walk in the quadrangle, if you please."

Three yellow squares of light shone above us in the gathering gloom.

"Your three birds are all in their nests," said Holmes, looking up. "Halloa! What's that? One of them seems restless enough."

It was the Indian, whose dark silhouette appeared suddenly upon his blind. He was pacing swiftly up and down his room.

"I should like to have a peep at each of them," said Holmes. "Is it possible?"

"No difficulty in the world," Soames answered. "This set of rooms is quite the oldest in the college, and it is not unusual for

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

visitors to go over them. Come along, and I will personally conduct you."

"No names, please!" said Holmes, as we knocked at Gilchrist's door. A tall, flaxen-haired, slim young fellow opened it, and made us welcome when he understood our errand. There were some really curious pieces of mediæval domestic architecture within. Holmes was so charmed with one of them that he insisted on drawing it on his note-book, broke his pencil, had to borrow one from our host, and finally borrowed a knife to sharpen his own. The same curious accident happened to him in the rooms of the Indian—a silent, little, hook-nosed fellow, who eyed us askance and was obviously glad when Holmes's architectural studies had come to an end. I could not see that in either case Holmes had come upon the clue for which he was searching. Only at the third did our visit prove abortive. The outer door would not open to our knock, and nothing more substantial than a torrent of bad language came from behind it.



"HE INSISTED ON DRAWING IT IN HIS NOTE-BOOK."

"I don't care who you are. You can go to blazes!" roared the angry voice. "To-morrow's the exam., and I won't be drawn by anyone."

"A rude fellow," said our guide, flushing with anger as we withdrew down the stair. "Of course, he did not realize that it was I who was knocking, but none the less his conduct was very uncourteous, and, indeed, under the circumstances rather suspicious."

Holmes's response was a curious one.

"Can you tell me his exact height?" he asked.

"Really, Mr. Holmes, I cannot undertake to say. He is taller than the Indian, not so tall as Gilchrist. I suppose five foot six would be about it."

"That is very important," said Holmes. "And now, Mr. Soames, I wish you good-night."

Our guide cried aloud in his astonishment and dismay. "Good gracious, Mr. Holmes, you are surely not going to leave me in this abrupt fashion! You don't seem to realize the position. To-morrow is the examination. I must take some definite action to-night. I cannot allow the examination to be held if one of the papers has been tampered with. The situation must be faced."

"You must leave it as it is. I shall drop round early to-morrow morning and chat the matter over. It is possible that I may be in a position then to indicate some course of action. Meanwhile you change nothing—nothing at all."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Very good, Mr. Holmes."

"You can be perfectly easy in your mind. We shall certainly find some way out of your difficulties. I will take the black clay with me, also the pencil cuttings. Good-bye."

When we were out in the darkness of the quadrangle we again looked up at the windows. The Indian still paced his room. The others were invisible.

"Well, Watson, what do you think of it?" Holmes asked, as we came out into the main street. "Quite a little parlour game—sort of three-card trick, is it not? There are your three men. It must be one of them. You take your choice. Which is yours?"

"The foul-mouthed fellow at the top. He is the one with the worst record. And yet that Indian was a sly fellow also. Why should he be pacing his room all the time?"

"There is nothing in that. Many men do it when they are trying to learn anything by heart."

"He looked at us in a queer way."

"So would you if a flock of strangers came in on you when you were preparing for an examination next day, and every moment was of value. No, I see nothing in that. Pencils, too, and knives—all was satisfactory. But that fellow *does* puzzle me."

"Who?"

"Why, Bannister, the servant. What's his game in the matter?"

"He impressed me as being a perfectly honest man"

"So he did me. That's the puzzling part. Why should a perfectly honest man—well, well, here's a large stationer's. We shall begin our researches here."

There were only four stationers of any consequence in the town, and at each Holmes produced his pencil chips and bid high for a duplicate. All were agreed that one could be ordered, but that it was not a usual size of pencil and that it was seldom kept in stock. My friend did not appear to be depressed by his failure, but shrugged his shoulders in half-humorous resignation.

"No good, my dear Watson. This, the best and only final clue, has run to nothing. But, indeed, I have little doubt that we can build up a sufficient case without it. By Jove! my dear fellow, it is nearly nine, and the landlady babbled of green peas at seven-thirty. What with your eternal tobacco, Watson, and your irregularity at meals, I expect that you will get notice to quit and that I shall share your downfall—not, however, before we have solved the problem of the nervous tutor, the careless servant, and the three enterprising students."

Holmes made no further allusion to the matter that day, though he sat lost in thought for a long time after our belated dinner. At eight in the morning he came into my room just as I finished my toilet.

"Well, Watson," said he, "it is time we went down to St. Luke's. Can you do without breakfast?"

"Certainly."

"Soames will be in a dreadful fidget until we are able to tell him something positive."

"Have you anything positive to tell him?"

"I think so."

"You have formed a conclusion?"

"Yes, my dear Watson; I have solved the mystery."

"But what fresh evidence could you have got?"

"Aha! It is not for nothing that I have turned myself out of bed at the untimely hour of six. I have put in two hours' hard work and covered at least five miles, with something to show for it. Look at that!"

He held out his hand. On the palm were three little pyramids of black, doughy clay.

"Why, Holmes, you had only two yesterday!"

"And one more this morning. It is a fair argument that wherever No. 3 came from is also the source of Nos. 1 and 2. Eh, Watson? Well, come along and put friend Soames out of his pain."

The unfortunate tutor was certainly in a state of pitiable agitation when we found him in his chambers. In a few hours the examinations would commence, and he was still in the dilemma between making the facts public and allowing the culprit to compete for the valuable scholarship. He could hardly stand still, so great was his mental agitation, and he ran towards Holmes with two eager hands outstretched.

"Thank Heaven that you have come! I feared that you had given it up in despair. What am I to do? Shall the examination proceed?"

"Yes; let it proceed by all means."

"But this rascal——?"

"He shall not compete."

"You know him?"

"I think so. If this matter is not to become public we must give ourselves certain powers, and resolve ourselves into a small private court-martial. You there, if you please, Soames! Watson, you here! I'll

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

take the arm chair in the middle. I think that we are now sufficiently imposing to strike terror into a guilty breast. Kindly ring the bell!"

Bannister entered, and shrunk back in evident surprise and fear at our judicial appearance.

"You will kindly close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Bannister, will you please tell us the truth about yesterday's incident?"

The man turned white to the roots of his hair.

"I have told you everything, sir."

"Nothing to add?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Well, then, I must make some suggestions to you. When you sat down on that chair yesterday, did you do so in order to conceal some object which would have shown who had been in the room?"

Bannister's face was ghastly.

"No, sir; certainly not."

"It is only a suggestion," said Holmes, suavely. "I frankly admit that I am unable to prove it. But it seems probable enough, since the moment that Mr. Soames's back was turned you released the man who was hiding in that bedroom."

Bannister licked his dry lips.

"There was no man, sir."

"Ah, that's a pity, Bannister. Up to now you may have spoken the truth, but now I know that you have lied."

The man's face set in sullen defiance.

"There was no man, sir."

"Come, come, Bannister!"

"No, sir; there was no one."

"In that case you can give us no further information. Would you please remain in the room? Stand over there near the bedroom door. Now, Soames, I am going to ask you to have the great kindness to go up to the room of young Gilchrist, and to ask him to step down into yours."

An instant later the tutor returned, bringing with him the student. He was a fine figure of a man, tall, lithe, and agile, with a springy step and a pleasant, open face. His troubled blue eyes glanced at each of us, and finally rested with an expression of blank dismay upon Bannister in the farther corner.

"Just close the door," said Holmes. "Now, Mr. Gilchrist, we are all quite alone here, and no one need ever know one word of what passes between us. We can be perfectly frank with each other. We want to know, Mr. Gilchrist, how you, an honourable man, ever came to commit such an action as that of yesterday?"

The unfortunate young man staggered back and cast a look full of horror and reproach at Bannister.

"No, no, Mr. Gilchrist, sir; I never said a word—never one word!" cried the servant.

"No, but you have now," said Holmes. "Now, sir, you must see that after Bannister's words your position is hopeless, and that your only chance lies in a frank confession."



"AN INSTANT LATER THE TUTOR RETURNED, BRINGING WITH HIM THE STUDENT."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

For a moment Gilchrist, with upraised hand, tried to control his writhing features. The next he had thrown himself on his knees beside the table and, burying his face in his hands, he had burst into a storm of passionate sobbing.

"Come, come," said Holmes, kindly; "it is human to err, and at least no one can accuse you of being a callous criminal. Perhaps it would be easier for you if I were to tell Mr. Soames what occurred, and you can check me where I am wrong. Shall I do so? Well, well, don't trouble to answer. Listen, and see that I do you no injustice.

"From the moment, Mr. Soames, that you said to me that no one, not even Bannister, could have told that the papers were in your room, the case began to take a definite shape in my mind. The printer one could, of course, dismiss. He could examine the papers in his own office. The Indian I also thought nothing of. If the proofs were in roll he could not possibly know what they were. On the other hand, it seemed an unthinkable coincidence that a man should dare to enter the room, and that by chance on that very day the papers were on the table. I dismissed that. The man who entered knew that the papers were there. How did he know?

"When I approached your room I examined the window. You amused me by supposing that I was contemplating the possibility of someone having in broad daylight, under the eyes of all these opposite rooms, forced himself through it. Such an idea was absurd. I was measuring how tall a man would need to be in order to see as he passed what papers were on the central table. I am six feet high, and I could do it with an effort. No one less than that would have a chance. Already you see I had reason to think that if one of your three students was a man of unusual height he was the most worth watching of the three.

"I entered and I took you into my confidence as to the suggestions of the side table. Of the centre table I could make nothing, until in your description of Gilchrist you mentioned that he was a long-distance jumper. Then the whole thing came to me in an instant, and I only needed certain corroborative proofs, which I speedily obtained.

"What happened was this. This young fellow had employed his afternoon at the athletic grounds, where he had been practising the jump. He returned carrying his jumping shoes, which are provided, as you are aware, with several sharp spikes. As he passed your window he saw, by means of his great height, these proofs upon your table, and conjectured what they were. No harm would have been done had it not been that as he passed your door he perceived the key which had been left by the carelessness of your servant. A sudden impulse came over him to enter and see if they were indeed the proofs. It was not a dangerous exploit, for he could always pretend that he had simply looked in to ask a question.

"Well, when he saw that they were indeed the proofs, it was then that he yielded to temptation. He put his shoes on the table. What was it you put on that chair near the window?"

"Gloves," said the young man.

Holmes looked triumphantly at Bannister. "He put his gloves on the chair, and he took the proofs, sheet by sheet, to copy them. He thought the tutor must return by the main gate, and that he would see him. As we know, he came back by the side gate. Suddenly he heard him at the very door. There was no possible escape. He forgot his gloves, but he caught up his shoes and darted into the bedroom. You observe that the scratch on that table is slight at one side, but deepens in the direction of the bedroom door. That in itself is enough to show us that the shoe had been drawn in that direction and that the culprit had taken refuge there. The earth round the spike had been left on the table, and a second sample was loosened and fell in the bedroom. I may add that I walked out to the athletic grounds this morning, saw that tenacious black clay is used in the jumping-pit, and carried away a specimen of it, together with some of the fine tan or sawdust which is strewn over it to prevent the athlete from slipping. Have I told the truth, Mr. Gilchrist?"

The student had drawn himself erect.

"Yes, sir, it is true," said he.

"Good heavens, have you nothing to add?" cried Soames.

"Yes, sir, I have, but the shock of this disgraceful exposure has bewildered me. I have a letter here, Mr. Soames, which I wrote to you early this morning in the middle of a restless night. It was before I knew that my sin had found me out. Here it is, sir. You will see that I have said, 'I have determined not to go in for the examination. I have been offered a commission in the Rhodesian Police,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HERE IT IS, SIR."

and I am going out to South Africa at once."'

"I am indeed pleased to hear that you did not intend to profit by your unfair advantage," said Soames. "But why did you change your purpose?"

Gilchrist pointed to Bannister.

"There is the man who set me in the right path," said he.

"Come now, Bannister," said Holmes. "It will be clear to you from what I have said that only you could have let this young man out, since you were left in the room, and must have locked the door when you went out. As to his escaping by that window, it was incredible. Can you not clear up the last point in this mystery, and tell us the reasons for your action?"

"It was simple enough, sir, if you only had known; but with all your cleverness it was impossible that you could know. Time was, sir, when I was butler to old Sir Jabez Gilchrist, this young gentleman's father. When he was ruined I came to the college as servant, but I never forgot my old employer because he was down in the world. I watched his son all I could for the sake of the old days. Well, sir, when I came into this room yesterday when the alarm was given, the very first thing I saw was Mr. Gilchrist's tan gloves a-lying in that chair. I knew those gloves well, and I understood their message. If Mr. Soames saw them the game was up. I flopped down into that chair, and nothing would budge me until Mr. Soames he went for you. Then out came my poor young master, whom I had dandled on my knee, and confessed it all to me. Wasn't it natural, sir, that I should save him, and wasn't it natural also that I should try to speak to him as his dead father would have done, and make him understand that he could not profit by such a deed? Could you blame me, sir?"

"No, indeed," said Holmes, heartily, springing to his feet. "Well, Soames, I think we have cleared your little problem up, and our breakfast awaits us at home. Come, Watson! As to you, sir, I trust that a bright future awaits you in Rhodesia. For once you have fallen low. Let us see in the future how high you can rise."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Memoirs of Sarah Bernhardt.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

CHAPTER III.—AT THE CONSERVATOIRE.

I WAS to take part in the final competitive examination. Mr. Samson had every confidence and counted on me, but he had selected two very unsuitable scenes for me: Hortense in "L'École des Vieillards," by Casimir Delavigne, for comedy, and "La Fille du Cid," also by Casimir Delavigne, for tragedy. I did not feel at my ease in these two *rôles*, both of which were written in hard, emphatic language. And then, too, I was such a fright, for mamma had insisted on my having her hairdresser to do my hair, and I had cried and sobbed as I watched this Figaro making partings all over my head in his attempts to separate my rebellious mane. It was he, the idiot, who had suggested the idea to my mother. He had had my head in his stupid hands for more than an hour and a half. It had never fallen to his lot to comb out such a shock of hair, and he kept mopping his forehead every five minutes, and muttering: "Good heavens, what hair! Regular tow! It's like negro's wool—horrible!"

Then, turning to my mother, he said: "Mademoiselle should have her head shaved, and then her hair could be trained while growing again."

"I'll think it over," answered my mother, in an absent-minded way. I turned round towards her so brusquely that my forehead was burnt by the curling-tongs that the man was holding. These tongs were intended to uncurl my hair, as he considered that my curls were too unruly, and he wanted to make them wave instead, as that would look more dignified and be more becoming to my face.



"HE KEPT MUTTERING, 'GOOD HEAVENS, WHAT HAIR!'"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"ALL MY YOUNG FRIENDS PROCEEDED TO PULL THE HAIR-PINS OUT OF MY HAIR."

"Mademoiselle's hair has been stopped in its growth by this unruly curliness; all the girls in Tangiers and all the negresses have hair like this; and as mademoiselle is going on to the stage she would look much better if her hair were like madame's."

He bowed respectfully as he said this and looked admiringly at my mother, who certainly had the most beautiful hair in the world. It was fair, and so long that she could stand upright, bend her head, and then tread on the ends of her hair. Mamma was not tall; she was only about four feet and a few inches.

Well, finally I was free from this wretched man, and was tired to death after an hour and a half of combing and brushing, curling and hair-pinning, having my head turned from right to left and from left to right. I was perfectly disfigured at the end of it all, and did not recognise myself in the glass. My hair was drawn back from my temples, and my ears stood out very prominently, looking quite bold in their bareness, whilst on the top of my head was a packet of small sausages arranged by the side of each other to imitate the ancient diadem. I looked perfectly hideous. My forehead, which I always saw more or less covered with a golden fluff of hair, appeared to me immense. I did not even recognise my eyes, so accustomed was I to see them shaded by my hair. My head weighed at least two pounds. I always used a couple of hair-pins for fastening up my hair, just as I do at present, and this man had put five or six packets in, and all this was terribly heavy for my poor head. I was already late, and so had to dress quickly. I cried with rage, so that my eyes looked smaller than usual, my nose larger, and my veins were all swollen. The climax was when I tried to put my hat on. It would not stay on the pile of sausages.

"Haven't you a lace fichu?" my mother asked.

Mme. Guérard climbed up to her room and came back with a humble piece of black lace, which I wrapped round my poor sore head.

As soon as we arrived at the Conservatoire I rushed with "*mon petit dame*" (Mme. Guérard) to the waiting-room, and mamma went into the theatre. I immediately tore the lace off my hair and, crouching down on a form, I told the story of my hairdressing Odyssey in a few words to my friends, and showed them my head. They all loved my soft, light golden hair, and envied it. They were all sorry for me in my misery, and all of them were touched by my ugliness. Only the mothers were delighted, and they were simply brimming over with joy, fat as they were.

All my young friends proceeded to pull the hair-pins out of my hair, and Marie Lloyd, a charming creature with whom I was more friendly than with any of the others, took my face in her hands and kissed it fondly.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] THE CONSERVATOIRE. *[C. Robert, Paris.*

"Oh, your beautiful hair!" she said; "what have they done to it?" as she pulled out the last of the hair-pins. This affection made me bust into tears again. Finally, I stood up in triumph without the hair-pins and without the sausages. My poor hair was heavy, however, with the pomade that the wretched man had put on, and it was all divided with partings which had been made for the formation of the sausages. It fell now in mournful-looking, greasy flakes around my face. I shook my head hard for about five minutes in a wild rage. This separated it a little, and I managed to put it up somehow with two hair-pins. The audition had commenced, and I was to appear the tenth on the programme. I had no idea by this time of my *rôle*. Mme. Guérard bathed my temples with cold water, and Mlle. de Brabender, who had just arrived, did not recognise me, and looked everywhere for me. She had broken her leg, poor thing, nearly three months before, and had to hobble about with a crutch-stick, but she had resolved to come, nevertheless. Mme. Guérard was just telling her the tragedy of the hair when my name was called out: "Mademoiselle 'Chara' Bernhardt!" It was Léautaud, who later on became prompter at the Comédie Française, and he had the accent peculiar to natives of Auvergne.

"Mademoiselle *Chara* Bernhardt!"

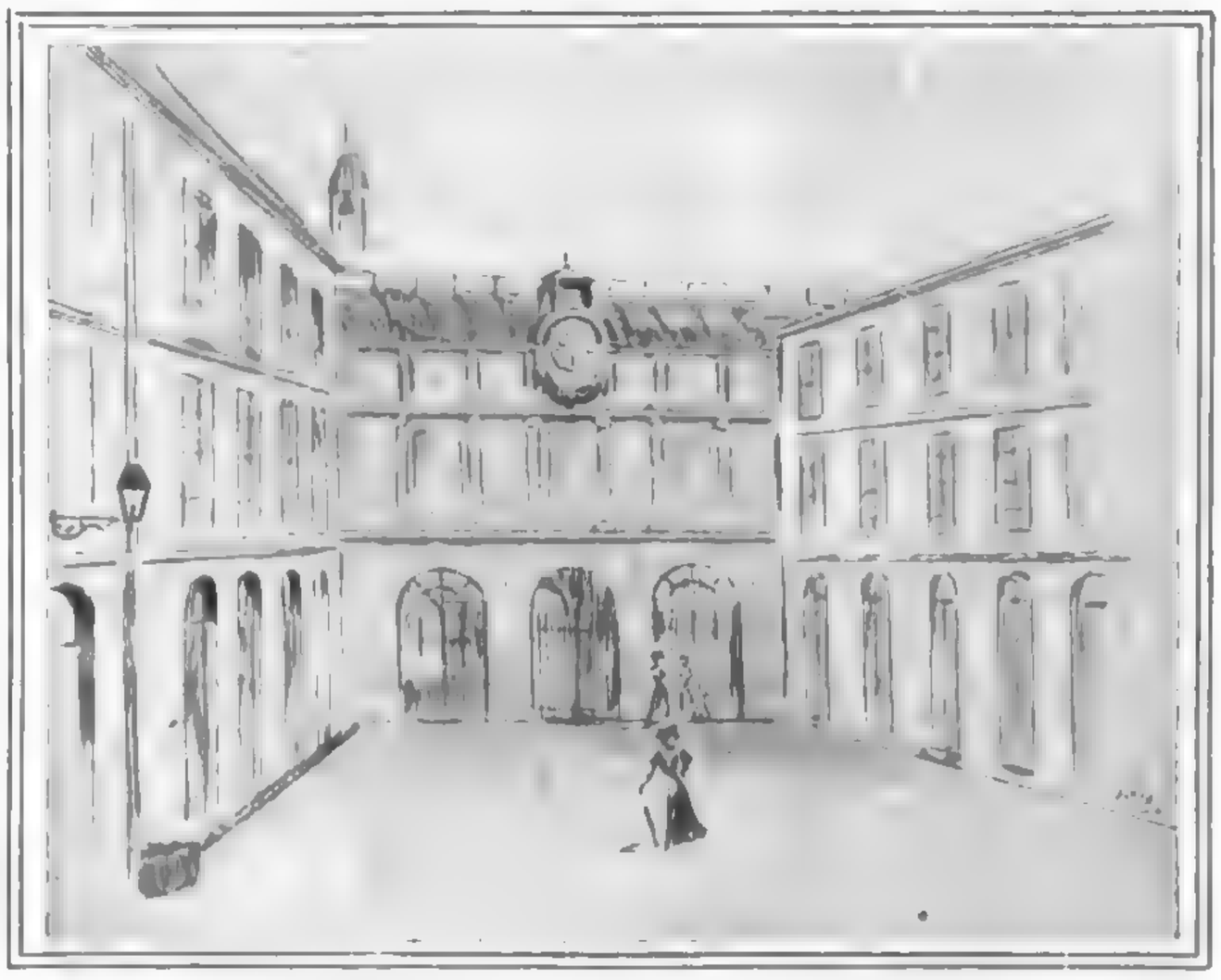
I sprang up without thinking of anything and without uttering a word. I looked for my partner who was to give me the "cues," and went on to the stage with him. The sound of my own voice surprised me; I did not recognise it. I had cried so much that it was as though I had a cold in my head, and I spoke through my nose. I heard a woman say: "Poor child, they ought not to have let her compete; she has an atrocious cold, her nose is running, and her face is quite swollen."

I finished my scene, bowed, and came off the stage in the midst of weak, unenthusiastic applause. I walked away like a somnambulist and fell fainting into the arms of Mme. Guérard and Mlle. de Brabender. A doctor who was in the theatre was fetched, and the rumour soon spread that "the little Bernhardt girl" had fainted—the little Bernhardt girl had fallen down quite unconscious. My mother, who was seated at the back of one of the boxes, and who was bored to death, soon heard the report, and when I came to myself my eyes opened on her beautiful face. A tear was hanging on her long lashes, and I laid my head against hers and cried silently; but this time my tears were sweet—there was no salt in them, and they did not burn my eyelids. I stood up and stroked the creases out of my dress, looked at myself in the greenish glass; I was not such a fright, I looked more rested, my hair was soft and fluffy again, and I was certainly better than I had been a short time before.

The competitive examination was over for the tragedy prizes and the awards were made. I did not receive anything at all. Mention was made of the second prize I had obtained the previous year, but nothing more. This did not cause me any grief, as I quite expected it. There was neither a first nor second prize. A few people had protested in favour of me. A member of the jury, M. Camille Doucet, had argued, it appeared, a long time; he wanted them to give me a

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

first prize in spite of my failure, because, he said, they ought above all things to take into consideration the results of my examinations, which were admirable, and my class reports, which were the best. Nothing could make up for the bad effect which my nasal voice, my swollen face, and my heavy locks of hair had just produced. After half an hour's interval, during which they had made me drink some port wine and eat some cakes, the comedy competition was announced. I was fourteenth on the list, so that I had some time to recover before my turn came. Then, too, my fighting instinct was beginning to make itself felt. Injustice made me rebellious. I had not deserved the prize on this particular day, but all the same I felt that it ought to have been awarded to me. I therefore determined to have the first prize for comedy, and with the exaggeration I have always put into everything I began to get excited. I said to myself that if I did not get the first prize I must give up the stage. My fond mystical love for the convent took possession of me more strongly than ever. I decided that I would enter the convent if I did not get the first prize. In my simple girlish mind the wildest and most illogical strife was waging that can possibly be imagined. I felt that I had the most perfect vocation for the convent in my distress about the prize I had missed, and every vocation for the theatre in the hope of the prize that was to be won. I recognised in myself, with a partiality that was very natural, a gift for every kind of abnegation and renunciation, and all the devotion possible which should land me tranquilly upon the arm-chair of my Mother Superior of the Grand Champ Convent, and with the most indulgent liberality I adjudged myself all the gifts necessary for the realization of my other dream—namely, to become the first actress, the most celebrated, the most envied; and I told off on my fingers all my qualities—grace, charm, distinction, beauty, mystery, and piquancy. Oh! everything, everything; I discovered that I had everything, and when my reason, or my honesty, began to raise a doubt or to hesitate about the fabulous nomenclature of my qualities, my ego, combative and paradoxical, found a clear, decisive, and unanswerable reply.



THE COURTYARD OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.



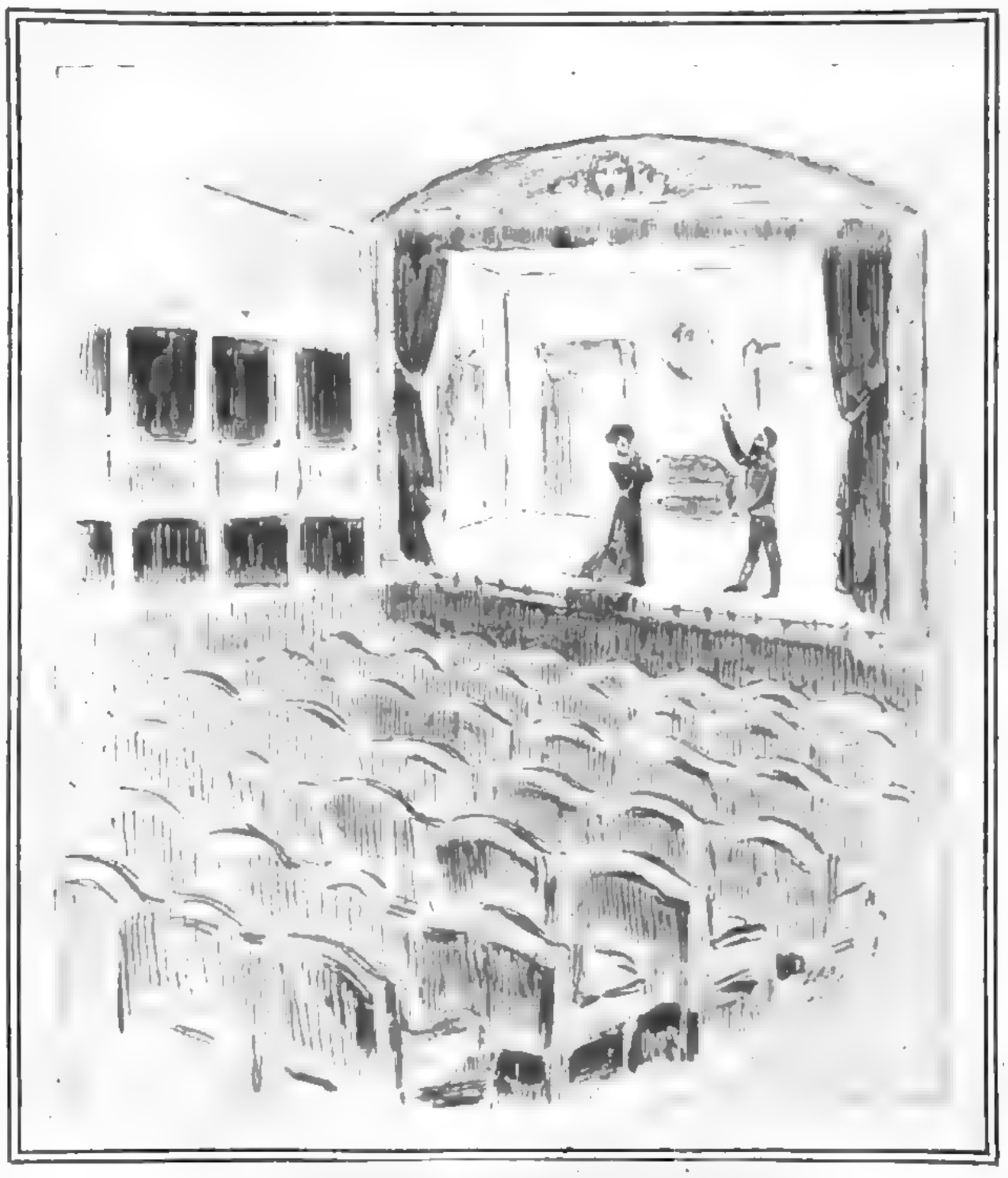
THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

It was in this particular phase, in this state of mind, that I arrived on the stage when my turn came. The choice of my *rôle* was absurd—a married woman very much inclined to argue, and I was a mere child who looked

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

much younger than my years. I was, nevertheless, most brilliant in my part, very argumentative, and quite old enough, and I had the most astounding success. I was quite transfigured and wild with joy, for I felt I should obtain the first prize. Oh! I never doubted but that it would be awarded to me unanimously. When the audition was over there was a short recess, during which the committee discussed privately the award of the prize. I asked what I could have to eat. A cutlet was sent for from the pastrycook who supplied the Conservatoire, and I devoured it, to the great joy of Mme. Guérard and Mlle. de Brabender. I detested meat as a rule and I always refused to eat any, to the great despair of my mother.

Finally, the members of the committee returned to their places in the large box. There was silence in the house and on the stage. The names of the young men were mentioned first. There was no first prize for them. Then the name of Parfouru was called out for a second prize for comedy. Parfouru is to-day M. Paul Porel, the Director of the Vaudeville Theatre, and Réjane's husband.



THE THEATRE OF THE CONSERVATOIRE.

Then came the girls' turn. I was standing in the doorway quite ready to rush on to the stage. Presently, in the silence, the momentous words were heard, "First prize for comedy!"

I made a step forward, pushing aside a tall girl, a head above me.

"First prize for comedy, unanimously voted: Mlle. Marie Lloyd." And the tall girl I had pushed went forward, looking graceful and radiant as she arrived on the stage. There were a few protestations, but her beauty, her distinction, and her beautiful charm won the day with everyone, so that Marie Lloyd was heartily applauded. As she passed near me she kissed me affectionately. We were great friends, and I liked her very much, but I had always considered her a nullity as a pupil. I do not know whether she had received any prize the year before, but no one expected her to have the prize. I was simply petrified with amazement.

"Second prize for comedy: Mlle. Bernhardt." I had not heard, but I was pushed on to the stage, and whilst I was bowing I could see hundreds of Marie Lloyds dancing about in front of me; some of them made grimaces at me, others threw me kisses; some of them were fanning themselves, others were bowing; they were all very tall, all these Marie Lloyds; they were higher than the ceiling; they walked over people's heads and they came to me, seizing me, stifling me, and crushing my heart. My face, it appears, was whiter than my dress. On returning to the green-room I sat down on a bench without uttering a word and looked at Marie Lloyd, whom everyone was complimenting. Her dress was of pale blue tarlatan, with a bunch of forget-me-nots in the bodice, and she wore a spray, too, in her hair. She was tall, very tall, with slender, white shoulders emerging modestly from her dress, which was cut very low. Her refined-looking face was a trifle haughty in expression and very beautiful; although she was very young she had more of a woman's fascination than any of us. She

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

had large brown eyes with dilating pupils ; her small, round mouth gave a sly little smile at the corners, and her wonderfully-shaped nose had quivering nostrils, whilst the oval of her face was interrupted at the root of the hair by two little pearly, transparent ears of perfect shape. She had a long white, flexible neck, which supported her charming little head. It was a beauty prize which had been awarded to Marie Lloyd, and the jury were quite in the right. She had appeared on the stage gay and charming in her *rôle* of Célimène, and, in spite of the monotony of her recitation, the weakness of her diction, the impersonality of her acting, she had carried off the votes because she was the very personification of Célimène, that coquette of twenty years of age who was so unconsciously cruel. She had realized for everyone the very ideal of Molière's creation. All these thoughts fixed themselves later on in my brain, and this first lesson, painful though it was, served me in good stead throughout my career.



MLLE. MARIE LLOYD, SARAH BERNHARDT'S CHIEF RIVAL AT THE CONSERVATOIRE.

I have never forgotten Marie Lloyd's prize, and every time that I have had a *rôle* to create I have first endeavoured to evoke the outward form of the personage. I then dress it from head to foot ; I make it walk, bow, sit down, and stand up ; I try to find out its own particular grace, its chief defect, its habits, its pet fad. In short, I make a point of trying to present to the public the personage in flesh and blood, just as history presents it to us if it be any historical character, and such as the novelist describes it if an invented personage. I have sometimes endeavoured to force the public to return to the truth and so do away with the legendary side of certain personages, which our present-day history, with all its documents, represents just as they were in reality. The public, however, would not second me, and I soon realized that legend must remain victorious in spite of history ; and perhaps it is an advantage for the mind of the people that such characters as Joan of Arc, Shakespeare, the Virgin Mary, Mahomet, and Napoleon I. have entered into legend.

We cast aside all the failings of humanity and leave them clothed in the ideal seated on a throne of love. We will not allow Joan of Arc to have been the rough, lively peasant girl who would push the hardy soldier violently away when he wanted to joke with her, the girl who would stride the big Percheron horse like a man, laugh readily at the coarse jests of the soldiers, submit to the free intercourse of that more or less barbarous epoch, and thereby have had all the more merit in remaining "the heroic Virgin." We will have none of this, however ; such unprofitable truth does not appeal to us. In our legend she will ever remain as a frail creature led on by Divine inspiration ; her girlish arm which holds the heavy standard is supported by an invisible angel. There is a far-away look from the other world in her child-like eyes, and it was from this that all those warriors drew fresh strength and courage. It is such as this that we wish her to have been, and so the legend triumphs over all.

But to return to the Conservatoire. Nearly all the pupils had left, and I remained seated on the bench, silent and embarrassed. Marie Lloyd came and sat down beside me,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Are you vexed?" she asked.

"Yes; I wanted the first prize, and you've taken it. It isn't fair."

"I don't know whether it was fair or not," replied Marie Lloyd, "but I'm certain it wasn't my fault."

I could not help laughing, and she continued:—

"Shall I come home with you to luncheon?"

She was an orphan, and her life was not a happy one. There was a pleading expression in her beautiful eyes, which were dim for a moment with tears. She wanted to be among friends on this day of triumph. My heart melted at once with infinite pity and affection, and I threw my arms round her neck.

Mamma had sent word that she had gone on home, so we four all set off together—Marie Lloyd, Mme. Guérard, Mlle. de Brabender, and I. When once we were in the carriage my "don't care" spirit had returned, and we chattered about everyone.

"Oh, my dear, wasn't So-and-so ridiculous? And her mother, too—did you see that hat of hers?" "Yes, and D'Estebenet's father; what white gloves he had; he must have stolen them from some gendarme!" And thereupon we laughed as though we had taken leave of our senses. "And poor Châtelin, did you see his head?" said Marie. "He'd had his hair curled for the occasion!" I did not laugh at this, for it brought back to my mind the fact that I had had *my* hair uncurled, and it was thanks to that I had lost the first prize for tragedy.

On reaching home we found that my aunt, my godfather, the old family friend, M. Lesprin, and Mme. Guérard's husband had arrived. My sister Jeanne was there with her hair all curled, and this gave me a pang, for her hair was naturally quite straight, and, although she was very pretty like that, they had curled her hair to make her look better still, whilst they had uncurled mine to make me look uglier.

Mamma spoke to Marie Lloyd in that charming but indifferent way which was peculiar to her. My godfather made a great fuss of her, for, stupid bourgeois that he was, success was everything in his eyes. He had seen my friend a hundred times before without being struck by her beauty or touched by her poverty, but he now declared that he had prophesied a long time ago Marie Lloyd's success.

He then came across to me and, putting his two hands on my shoulders, held me facing him.

"Well, you made a failure of it," he said; "so what's the use of insisting on going on the stage? You are so thin, my child, and your face, which is pretty enough when near, does not look at all pretty far off; and then, too, your voice does not carry."

"Yes, my dear," put in M. Lesprin, "your godfather is quite right. You'd better marry the miller who wanted you, or that imbecile Spanish tanner. He's brainless enough, but he certainly lost his head on your account. You'll never do anything on the stage, so you'd better get married."

M. Guérard came and shook hands with me; he was about sixty years old, and Mme. Guérard was not thirty. He was sad, gentle, and timid, and wore a long, threadbare frock-coat with the Legion of Honour decoration in his button-hole. He had very aristocratic manners, and was private secretary to M. de la Tour Desmoulins, a very prominent member of Parliament at the time, and it was M. Guérard who wrote all the speeches for which the orator was so famed. I owe a great deal to M. Guérard's kindness, and he was a perfect well of science and information. Jeanne whispered to me: "Sister's godfather" (she always spoke of my godfather in that way) "said when he came in that you looked dreadfully ugly." I gave her a little push, and we all took our seats at table. All through luncheon I was thinking about the convent, and my old longing to go back there came over me again. I ate very little, and was so overcome with fatigue that I was obliged to go to bed as soon as I left the table. When once I was alone in my own room, lying down between the sheets, my limbs aching, my head heavy, and my poor little heart bursting with the grief I had kept back, I tried to think over my wretched situation, but sleep, the great restorer, came to the rescue, and I was soon unconscious of all my woes.

When I awoke I tried to collect my ideas, and wondered what time it could be. I looked at my watch and found it was ten o'clock. I had been asleep ever since three in the afternoon. I listened for a few minutes, but everything was quiet in the house. On the table near my bed was a tray with a cup of chocolate and a small cake. An unfolded sheet of letter-paper was placed just by my cup. I took it up with trembling fingers, for I never received any letters, and I tried to make out the writing by my night-light.

I succeeded, not without difficulty, and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

read the following lines, written by "*mon petit dame*," Mme. Guérard :—

"While you were asleep the Duc de Morny sent a letter to your mother saying that Camille Doucet has just assured him that your engagement at the Comédie Française is a settled thing. So don't worry about anything, my dear child, but have faith in the future.—Your '*petit dame*.'"

I pinched myself to make sure that I was awake. I then ran across to the window and looked out. The sky was dark. It was dark for everyone else, but to me it seemed bright. The stars were shining, and I looked for my own special one, and decided on the biggest and brightest one of all. I went back to my bed and amused myself with keeping my feet together and jumping on to it. Each time I missed I laughed like a lunatic. I then swallowed my chocolate and nearly choked myself with the cake. I made a long speech to the Virgin at the head of my bed. I adored the Virgin, and I explained to her the reasons which prevented my taking the veil in spite of my vocation. I tried to win her over and to convince her, and I then kissed her foot very gently—her foot which was crushing the serpent. Then in the darkness I tried to find mamma's portrait ; I could scarcely see it, but I threw kisses to it ; and then, with the letter from my "*petit dame*" clasped in my hand, I lay down and soon fell asleep again, but I have no idea what my dreams were.

The following day everyone was very kind to me. My godfather kept shaking his head in a contented way.



"I MADE A LONG SPEECH TO THE VIRGIN AT THE HEAD OF MY BED."

"You must take her out and let her have some fresh air," he said to mamma. "I'll treat you to a landau."

The drive was perfectly delightful, as I could dream to my heart's content, for mamma detested talking when we were out driving.

Two days later our old servant Marguerite, breathless with excitement, brought me a letter. On the corner of the envelope was a big stamp, around which the words "Comédie Française" stood out distinctly.

I glanced at my mother, and she nodded her permission for me to open the letter, after scolding Marguerite for handing it to me first.

"It's for to-morrow, mamma—to-morrow.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I am to go to the Comédie to-morrow. Oh, read it—read it!" I exclaimed. My sister came running in, and, seizing her hands, I proceeded to dance round with her, singing all the time, "To-morrow, to-morrow—it's for to-morrow!"

My sister was eight years old, but that day I was not more than six. I ran upstairs to tell Mme. Guérard, whom I found soaping her children's white frocks and pinafores. She took my face in her hands and kissed me affectionately, leaving a patch of snowy soap-suds on each side of my head. I rushed downstairs again and went into the drawing-room. My godfather, M. Lesprin, my aunt, and mamma were just beginning a game of whist. I rushed round and kissed them all, laughing as I left them each a patch of soap-suds on their faces. I was allowed to do anything that day, for I was from henceforth a "personnage."



M. CONSTANT COQUELIN AS HE APPEARED AT THE DATE OF THIS CHAPTER. [*Photo.*
From a]

The following day, Tuesday, I was to go to the Théâtre Français to see M. Thierry, who was then Director of the Comédie. The next great question was what I was to wear. Mamma went to the milliner's, and she at once arrived with several hats. I chose a white one trimmed with pale blue and white, and with pale blue strings.

My Aunt Rosine had sent me one of her dresses, as my mother thought mine were all too schoolgirlish. Oh, that dress! I shall remember it as long as I live. It was hideous, cabbage-green in colour, with black velvet put on in Grecian pattern. I looked like a monkey in that dress, but I was obliged to wear it. Fortunately it was covered by a mantle, presented to me by my godfather, a very pretty mantle of black *gros-grain* with white stitchings all round. Mlle. de Brabender gave me a pair of white gloves, and Mme. Guérard a sunshade.

The following day, dressed up in this style, pretty in my white hat and awkward in my green dress, but consoled by my "grown-up" mantle, I set out with Mme. Guérard to call on M. Thierry.

My aunt had sent her carriage for me, thinking it would look better, but I heard afterwards that this arrival in my private carriage with a footman made an unfavourable impression. What must all the theatre people have thought? I did not care to know really, but it seems to me that my youth should have protected me from all suspicion.

M. Thierry received me very kindly and made me a little nonsensical speech, which I did not understand in the least. He then unfolded a paper, which he handed to Mme. Guérard, asking her to read and then sign it. It was my contract. My "*petit dame*" answered that she was not my mother.



M. CAMILLE DOUCET, ONE OF THE JUDGES AT THE CONSERVATOIRE, WHO WISHED TO GIVE THE FIRST PRIZE TO SARAH BERNHARDT AND WHO FORETOLD HER SUCCESS.
From a Photo. by C. Jacotin, Paris.

"Ah!" said M. Thierry, getting up, "take it with you, then, and let mademoiselle's mother sign it." He then took my hand in his, and I had a horror of his hand—it was flabby, without any firmness, and gave one the impression of insincerity. I drew mine away quickly and glanced at him. He was ugly, with a red face and a furtive look.

On coming out I met Coquelin, who, knowing I was there, had waited to see me. He had made his *début* a year ago with success.

"Well, then, it's all settled?" he said, gaily.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I showed him my engagement, and we shook hands.

I hurried downstairs, and on reaching the door found myself in the middle of a group.

"Are you satisfied?" asked a gentle voice.

"Oh, Monsieur Doucet, thank you so much," I said.

"But it's nothing to do with me, my child."

"Your competitive examination was not good," said M. Régnier, "but all the same we feel sure of you"; and then, turning to Camille Doucet, he continued, "What do you say, Excellency?"

"I think that child will make a great artiste," he answered, and there was silence for a minute after these words.

"What a fine carriage you have!" remarked Beauvallet, rudely. He was the leading tragedian at that time at the Comédie, and the most uncouth man in France or anywhere else.

"The carriage belongs to mademoiselle's aunt," said Camille Doucet, shaking hands cordially with me.

"Oh—well, I'm glad to hear that," answered the tragedian.

I got into the famous carriage which had



SARAH BERNHARDT AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SHE LEFT THE CONSERVATOIRE.

disturbed the equanimity of the theatre people, and we drove away.

On reaching home mamma signed the engagement without reading it, and from that moment a complete revolution took place within me.

I had made up my mind resolutely to be someone, "quand-même."*

* "Quand-Même" is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's motto.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

KING COAL.

By Leslie P. Smith.

IF ever monarch made inauspicious entry into his own it was King Coal on his arrival at the Zoo. He came on the wings of a storm hardly less black than himself. So black was it, indeed, that our entire population, from thickest fur to smallest feather, went into one of those strange frenzies to which the caged creatures of the wild are peculiarly susceptible upon any abnormal aspect of Nature. Worst of all was Xantippe, the great puma. Xantippe was both a shrew and a coward, and the particular terror of her life was thunder. That is why Rend and I both happened to be in the large animal house at the same time. We were trying to persuade Xantippe—with pike-poles—that, in the interests of her particularly fine teeth, it were better that she should not gnaw the half-inch iron bars of her cage in two. While we were thus engaged something went "plop" against the broad glass window.

Men who spend much time with wild animals acquire something of their sensitiveness to unusual sounds. Only a very small part, it is true—to be reckoned in terms of thousandths—but still enough to make them move more swiftly and instinctively than the ordinary human. Rend and I made a brief perpendicular flight (soothing an enraged lady is notoriously nervous work, and especially when the lady chances to be a puma) and came down with our pike-poles, addressing the quarter whence came the noise. Nothing happened. I walked over to the window and peered out. On the gravel lay a little, dripping rag of rubber-coat. At the cost of a wetting I retrieved and brought it inside, where it immediately developed claws and a beak, both very limp.

"This is your department," said I, handing it over to Rend. He is curator of the aviary and recognised boss of all that fly or stalk therein except the egrets, who, upon the occasion of his entering the flying cage with a scarlet golf-coat on, chased him forth with sharp beaks and loud imprecations, and have since treated him with contemptuous tolerance when he is dressed like a Christian.

"Young crow," said Rend, after a glance. "Dead," he announced, holding the rag up by one corner, which chanced to be a wing. "Cervus americanus," he added, scientifically. "Habitat, North——"

"Wark!" said the rag, sampled Rend's thumb, didn't care for it, shifted to his little finger, and froze to it.

"Drat it!" said Rend, unscientifically; and the crow, flung far, hit the wall and became once more a draggled rag.

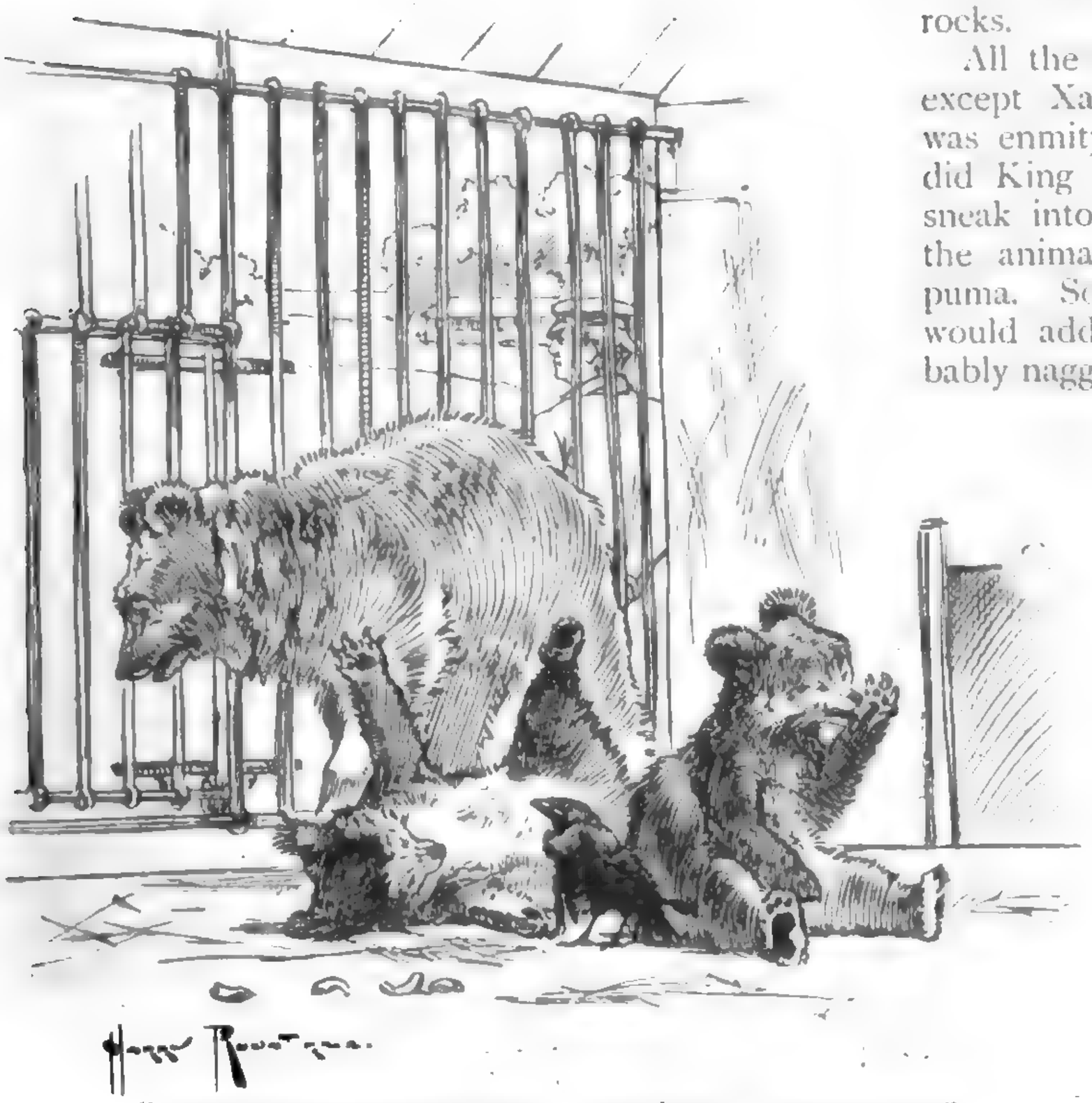
The time was come for first aid to the injured. While Xantippe tore the air to shreds and the rest of the beasts furnished chorus, Rend and I scientifically bandaged the patient. In five minutes he had come to. He then proceeded to address us in highly unparliamentary crow-talk. It seemed that he didn't like his splint. Nothing would do but that he should get down and walk. He would fare forth from that place of gratuitous indignities. If restrained, he would bite fingers.

"Let him try, if he thinks he can walk," said Rend.

He tried. For three steps he sidled, then he toppled over. Up again and at it with unimpaired dignity. It's astonishing and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

admirable how dignified a crow can be under the most adverse circumstances. The second fall was almost a complete somersault. Rend and I roared. Xantippe roared us one better —and made an enemy for life thereby. The poor, bedevilled bird spread his free wing, whirled like a moribund pin-wheel, and subsided. He turned on his back and lay still, his pathetic feet stuck straight up in the air



"HE WAS RECEIVED IN THE GRIZZLY BEARS' CAGE WITH WELCOME."

in the attitude of one who finds this world a hollow sham, unworthy his continued patronage.

Rend grasped the projecting claws and lugged him away to a padded cell.

"He'll do," was the later verdict, "if he doesn't burst a blood-vessel from indignation."

Within a fortnight the quondam rag was an established "trusty" with the freedom of the grounds. Except for his broken wing, which never mended so that he could fly, he was as good as new. "King Coal" we called him, rather from his colour than from the monarch of "Mother Goose" legend. That worthy, it will be remembered, was a merry old soul, whereas our crow was a crabbed fellow, grumbling of speech and with the expression and manner of a dyspeptic. "Your Royal Nibbs" was his nickname among us who knew him well, and he would answer to it with most unkingly language. But for one thing he might have fooled us almost to the last into thinking him what his harsh exterior indicated. The saving clause was that all the animals liked him, and he was received in the grizzly bears' cage with the same welcome which the polite seals extended to him on their rocks.

All the animals, I said. I must except Xantippe. Between them was enmity from the first. Never did King Coal lose opportunity to sneak into the forbidden ground of the animal house and tease the puma. Squatted on the floor he would address her in an indescribably nagging accent.

"Wark-wark-wark! Wark-wark-wark!" he would repeat, in maddening iteration, until the great cat shook the building with her rage.

Or, if she pretended not to notice, King Coal, who had become an expert climber, would make his way to the top of the cage, beak-laden with rubbish, and drop his burden on the glossy fur. There are few neater animals than a puma —none vainer; and such was Xantippe's frenzy that we feared she might "go bad" under the persecution—*i.e.*, fall a victim to a species of feline insanity which often ends in self-destruction. So Rend gave King Coal a lecture and put him in the flying cage. His career nearly ended right there, for, waiting only for the curator's back to be turned, he said something impertinent to the largest egret, who not only tore most of the feathers off his back, but put an ugly hole in Rend's leg when he went to the rescue of his Royal Nibbs.

Even that experience served not to discipline the regal spirit. Two days later he was caught—Xantippe's yells giving information —in the animal house, and I chastised him with a string whip scientifically laid about his legs. Thereafter he was more cautious.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

It was about this time that he appointed himself special guard of the lawn. This gave him little time for puma-baiting in open hours. His special province was the grass-plot in front of the reptile house, where the walks are forbiddingly bounded by wires, and the "keep-off-the-grass" sign flourisheth as the green bay tree. Small children who strayed upon the inviting green were his particular care. Them he would "shoo" back to the walks with flopping wings and squawks of stern reproof. Farther than the edge he never pursued. But woe to that trespasser whom his flip-flap gait overtook. For his bill was sharp and ready, and the screams of terrified infancy did not save terrified infancy's legs from the onslaught. To this day the Zoo authorities preserve in melancholy memento a communication from an indignant parent demanding King Coal's abolition on a charge of "savage decaption of my daughters aged-4 right limb."

Some of the older children got up a game with King Coal. It was the old pastime of—

I was on King's land,
King wasn't home ;

with this special feature, that King Coal was always It. He soon came to understand the game, and, despite manifest temptations, always played fair, and never followed the fugitives upon the side-walk, which was "own land," and therefore sanctuary. Up and down the lawn he would prance, eye keen for a trespasser, and voice uplifted in the croaking challenge. The children mimicked it :—

Get on the walk-walk-walk !
None o' your talk-talk-talk !
Keep off my lawn ; G'wan ! G'wan !
Get up and walk-walk-walk !

Presently a temerarious youngster would venture out under the far end of the wire. The Royal eye would apparently take no note. Step by step the intruder would encroach. "Look out, Willie! He's on to you." Back the little fellow would scurry. Then the "Qr-r-rark !" derisive from King Coal, and jeers from the others would send the darer back. A step farther, another, another. Then a black streak flurrying swiftly to intercept. Hippety hop-skip, beat-of-the-wing jump, flop. That was the manner of his Royal Nibbs's progress ; a disordered pentameter, Rend described it. But it covered ground fast, and too often the shrieks of the wounded Willie, perforated as to his stocking, mingled with the "wark" of triumph from Royalty's ensanguined beak.

To King Coal's land there came one hot noon a roly-poly baby girl of three and a half. King Coal cast a wistful eye at her fat, bare legs as she toddled along the walk in the wake of her nurse. Then he dozed, for business was dull. The other children had gone to dinner. Soft footsteps roused him ; startled him. Well he knew the impact of the foot juvenile upon forbidden turf. Ruffling his feathers he gave fair warning : "Wark-wark-war-r-r-rk !"

Fat-legs looked around, dimpled, smiled, laughed aloud. She was pleased ; no doubt about that. King Coal was dumfounded ; scandalized, to tell the truth, at this con-



"RUFFLING HIS FEATHERS HE GAVE FAIR WARNING : 'WARK-WARK-WAR-R-R-RK.'"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tempt of his authority. Slowly, balefully he moved upon the intruder. She stretched out a chubby hand.

"'Parrow," she observed, with a trill of glee. "Come, nice 'parrow."

And "'parrow" came, fluff with indignation. Here was no game; this was *lèse-majesté*, to be punished as such. Hippety hop-skip, beat-of-the-wing jump, flop. Thus bore down King Coal upon the unterrified stranger. Yet at the final moment the intuition of her sex asserted itself. She sat down on her legs.

Here was perplexity indeed for his Royal Nibbs. A trespasser with no available legs! This was distinctly not according to Hoyle. King Coal considered. He circled around and made a tentative jab with his bill.

"Go 'way, 'parrow," said Fat-legs. "Don' you bite me." And she smiled meltingly.

For the first time in his life King Coal was abashed. He withdrew a few shuffles and began to grumble to himself. Watching him out of the corner of her eye Fat-legs produced from some mysterious repository the remains of a bun. She tasted it, smacked her lips, and addressed King Coal.

"Wanna bite of Chicky's bun, 'parrow?" and she held it out to him.

He looked about him nervously. Fortunately he didn't see Rend and me watching from the window. He took the bite and opened his bill for another.

"Piggy-pig," said Chicky, reprovingly. "My bite now."

King Coal edged up nearer. The baby patted his head. They finished the bun between them. Rend and I looked on with amazement bordering upon stupefaction. Our crabbed, fussy, scolding, black man-eater of a crow to be thus involved in a romance, an idyll——

"D'you hear me, Miss Chicksy? Come out o' that at once! Playin' with that dirty old crow! The idea! Come out, I say!"

Discipline, in the shape of an energetic maid, appeared upon the scene. King Coal's feathers went up. He advanced, open-mouthed.

"Watch for doings," remarked Rend, delighted. "The King fights for his lady-love."

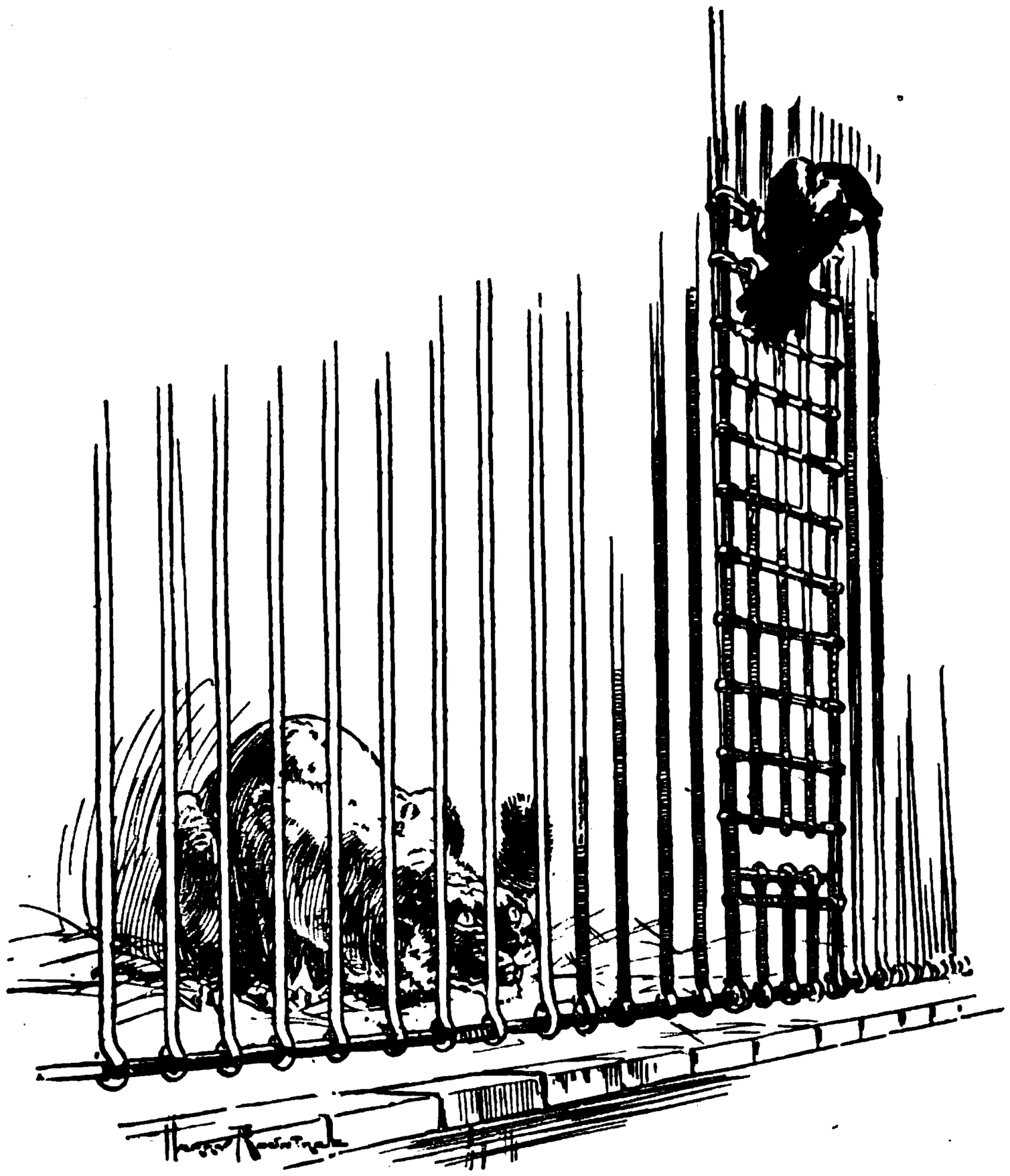
So it was. The nurse-girl aimed a futile and skirt-clogged kick at the King. Foolish nurse! In another second he was ascending her as the nimble sailor runs up the shrouds. It was a weeping and hysterical female to whom we bore rescue and explanation, while Chicky and King Coal roamed, care free, on the grass. Thereafter Chicky and her Royal friend had their romp every noon, and the nurse, although King Coal would never allow her so much as one foot on the grass, soon came to feel that she could safely leave her charge in the crow's care while she wandered about sight-seeing. But the game of "King's Land" had lost its savour for the permanent It, and the other children complained bitterly of favouritism.

Though King Coal was softened, the spirit of mischief was by no means dead in the crow-soul. On a morning it rained, and noon found no Chicky at the tryst. By an evil coincidence there was nobody in the animal house. King Coal hippety-hop-flopped over to badger Xantippe, the puma. She was in a smouldering rage that morning. Rain always roused the worst in her, and Xantippe's worst was very bad indeed. At sight of her arch-enemy she fairly yelled with fury. King Coal squatted on the floor and poured out a long line of monotonous insults. Of course, he was out-voiced by the tawny devil in the cage, but his was the steadier note, and in the breathing spaces of Xantippe's clamour his contumelious "wark-wark-wark" incited her to fresh frenzy. In time his persistence overbore her, and she sulked and gloomed dangerously in a corner of her cage. King Coal went over and bragged to the fat and lazy bob-cat. Then he returned and began to climb around Xantippe's bars. Presently he found a resting-place on the cage door. Here was a little metal pin which clinked when moved by a skilful beak. In the twitching of Xantippe's ears the badgerer read fresh exasperation. He went at it harder. "Clink, clink, clink," sounded the metal. The furred ears stopped twitching. Under the sleek coat the great muscles rippled and set. Watch close, King Coal. There is preparation in that quiet. The splendid eyes blinked. The tufted tail straightened and stiffened. Take care, Imp of Mischief. It is the danger signal.

"Clink, clink, clink." His Royal Nibbs is making his music. He opens his beak to add vocal to instrumental—and a strangled squawk of terror comes forth. For, with a rustle and snarl, a streak of tawny murderousness flashes through the air straight at him.

"War-r-rk!" he screams, and lets go all. It is a hard fall to the floor. But better that than those scimitar claws, rattling on the cross-bar; those slavering fangs, closed on the grating that was his perch one short second ago. Sorely and stiffly the crow picks

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"CLINK, CLINK, CLINK."

himself up and hobbles out of the building. He does not notice that the little pin, lifted too far by his beak, dangles at the end of its chain, that the bar has slipped from its place. And a few moments later, when, under the pressure of straining claws, the grating slips aside and a lithe body crawls out and drops to the floor on padded feet, there is no one there to see. No one but the bob-cat, and he is too fat and lazy to care.

Once outside the crow recovered his spirits at the sound of Chicky's voice calling him to come and play. The shower was past. He ambled over and was scolded for being late to the Royal game of Treasure-House. This was an invention of Chicky's. She was treasurer, with the under side of a little bush for treasure-house, and thither King Coal must bring whatever booty he could set beak to. Once, I remember, there was disruption because it was a dead garter snake. King Coal was inordinately proud of it as a rare and precious trove, until his little friend rose, shrieking, and refused to play any more that day.

On this occasion, however, the game was progressing finely. From my window in the reptile house I could see two buttons, a piece of red yarn, and a peanut (this last pilfered from the grizzlies) laid by his Royal Nibbs at the feet of his queen. In the small pavilion Rend was trying to attract King Coal's attention to a bit of disguised red pepper. Those two were always playing practical jokes on each other. But the crow paid no attention to Rend. He was acting in a peculiar manner. He had left Chicky and was making, at the top of his ridiculous gait, for a point in the shrubbery beyond which I could not see.

"Wark-wark-wark-wark-wark!" he shrieked, and there was unmistakable terror in the cry.

Yet it was obvious that he was not running *away* from anything, but rather toward the object of his fear. It flashed over my mind that one of the snakes might have escaped and might be charming the bird. As straight as his infirmities would permit, King Coal made for the thick curtain of the bushes. Suddenly the curtain parted and a long, fulvous body glided out. My heart sickened within me, for there was murder in every line of the tense frame, the wrinkled face, the rigid tail of the savage puma. Chicky, all unconscious of the peril, was hardly ten yards from the great beast who crept toward her. I caught up a pike-pole and ran, though I knew I could not get there in time. Shouting to Rend I reached the open, too late to take any part, but in time to see.

The puma had not reckoned on the crow. She checked, disconcerted for the moment, as King Coal sounded his battle-cry and hobbled forward. There was no terror now in the rusty squawk that we had so often found ridiculous. It was all defiance.

"Wark-wark-wark!" Can I ever forget the sound?

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Straight at the great snarling cat-head he flew. The puma crouched. King Coal's wings slapped about her eyes; King Coal's sharp beak clipped the wrinkled nose. Then

"Thank Heaven!" he gasped. "The first shot."

We leaned over the puma. "Quite dead," said Rend. "Through the brain, I think.



"THE MIGHTY FORE-PAWS BEAT UP AND OUT ONCE AND AGAIN."

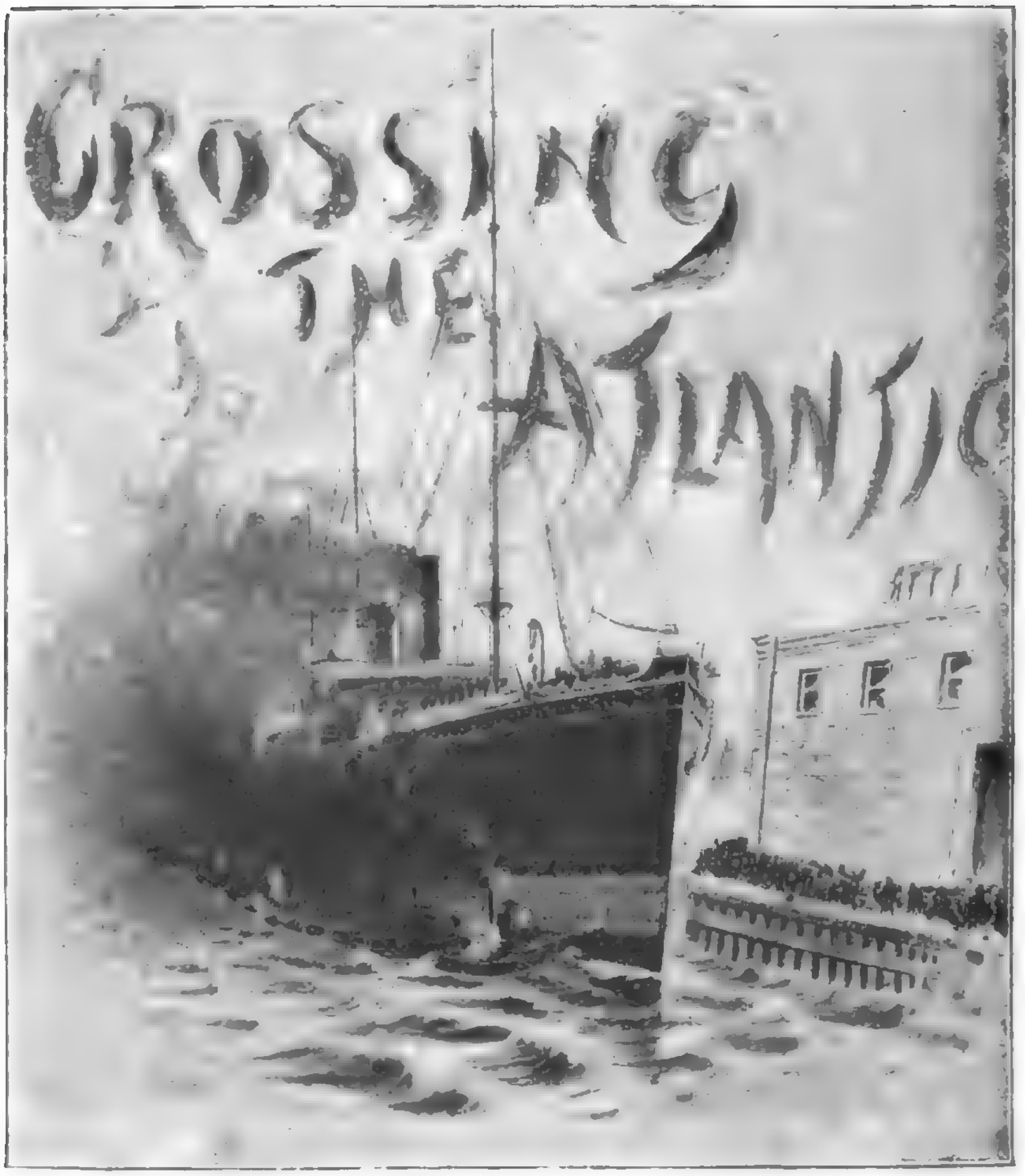
the mighty fore-paws beat up and out once and again. The impact was barely audible, but King Coal hurtled through the air and fell almost at the feet of Chicky. At the same moment I saw a flying figure, a puff of smoke, another, and the lithe puma-form collapsed, quivered, and lay still as Rend, revolver in hand, sped over the lawn.

Ah! but did you see King Coal?" His voice choked with pride.

We turned to look for our friend. A little, draggled, black rag lay on the lawn. Not all black; there was a splash of crimson on the breast. And beside the limp body a baby girl hid her face in the grass and sobbed for her playmate.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



By Harry Furniss.

THE white star at the topmast of the tender was glinting gaily in the sunshine as we left the Liverpool landing-stage. The irrepressible funny man, of course, was *en évidence* at once. He was bound to pretend that he was taking the tender to be the Atlantic liner, and in consequence facetiously criticised its proportions and accommodation. In his effort to be funny he became Americanized at once, interposing Yankee expressions amidst his voluminous remarks: "I guess and calc'late," "Why, cert'nly, stranger!" he "bets his bottom dollar," and asks a stolid brother Englishman what he thinks of the "*gre-a-a-at* country Amurrika."

I am greeted by the captain and officers as I board the "floating hotel." Then I am pushed along by the passengers, who prod me in the back with their umbrellas and dig me in the ribs with their hand-bags as I make my way to my cabin.

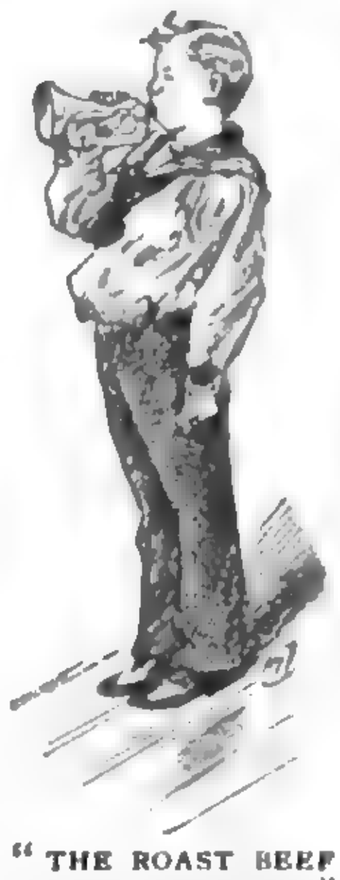
I am lost in admiration of my state-room and the ingenious devices with which it abounds — its surprises and "trick" cupboards, its washing apparatus and luxurious fittings; the whole being to me quite as amazing as the stage at Maskelyne and Cooke's Hall of Mystery in Piccadilly.

A writer describing an Atlantic liner admits that "the whole vocabulary of eulogium has already been poured out on the ship," and you must see this floating palace to believe that all that is said of it can be true. All I can say is that, were it or its twin ship moored in the Thames near to Westminster, I would prefer to reside in one of these floating hotels rather than in any hotel or club I have seen on *terra firma*.

The tender has hardly dropped down the murky Mersey before out pops the cheery

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

little lad in blue to sound, for the first time on the passage, the call to arms, "The Roast Beef of Old England," and no gayer scene or brighter banquet is to be witnessed on shore than this one, to which the note of the bugle summons us, afloat. Afterwards you have barely time to ignite the post-prandial cigar, or stroll on deck, or gaze at the twinkling lights of Birkenhead or New Brighton, when the anchor, like a jockey, is weighed, and ere long the race across the Atlantic will commence.



"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND."

Except for those who find a delight in watching the ever-changing beauty of the sea, and such sunrises and sunsets as can only be seen on mid-ocean, there is, now, nothing to interest one save the vessel and her living cargo, and with regard to the latter I may remark that these ocean voyages do a great deal towards bringing forth the weaknesses and littlenesses in the composition of the traveller, and I have no doubt that any Transatlantic captain or officer of a philosophic turn of mind has a very poor idea of human nature. Of course, there are many travellers who are brilliant exceptions, and the germs of some of the warmest of friendships have been sown on these Atlantic trips. For the marriageable maiden and youth they are a fruitful matrimonial agency, and to them, very often, Fastnet Rock and Sandy Hook are the gates of Hymen.

The matter of dress at sea requires more than a passing thought, and to ladies especially the question of what to wear and what not to wear involves consideration both weighty and vexatious.

With a good travelling costume and a black silk dress a lady can go round the world with every regard for elegance and good taste. Some few feminine whims and vanities may have to be sacrificed, but this will be more than offset by the relief to the pocket-book.

Ladies should adopt a costume easily adjusted, and for comfort and general utility a dress of dark blue serge or flannel, or waterproof cloth, with a sacque of the same material, will be found to answer all purposes. Let it be made up simply, without any flounces, and with a limited amount of ornamentation in the shape of military braid. Avoid tight-fitting waists. Thick boots, hoods, and close-fitting hats—Tam-o'-Shanters or yachting-caps—should not be forgotten.

Gentlemen will find warm clothing and an overcoat in order for an Atlantic passage. A suit of old clothes to lounge around the deck without fear of spoiling, and a soft felt hat, or cap of some kind, will be found serviceable. Most gentlemen will need a black suit for dress occasions.

This sensible advice I quote from a "Manual of Ocean Travel," one of those tastefully "well gotten up" (to use an American expression) presentation books circulated on board. Yet the English travellers rarely, if ever, follow it—in fact, I doubt if they read the manual. Americans, on the other hand, acquaint themselves with its contents probably before they take their passage, and live and dress up to it. The American men appear in the soft felt hat and old suit, and the ladies make a huge sacrifice by leaving the "weighty and vexatious" and all-absorbing topic—dress—alone for a whole week, and show "elegance and good taste" by wearing the costumes prescribed; nor are the costumes of the Americans subject to much wear and tear, for the travellers seldom leave their deck-chairs except for meals. The English, on the other hand, walk round and round the deck from morning till night. When the weather is rough the majority of chair-holders vanish from the deck, and then the English take a rest and don costumes of all sorts and conditions, for-



A GROUP ON DECK.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

getting "feminine whims and vanities" for the time.

Some English passengers are precise enough to don evening dress on board, but they see the absurdity of this after a day or two, and substitute the black morning-coat. On my last trip I noticed a young man with evident orthodox inclinations emerge from below one evening sporting the whitest and most expansive of white shirt-fronts, wherewith to impress us before going down to dinner. He presented to the ocean a vision of two square feet of most beautifully enamelled linen, which either exerted some magnetic influence over the white crests of the seething waves or else provoked in them a feeling of envy, for in a moment a considerable quantity of spray was deposited upon that erstwhile gorgeous shirt-front with a dexterity that would have delighted a John Chinaman laundryman, whose method of sprinkling and getting up fine linen may be known to some of my readers.

This masher or "dude" was a walking advertisement for his tailor. He produced one costume after another out of his saloon with such rapidity and startling effect that his saloon must have been contrived as miraculously as a conjurer's surprise box or hat. Crossing the Mersey to board the steamer, this individual had on a terrible check suit, and I heard one of the sailors inquire of another, "Who is his lordship in the draught-board coat?" I was just speculating as to whether I should have to gaze upon this fearful and wonderful habiliment for a week, when to my surprise he appeared on deck in quite another style of suit for the afternoon. Then came the evening dress I have just referred to, and after dinner the inevitable smoking-jacket, a garment so—but, no, I won't attempt to describe it, or my stock of adjectives would be exhausted.



THE MASHER'S COSTUMES.

Next morning before breakfast I descried, to my astonishment, a figure on deck which appeared to me to be arrayed in a garment composed of the gelatinous crimson covering of the familiar Christmas cracker, but on closer inspection this turned out to be the French cerise satin dressing costume of our ocean swell. At breakfast a yachting suit,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

at midday a pepper-and-salt suit of dittoes, after lunch a long driving-coat, were in succession trotted out for our edification, and so on all day. The second day out an entirely new suit of dazzling raiment came forth, but the wearer occupied an invalid-chair, and shortly afterwards he and his assortment of finery disappeared from our view for some days. The tailor is reputed to make the man, but he evidently can't make a sailor.

This quick-change artist in dress eventually made his appearance when we were nearing New York, of course in a fresh set of clothing; this caused quite an excitement, and I ventured to prophesy that he had not even yet exhausted his wardrobe. To prove it I inquired of him whether he had not a landing-suit.

"Certainly I have," replied he; "my valet is just getting it out." And sure enough, when that gentleman stood beside his pile of trunks on the landing-stage at New York, he was attired in a suit of such perfection that it must have struck envy into the soul of every Transatlantic dude!

The seats at table are allotted by the purser, and as soon as you are on board you file through the splendid saloon past this active gentleman, who is seated with an assistant beside him and a plan of the table in front of him. You show your ticket, are given your seat, and your name is crossed off the tastefully bound list of passengers. Every possible consideration is shown you in being placed near your friends, but the first prize is the seat on the right of the captain, an honour which I was lucky enough to have conferred upon me on my first voyage. Of course, the right-hand guest is the envied of all, as to him the captain is supposed to confide the secrets of the navigation of the ship, the prospects of the weather, and any interesting details in regard to his various passengers.



A WELL-KNOWN COMMANDER OF AN ATLANTIC LINER.

One makes a lot of friends in a week's journey across the Atlantic, and it is quite pleasant to see some of the faces again on the return journey. What a field for the physiognomist! The noble English lord of Threadbare Hall, Brokeshire, was hardly a lively companion on the outward journey. There was an anxious look in those aristocratic, albeit bloodshot, eyes, a certain emptiness of pocket, and a hesitating air. Coming back he jingles gold in his pockets, his eyes are bright, and his voice is cheery. He no longer stands and looks at the poker-players, only occasionally taking a hand, and anxiously awaiting the result of the ship's run, to see if he has won a thirty-pound or forty-pound sweep. His whole time is now taken up by a young lady with a strong American accent, who reclines in her deck-chair wrapped in expensive rugs. He himself brings her biscuits on a plate and a glass of Perrier Jouet, and as she takes off her glove you can catch a glimpse of a wedding-ring.

Then we have another sample of the Anglo-American marriage market. Going out there was Mr. Cottonbale, of Manchester, who imagined himself a complete lady-killer, or, as the Americans would say, a "dead mash," "such a dog, you know," with whom flirting was second nature. Coming back he certainly might have passed as a member of the canine race, for he crept about



AN HEIRESS CAUGHT.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as if there were a chain on his collar, and was kept in subjugation by a strong-minded female, to whom he had linked his business and domestic life, and who had been on a brief visit to her relatives in Chicago.

There was a poor fly going out, I recollect, in the person of a retired Indian officer, who had been lured into the spider's web by seductive advertisements of the land of perpetual summer and orange-growing. His radiant, expectant face was changed on the return journey to one of blank dismay, and a photo. of him before and after visiting those Elysian fields would deter many from going so far afield to invest their little all.

Whilst moving about the crowd on board, just after leaving, my attention was riveted on the figure of an individual whom I at once christened "Count Fosco." Just look at him! Isn't there "swindler" written on the turn of his hat and every crease of his coat? He walked about with an aggressive familiarity and an oily smile. Unless for want of something better to do, I seldom watched the card-players, but I would have bet my bottom dollar that the "Count" would be found at the poker-table as sure as a fly will stick to glue-paper. I saw him buzzing; I didn't see him play, but I saw him turn his back on the smoking-room and walk up and down the deck—still with the same aggressive familiarity and oily smile—but no one spoke to him, and the smoking-room had been closed against him. It so happened that amongst the poker-players was a professional master of legerdemain, and this the "Count" had not reckoned upon. A day or two of isolation began to pall upon him, and it was amusing to see how he endeavoured to strike up new acquaintances. His chance was when it was a rough day. He would seat himself next to some passenger who was gazing dubiously at the rising waves, who would summon up all his remaining energy and turn away his head, for on board ship it is surprising how every little bit of news circulates. The "Count" would then with a fiendish smile produce his cigar-case and offer a strong Havana to the invalid. A mild shake of the head. He would then put a big cigar in his mouth, ostentatiously light it, and awkwardly puff the smoke close to his fellow-passenger's face. He then had him at his mercy. He would chat away agreeably, and if the victim merely answered in the affirmative or negative it was quite enough for the "Count." Appearances were everything, and he was happy so long as the poker-players, when they came on deck to get a breath of fresh air before a meal, did not find Fosco friendless.



"CARDS?"

The captains on board these Atlantic liners are doing their best to prevent the card-sharping of these scoundrels, and no doubt will eventually stamp it out. The sharks are now getting known, and should one of them manage to book a passage and get on board a gentle hint is given him to keep away from the card-tables.



"FOSCO" AND THE INVALID.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The lot of the purser is anything but a happy one. From his title one would think that he had only to look after the finance of the vessel, but in reality his office, so conveniently and picturesquely situated at the top of the grand staircase (which in boats of less magnificent proportions would be simply termed the "companion"), is really as busy a bureau as any in Capel Court or Wall Street. It is no doubt legitimate enough to expect the purser to be quite *au fait* with the monetary matters, to explain to the Britisher the difference between a dollar and a crown, or to the American that the greenback, that useful but unsavoury medium of exchange, is treated with scorn and contumely in Europe; but our American friends are *par excellence* the interrogators of the world, and to them the purser is simply a walking encyclopædia.

He is expected to tell them all about the ship—that's right enough—but they want to know all about the passengers as well—who they are, where they have come from, and where they are going, how much they are worth, and any little tit-bit of news about their social life. He is also asked about every hotel, beginning at Liverpool and ending at Rome, the best shops whereat to purchase different articles, who will give the best discount for cash, where the questioner's wife can best be rigged up in European fashion, and the most likely resort at which his daughter might run across some impecunious scion of British nobility.

Besides being accountant-general and chief inquiry officer, he has also to sit as a magistrate. I recollect an old Irishman being brought before him one day with a complaint that he had been robbed during the night of his purse, which contained his little all, consisting of five pounds in gold.

"Are you sure the five pounds were there?"

"Oi am; and it was as clane a note as iver ye could wish to see."

"But you said just now it was gold."

"Well, so it wud have been av it hadn't been a note, wudn't it?"

"What sort of a note was it?"

"What soort av a note? Well, bedad, it was a note to me brother Mick in Chicago, tilling him that he had to give me foive pounds when I got there."

It was quite evident that the old man was wandering a bit, so we all subscribed towards a little present for him, and the deluded old chap went off with himself, muttering something about another injustice the base Saxon had done to the "ould counthre."



THE PURSER'S OFFICE.

After the captain and the purser, the most popular man on board, perhaps, is the doctor. It is no sinecure to have the health of seventeen hundred people on your hands, most of them like whining babies in their cradles and troublesome at night, but in Dr. Radford, who is the medical officer on board the *Teutonic*, we had not only a cheery companion, but a most capable officer.

Not the least onerous of his duties is to examine the steerage passengers one by one, for no one is allowed into the States unvaccinated. The faddists of Leicester had better stay at home unless they wish to be compelled to bow to the edict of the experts. But

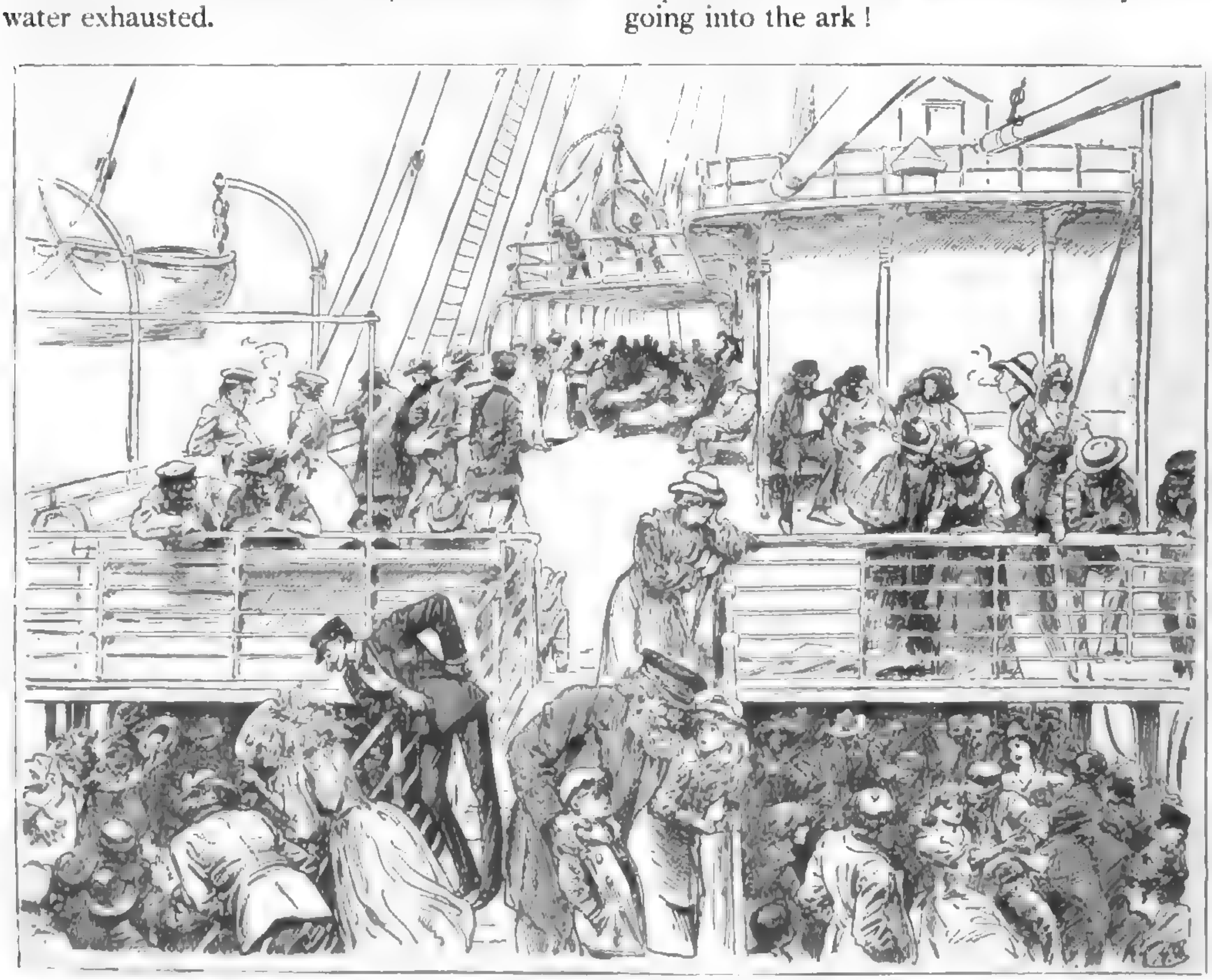
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Leicester is not the only place whence come such faddists, for I heard protests on board both in the Hibernian brogue and in foreign tongues; but as there is a popular belief among the steerage passengers that no one at all will be allowed to land unless the whole are vaccinated, the protesting ones are soon prevailed upon by their fellow-voyagers, and the doctor's lancet becomes their passport to America.

One day on board ship is very much like another, and even in these floating palaces it is difficult to provide sufficient amusement for the passengers. They may indulge in the pastime of deck quoits, which consists of throwing rings of rope on to pegs, or another exciting game, the object of which is to throw little lumps of lead into squares, which are marked out and numbered something after the fashion of the old familiar pavement diagram whereon juvenile destroyers of shoe-leather revel in hopscotch. They may sing a song or two in the saloon after dinner, and then there is the sweepstake. A sail in the distance was as prolific a source of excitement to us as it would be if we were drifting on the Atlantic's bosom on a raft, with food and water exhausted.

It is most interesting to watch the immense variety of craft skimming over the waters of the harbour, altogether different to our own in shape, rig, and machinery. Some are shaped like big shoes, and with their exposed machinery working on deck strike one as resembling gigantic sandhoppers swimming.

Familiarity breeds callousness, and after spending five days on board the liner we ask ourselves whether there really is so very much to wonder at. But just watch the gigantic ocean greyhound turning its nose at last to its kennel on New York quay! The tide is rolling rapidly down stream, preventing in such a small space the tail from wagging the dog, or, in other words, the propeller from forcing the bow round sufficiently to get it up to the landing-stage. See those half-dozen steamers, with padded projections on their prows, snorting and puffing and steaming with all their might against the side of the tremendous vessel in the endeavour to move it a few inches! It makes one realize what a vast leviathan our floating home really is, and irresistibly reminded me of the old saying, "Who are you shoving?" as the elephant said to the flea when they were going into the ark!



"A GOOD PASSAGE."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

In the Dark.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES FOLEY.

BY ALYS HALLARD.

ONLY one adventure of that kind has ever happened to me, I said, when my friends had finished telling their stories of robbers and thieves. The scene of action was the most commonplace possible, and it was merely a case of ordinary vulgar theft, but the circumstances in all their details connected with it make it distinctly interesting.

One morning during the winter I took the train to Poissy to look over a little house which had been left tc me by one of my uncles, and after luncheon I went to return the keys to my lawyer. The head clerk took advantage of this opportunity to get a paper signed with regard to a balance due to me from my uncle's estate. With my usual incorrigible carelessness about business matters I signed as requested, without asking for any explanation or details.

I was just leaving the office when the cashier told me that there was some money awaiting me. The contested debts had been collected, amounting to about two hundred and fifty pounds. This was a most agreeable surprise, and I picked up the bank-notes presented to me and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. This was, no doubt, very foolish, but it was a kind of tradition in our family to show this confidence, as a mark of courtesy, to the old-established firm of lawyers who had watched over our interests so zealously.

On account of this unexpected delay I had to hurry to the station afterwards. Fortunately for me, the 3.40 express was rather behind time, and I just reached the platform as it came in. I chose a compartment which I thought was empty, but, on getting in, discovered that there was a lady in the far right-hand corner seat. I accordingly took the near left-hand corner, as far away from her as possible, not, of course, for the sake of precaution with regard to my newly-acquired windfall. I was not thinking of that at all, but I wanted to have plenty of room and so be undisturbed in my reflections.

The lady was young, pretty, and extremely elegant. She was dressed in a dark blue travelling costume, plainly made and outlining her slim figure in a way which accentuated its graceful slenderness. Her light golden hair was waved, and she wore a felt hat, trimmed with a feather and ribbon to match her dress and gloves. Her dainty boots were of patent leather and were just visible below the braiding of her skirt. She had diamond stud ear-rings, and some valuable trinkets dangled with her watch from her waistband. The gold fetiches and seven charms which jingled from her left wrist showed that she was truly feminine. She had neither portmanteau nor hand-bag; an umbrella with a gold knob was standing up at her side against the carriage door.

As I had nothing to do I noticed all these details, and the impression I had was that

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

everything about her, though quiet and in perfect taste, denoted a certain luxury and just a tinge of English stiffness. She picked up a folded newspaper that was lying on her lap, and began to read it with such absolute indifference and unconcern about me that I could not even discover what colour her eyes were. I was not particularly hurt at the well-bred disdain she affected with regard to me.

The train rushed along, rocking violently in its speed to make up for lost time, and when we had just passed the Maisons-Laffitte Station it occurred to me to read over again some letters at which I had only glanced in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket



"I PUT MY HAND IN MY POCKET TO TAKE OUT THE PAPERS."

to take out the packet of papers, and among them was my pocket-book. The remembrance of the incident at my lawyer's gladdened my heart, and I could not resist the childish pleasure of handling my little fortune.

By way of excusing myself for such a desire at that inopportune moment, I tried to delude myself into the idea that, as I had not taken the precaution to count the notes, I ought to do so now. I accordingly took them out of the pocket-book, and in perfect security — in this narrow, air-tight railway carriage—I proceeded to count them complacently, without troubling myself in the least as to whether I was being watched. The two hundred and fifty pounds were there right enough, of course. I put the notes back again in their place and, with my customary carelessness, laid the pocket-book down on the seat by me, together with the letters I was going to read. I then picked these up one at a time, read them, and laid them down again at my side. A sudden jolt and the vibration of the clanging of iron made me start. We had arrived at the Asnières Bridge.

The lady folded her newspaper, and without turning her head towards me began to unlace her right-hand glove very slowly and deliberately. She then took it off, and, as we were nearly at our destination, it occurred to me that this was scarcely the time to take one's gloves off. I did not think much about it, however, and I admired the long, delicate, nervous hand with its thin, taper fingers. In order to take the numbness out of them, she moved them about with miraculous agility and quickness. I noticed that she did not wear any rings on this right hand, nor any bracelet either.

The high Batignolles wall now threw its dark shadow over the carriage, and very soon after there was a deafening sound of wheels and rails under the archway, and we plunged into the obscurity of the tunnel.

I heard immediately, faint though it was through the uproar, a rustling among my papers. Absent-minded as I usually am, there were ninety-nine chances in a hundred

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

that I should not have troubled about such a trifle, but, in this case, whether I had an occult warning or whether it was merely a sort of latent distrust, I cannot tell—certain it is that I instantly thought of my pocket-book. Without waiting to reflect, and with an instinctive and brutal impulse, of which I should have been ashamed by daylight, I turned brusquely, with outstretched hands, and laid them heavily on my scattered letters. My heart gave a bound when I felt, under the papers that I had grasped, something else, something which, like an animal caught in a trap, was trying to get away, and was sliding along, struggling, stiffening, and twisting itself about frantically. I bore on still more heavily with all the weight of my body and with all my strength. Just at this moment the train gave a whistle of distress and was then silent, slackening its speed and coming to a standstill in the middle of the tunnel. During the next few seconds, in the dark, I went through all the horror of a veritable nightmare.



"SHE BEGAN TO UNLACE HER RIGHT-HAND GLOVE."

Accompanied by a rustling and tearing of the papers the struggle continued—silent, stealthy, and, at the same time, desperate and savage. After moving and twisting about in frantic efforts to get free, violent and terrible like some half-strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my two palms, suddenly lay still, without the slightest movement, as though it had gone to sleep or, like an animal, were feigning submission. I could not see anything nor hear anything, not even the sound of breathing; but I understood perfectly that my companion was using her wits, that she was getting up her strength again, and that, in the obscurity, she was watching me craftily.

Half-choked with emotion and exhausted with nervous tension, I awaited daylight as a deliverance.

After some time, the length of which it would be impossible for me to estimate, although it was probably only of short duration, the train began to move on again slowly. I felt such inexpressible relief that I unconsciously relaxed the tension of my whole body. She was certainly waiting for this movement of mine, for with sudden energy the hand again tried to withdraw itself from my grasp, not by jerks this time, but by a continued tenacious, vigorous effort to glide along, in which she put all the strength she had left. I could feel the hand under my fingers and under the papers slipping gradually along, escaping by slow degrees from my hold. I was imprudent enough to slightly raise my palms in order to take a firmer hold, but I could only feel the pocket-book then; the hand had got free, but I could not tell how. I opened the flap, eagerly counted the bank-notes, and then put them safely away in my waistcoat-pocket, fastened my coat, and folded my arms in the most stupid way over it.

Presently a grey light penetrated into the carriage. All this had been so sudden, so savage, and so fantastic that I could not collect my ideas. I felt bewildered and dazed, as one does on waking up out of a bad dream. I glanced immediately at the lady.

She was in the same place and had the same bearing of disdainful indifference. Her dress was not in the least disordered, not a fold seemed out of place. The newspaper was on her lap and the umbrella with the gold knob was standing by her side against the door. Her dainty boots of patent leather were just visible below the braiding of her skirt. The only difference I noticed

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

was that my travelling companion was paler. Her eyes were bent on her wrist—and that wrist was probably black and blue. She was lacing up her glove in a skilful way, but more quickly than she had unlaced it. It was really as though I had just wakened out of a dream. What was I to say? I had no proof. robbed I suddenly realized what a dupe and a simpleton I had been made, and I put out my hand to stop her. She was already on the step, and at my gesture she turned half round and looked at me. She looked at me with two candid blue eyes, with the purest and most charming expression; two eyes



"SHE TURNED HALF ROUND AND LOOKED AT ME."

The train was just drawing up and the platform was on my side. My companion rose, let her newspaper fall to the ground, took her umbrella, and, with admirable self-possession, passed in front of me, murmuring in a clear, tranquil voice in the most ordinary, polite way, "Excuse me." She lowered the window calmly and, with a little authoritative gesture, signed to a porter to open the door for her. Although I had not actually been which were undoubtedly her supreme weapons of deceit and untruth in her flagrant thefts. She opened them so wide with surprise and innocence as she glanced at me that I let her pass by. And if it had not been for the crumpled, torn letters I should certainly doubt, even now, whether that wild, silent, tragic duel between our two hands in the darkness had been anything but a strange hallucination.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"CHRISTIE'S."

By E. S. Valentine.

UNDER the heading of "Auction Sales This Day" newspaper readers are accustomed to see some such announcement as the following: "Christie, Manson, and Woods, at King Street, St. James's Square. The Collection of Paintings, Statuary, Porcelain, and Objects of Vertu belonging to the late Sir Magnus Golding, Bart., at One."

The announcement is very modest for one which conceals so much magnificence—so many marvels of art which are about to come under the hammer, that very ivory implement, by the way, which has done service for nearly a century and a half at "Christie's." Christie's (there is no longer a Christie, a Manson, or a Woods) is veritably a national institution. It is the undisputed head-quarters for connoisseurs, collectors, and art dealers throughout the kingdom. Sooner or later every object of rare or curious workmanship, every article that a collector values, will find its way into the cellars of the famous old house in King Street. Treasures that have survived the ruin of dynasties and empires — Egyptian, Assyrian, Mogul, Byzantine, French, Scottish—they all come here. We get a golden chalice out of which the great Constantine drank, and the sword which Prince Jamie wore at Flodden Field; a superb *genre* painting by Meissonier and the casket of Queen Mary containing her letters to Bothwell.

As we have already hinted, Christie's is not an affair of yesterday. It was founded more than two years before the Royal Academy was founded, in 1766. The first James Christie was a man of great character, charm, and courtesy, who enjoyed the close friendship and confidence of many eminent peers, painters, and poets. His establishment quickly became the resort of the noble and aristocratic virtuosi of the day when "Horry" Walpole in such matters set the fashion. There was no picture "boom" then to speak of. At the first sale in 1767 a portrait by Holbein sold for four pounds eighteen shillings, a Titian for two guineas, a Guido for one guinea; while the total for the two days' sale only reached two hundred and forty-four pounds eighteen shillings.

We are told that a great feature of the sales at Christie's in the eighteenth century was the private view day. "This was a fashionable lounge, where persons of distinction congregated in great numbers. During the season, when any remarkable collections were on view, occasional evening receptions took place; the great room was then lighted up, and persons of quality attended in such large numbers that an official from the Opera was stationed at the entrance to prevent the intrusion of those not belonging to the fashionable world." One can conjure up the vision of a couple of linkmen or tatterdemalions intruding themselves into the Christie peep-show by mistake, and impudently jostling their bewigged and bepowdered betters! Yet, although Christie's remains to this day free, it is wonderful how this select situation guarantees that its frequenters

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

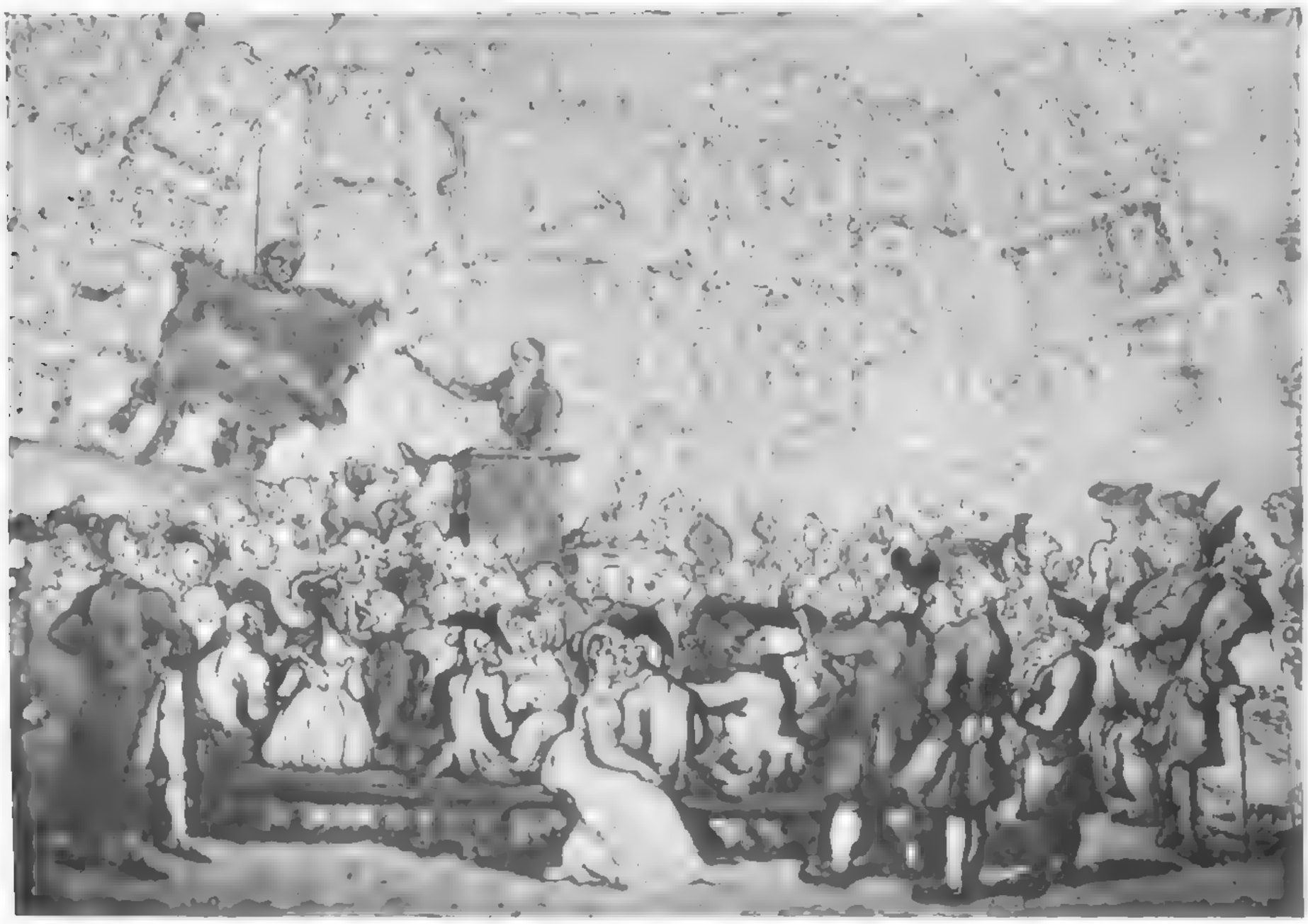
shall be as a whole persons of "substance" and "quality." The great caricaturist Gillray's "A Peep at Christie's," drawn in 1796, depicts, not without malice, a private view day at the time. The caricature represents the Earl of Derby and Miss Farren, afterwards the second wife of the Earl, and bears the sub-title, "Tally-ho and his Niminey-Piminey taking their Morning Lounge." (It may be mentioned that Miss Farren had lately performed with great success the part of Niminey-Piminey in General Burgoyne's play, "The Heiress.") Neither portrait is flattering, owing to Gillray's dislike of both subjects. The pictures on the wall are labelled "The Death of Reynard," "Xenocrates and Phryne," and "Suzannah and the Elders."



"A PEEP AT CHRISTIE'S" —BY GILLRAY.

In truth, the eighteenth-century caricaturists were fond of exercising their talents upon the famous auction-room, which drew together as by a magnet so much of the wealth and fashion of the town. A contemporary broadside rejoices in a droll woodcut, showing the auctioneer disposing of a series of absurdly primitive samplers to a coterie of persons of both sexes, who appear for the most part to be sunk in slumber. Barring one or two details, the woodcut might very well serve for the interior of a Scotch conventicle. More than once the celebrated Rowlandson made drawings of Christie's in which the characters *à la mode* were laughably hit off, one of which we reproduce below.

In 1828, at the Carysfort sale, Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, "The Snake in the Grass," for which he had received one hundred guineas, was sold for one thousand two hundred guineas. Amongst those present was the French artist Gebaud, who was so impressed by the scene that he made a



From the Print by] A SALE AT CHRISTIE'S. [*Rowlandson.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From the Picture by] THE SALE OF "THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS" AT CHRISTIE'S, 1828. *[J. Gebaud.*

painting of it, introducing Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stafford, and other well-known personages, besides Mr. Christie, the auctioneer. This picture itself came up for sale in 1875, and was then purchased by Messrs. Christie. The Reynolds picture now hangs in the National Gallery, although there are two duplicates, one in the Soane Museum and the other in Lord Rothschild's possession.

It is true the early sales greatly resembled the sales of other and more ordinary auctioneering establishments. According to the catalogues, nearly everything from coffins to barrel organs appears to have been sold. We find pigs and poultry among the "lots," and also the stock-in-trade of "the late Mr. Stephen Paris, weaver, of Spitalfields, well known for his excellent taste and good execution in this branch of business." Other lots include dripping-pans, razors, and a lady's Sedan chair (selling for four pounds ten shillings). As late as 1777 "seven bright bay nagtail coach geldings of Thomas Rumbold, Esq.," were brought under the hammer by Mr. Christie, and by way of fodder to these animals' descendants we have, eighteen years later, "about seventy-two loads of excellent meadow hay," sold to the Duke of Queensberry for two hundred and forty-seven pounds sixteen shillings.

Such merchandise appearing in a Christie's catalogue of to-day would make the dilettanti stare, and the founder of the firm appears to have been bent upon eliminating all but pictures, statuary, and objects of art from his catalogues.



THE ROSTRUM—MADE BY CHIPPENDALE.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

As has been already hinted, at this early stage of art appreciation in England the prices ruled low; very rarely was more than twenty pounds paid for a picture by the middle of the century, although we read of occasional exceptions when a Rubens, a Vandyck, or a Holbein would realize fifty or even a hundred guineas. A few years after the establishment of Christie's prices rose enormously. When the French Revolution came

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and the French nobles began to get rid of their art treasures there were plenty of wealthy Englishmen ready to acquire them, and thousands of masterpieces found their way under the hammer in London. The whole world was astonished by the fact that seven thousand pounds was paid for two landscapes by Claude. It did not need many such sensations to induce French, Italian, and Dutch dealers to bring their best wares to this country.

When in due course the founder died, in 1803, he was succeeded by James Christie the second, who, in addition to inheriting his father's ability, was also an Eton graduate and a scholarly writer upon art subjects. The fourth and last Christie retired from the firm as recently as 1889, one of his partners—Edward Manson — having died five years earlier. Yet Christie's will remain Christie's to the end of the chapter.



THE HISTORIC HAMMER.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

Let us enter the handsome portico and ascend the stairs to the spacious entrance-hall. The place is already crowded with prospective bidders, for the walls are lined with pictures and tapestries and several groups of carved and inlaid objects are exposed to view. In the well-dressed throng many familiar faces may be recognised. That is the Duke of Devonshire; yonder is the Marquis of Lansdowne; while in one or other of the three large galleries there move other peers and statesmen, Park Lane magnates, celebrated art dealers, and connoisseurs and collectors from all over the world. At precisely one o'clock there is a sudden hush of expectancy, and a clean-shaven, alert figure mounts the rostrum, the historic ivory hammer in his hand. It is Mr. Agnew, the son of the famous dealer. The rostrum, by the way, is itself an object of art, for was it not built by the illustrious Chippendale himself? Formerly, behind it was hung a portrait of the first Christie, painted by his friend Gainsborough, whose canvases have since enjoyed so many triumphs in these halls. But stay; what a coincidence! "No. 1. A portrait in oils of Lady Selina Parker, by Gainsborough."

"Now, gentlemen, what am I bid for this picture? One thousand guineas — one thousand five hundred—two thousand—two thousand five hundred—three thousand—three thousand five hundred." There is a



"NOW, GENTLEMEN, WHAT AM I BID FOR THIS PICTURE?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

pause, and the figure in the rostrum, holding the ivory hammer which has knocked down some millions of art treasures, repeats "Three thousand five hundred," before a dealer acquiesces in an advance of one hundred guineas, and the picture is finally sold for three thousand eight hundred guineas, for it is not—so it is explained—an especially brilliant example of the master's work. But what would Gainsborough himself say to the almost fabulous prices which rule during the "Gainsborough boom"—when trifles such as this fetch three or four thousand guineas, and ten thousand guineas is not thought too much to pay for the artist's best? The record price of ten thousand one hundred guineas was obtained by the celebrated portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire in the Wynn Ellis sale of 1876, since purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the next being the portrait of Lady Mulgrave, sold in 1895 for ten thousand guineas. Yet a dozen years before this picture went for only one thousand and seventy guineas. As the hammer falls again and again, and the sale proceeds of real or reputed Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, Romneys, Hoppners, and others by English masters in this English collection, we can hardly help contrasting the suave, imperturbable, laconic manner of the auctioneer with that of many of his forerunners.



"THE SPECIOUS ORATOR"—THE FIRST OF THE CHRISTIE'S.
From the Print by R. Dighton, 1794.

The first Christie was famous for his persuasive eloquence. In the published drawing of him by Dighton a decade before his death—considered a capital likeness, by the way—he is entitled "The Specious Orator," and is represented as remarking, "Will your ladyship do me the honour to say fifty thousand pounds?—a mere trifle; a brilliant of the first water, an unheard-of price for such a lot, surely." On one occasion, it is said, Christie was selling a landscape by Richard Wilson. "Gentlemen," he began, "what am I offered for this noble, this superb, this exquisite delineation of Nature in her most melting mood? It was painted by the celebrated Wilson. Gentlemen, Wilson can paint nothing like that now." "You're a liar!" interrupted a voice at the door. "I can paint a hundred times better, and you know it!" The astonished bidders turned and perceived the cadaverous, drink-sodden features of the artist himself, who had left his suburban retreat to attend the sale of his early work at Christie's. No opportunity is given in the reticence of the auctioneer for such an incident nowadays. The post requires great coolness, and, when the bidding is fast and furious and excitement runs high, considerable firmness and power of decision. Only the other day at Christie's an old English oval gold snuff-box from the Soltykoff collection was sold to a Bath gentleman for two hundred and twenty pounds, whereupon a London dealer hotly contested the purchase, declaring that he had bid that amount, and his claim was supported by several well-known dealers seated in his vicinity. Nevertheless, the auctioneer firmly declined to put up the article again for sale, and proceeded to the next lot.

Then there are those individuals whose repentance at having carried off the prize follows speedily on the transaction—so speedily, indeed, that the noise of the hammer has hardly ceased to reverberate when their lips are ready with a disclaimer of having made the highest bid. Such instances are very trying, but fortunately are rare. Perhaps two or three lots will have intervened before the purchaser becomes painfully aware, by some especial gift of vision vouchsafed only to a proprietor, that what he has bought as a Raphael or Murillo is in reality a shameless forgery, manufactured, it may be, at one of those establishments at Florence or Siena whose methods were exposed a few months back in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. But it is then too late, as every bidder at an auction is aware;

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the sale holds good, and the purchaser must make the best of his bargain or have his bids for the future ignored by the auctioneer.

Volumes could be — and, indeed, have been — written on the myriad art treasures which have disappeared down into the dark cellars at Christie's, only to reappear through the famous trap-door on the day of sale, when their fate is heralded by the rap of the hammer and confirmed by payment, by cheque or cash, at the office. This office, a view of which is given by our artist, is situated at the right hand of the entrance stairway, and it is here that the details of business at Christie's is transacted.

Looking over the old catalogues marked in pen and ink with the prices realized, one comes across some curious lots. There are the household furniture, plate, trinkets, china, laces, linen, some wearing apparel, etc., of Mrs. Winter, deceased, "body-laundress to her late Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales," at her house in Duke Street, St. James's. The perquisites of the "body-laundress" brought three hundred and thirty-nine pounds in 1772. We notice with a smile all the stock epithets of praise bestowed so lavishly by the auctioneer in his catalogue; *exquisite*, *noble*, *superb*, and *capital* are scattered about indiscriminately. But the first Christie was not content with these. We have spoken of his oratory; we must not forget his literary style, of which he was justly proud. By way of preface to one catalogue we find this: "As every accession of virtue becomes fair subject for congratulation to the British public, inasmuch as it tends to improve the taste, correct the judgment, and enlarge the ideas both of artists and collectors, in like manner may the cabinet of pictures be commended, and those whose spirits and affection for the arts have been warmed by the recent importations from Italy and France will, we conceive, have fresh pleasure in being permitted to participate in the public distribution of so exquisite an assemblage as the Holderness collection."

In 1827 there was a curious sale of



THE OFFICE.

Egyptian sepulchral monuments and embalmed specimens sold by the younger Christie. A female mummy was knocked down for nine pounds eleven shillings and sixpence, an embalmed cat one pound, an embalmed hawk five shillings, and an arm of a mummy one guinea.

But it is as the Stock Exchange of British and even of international art that Christie's wins a deserved renown. Every sale being, as has been said, a pulse-beat of art, the prices realized for Raphaels, Claudes, Vandycks, Rubenses, Reynoldses, and the other masterpieces of painting represent the estimation in which art is held in the community. Famous canvases, as well

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

as collections of china and bric-à-brac and heirlooms of every description, are constantly changing ownership. The death of the owner, a great financial crash, a fall in the fortunes of some noble house, and the accumulation of years and even of centuries is thrown on the market. Thus among the famous collections dispersed at Christie's may be mentioned those of Bleinheim Palace, of the Earl of Dudley, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Cheylesmore, the Cavendish-Bentinck collection, the Lonsdale collection, the Beckett Denison, Adrian

spring no less than six thousand four hundred pounds was paid by Mr. Duveen for a Louis XV. oblong gold snuff-box, painted by Hainelin with bouquets and flowers. This price constitutes a record at Christie's. Consider the vast wealth of a community when snuff-boxes commonly demand a couple of thousand guineas and a piece of chinaware fetches a hundred pounds an ounce. The first china sale at Christie's, nearly a century and a half ago, was altogether a different affair. It concerned the stock-in-trade of a Mr. Stewart, "who"



A LOT WITH A HISTORY.

Hope, Magniac, Wynn Ellis, Bernal Gillott, and Napier collections. Sales of very great interest, disproportionate to their actual intrinsic value, occur from time to time, and such a sale was that which took place of the *lares* and *penates* of Charles Dickens, only a month after his lamented death in 1870. There were a number of pictures by Frith, Maclise, Leslie, and Wilkie, while among the miscellaneous mementos were Dickens's favourite raven in a glass case, which brought a hundred and twenty guineas, his chair, and his desk. The total amount realized was nine thousand four hundred and ten pounds.

In the cellar while we write repose many thousands of pounds' worth of carved furniture and china alone. In one strong box is stowed away an assortment of snuff-boxes which may prove to be worth a prince's ransom. At the Hawkins sale this past

(to quote the catalogue) "is going into another Way of Business." At this, as at immediately subsequent sales, two white Chelsea groups "of the four quarters of the globe" went for a modest guinea; an entire Worcester tea-set, two pounds twelve shillings; while Sèvres urns and vases varied in price from ten to fifteen guineas. Recently, three articles of Sèvres fabrication realized ten thousand guineas. At a sale of Derby and Chelsea porcelain in 1782 the following eminent persons were present and became purchasers: Dr. Johnson, the Duchess of Portland, Lady Bute, Sir Abraham Hume, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lady Weymouth, Lady Essex, Lady Cornwall, the Duchess of Ancaster, Sir Joseph Banks, besides numerous others. Then, as in our own day, the bidding on certain coveted "lots", is productive of much rivalry. On

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one occasion, not so long ago, it is related that a certain collector had, prior to the sale, marked a beautiful gold and jewelled cabinet as his own, provided it could be purchased at a figure within his means. In fact, he was prepared to pay for this exquisite bagatelle as much as two thousand guineas, rather than lose it. By a coincidence another and richer collector had, also privately, resolved to acquire the charming casket. "This lot, gentlemen, please," announced the porter in charge, and the bidding started at what seemed a fair price for the article—namely, three hundred guineas; at seven hundred guineas all the bidders but the two we have mentioned dropped out. "Eight hundred guineas," cried the auctioneer. "One thousand," remarked the sturdy, but somewhat choleric, first collector. "Fifteen hundred," quietly retorted the less robust, but equally enthusiastic, collector No. 2, with an air of clinching the matter. Soon by hundred-guinea starts the two thousand limit was reached and passed, the anger of collector No. 1 being great when the cabinet was finally knocked down to his rival for two thousand four hundred guineas. He strode up to him, with clenched fists. "You've got it," he spluttered, fiercely. "You've got it. But — but it'll soon be mine. *You look wretchedly ill!*"



"THIS LOT, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE."

Sometimes the frenzy of bidding causes prices to ascend arbitrarily, for which the successful bidders are afterwards sorry. For example, the late Mr. Beckett Denison purchased Rubens's "Daniel in the Lions' Den" at the Hamilton sale for four thousand and nine guineas, the extra nine guineas being itself eloquent testimony to the fierceness of the bidding. But the picture had once been sold for two hundred guineas, and three years after the Beckett Denison purchase the Duke of Hamilton bought it back for two thousand guineas.

Glassware is not usually considered expensive. Perhaps the costliest piece of glassware was a ewer of Venetian glass only seven inches high, having seven equestrian figures in gold and colours on a blue ground, which was sold at the Hamilton Palace sale in 1882. Such a piece of dainty glassware would seem to the average man, noting these things in a Regent Street window, by no means cheap at five pounds. The two-handled vase of Venetian glass sold just before it went for eighty guineas; a pair of green glass candlesticks also brought eighty guineas; but who except a connoisseur would have thought that the bidding for the little glass ewer shown in the accompanying picture would have risen to two thousand six hundred guineas? Such knowledge—like good judgment in diamonds and orchids—takes a lifetime to acquire.



THIS EWER FETCHED 2,600 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

It is extraordinary how prices fluctuate at

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Christie's: paintings sell easily for two thousand guineas one decade and fetch scarce two hundred the next; or the order may be reversed, according to the caprice of collectors. It must not, of course, be assumed that everything which is brought under the hammer at Christie's is of great merit or value, because the truth cannot be gainsaid that a great deal of worthless rubbish finds its way into that mart, and even sometimes meets with purchasers at respectable figures. It would be interesting to know just how many forged old masters have passed muster at Christie's in the course of the last fourteen decades. That momentous question often propounded at the critical moment in the sale of a reputed old master, "Is it genuine?" must often be answered in the negative. It is certain that the great majority of pictures sold at auction in the early days were merely copies. On the other hand, there have been numerous instances where the most unpromising and even shockingly dilapidated canvases have turned out to be many times more valuable than the price realized at the sale seemed to indicate. But connoisseurship has latterly reached such a pitch of perfection that the prospective bidder is able to penetrate the layers of dirt on the surface of a Gainsborough and offer sums for its acquisition sufficient to astonish the frugal householder who has dragged it out of some long disused garret or lumber-room.

What, the reader may now ask in conclusion, do the sales at Christie's average? Taking one year with another—good, bad, and indifferent—over three hundred thousand pounds a year. The high-water mark was reached in 1882—the year of the Hamilton sale—when the total reached over six hundred thousand pounds: a great deal of money to be spent in one year on "second-hand objects of vain luxury and feastings of the eye," as the Sage of Chelsea had it.



"IS IT GENUINE?"

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

NOVEL OUT-DOOR GAMES



By Raymond Whyte.

A CENTURY and a half ago Voltaire taunted us with being a nation of but "one sauce"; to-day many foreigners imagine that Englishmen possess but one game — to wit, "le cricquet"; brawny Ireland contributing "la foutballe," and Scotland "la golfe." (The ladies of the United Kingdom, one is led to suppose, are chiefly responsible for "le tennis.") But although no one may question the immense popularity of the games we have just enumerated, which may be said fairly to monopolize the lighter moments of the leisured masses, yet they by no means represent the sum-total of our outdoor, to say nothing of our indoor, pastimes. Even our friends across the Channel would a year or so since have been obliged to recognise the supremacy of ping-pong, while croquet not long ago took such a new lease of life as to render it a formidable rival to tennis. According to a well-known authority, interviewed for "The Strand," there are no fewer than twelve hundred current games being played indoors and outdoors by young England to-day.

But we are not at this moment concerned with the games everyone knows. Let us glance at some of the games which all the country may be playing to-morrow. The huge success of certain athletic amusements has, of course, its commercial side, and it is worth remarking that there are at least a score of busy inventors racking their brains to devise some pastime that will render them rich beyond the dreams of avarice. If you were to glance over the Patent Office register you would see hundreds of entries of lawn and parlour diversions, which doubtless represent an immense deal of time and thought, which, owing to some want of appreciation, or perhaps some caprice, on the part of the public, have failed to reward their inventors with a single halfpenny in royalties. The very names of some of these pastimes have a melancholy interest—magnol,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

burton, squimps, crokinole, rochette, cymbal, ludo, lauriotte, haplot, fenley, rowley-bowley, and such-like. Mr. R. J. Deacon, of Middlesbrough, claims to have invented no fewer than seventy-two such games. But long before this gentleman's time there were labourers in the vineyard whom only the national disinclination to change prevented from becoming prosperous. England is far too loyal to cricket to yield it up to matapan, for example; yet thirty years ago an American gentleman named Gibbs, disgusted with our apathy towards baseball (Anglicè—rounders), devised a beautiful combination of the American national game with cricket, to which he gave the euphonious title of matapan. There is a legend that matapan still survives somewhere, but nobody paid any attention to it then, and the committee at Lord's obstinately refused to substitute matapan for cricket in the season's fixtures for 1873. The same fate has overtaken another American invention—pushball, a more recent importation, which, however, may yet achieve considerable popularity. In lawn games croquet killed archery, and tennis laid croquet low for a time; then badminton came along and threatened to supersede tennis. Now there is a combination of tennis and cricket which may become very popular. Every year sees a dozen new games put forward, which, after a purely local vogue, recede into oblivion. This summer we have disquet, heidelberg, whiz-z-z, martinique, trumpette or lawn-trumps, buxton, clock-golf, and davenport. "There is no indication," remarked Mr. Hamley, the celebrated dealer who made ping-pong famous, "of what are precisely the qualities which may make a game popular. It is much more difficult to secure a vogue for an outdoor than for an indoor game. People buy games like puff-billiards, bang-slap-bang, Ranjit-sinhji, squails, and such-like, and play them through the season without prejudice to the regular outdoor games. It is not always extreme novelty that the English public likes; a variation or modification of some familiar game stands a far better chance of success. Ping-pong, you know, was a kind of tennis, and the new game of pipto, which is bound to be very popular, is very similar to the old game of fives. Of the new lawn games, I should think whiz-z-z, clock-golf, and putting-golf stand the best chance of success."



From a Photo. by] A GAME OF DISQUET. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

"What do you predict will be the next society craze in this line?"

"Disquet, perhaps. This game has one grand advantage, inasmuch as it can be played with equal ease and enjoyment either indoors or outdoors. I should think that there will not be a single yacht or steamship that will not have a set or two for the amusement of its passengers. A delicate handling of the putter is soon acquired, and the study of the discs requires considerable judgment." It may be mentioned that disquet, of which an illustration appears on this page, can be played by two, four, or more players in a hall, veranda, courtyard, house-boat, or ship's deck.

Of the other new games which have made their *début* this season, one of the most picturesque and graceful is buxton, the invention of a well-known baronet who prefers

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] BUXTON—WHICH SUGGESTS RIVER PUNTING. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

to remain anonymous. The chief implement used in this game seems to have been suggested by a punting pole. Everyone who has seen a pretty girl manœuvring a punt on the Thames is aware that there are few attitudes which show off her figure to better advantage. Even a short damsel inclined to *embonpoint* appears at her best when propelling this sort of river craft, and the same may be said of buxton, so called because first played in the Duke of Devonshire's Midlands domain in the summer of 1903. One great objection to the game is that it involves a series of holes or pockets on the lawn as well as hoops of the croquet pattern, but these, of course, may be eliminated, although they certainly lend an additional excitement to the game. The end of each pole terminates in a ball or large round knob, the same size as the wooden balls used in playing, which are fifteen in number, all of different colours. The object of the player is to gain the highest score, either by cannons or passing through the hoops. A ball falling into a pocket is said to be bunkered, and counts fifty against the player.

The inventor of trumpette, or lawn-trumps, seems also to have gone to the punting pole. Here, however, the "staff" terminates in an iron or brass-shod point instead of a ball, and the game is played with flat discs in the form of hearts, diamonds, clubs, and spades, each having a separate value as in bridge. The lawn is marked out into a court divided into eighteen squares, the object of the player being to fling his or her trumps into the various squares by means of the staff inserted into the small hole in each disc.



From a Photo. by] TRUMPETTE, OR LAWN TRUMPS. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] AN EXCITING ROUND AT HEIDELBERG. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

Quite as fascinating and almost as picturesque in its way is the new game of heidelberg. This is played with an intervening net and two large hoop-shaped racquets perforated in the middle, propelling a shuttlecock. Behind each player is stretched a score-court, into which if the shuttlecock falls it scores against the player on that side. It should be mentioned that the shuttlecock must pass through the perforation in the racquet in order to score. Should either player trespass upon any of the numbered squares in the court with his feet while playing, this also counts against him; while if the shuttle passes beyond the boundaries of the court it is termed dead or lost.

Whiz-z-z is the rather fantastic name of one of the latest garden games. Although played with arrows and targets there are no bows, and therefore no skill in archery is required, the arrows being thrown by the hand on to the target, which is placed on the ground. Considerable expertness is soon acquired, and the game promises to be a huge success.

Putting-golf is, as the name indicates, that portion of the royal and ancient game associated with the putting-green, the "holes" being represented by circular discs and multiplied by five. Besides being



"WHIZ-Z-Z"—ARCHERY WITHOUT THE BOW.
By permission of Messrs. Hamley Bros., Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a capital pastime in itself, it affords invaluable practice to the would-be golfer.

An even more ingenious game is martinique, which is played on either side of a four-post barrier supporting three numbered hoops.



From a Photo. by] PUTTING-GOLF. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

The players are equipped with a racquet, termed a *planche*, and a celluloid ball attached to a handle, the latter held in the right hand. The aim, of course, is to send the ball through the hoop and secure it again without its being "captured" by the opposing player. As may be imagined, martinique is a most exciting pastime, but it is not a game in which a valetudinarian may be recommended to indulge immoderately.

We have already hinted something of the ingenuity demanded, not merely in inventing new games, but in devising new names for them. Many persons are ready to ascribe no little of a game's success to a happy inspiration at its christening. Having got your game it is necessary to give it a title which will take the public fancy, as, for instance, did ping-pong, which it is difficult to believe as table-tennis could have achieved such an amazing



From a Photo. by] AN EXCITING ROUND AT MARTINIQUE. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

degree of popularity—amounting, indeed, to a "craze." But, after all, the atmosphere of England is far less favourable to the growth of "crazes" than France or America. Thus, on the other side of the Atlantic, bang-slap-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



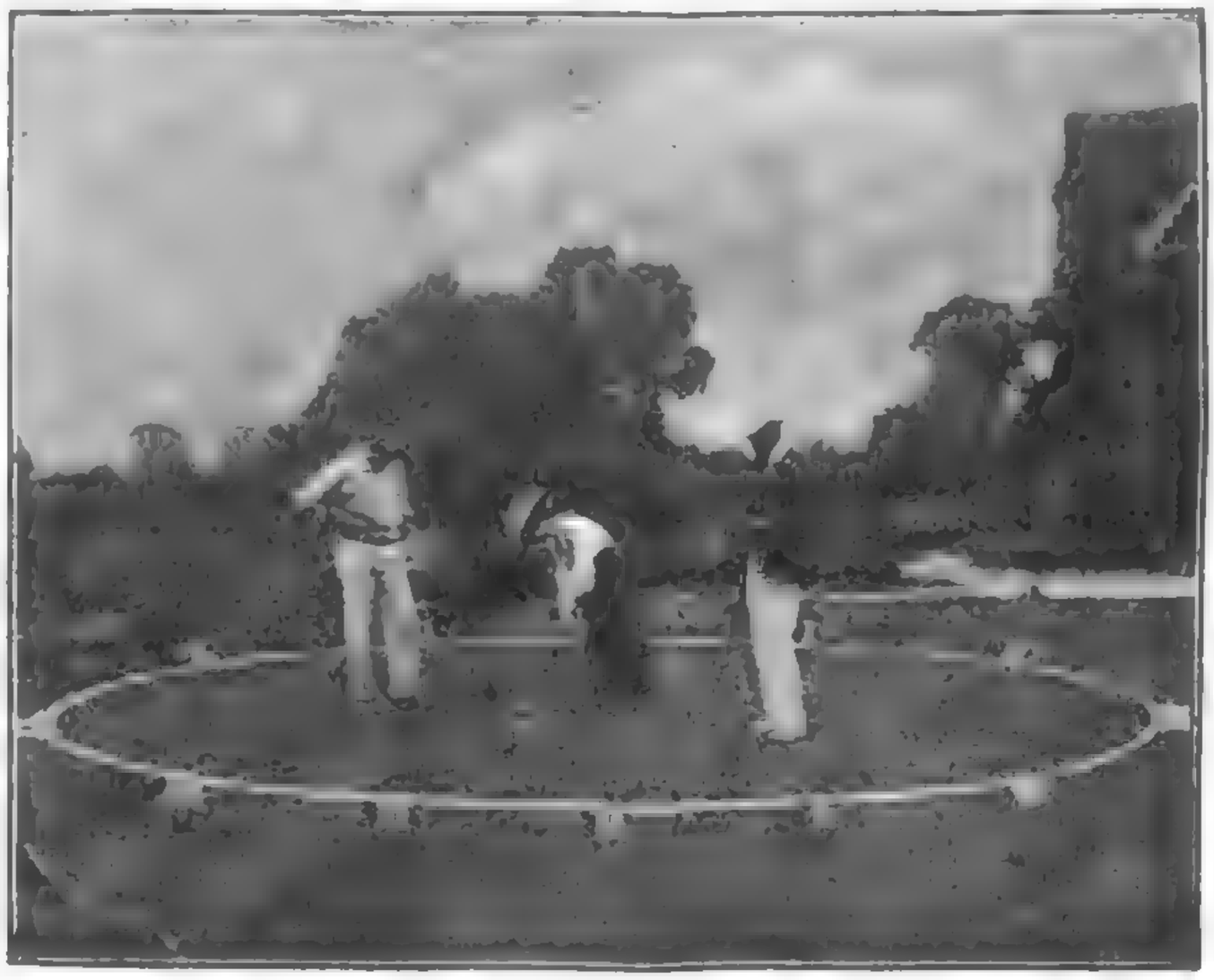
From a Photo. by] SPIROPOLE, OR POLE-POLO. *[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.*

bang is enjoying a signal success in the drawing-room or dining-room, although we already know it here as an indoor modification of pole-polo.

Pole-polo, or spiropole, is not exactly a new game, but it enjoys far less popularity than it deserves. As may be seen by the illustration, it is simplicity itself, being played with racquets and a ball suspended from the summit of a pole.

For clock-golf all that is needed is sufficient space on a smooth lawn to describe a circle some fifteen feet in diameter. This circle encloses the dial-plate of the clock, as is shown in the accompanying illustration, the game being played by each person with a golf ball and a putter.

It would really be difficult to enumerate all the novel outdoor games which have been copyrighted within the past twelvemonth, or which the present summer will see rehearsed before the delighted eye of their inventor or the dubious eye of their purchaser. Every man or woman of volatile temperament has probably at some time or other invented a game, even if it was only in the nursery or in the schoolroom. Yet we cannot conscientiously recommend the ingenuity of the youngster in "Uncle Remus," whose idea of a lawn game was to suspend a live terrapin from a clothes-line and heave cups and saucers at him; whoever broke the most cups and saucers within a given time won the game. If, however, the terrapin died, he won. Which reminds us of the charming pastime of the little boy in *Punch*, who was asked by a sympathetic gentleman what had become of his brother. "Oh, we were playing such a beautiful game—who could lean farthest out of the top-floor window, and—and Tommy won"!



CLOCK-GOLF.
By permission of Messrs. Hamley Bros., Limited.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

THE GRAND DUKE'S LOVE AFFAIR.



By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds (G. M. Robins).

AS the Gräfin entered—with a subdued eagerness which could not quite hide itself — the Graf started from his troubled thoughts and looked her bravely in the face. She saw, and braced herself to bear what was almost incredibly bad news for her.

"She will not?" she asked, softly.

"She will not," replied the Graf; and, in the pitiful silence that followed, he stared out over the unkept gardens and overgrown deer-forest that would have formed so goodly a heritage had he possessed the money to keep them in order.

"Do you think she meant it?" asked the wife, wistfully, after a while.

"Oh, yes, she meant it."

"Did you put it to her, Ernst, from all points of view?"

"I think so; yes, I tried to. In these days one does not hope to influence one's children; one merely pleads with them. I pleaded with Gilda. I told her some of what so brilliant a match must mean for us."

"That would have no effect upon her."

"It had none; the result of an English education, my wife."

The Gräfin rose and came to sit by her husband. They were not old people; they were still young enough to have soaring ambitions, and to suffer keenly. She took his hand.

"Ernst, I suppose, at the bottom of your heart, you think her right?"

He winced.

"When we were young, Rosi, girls before marriage did not concern themselves with such things. The scandal is an old one; there is no reason why the Grand Duke should not make Gilda an excellent husband, just because he has been guilty of an indiscretion; he is not popular, but nobody denies that he is a brave soldier."

The Gräfin sighed.

"Remember, Gilda has Royal blood in her; she is proud."

"I believe," he cried, petulantly, "that you are on her side."

A shadow darkened the sunny window that

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

opened upon the terrasse, and a young girl entered the room.

Gilda von Irmingen was not a beauty in the ordinary sense of the word, and evidently did not so consider herself. Superb health, both physical and mental, was the first impression she conveyed. Just now her trim, athletic young figure, full of *verve* and elasticity, was garbed in a loose white bodice, a leather belt was round the supple waist, and the shortness of the cloth skirt showed that she had just come from bicycling.

Her light brown hair waved back from a candid, fearless brow; her grey eyes were frank and confident. She seated herself on a corner of her father's writing-table, flung down her straw hat, and began to draw off her leather gauntlet gloves.

"Well," said she, "go on, dears; you were talking about me."

"Gilda," said her mother, reproachfully, "you do not appreciate the honour the Grand Duke does you."

"It is nothing of the kind," said the girl, simply. "The Grand Duke ought not to apply for the hand of any good woman. If he had all the graces, instead of being as he is, plain, middle-aged, and grumpy, I could not marry him. You neither of you wish me to, really."

The Gräfin fondled the hand of her revolted daughter. "Think what opportunities for good such a marriage would bring," she softly suggested. "You, who are burning to reform the world—might you not do much as the reigning Grand Duchess?"

"There never was a good building reared on a bad foundation, mother."

"In my days young girls were content to allow their parents to decide upon such questions."

"Yes, and how badly such arrangements turned out! No, motherling, it is best to be miserable in one's own way, and not to have one's sorrows pre-arranged by someone else."

"A very good antidote to misery is to have the power to alleviate the miseries of others," murmured the Gräfin, as though to herself.

"The man must care about you, Gilda," said her father, suddenly, "else would he never choose a jewel in such a poor setting."

The young girl laughed easily. "He does not come here until he has sought elsewhere in vain, be sure, father! You are the only noble in Ravestein who is of the blood Royal. The Duke would have married years ago but for lack of a wife."

The parents looked at each other. There was no appealing to the vanity of this girl; her clear eyes saw farther than theirs. Neither of them would urge upon her that fact which meant so little to her—everything to them—their poverty and their ambition.

In her youthful self-sufficiency she never thought of that.

"Now, were it not the Grand Duke, but his brother, Prince Victor, who came a-wooing," she blithely cried, "I might say 'Yes, if you please, kind sir!' for he is ten years younger and a hundred times less ugly. But Eberhardt! And he is so dull, too—he scarcely spoke to me when he danced with me at the Court ball."

"Apparently he thought the more," replied her father, with a wintry smile. "But now, Gilda, counsel your parents out of the fulness of your modern culture. The Grand Duke comes here to-morrow *incognito*, attended only by his friend Baron Helso, ostensibly for the hunting, though the real object of his visit you have just heard. What is to be done?"

"Why, father, surely he may come all the same, whether I marry him or not?"

The Graf looked down at his writing-table and traced idle figures with his pen. "I shall make it clear to him that it is you who refuse," he said. "Parents cannot compel their children in these days, unfortunately."

Gilda sprang up: a fire was in her limpid eyes. With a swift movement she walked to her father's side.

"Graf von Irmingen, would you, if you could, compel me to marry Duke Eberhardt?" she cried. "You do not answer! You know that you would not! You and my mother think as I do, that our line is too proud to be tarnished, even though the tarnish be hidden under robes of state! But you are afraid—you want to cast the responsibility on me, a young girl! Well, do so! My shoulders are broad enough to bear it!"

And, turning, she broke away from them out into the warm sunlight and drifting autumn leaves of the terrasse.

They looked at each other. She did not realize, could not realize, the crushing burden of noble poverty. She was too young; it was natural that she should think of herself alone.

But she was their only child!

Eberhardt, Grand Duke of Ravestein, was a small man, without dignity of presence. His face was lined, and his weary eyes set in deep under black brows. His black hair

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

and moustache were prematurely grizzled. His nature was outwardly cold and unresponsive, which rendered him unpopular in his dominions. His plainness was accentuated by the livid scar on one side of his forehead—a legacy of his reckless daring in the never-to-be-forgotten charge of Eddergau.

His demeanour, as he bowed over the hand of the Lady Gilda in the large, faded saal of Schloss Irmingen, was quiet and crushed.

Baron Helso, a blonde giant who stood behind him, frowned formidably upon the impertinent, penniless girl who had dared to rebuff his master.

Gilda looked charming in her pale pink gown, with pearls in her light brown wavelets of hair. Her sprightly self-possession carried things off with grace and vivacity.

"The weather is fine," she said, "and our forest is full of deer; you will have good sport, Highness."

Eberhardt looked her squarely in the eyes.

"I do not care for sport, Fräulein, since I am not to have my heart's desire."

"God grant it you, Highness, whatever it be," she replied at once.

"It is you alone, Fräulein, who can bestow it."

"Does your Highness allude to the alliance so flatteringly suggested by the Geheimsrath to my father?"

The Grand Duke bowed.

"I had no idea that your heart was concerned in the matter, Highness," was the demure reply.

He displayed eagerness; a sudden spark lit up the weary eyes and strangely beautified the homely face.

"If I assured you that so it is, might that induce you to reconsider your decision, Fräulein?"

The Gräfin drew Baron Helso away to look at an embroidery, and Gilda walked slowly to the end of the room, to the big oriel window, looking on the terrasse, where the sinking sun in splendour poured through the diamond panes, with their blazoned shields, proclaiming the high lineage of the Von Irmingens. The Grand Duke walked at her side; she turned upon him with a pretty gesture.

"Two hearts should go to make a marriage, Highness; my heart is not yours."



"TWO HEARTS SHOULD GO TO MAKE A MARRIAGE, HIGHNESS; MY HEART IS NOT YOURS."

The sun burned upon her cloudy hair till each separate strand was burnished gold, as though she were crowned already. She enjoyed the *rôle* she played. Her English education enabled her to see the old-world quaintness of her life and of the present crisis. No feeling towards the unattractive man at her side intruded itself to mar her self-complacency. She was mistress of the situation. To begin life with declining the suit of a reigning ruler was distinctly to give a proof of the unworldliness and lofty mind of the new woman.

It was evident that Eberhardt thought so; his eyes were full of reverence.

"It is I who am presumptuous, Fräulein," he said, humbly. "I am so surrounded by

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

courtiers that I sometimes forget how little I, personally, have to offer."

The colour flamed up to Gilda's expressive face.

"I should not wish you to believe that I am so paltry as to be caught by externals," she said, hurriedly, "but I own I aim high. It is a foolish whim, but I have determined either to die unwed or to marry a hero."

He turned his eyes on the transparent face. For the first time he looked at her as an elder may indulgently regard an impetuous child, and he smiled kindly.

"What do you understand by a hero, Fräulein?"

She looked down. "A man of stainless honour," she softly said. "One who is — master of himself. One who will do great deeds without desiring praise."

There was a silence, while it seemed that Eberhardt received, and accepted silently, an unexpected blow. But when he spoke it was very gently, and it was only in his eyes that the pain remained.

"Has it ever occurred to you, lady, that you may not know your hero when you meet him?"

"Why," she laughed, "are heroes so common that he will be like all others?"

"No; but it seems to me"—he paused, and his patient gaze wandered away over the autumn woodlands; there was a far-off note in his voice as he concluded—"it seems to me that the man most likely to do such deeds as I understand you to mean would be the man least likely to talk of them."

So saying, he bowed to her in his stiff German fashion, turned on his heel, and went to where her mother sat, doing her best to entertain Baron Helso, who was, to put it mildly, a good deal bored by this excursion into the primitive life of a provincial Schloss.

Later, when the Grand Duke found himself alone in his apartments with his friend, he turned suddenly from a fixed contemplation of the embossed figures on the majolica Ofen, and said abruptly :—

"Helso, she has heard—she has been told—she knows."

"Gott im Himmel!" cried Helso, who was lighting a huge fat cigar, with long puffs of enjoyment. "What will happen to our Fatherland when the young girls criticise their ruler's morals to his face?"

"It was most delicately hinted; she said she would marry a man of stainless honour."

"Well, I only know of one in the Grand Duchy," grunted Helso. "Gott bewahre! What these girls expect! Monstrous!"

He puffed away for some minutes without further speech; at last he said, "I suppose you mean that she knows half?"

Eberhardt nodded silently.

Helso stirred uneasily in his chair, his blue eyes fixed meditatively upon the motionless figure of the Grand Duke, sad and patient. Then he rose slowly, came over to where he stood, and touched him on the arm with a queer, loving gesture, like the endearment of an elephant.

"My friend," he said, wistfully, "is this really an affair of the innermost heart?"

There was a motion of assent.

"Truly an affair of your personal happiness?"

"You know me, Helso. You know whether I take fancies lightly, or whether, having taken more than a fancy now, I am likely to change."

"That being so," gravely replied Helso, knocking off his ash into one of the Gräfin's best Meissen cups—"that being so, with your permission, Highness, she shall know all."

There was a moment's pause—just one — before Eberhardt drew himself up, put aside his attitude of informality, and answered in measured tones, as though to a subordinate :—

"*Not* with my permission, Baron Helso."

So saying, he passed quickly across the room, entered his sleeping apartment, and shut the door with a snap as one who entrenches himself against temptation.

Helso resumed his chair and his big cigar. He smiled.

"To the forest of Sauffringen is a glorious expedition," said Gilda; "but surely not for to-day, Herr Baron, when the weather is so uncertain! Look at those banks of clouds in the west!"

"The wind is in the north, Fräulein."

"Yes, but the barometer!"

"The finest weather is to be had at this time of the year with a north wind and a falling barometer, Fräulein. I am a weather prophet. But let me not urge you; it is a long ride for a young lady."

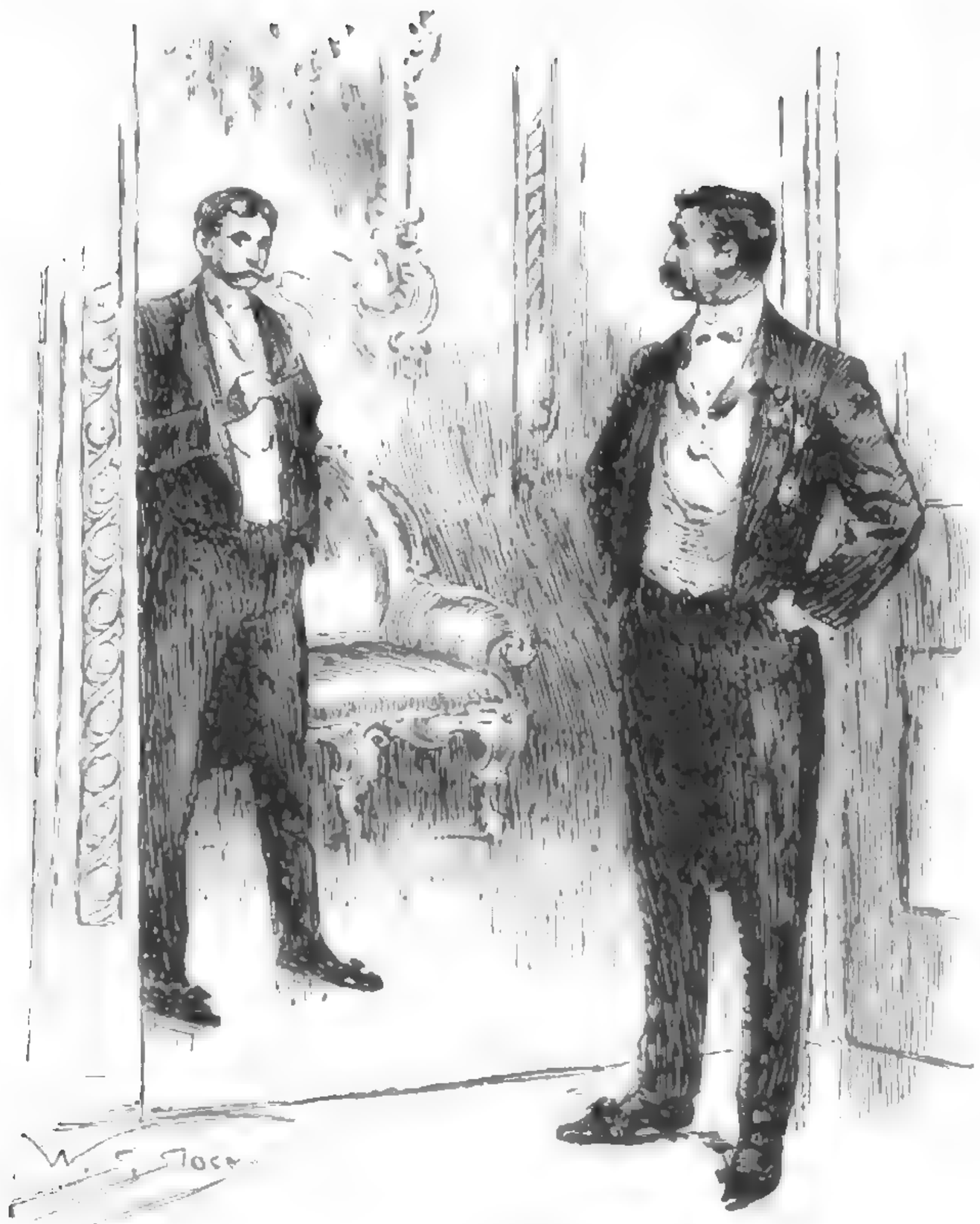
She gave a proud little laugh; after that she would go anywhere.

"We put ourselves in your hands, Herr Baron," she gaily cried, "and beware of the fate of the false prophet."

Helso's blue eyes twinkled under lowered lids.

They started off upon the long day's ride, Gilda in her plain English habit and little felt hat with a pheasant's wing, sitting her

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"NOT WITH MY PERMISSION, BARON HELSO."

horse joyously, with smiling eyes and erect mien, strong in the confidence of unconquered girlhood and youthful belief in herself.

They rode, as generally happened, Helso with Gilda, and the Grand Duke behind with her father, and when they came to a bit of turf Helso incited the girl to a gallop. When they pulled up their horses the others were not in sight.

"Never mind," said Helso; "we will go the long way round and join the high road at Auschwitz; I know this country well."

"I don't," said Gilda; "it is out of my beat—I generally ride over our own lands. But it is lovely here; let us go on."

They entered a pine forest. The sun poured down upon them with that exceptional warmth and brightness which sometimes seems to precede the overshadowing of a heavy cloud. The north wind had dropped and the storm from the west was rolling up; but they rode east, and Gilda noticed nothing, in her enjoyment of the ride and the wild, gorgeous scenery.

"Fancy living within a few hours' ride of this and never knowing it!" she cried.

"One is often in close proximity to something grand without knowing it," remarked the Baron, and Gilda earnestly answered:—

"Yes, that is quite true."

She thought as she spoke, why she could hardly tell, of the plain, scarred face and sad eyes of the man who loved her. In the three days which he had spent at the Schloss she had discovered him to be in many ways very unlike what she had supposed. Once or twice the idea that she might be mistaken had even crossed her mind, but of that there was small possibility.

"Prince Victor used to hunt here a great deal," broke in Helso, "but he does not come now."

"Do you know much of Prince Victor?" asked the girl.

"Quite as much as I want to," sourly replied he.

"Why, don't you like him?" she asked, in astonishment. "I thought he was so popular."

"And Duke Eberhardt is unpopular," returned Helso. "Than which you could have no better example of the value of public opinion."

"Ah, you are fond of the Grand Duke!"

"I would die for him, Fräulein; but then, you see, I know him—you do not."

The tone of warm, admiring affection struck Gilda forcibly. She caught herself distinctly wishing that the Grand Duke were as wholly admirable from the feminine as from the male standpoint.

As Helso spoke he reined in his horse at a cross-road, and looked to right and left. "There should be a sign-post here," he said, with some appearance of anxiety. "What shall you say to me, Fräulein, if we lose the way?"

"Oh, I expect we should find it," she answered, carelessly. "There is not much fear of our being benighted. But I am growing very hungry, and the huntsmen have all the lunch with them."

"I feel sure we turn to the left," said her guide; and, as the left-hand road was a beautiful grass ride, fringed with golden bracken and stately firs, they rode down it gaily enough. It ended in a broken expanse

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

of gorse and heather; the road was lost, and all around was wild and solitary.

"I have turned too soon," said Helso, "but, if we keep in this direction, we must strike the road sooner or later; I go by the sun."

They still went on. Gilda, in gay spirits, delighted with the ride and the beautiful country, was quite unconcerned as to their whereabouts.

But, as they picked their way over the uneven ground, slowly the sunlight waned and the black storm rolled up with gathering haste.

"Oh," cried Gilda, as a few wild drops dashed in her face, "you were a false prophet after all!"

"But in a happy hour," returned the Baron, "I see the chimney-stacks of a house I know, where resides a lady to whom I shall be delighted to present you, and who will have great pleasure in giving us shelter until the storm is over. Let us hasten; it is going to be severe."

Gilda pulled up her horse short, the rain driving in her face, and a shrieking wind bending the tall tree-tops of the wood. She knew of but one lady who resided in the heart of the Sauffringen Wald. Surely, surely, the Baron could not have the hardihood to take her there? But for her life she could not help the crimson that rushed to her smooth cheek as she asked:—

"Who is your friend, Herr Baron? Will she not resent such an unceremonious visit?"

"My friend is a charming lady who has had great misfortunes; she will, I am sure, welcome any diversion, for her life is solitary." He laid a hand upon her bridle-rein. "Quick, Fräulein, ere you are drenched through and through."

He was spurring on, and Gilda was constrained to follow. She repeated to herself over and over again that it was impossible that the Baron should intend to insult her. Moreover, she was realizing that, if they rode much farther, she would soon be wet to the skin. They darted in, through open drive gates, and up a smooth gravel sweep, and were soon in sight of a wide door, which stood hospitably open. Across the grass of the park, among the flying brown leaves which the storm was bringing down in crowds upon the ground, she caught a glimpse of a child, a little boy, with tossing yellow curls, running fast, with a nursemaid, towards the shelter of the house. Then the horses stopped, the Baron lifted her hastily down, and she stood, panting and with heightened colour, in the outer hall, while a great bell clanged through the silent place.

A man-servant in very elaborate livery responded to the summons. He led them into an inner hall, full of warm scents and hot-house flowers and gay rugs, and through it to a drawing-room which was a mass of embowered luxury. The man evidently knew Helso well. He departed in silence, and Gilda stood feeling suddenly conscious of her straying locks of hair and a splash of mud on the skirt of her habit. There was an open fire, foreign fashion, in the room, which was overpoweringly hot and perfumed. In a few minutes the door opened, and there glided in a golden-haired lady whose complexion owed its delicacy partly to art, whose fingers were loaded with jewels, and whose face wore the indescribable expression of a woman who does not expect to receive a visit from a member of her own sex.

Gilda von Irmingen stiffened visibly where she stood. The Baron was bowing over the lady's hand and apologizing for their intrusion. Then he took the little white foolish hand in his and led her forward, the rich silk of her pale blue robe rustling behind her on the fur rugs and parquet inlaying of the floor.

Gilda, rigidly erect, looked in contrast like a handsome boy, with her breezy atmosphere of fresh air and healthful exercise.

"Let me present to you, Fräulein, the wife of His Highness Prince Victor," gravely said the Baron Helso.

There was a moment's tingling silence; the lady looked up as if frightened into the Baron's face. "Oh," she breathed, "will not Victor be displeased, Helso?"

"Madam," replied the soldier, "this lady is the young Countess Gilda von Irmingen, whom the Grand Duke wished to honour with his hand. Had the marriage been arranged, she would have doubtless been presented to you; and, as it is, I think it not imprudent that she should know the lady who might have been her sister-in-law."

The lady lifted her big forget-me not eyes up to Gilda's changing face.

"Is it you that Eberhardt loves?" said she, rather as though surprised at the taste of the Grand Duke. "I wish him happiness, for he is the only really good man I have ever met—except, perhaps, our good friend the Baron here. I have reasons, too, for wishing that Eberhardt would marry, reasons which I cannot explain to you. Have you refused him?"

Gilda raised her head with a cold aloofness.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE BARON WAS BOWING OVER THE LADY'S HAND."

"I hardly think our very slight acquaintance warrants your question, madam"

"Oh, dear, of course it doesn't," cried the Princess Victor, breaking into a pretty, foolish little laugh. "But, you see, I am not of your world; I was born to more freedom of thought and speech." Her throat swelled, and she turned away with a sob. "I have not received a woman of your rank since I came to live here nine years ago," she faltered. "For Victor's sake I have endured that all the world should think the worst of me; and here I might have starved but for Eberhardt. And now, though Helso tells you I have done nothing wrong, you treat me like dirt beneath your feet!" Facing suddenly round, she made a deep curtsy. "I will withdraw," she said, with the crimson colour showing through the pearl powder, and a pathetic dash of real dignity. "Baron Helso, will you take the lady to the dining-room and see that she has some refreshment?"

Gilda started forward. "Believe me, madam, what you take for pride is merely shyness," she faltered, taking the reluctant hand. "I beg that you will forgive me if I hurt you. But I am astonished—I am at a loss; in short, I must beg you to excuse me."

"You are wet, too," said the Princess Victor, in tones of much concern. "You must be dried before you can eat. May I ring for a maid to attend you?"

She was eager in her offers of hospitality, and Gilda was taken charge of by a French maid, whose disdain of her general appearance was plainly to be seen, but who set to work upon her wet hair, and in ten minutes had made her as neat as circumstances would permit, with several furtive sighs at the waste of good material as she passed the lustrous silky masses of hair through her fingers.

When Gilda descended the stairs she found the Baron alone in the inner hall, where a

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tempting little *goûter* had been laid out. She went straight up to him.

"You brought me here on purpose?"

Helso bowed.

"Fräulein," he said, "I love the Grand Duke; and his heart seems to me to be set upon your favour." In his voice also was a kind of tone that suggested that he could not understand why this should be the case. "That being so, it occurred to my mind that you might possibly have heard, among the gossip of the country-side, a false account of the *ménage* which exists here. My well-meant effort may be useless, but it seemed my duty to remove what might by chance be an obstacle to the happiness of one who, more than any man I know, deserves happiness."

Gilda said neither yea nor nay, but silently gazed at the fire.

"There have been many of Prince Victor's scrapes which his brother has taken upon his shoulders," went on Helso, "but this is the most expensive. The Princess Victor was in the ballet at Munich, and is used to luxury. As long as he is heir to the throne Prince Victor will not acknowledge her. The marriage is morganatic, of course, but the Grand Duke much dislikes the idea of setting aside the unfortunate lady and her son. He would himself have married long ago but for his singular views on the subject, for he holds that no one—not even a reigning monarch, when the succession is in question—must marry a woman unless he loves her. Thus, if you adhere to your decision, Fräulein, he must give his consent to the marriage of Prince Victor with the Princess Violet of Plevna, which, as everyone knows, has long been considered possible, and this poor lady and her son will remain here unacknowledged."

Still Gilda neither moved nor spoke.

"The Grand Duke is attached to me, Fräulein," continued the speaker, "but if he knew that I had brought you here or told you this he would degrade me from my attendance on his person; therefore, if I have displeased you by what I have done, you have my punishment ready to your hand." He bowed deeply.

"You mean," said Gilda, slowly, "that this is to be between you and me; that I am not to let His Highness know that I have been here?"

"I could not make such a request of you, Fräulein. I can only tell you what the consequences are likely to be if you do mention it."

"That makes my task much harder," she said, under her breath. "But I deserve it; oh, I deserve it!"

The afternoon was far spent when the Baron and his charge at last rejoined the Graf and his Royal guest. The rain was over, and the west full of plunging, purple, rose-lined clouds, which were fast fading in the early autumn twilight. They excused themselves for their wanderings as well as



"GILDA NEITHER MOVED NOR SPOKE."

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

they could, but Gilda could see that her behaviour in so long absenting herself was very displeasing to her father.

Eberhardt was most solicitous for her health, and anxious lest she should have taken cold; though both she and Helso repeatedly assured him that they had been completely sheltered during the storm.

It was so late that the long ride home must be at once begun, and the horses' heads were turned back along the way they came. Gilda had not dared let her eyes rest for a moment upon the face of her lover, for very shame; but when Helso moved forward she contrived that it should be her father's horse which accompanied him, while she hung back, and Eberhardt found himself riding at her side.

He talked to her awhile, in his usual rather hesitating style, as of one who did not know how to please girls, and whose very anxiety to do so put him at a disadvantage. Gilda's answers were to the full as lame as his questions, and, in some obscure way, this encouraged him. Moreover, it was getting dark, always a relief to a shy man; and by the time they had ridden a couple of miles they found themselves really conversing—talking to each other, with the object of learning each other's thoughts, and with considerable success in the attainment of their object.

But presently, under the pressure of some influence hard to explain, the talk died away. They were in the very deeps of the forest, and there was only light enough to show them the long, motionless aisles of smooth, straight trees. The sad scent of autumn leaves after rain hung in the damp air—that scent which, more than any other, is charged with the regret of the soul for the dead summer, mystical and strange. Gilda was wholly occupied with her own humiliating thoughts, and they were very bitter. She had thought herself so lofty, so penetrating, so above small political ambition, and she stood before her own heart, convicted of being only very vain and foolish and dense, an ignorant girl, who did not know a great man when she saw him.

"How will you know your hero when you meet him?" he had asked her; and she had smiled in confident scorn, so sure that she should know; while all the time he had stood at her side and she knew it not. "The man to do such things is the least likely to talk of them."

Yes! And she had contemptuously put the homage of this great man away from her—he was not worthy of Gilda von Irmingen! He was the Grand Duke, and she knew that he too had his pride. Was it likely that the love she had spurned would again be offered? Her miserable heart choked with penitence and the inability to express it. Why could not something happen to make it easier? In books something always happened—Eberhardt's horse would throw him, and so give her a chance to show her devotion; or her own horse would stumble and give him a chance to utter unguarded words of tenderness. But this was real life, and they were simply moving on and on, through the mystic shades of the pines, silent, and wasting minutes of this, the last evening of the Grand Duke's visit. To-morrow he would go, with a conventional farewell to her, under her mother's eye, and she would be left to all her shame and her regret, and her too-late awakened love! She must say something now, if she choked for it. But what? What?

As her reflections reached this point Eberhardt broke silence with words he would not have ventured upon in the daylight.

"Our last ride together! It is so good of you to ride beside me, Fräulein."

"Good! Good of me!" she broke out, with a sob which she could not keep back. "How can you say so, when I have been so horrid to you, so arrogant and vain and foolish?"

He turned his wondering, wistful eyes upon her in amaze, but it was too dark to see her face.

"You must not say that of yourself," he stammered. "You know that it is not true. I have put you in a difficult position by coming and staying in the house; and you have been so kind and good."

"Oh, don't!" moaned Gilda, in her remorse.

He rode his horse nearer to hers—he was a fine horseman.

"I mean it," he said, in deep, full tones. "I shall be a better man for knowing you, in your unsullied youth and disdain of worldly considerations."

"And I," said Gilda, unsteadily, "shall be a better woman all my life for having known you, with your great humility and your gentle, courteous forbearance with ignorance and folly."

"Ah, Gilda," he said, in a very low voice, "don't speak too kindly, or some of what has been in my heart all these days will overflow to my lips, and I shall pain you."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"How could such a man as you love such a one-sided, conceited girl as I am?" she cried.

"How?" said the man, softly. "Oh, if I might tell you some of it! Ah, Gilda, you are sorry for me because I am going away; but it is mistaken kindness to be too good to me. I—I can't quite bear it."

He could hardly believe that he was not dreaming, when with a sudden movement she slid her right hand out of its white leather gauntlet and held it towards him in the dusk. Helso and the Graf were a considerable distance ahead; they were practically alone. He took the warm, impulsive hand in his, and now they were riding so near that the silky coat of her little mare brushed against his knee.

She leaned over to him, the reins in her left hand, and he just saw the glitter of tears in her eyes. "Can you forgive me for not knowing you when I met you — my *hero?*"

"Gilda!"

"Answer, oh, answer! I must ask you to-night, for to-morrow you will be gone away. Eberhardt, forgive me!"

A broken cry escaped him. He caught the little bare hand to his lips and kissed it once and again; then he loosed his hold of it. "Gilda, I am not a hero—not the least bit in the world."

She held out her hand again, imperiously. He took it, bending down and trying to look into her face; suddenly she lifted it, flashing upon him a rainy, brilliant smile. "The man most likely to do such things would be the man least likely to talk about them," she murmured.

And both horses stopped as by a mutual impulse, as the lonely-hearted Grand Duke stretched out his arms with the low, glad cry:—

"My love! Oh, my dear, dear love!"



"SHE LEANED OVER TO HIM."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Off the Track in London.

By George R. Sims.

III.—IN HIDDEN CAMBERWELL.

EVERYONE knows Camberwell. It is famous in farce. "Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell?" is a stage classic. It is famous in history—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was born there. Its poetical note is sounded in the name given to a dainty butterfly, "The Camberwell Beauty." You have hardly passed its famous Green before you are on Denmark Hill, among old country houses with far-stretching gardens and fair lawns and great leafy trees, memorials of the ancient forest that have survived the ceaseless outrages of the spreading town and lingered on through the centuries.

The Borough of Camberwell includes rural Dulwich and the College of God's Gift, the glorious monument of actor-manager Alleyn, of the old Fortune Play-house; it is bordered by the breezy heights whereon stands the world's wonder—the fairy palace of glass. It has its broad thoroughfares lined with splendid shops; its busy streets where the bees of the human hive hum round the honey-stalls from morning to night; it has its miles of happy villadom, its pleasant meads and vales; and hidden away off the track it has an area of grime and crime, of toil and tatter, that was long the despair of the Church and the Council. Here the good folks and the bad, the worker and the loafer, the honest poor and the vicious, were packed away out of sight and, but for the occasional attention of the missionary and the magistrate, out of mind.

It is this district—the Hollington Street area—that the Camberwell Borough Council has now taken vigorously in hand. Where there was a purgatory for the poor there is presently to be a paradise. But the work is only begun, and there still remains a strange land for the wanderer off the track to explore and to marvel at. It is a land by itself, almost unique. It is a network of weird, woebegone little streets and alleys, in which, without a guide, the stranger would be utterly lost.

Here are streets as narrow as those of an Eastern city, in which the opposite roofs, almost touching, serve to keep out the fierce blaze of the sun. Here is a maze of streets that cross each other and meet and turn, with blank walls closing the ends of some of them, and as the sole means of escape an "entry" through which a stout man can scarcely squeeze. The old town of Cordova is not more bewildering to all but the native than is this Hollington Street area of Camberwell. I have wandered and lost my way in both, and if I were hungry and heard the far-off sound of the dinner-bell I should prefer Cordova.

Because my artist colleague is going with me on this expedition, we make our start from the Camberwell Town Hall. Some of the property we are anxious to visit has been acquired by the Council, and we are going to take notes and make sketches in places where we should have scant welcome if we were not "armed with a little brief authority." At the Town Hall the Mayor of Camberwell, keenly interested in the Council's remarkable housing programme, wishes us *bon voyage*. The town clerk, Mr. Tagg, who is the moving spirit of the scheme, maps out our journey for us; and Mr. Burkmar, the manager of the newly-acquired property, kindly offers to accompany us and see us safely through some of the tight places, where the efforts of the artist to secure life studies might otherwise lead to something more than passive resistance.

It is pouring in torrents when we turn out of the main thoroughfare and dive into a narrow street which leads into the maze within which for the next three or four hours we are to wander rain-soaked and mud-bespattered, with no recognition of the weather beyond the turned-up collars of our overcoats.

For the individual with an umbrella in this district would be a marked man. The possession of an umbrella would imply a prosperity to which the inhabitants are unaccustomed. There may be an umbrella of sorts in some of the little houses, but it will be an heirloom, and will be brought out only on a Sunday by the female member of the family with the newest hat or frock. An umbrella on a week-day is a thing unseen, almost unheard of, in the neighbourhood. It would bring heads out of the windows and a tail of gaping children in the streets. As we particularly wish to avoid focusing observation we leave our umbrellas at the rent-office of the estate, and go drenched and dripping on our watery way.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

But before we start let us glance at the little office in which are gathered a group of women and children waiting to pay the weekly rent that is already a day or two behindhand.

The clerk sits at a little table, in the left-hand corner of which there is a slit such as one sees in the lid of a money-box.



"WAITING TO PAY THEIR WEEKLY RENT."

As each woman produces her rent-book from the red case provided by the Council to keep it clean and puts down her money, the clerk sweeps it through the slit and then signs the book.

All the women do not come with money; some come with excuses. Some come once too often, and then from the hooks on the office wall a padlock is taken and an official goes to the house and secures the rooms against the return of the occupant, who has already taken the "furniture" out before tendering the feeble excuse which she knows will not be accepted.

The people who crowd into the little office on rent-day—and all the week, for the matter of that, as many of them select their own rent-day—have always the grim row of padlocks staring them in the face to remind them of the inevitable consequences of over-procrastination.

Below the office in the basement are the "workshops." Here are stored rolls of wall-paper and the minor luxuries that tenants who are fastidious occasionally ask for. But the bulk of the poor tenants are not "wall-paper quality." "I don't want no luxuries," said a lady given to grumbling, as she handed her money in; "all I asks is as you'll make my bedroom window so as I don't have to sit up all night a-holding of it in."

The housing manager smiles. He knows the lady. A week or two previously she was asked where her husband was. "I suppose he's fell into that 'ole as you've left on the pavingment in front of our door," she replied. But she pays regularly, and even when she declares that she would like to drown the whole of the Borough Council in the water that won't run out of her back yard the clerk receipts her rent-book with a grin.

From the rent-office we turn into a dismal, weather-beaten little street that looks as though it had broken away from a fishing village and been wrecked on a mud-flat. Fish leaps to the eyes and to the nose at every turn. But it is all one fish — the haddock.

In this street are most of the "smoke-holes" in which the haddock-curing industry is conducted. The broken-down patches that were once front gardens are filled with fish-boxes, and fish-barrows tilted on end encumber the passages and the yards.

Just down the street is a house in which haddock-curing is carried on in a wholesale way. In front of the door stands a waggon piled high with fish ready for the process. A man is standing in the waggon and shovelling the haddocks into baskets, which are carried into the house by his assistants. Let us follow the fish-carriers and see one of the largest of the smoke-holes at work.

We enter a square building at the back, which is probably a yard roofed in. All

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"'SOUNDING' THE FRESH HADDOCKS."

round it are lofty, smoke-burnt compartments which go up to the roof.

In the centre is a big table or bench, at which two women and a number of men are "sounding" the fresh haddocks, splitting them open and decapitating them with marvellous rapidity. The haddocks are thrown on the table with a spade in heaps. As the haddocks are beheaded, cleaned, and split they are skewered on a long iron rod, which is placed in the smoke-hole. Each hole—they are like giant sentry-boxes without the top—will take about six gross of haddocks. When the "holes" are full the process of smoking commences. A heap of oak sawdust is put in on the floor of each compartment and ignited. In about four hours the six gross of haddocks are smoked to a pale orange colour and ready to be put on the market.

The establishment which my fellow-traveller off the track has sketched can prepare and smoke four tons of haddocks a day, working two shifts—the day shift that does the preparing and the night shift that does the smoking.

The haddock-smoker's task is not a rose-water one, but he takes it lightly. Sentimental ballads occasionally relieve the monotony of the toil. Some of the workers even look picturesque. I have come upon Vanderdecken in a smoke-hole, and the reader will notice in the accompanying illustration an Imperial Yeoman who, having faced the battle smoke, has now settled down to the haddock smoke. A newspaper contents bill stuck on the wall—"Warner Wins the Toss"—shows that the haddock-smoker takes a keen interest in the national game.

Let us leave the wholesale premises and see some of the smaller fry who, living in little, tumble-down houses, have a smoke-hole in the back yard. Here father and mother and the children constitute the entire staff. The dwelling-rooms are of the barest description, for the single-handed smoker only just makes both ends meet.

But the back yard has a certain crowded picturesqueness of its own. It is surrounded by other back yards in which old fish-boxes and fruit-crates, piled one upon another, and ramshackle pigeon-lofts make a background which an artist might describe as "well broken up." Most of the small "smokers" have a few fowls, and one of them has a pony whose stable is a shed made of packing-case boards nailed together.

The proprietor of the pony is a widow lady who goes out with her own barrow. She has fitted up the back kitchen as her

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

bedroom, and the pony, when his day's work is done, enters at the front door, crosses the front room, passes through the bedroom, and walks into his packing-case. The barrow is pushed in after him and tilted up against the stable door, just room being left in the yard for the widow to squeeze through to her smoke-hole.

The "single-handed" haddock-curer who carries on his trade in his dwelling-house buys, prepares, smokes, and hawks his own fish. The margin of profit is often so small that he uses ordinary instead of oak sawdust, and this is supposed to impart a less delicate flavour.

I asked one of the neighbours who didn't "smoke" if they found the proximity of the industry objectionable. "Well, sir," was the reply, "it's all according to which way the wind is."

I must confess that an hour in Haddock-land was quite sufficient for me, and, as my colleague was taking the same view, I suggested that we should seek a change of scene and air and start for Monte Carlo. The Camberwell Monte Carlo lies in one of the longest and narrowest streets of the Hollington area. It is a pitch especially chosen by the youthful gamblers on account of its many advantages. If a policeman should wander so far off the beaten track as to come that way he can be seen afar off, and then there is a choice of two narrow entries through which the company can escape into quite another part of the district. To appreciate the situation you must know that a large portion of this area is cut off so completely from the rest of the world that at one time the only entrance to it was through a passage which was the private property of a publican.

But the Borough Council, having taken the neighbourhood in hand, have closed up the original Monte Carlo, and the tempters of fortune have shifted their ground to another street. Here during the afternoons and evenings they hold their *al fresco* card parties. Should they be detected by anyone in authority, they make a rapid exit through the nearest house without waiting for an invitation. They climb over a wall, enter another house, walk through it, and emerge into another street innocently whistling some favourite air.

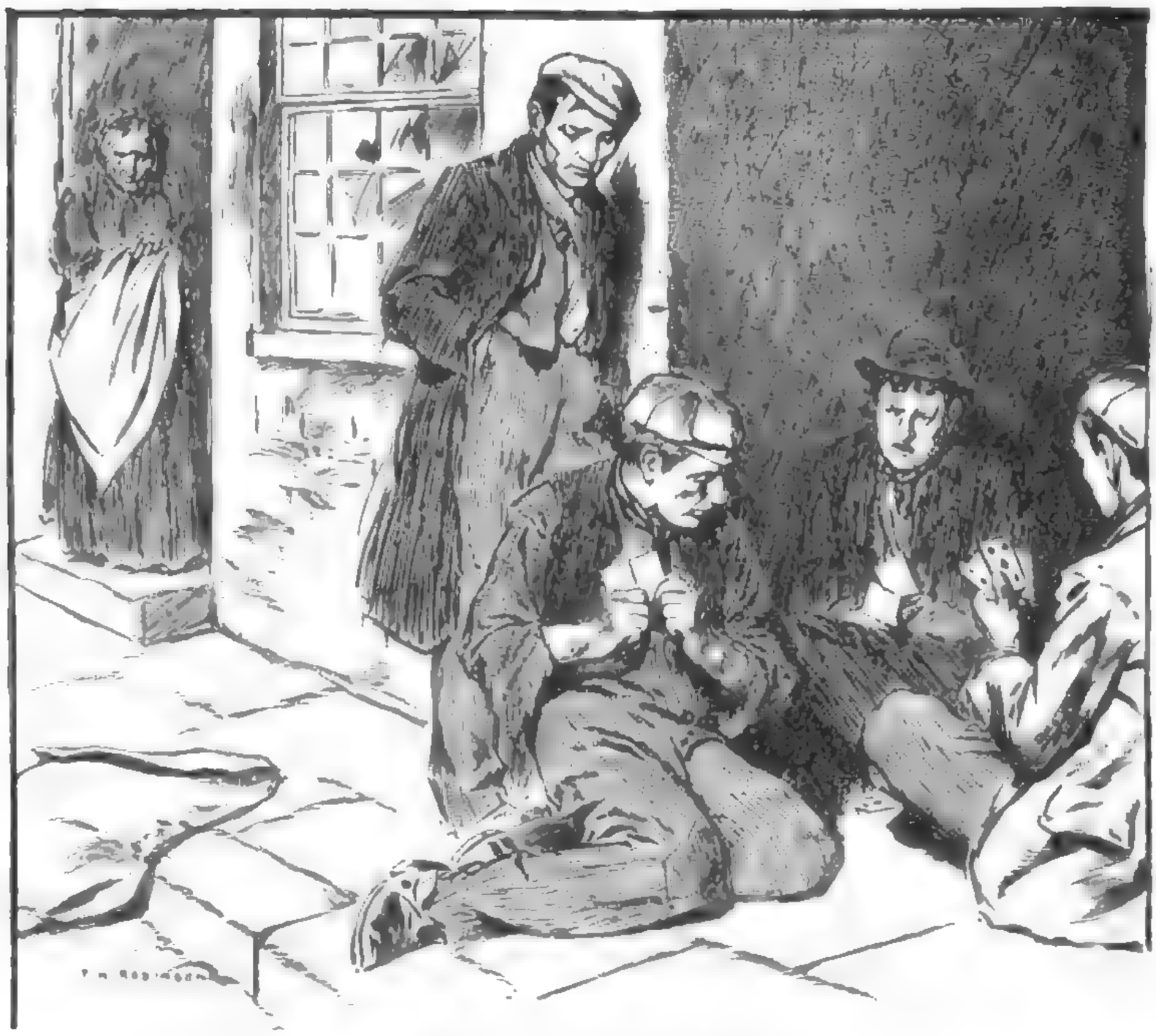


"THE 'SINGLE-HANDED' HADDOCK-CURER."

The inhabitants of these houses complain that they suffer from the abolition of the original Monte Carlo, with its easy public exits. "Our houses don't belong to us now," said one; "these Monte Carlo chaps walk through 'em and get over our back wall without so much as 'By your leave.'"

Close to the old Monte Carlo is a row of cottages built with tarred weather-boarding, with painted porticoes and pretty flower-boxes and little tiled green gardens. But the narrow paved way in front is blocked with costermongers' barrows tilted on end. This "country lane," as it is called, is the Camberwell costermongers' paradise, and is in distinct contrast to the mean grey streets around it.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"AN 'AL FRESCO' CARD PARTY."

Passing the lane with a lingering glance at its pastoral suggestiveness, we turn into a street which we are told is being pulled down. But for the information we should have imagined that it was falling down of its own accord and keeping the housebreakers out of a job.

Entering one of the houses we find a man, his wife, and five children in a bare room. All the furniture has been cleared away. We go up into the bedroom and find only the iron frame of the bed left.

The man, a mantle-presser, is out of work. He is ten weeks behind in his rent. Grace is exhausted. The man receives an intimation that his rooms will be "padlocked" to-morrow morning. He must take his family into the workhouse.

He displays no emotion, and our sympathy for him is checked when we learn that he is out of work because he is a professional out-of-worker and has taken to bad habits.

"But I am sorry for the children," says my colleague, sympathetically. "They have done nothing, and it is hard on them to become workhouse children."

I tell him they may be better off under the Camberwell Guardians than in the bare and comfortless place we have just quitted.

We leave the region that was once the Slough of Despond, but that is now gradually being converted into a land of Hope, and we make our way through the busy streets to quiet villadom. Here, in a long avenue of pretty, tree-sheltered houses, we find one of the Camberwell "Scattered Homes."

In the old days pauper children were kept in the workhouse, or sent away and brought up on the barrack system. When they left these places they were unfit for the battle of life. The world and home life were new to them. Many of them didn't know what a glass was, because in their childhood's days they had only seen a tin mug. The Scattered Home system adopted by Camberwell gives the children real home life and humanizes them.

We enter one of the homes and find "the foster-mother" sitting in the light, bright dining-room where the children take their meals. Here are pictures and toys, a side-board, flowers, a bird—all that goes to the making of the cosy domestic interior.

The children go to the Board School all well dressed and differently dressed, that there shall be no uniform or badge of the pauper upon them. There are boys' homes and girls' homes, and in each home there are from ten to twelve children of school age, and one boy or girl above that age to assist the foster-mother in the housework.

The children do no work after school hours beyond washing up the crockery used at meals. They have their friends and playmates among the neighbours' children, and, if approved by the mother, may ask them into the house.

The mother takes her meals in the dining-room with the children and has the same fare. There is no contract feeding. The mother is allowed to spend so much per head per week with the local tradespeople.

"Home life" is the motto of the new system, and the children are taught the value of a home and to be useful in one. They

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

have separate beds in big, airy dormitories, and the mother's room is in the centre.

The evenings are spent on "the family circle" plan. The children play and read and amuse themselves. There is never a week but some of the children who have passed from the system to service come to spend their afternoon or evening out with the mother and the family in "the old home."

And they are all workhouse children. Many of them have been deserted by their parents. Six out of ten of the children in the home we are visiting do not know where their parents are. Mrs. Abbott, the lady inspector or matron of the homes, who came from Sheffield, where the system was first successfully started, tells us that in many cases the dread of her charges is that they may be claimed and taken back to the old misery and the old neglect.

Watching the happy little ones at play in a home of sweetness and light, one forgets the black fact that lies hidden away out of sight. The majority of these children thank God in their prayers at night that they are in the care of the parish and not that of their parents. This is a chronicle of things seen. Were its scope wider I might be tempted to show the other side of the picture—to contrast the lot of the children whose parents are bravely enduring the struggle for life and denying themselves to rear the young with that of these happy little ones who are well fed, well clothed, and well cared for because their parents were criminal, vicious, or lazy.

But that would lead us too far afield. In the Scattered Homes of Camberwell the children whose young lives were sorrow and suffering have passed through the workhouse gates and found health and peace and tender care. They will at least grow up with a better chance of becoming good and useful citizens than they would have done in the old Hollington Street area from which many of them come.



"A HOME OF SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

We have seen Hidden Camberwell by day; let us wander through this maze of mean streets when the night has fallen.

Out of the flare and the glare of the busy roadways around Camberwell Green we dive into a dark, forbidding street. There is a lamp somewhere, but it seems a long way off. The only light that falls on the pavement comes from a little corner shop half-way down. In this shop not long ago a man murdered three people—a husband, wife, and baby—put their dismembered bodies in a sack, and drove them away in a cart. We turn the corner by the shop and see the black door in the wall of the little back yard through which the dreadful burden was borne. A little way farther along is the house made notorious by the deed of another murderer and mutilator—Greenacre.

The memory of these local horrors does not inspirit us as we plunge into the network of narrow streets, many of them so dark that we can scarcely distinguish the shadowy forms that are moving here and there in the gloom.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

This time my colleague and I are alone. But I know the neighbourhood fairly well, and, keeping certain landmarks in view, we push on and leave the lights of Camberwell far behind us.

Here and there we stumble over a piece of broken roadway that we cannot see. Now and again a door opens and the faint gleam of a small paraffin lamp lights up a foot or two of the uneven pavement.

We turn into a long, winding street and come to a brick wall as a gang of rough lads lurch out of an adjacent alley singing of "a gay old time on a motor-car." We take the middle of the road, for we cannot see the faces of the revellers, and if they resented our intrusion roughly we should have a poor chance.

We grope our way through the alley and find another street, blacker and more lonely than any we have entered yet. Presently we hear in the distance the wailing notes of an old-fashioned melody. We let our ears guide us, for our eyes are useless.

In a dark, deserted street we see a thin gleam of light. A house door is open. Seated on the kerb in front of it is a youth playing a penny whistle—playing it tunefully and well.

Sitting in the roadway a little below him are two girls. They are cloakless and hatless, and their heads catch the light from the door, so that their faces are in relief and their bodies almost in darkness.

Their faces are young and comely under the tangled masses of hair, and their eyes are fixed gently, dreamily, on the youth.

It is an idyll of the slums. Strephon is discoursing sweet music and Phyllis and Chloe are listening spell-bound. We would gladly linger near the idyll, but that might rudely shatter it. The swains of Haddock-land do not encourage the attention of strangers from "the beyond."



"AN IDYLL OF THE SLUMS."

We pass on our way towards an opening through which gleams the line of light that tells of the broad thoroughfare.

But before we emerge from the darkness we pass two young women in conversation together at a quiet corner. "He said as he'd throw me into the canal, and he looked as if he meant it, so I whips off my boot and 'it 'im on the 'ead with it and run."

Those were the last sounds that reached our ears as we passed out of the darkness into the light.

But we had seen one idyll and heard one tender note. The tune that the swain was playing to the nymphs was, "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

It was a strange dream for anyone to have in such a dismal street.

And yet in a sense it may be realized. For in this area of gloom and squalor the Camberwell Borough Council will in due time re-house the people at the same rents they are paying now, and give them broad pavements and fresh air and leafy trees with rustic seats beneath.

That is Camberwell's pleasant dream for an area which was once its nightmare.

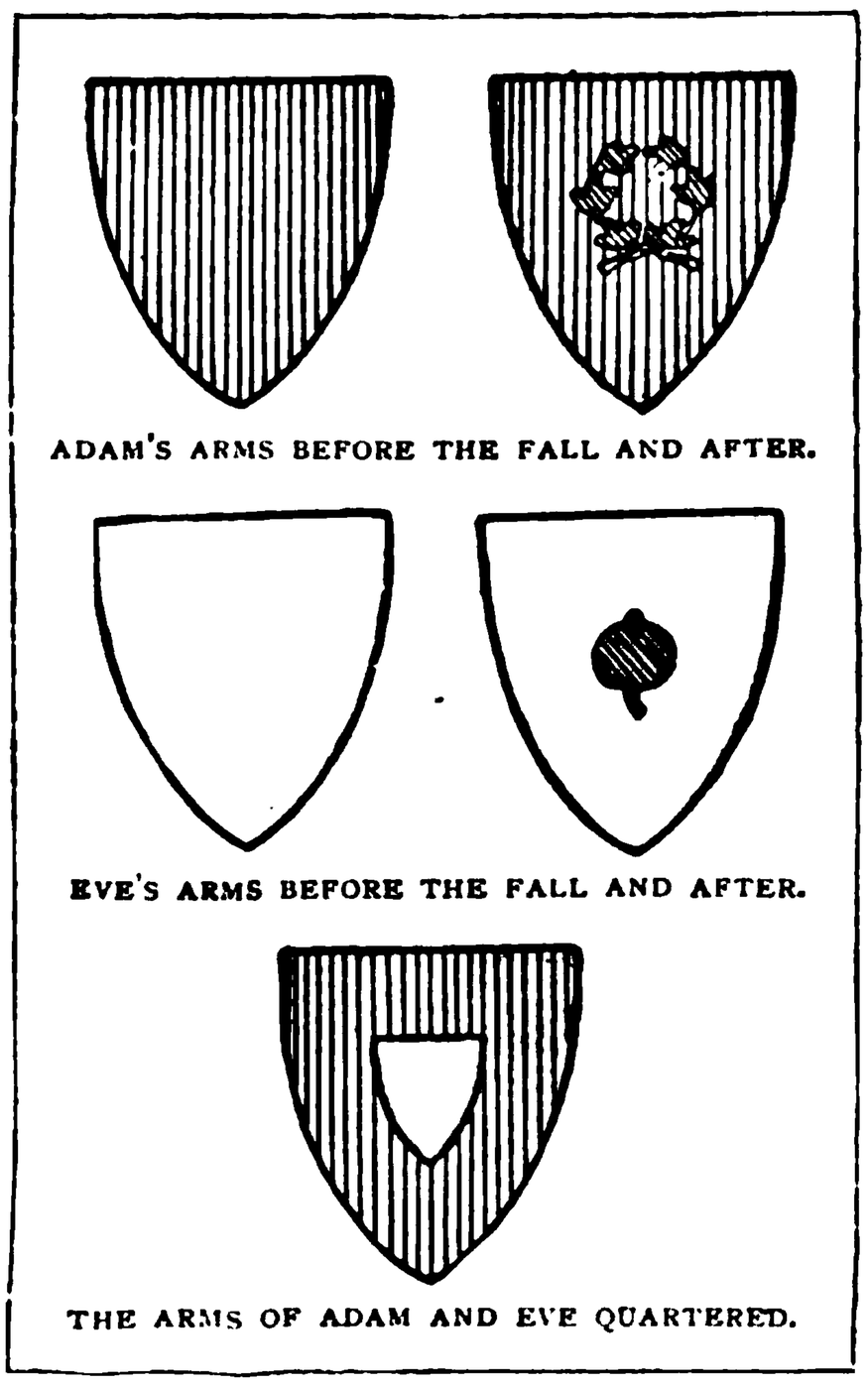
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Romance of Heraldry.

By Francis H. Davies.

ALL the old writers upon the science of heraldry begin their somewhat voluminous and quaintly-worded treatises with an endeavour to impress upon the uninitiated reader that one of the chief objects of their art is the perpetuating of noteworthy deeds by the aid of appropriate symbols charged upon or added to the family coat of arms; and how aptly many armorial bearings do this may be seen from some of the following examples, culled from heraldic records, chiefly of this country, extending over many hundreds of years.

That the subject teems with romance is obvious; but humour, too, mostly of the unconscious kind, enters largely into the composition of some heraldic bearings, particularly those resulting from the efforts of the older heralds. What a queer old fellow, for example, one named Morgan must have been, and how entirely lacking in appreciation of the ridiculous, when he assigned what he terms "cote armour" to our first ancestors Adam and Eve, as shown in No. 1. Adam, we are told, legally bore a plain red shield, and Eve a plain silver one; but he neglects to say in what particular part of Eden the antediluvian College of Arms was situated, or who was responsible for issuing the grant. Later on he makes matters worse by calmly stating that, as Eve was sole heiress, Adam quartered her arms with his own, bearing them as what is termed an inescutcheon; heraldically a perfectly correct proceeding on Adam's part, and one that reflects favourably upon his knowledge of the "gentyl scyence." After the fall it appears that both Adam and Eve were granted an augmentation to their plain shields, and we learn that they added a garland of fig-leaves and a green apple respectively, which bearings Abel, as a dutiful son, combined on his own shield and presumably handed down to posterity, although even the most complete search in the heralds' records of the world fails to locate them later than this epoch. We are told nothing about Cain, who apparently was debarred from the delights of "cote armour."



NO. 1.—THE COATS OF ARMS OF ADAM AND EVE, AS ASSIGNED BY THE OLD HERALD MORGAN.

Incredible as it may seem, these old heralds appear to have become so imbued with the spirit of their profession as to have believed all this; and we find in no less an authority than the "Boke of St. Albans" that "of ye offspringe of ye gentilman Japhet came Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and ye profettys," all of whom are credited with heraldic bearings of various descriptions. The gods of mythology, the Egyptian kings, and the heroes of old have not escaped the attentions of the old-time heralds, one of whom, Leigh by name, accords to Alexander the Great a red shield whereon is emblazoned "a golden lyon sitting on a chayer (chair) and holding a battle-axe of silver." This heraldic freak, together with eight others of a similar nature, is to be seen sculptured in Gloucester Cathedral, the nine shields representing the arms of the nine worthies. Unfortunately for the archæologic side of the question, we know as a matter of history that coat armour, as such, was not in use before the twelfth century, so we cannot take the ancient heralds as seriously as they would no doubt have wished.

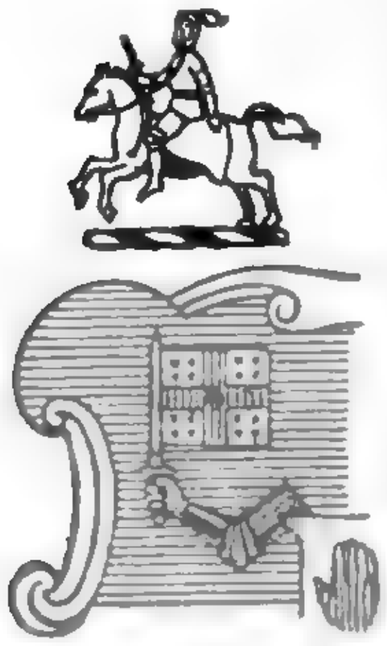
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

After this period, and directly we get upon firm ground, romance enters very deeply into the subject, and to the practised eye the war-worn shields of some of our nobility and gentry conjure up scenes of knightly derring-do in a wonderfully vivid manner.

The arms of the Keiths (No. 2), awarded a prominent place in many a proud escutcheon, are simple to look at, being just a plain silver shield striped a third of the way down with seven alternately red and gold strokes, or "pales," as they are called in the heraldic jargon. But they have a history nearly a thousand years old that is well worthy of the fiery Scot of that date and the ancient bloodthirsty days in general. The story goes that in A.D. 1006 one Robert, a mighty man of war and chief of the Clan Chatti, from which the name Keith, or Kethi, is derived, joined with Malcolm II., King of Scotland, in resisting the marauding Danes, who at that time were busy with fire and sword "amang the heather." The two armies—the Danes under their King Camus—met at Panbridge and a deadly struggle ensued, from which the Danes seemed very likely to emerge victorious. At this juncture Robert Keith earned the arms now in use by his descendants, and completely turned the tide of battle against the invaders, by slaying King Camus with his own hand in single combat. The Scotch King, overjoyed at the unlooked-for result of the fight, dipping his fingers in Camus's blood, drew long streaks, or "pales," on the top of Keith's shield to commemorate his action; and, although this was long before the days of organized heraldry, there is little doubt that the Scotch warrior and his descendants were so proud of these blood marks that, when armorial bearings became necessary to all men of any standing a century later, the pales gules separated by golden bars on a plain silver shield were selected as the ensign of the family and clan.

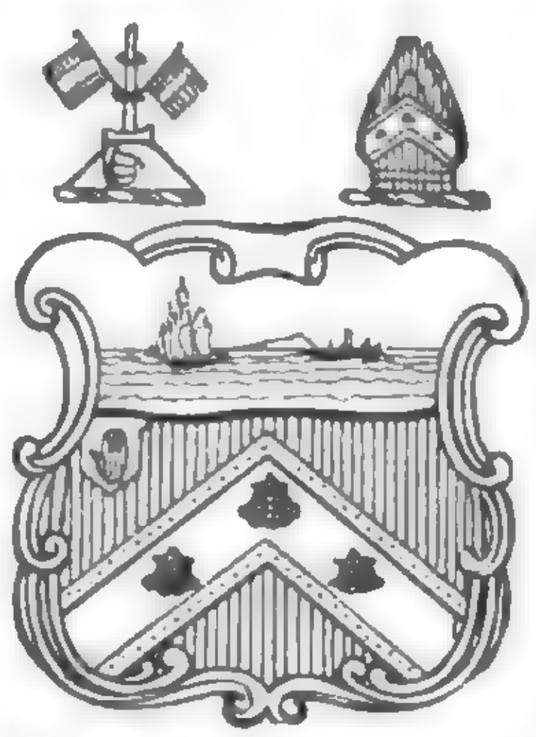


NO. 2.—THE KEITH ARMS. THE STREAKS WERE ORIGINALLY DRAWN WITH BLOOD ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.



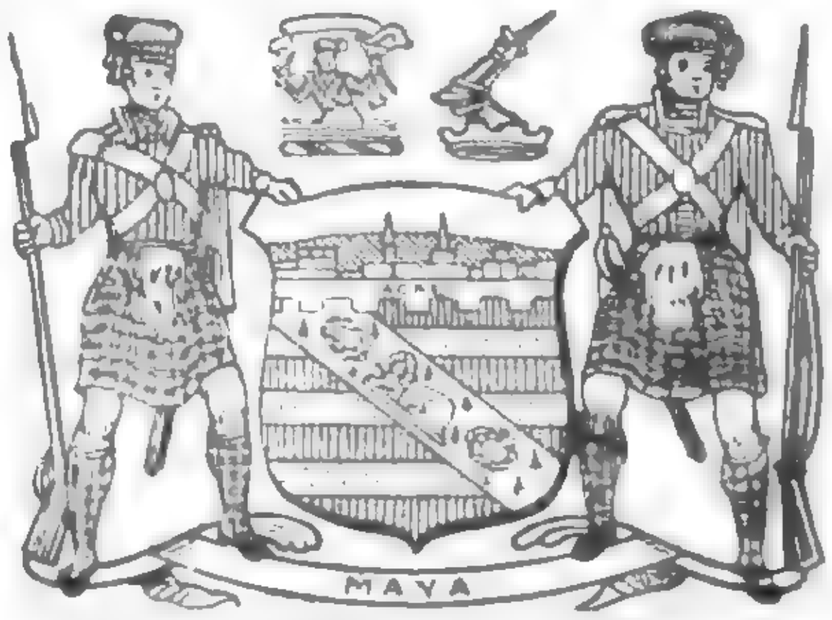
NO. 3.—THE LAKE ARMS, THE QUARTERING DENOTING THE SIXTEEN WOUNDS RECEIVED BY SIR EDWARD LAKE AT EDGEHILL.

The arms of the Lakes (No. 3), an old English family, are interesting as an example of heraldic commemoration of loyal services to the Crown. They are rather complicated, and contain many emblems, but the first quartering, the only one we have to deal with, consists of a mailed right arm carrying on a sword a silver banner charged with a cross between sixteen shields, and on the centre of the cross a lion of England. This quartering, with an additional crest, was granted to Sir Edward Lake by Charles I., in recognition of his loyalty and services to the Royal cause. The crest consists of a mounted cavalier in a fighting posture covered with blood, his left arm hanging down as wounded and useless, and the bridle of his horse held in his teeth. At the Battle of Edgehill Sir Edward received sixteen wounds, hence the sixteen small shields and the condition of the cavalier in the crest.



NO. 4.—THE HARDINGE ARMS, COMMEMORATING THE CAPTURE OF A FRENCH FRIGATE.

Of lesser naval and military men who have been rewarded in this manner there are a great number. Captain Hardinge, of the Royal Navy, in 1800 was killed in an action where, against great odds, he succeeded in capturing a French frigate, and the victory is signalized by the addition to his family crest of an illustration of his ship in a somewhat shattered state towing the dismasted and utterly wrecked French ship away from the scene of action (No. 4). The family were also granted the use of a second crest, consisting of a sword encircled by two laurel wreaths, and having attached to it a French and a Dutch flag, inscribed respectively with the words "Piedmontaise" and "Atalanta."



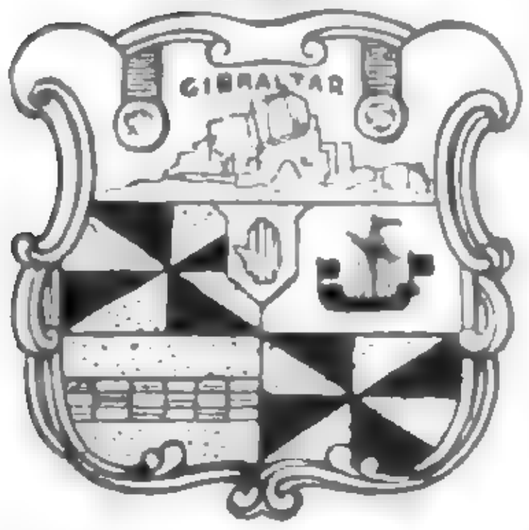
NO. 5.—THE CAMERON ARMS: OBSERVE THE FORDING HIGHLANDER.

The family of Colonel Cameron of Fassiferne, who commanded the old 92nd Foot,

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

now the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, quarter at the top of their shield a view of the town of Acre, where the gallant colonel distinguished himself, and as a second crest use the figure of a Highlander up to his waist in water, to commemorate the passage of the River Gave at Arriverette in the Peninsular War (No. 5).



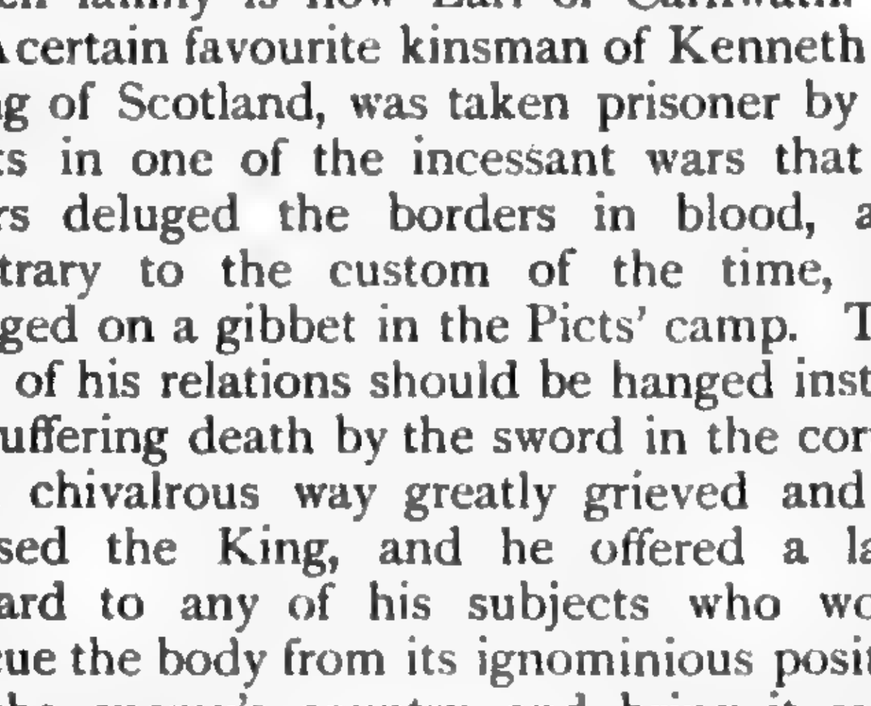


NO. 6.—THE COCKBURN CAMPBELL ARMS, SHOWING THE ADDITION OF TWO MEDALS.

Medals that have been awarded for distinguished services are often found represented on the coats of arms of military and naval families, a case in point being that of the Cockburn Campbells, who use those of Seringapatam and Talavera, won by Colonel Campbell, of the 80th Foot (No. 6).

For curiosities in this direction we have, however, to go back to ancient days, where they are plentiful and enveloped in that romance that only time can give. A very singular story is told of the origin of the arms and surname of Dalzell, the head of which family is now Earl of Carnwath.

A certain favourite kinsman of Kenneth II., King of Scotland, was taken prisoner by the Picts in one of the incessant wars that for years deluged the borders in blood, and, contrary to the custom of the time, was hanged on a gibbet in the Picts' camp. That one of his relations should be hanged instead of suffering death by the sword in the correct and chivalrous way greatly grieved and incensed the King, and he offered a large reward to any of his subjects who would rescue the body from its ignominious position in the enemy's country, and bring it safely back to be decently interred. The risk was great, and for a time even the bravest hesitated to take it, but at last a certain "valourous gentylman," whose name does not appear to be known, came forward, saying, in the old Scots tongue, "Dal zell," which signifies "I dare," and, good as his word, forth he went, returning after many perils and sore wounded, but with the dead body in his arms. After this exploit he took the name of Dalzell, and bore on his shield the naked figure of a man hanging on a gibbet, which gruesome device (No. 7), together with the name, his posterity bear at the present day.



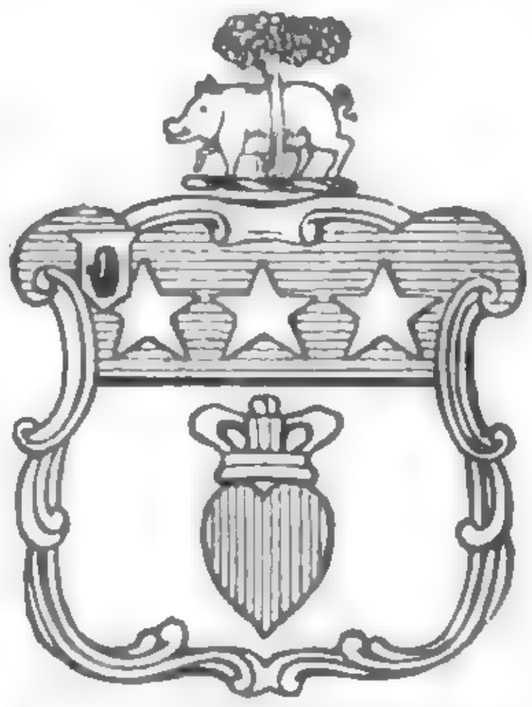
NO. 7.—THE DALZELL ARMS, BEARING THE BODY OF THE KING'S KINSMAN RESCUED FROM THE GIBBET.

The crest of the Drakes, descended from the Elizabethan Admiral Sir Francis, is very curious and quite unique, consisting as it does of a terrestrial globe surmounted by a sixteenth-century galleon, which is being pulled round the world by two hawsers held in a hand issuing out of the clouds (No. 8). All that is apparent in the way of a crew is an heraldic bird termed a wyvern, which somewhat resembles a flying dragon and has outstretched wings. This is represented standing on the deck amidships. The motto is "Auxilio divino"—"By Divine help"—and, as the crest was granted in celebration of Drake's great voyage round the world, the allegory is very pretty.



NO. 8.—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S CREST, COMMEMORATING HIS VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

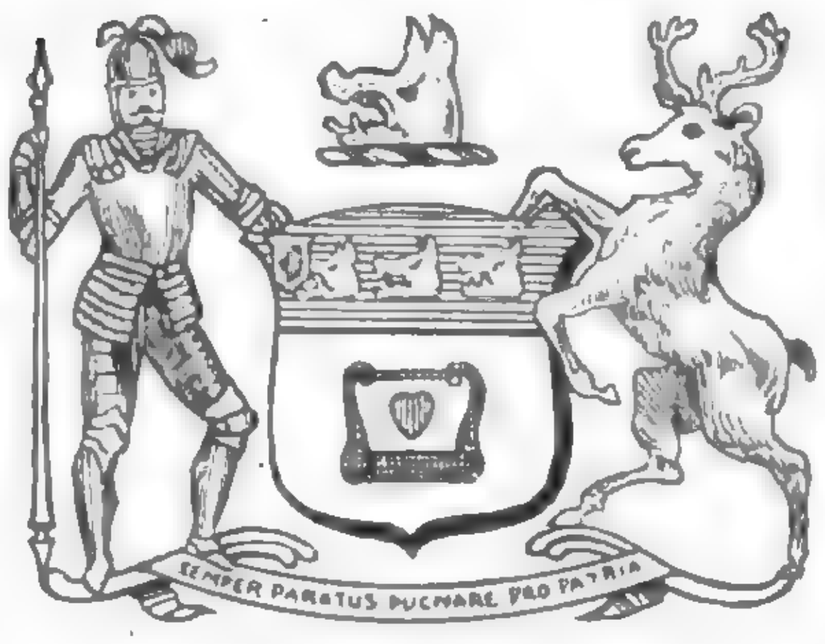
Another coat that commemorates what was in those days a remarkable feat, but at the same time not the direct outcome of the battlefield, is that of Douglas (No. 9). Their bearings in very early times were three silver stars on a blue shield, but after "good Sir James Douglas" carried King Robert Bruce's heart to Jerusalem, to be there interred, they were augmented by a red human heart, surmounted by an Imperial crown, and are so borne at the present day.



NO. 9.—THE DOUGLAS ARMS WITH THE HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

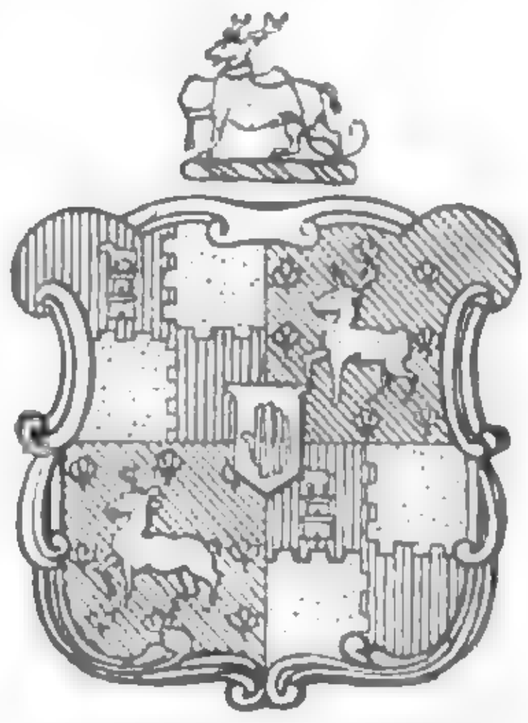
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Lockharts use the same emblem, but it is shown on their shield encircled by an ancient padlock (No. 10), the reason being that one of their ancestors is said to have accompanied Sir James Douglas on the above quest, and, as the heart was enclosed in a locked casket, took the name of Lockhart, and armorial bearings that allude both to the name and to the expedition.



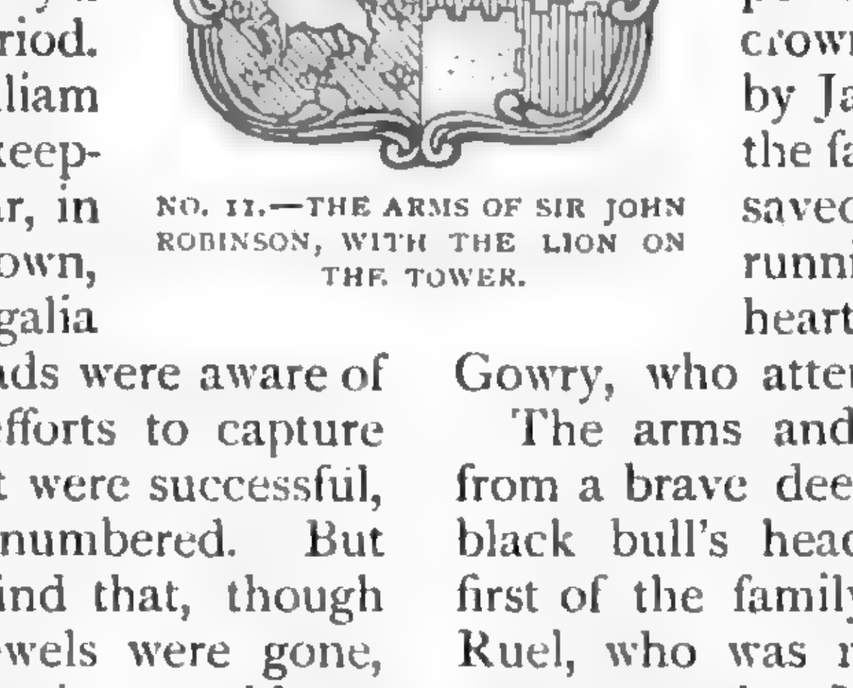
NO. 10.—THE LOCKHART ARMS, WITH THE HEART AND THE PADLOCK.

The stirring times of the Civil Wars were naturally very prolific in such honours, the Royal treasury being depleted and existing only in the pockets of loyal subjects; and it was for services to the Crown that Sir John Robinson, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, was granted on the Restoration an addition to his arms of a Royal lion standing on a tower, seen in the upper left-hand corner of No. 11, this having reference to his position of Lieutenant of the Tower of London.



NO. 11.—THE ARMS OF SIR JOHN ROBINSON, WITH THE LION ON THE TOWER.

Sir George Ogilvie, of the Ogilvies of Barras, rendered yeoman service to the Royal cause during this stormy period. He was entrusted by William Earl of Marishall with the keeping of his castle at Dunottar, in which were lodged the crown, sword, and sceptre—the regalia of Scotland. The Roundheads were aware of this, and made strenuous efforts to capture the stronghold, which at last were successful, Sir George being greatly outnumbered. But what was their dismay to find that, though they had the casket, the jewels were gone, and neither threats nor promises could get anything out of Sir George or his wife, who in consequence were kept in close confinement for many years, during which the lady died. However, even through this trial Ogilvie remained faithful to the trust indirectly imposed on him by his King, and would doubtless have died the sole possessor of the secret but for the Restoration, when he returned the entire regalia to the Earl of Marishall and was rewarded by a baronetcy and an addition to his arms of a lion with an open crown round his neck and an Imperial one on his head, holding in his right paw a sword defending a thistle (No. 12). The allegory is, of course, obvious, and must be a source of pride to the descendants of a man who gave his wife and years of freedom rather than betray the trust of his Royal master.



NO. 12.—THE OGILVIE ARMS. THE CROWNED LION DENOTES THE SAVING OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF SCOTLAND BY SIR GEORGE OGILVIE.

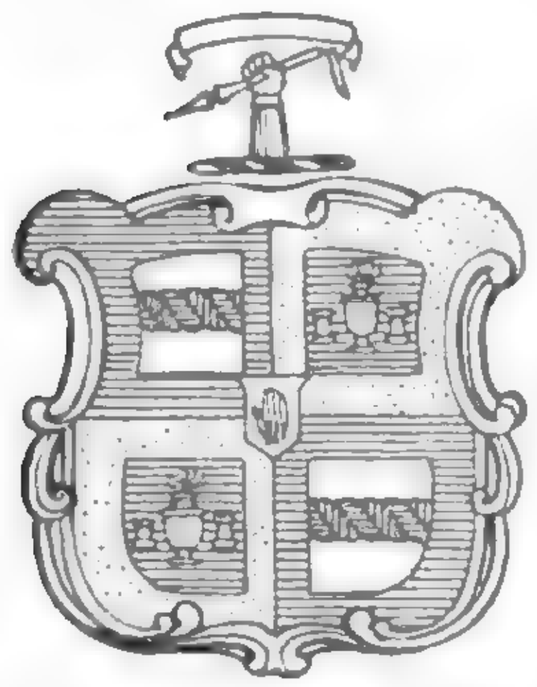
In the times when kings went about casually among their people and led the van in battle at the imminent risk of death, many occasions naturally arose where subjects were able to render them personal services, sometimes even to the extent of saving their lives. Particularly does this seem to have been the case in Scotland, and many families perpetuate in their armorial bearings actions of this kind; for instance, the Ramsays have in one quartering a right hand holding a sword upon which is impaled a human heart and supported on its point a Royal crown. This was granted them by James VI. in consideration of the fact that one Sir John Ramsay saved him from assassination by running his sword through the heart of Ruthven Earl of Gowry, who attempted to stab the King.

The arms and name of Turnbull come from a brave deed which is memorized by a black bull's head on a silver shield. The first of the family on record was one named Ruel, who was noted for the possession of great strength. It is handed down that upon a certain occasion, when King Robert Bruce was charged by a wild bull in Stirling Park, Ruel caught the animal by the horns and turned him aside, holding him until the King had reached a place of safety. After this exploit he changed his name to Turnbull and took the above arms, by which his fame is handed down to his descendants.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The ancient Scots seem to have been very proud of their exploits against the English, as the arms of several Scotch families allude to such achievements. The Binnings placed a waggon on their shield because one of the family with his seven sons, concealed in a waggon of hay, surprised and took the Castle of Linlithgow when in the hands of the English during the reign of David II.

The Carmichaels bear as a crest a mailed arm, the hand grasping a broken tilting spear (No. 13), this being in memory of the action of one Sir John Carmichael who commanded the Scotch auxiliary forces at the Battle of Bauge, in Anjou, 1422, where he particularly distinguished himself by dismounting no less a person than the Duke of Clarence, the English general, which act decided the day in favour of the French and Scotch. He broke his lance in the contest, and hence the crest.



NO. 13.—THE CARMICHAEL ARMS, SHOWING THE BROKEN LANCE WHICH DISMOUNTED THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

The broken wall or dyke represented in the centre of the shield of the Grahams of Inchbrakie (No. 14) brings us back very vividly to the old border fighting days, as it records the prowess of a remote ancestor of that family who distinguished himself in one of the "little wars" of old by making a breach, under fire as we should term it, in the wall built by the Roman Emperor Tiberius between the Forth and Clyde. For ages afterwards, while the wall stood, this particular part was called Graham's Dyke.



NO. 14.—THE GRAHAM ARMS, SHOWING THE BREACHED WALL.

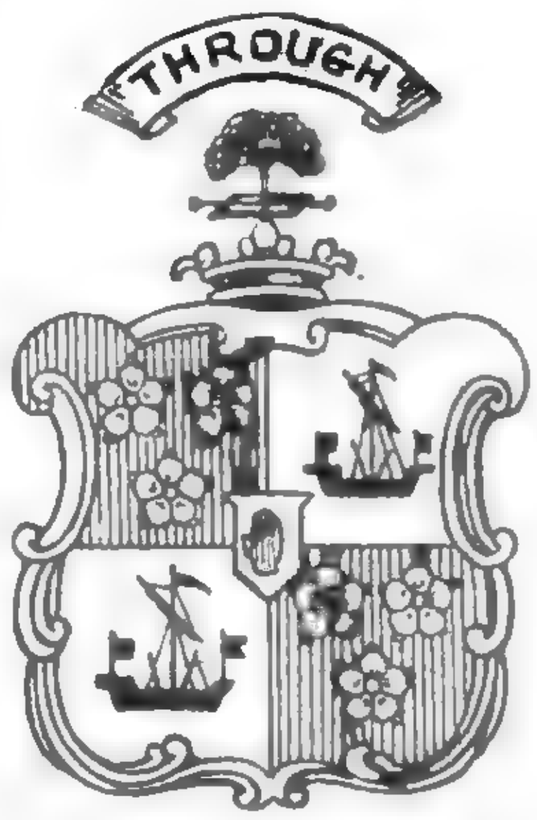
A quaint origin is accorded to the Anstruther crest and motto, which consist respectively of two sturdy arms brandishing a battle-axe and the Latin equivalent of the words, "I should have perished unless I had gone through with it" (No. 15). The legend goes that an ancient Anstruther, wishing to patch up a feud that existed between his warlike family and another, arranged a friendly meeting with the rival chief in order to discuss terms and conditions; but shortly before the day appointed he was secretly informed of the fact that his adversary had arranged a plan to take him unawares and assassinate him at the meeting. Nothing dismayed, our hero determined that, as assassination was to be the order of the day, he would get his blow in first. Having repaired to the



NO. 15.—THE ANSTRUTHER ARMS, WITH CREST OF THE BATTLE-AXE.

meeting armed with a huge battle-axe, he dashed out the brains of the intending murderer on sight. Such was the rough-and-ready justice of the age, and the Anstruthers find an excuse for it in the words of their motto, which are doubtless those used by their ancestor when called upon to account for his act.

The crest of the Hamiltons (No. 16) is interesting, as it arose from one of those hot-blooded actions which were only too common in olden times. It depicts, growing out of a ducal coronet, an oak tree nearly cut through by an ancient frame-saw. The motto over it is "Through," and this and the crest are said to commemorate the escape into Scotland, in 1323, of a reputed ancestor named Sir Gilbert Hamilton, who, through taking the side of King Robert Bruce in a controversy at the Court of Edward II., was drawn into a duel with an English knight, Sir John Le Despencer. Having killed the latter, Sir Gilbert was obliged to make for the border at full speed, as he was hotly pursued, and when near that line of safety the happy idea struck him of disguising himself and his squire and joining a band of woodcutters that he had chanced to fall in with. He assumed



NO. 16.—THE HAMILTON ARMS, WITH CREST OF THE SAW IN THE TREE, DENOTING SIR GILBERT HAMILTON'S ESCAPE AS A WOODMAN.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

their dress, and commenced working with them on an oak, when his pursuers came up, much to the consternation of the squire, whose agitation was rapidly becoming somewhat obvious. Hamilton, seeing that he ran a grave risk of being betrayed by this untimely fright, recalled the recalcitrant squire to his senses by sharply uttering the word "Through" as the saw cut the last shred of the oak, and as it fell the English knights passed unsuspectingly by. Thus was Sir Gilbert saved by his presence of mind in hiding the terror-struck appearance of his shield-bearer.



NO. 17.—THE HOWARD ARMS, BEARING THE LITTLE SHIELD OF SCOTLAND IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VICTORY AT FLODDEN.

Observe the little shield of Scotland that is charged as an augmentation on the bearings of the Howards (No. 17). This was granted to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by Henry VIII. in 1513, to commemorate the great victory he won over the Scotch at the Battle of Flodden, when James IV. was slain. The augmentation, strictly speaking, consists of the shield of Scotland with its usual border, but with the lower half of the lion cut off and its mouth pierced with an arrow, the former difference no doubt having reference to the defeat, and the latter to the part which the English bowmen played in it.



NO. 18.—THE CLERKE ARMS, WITH THE DEMI-RAM COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

The Battle of the Spurs was that in which the Clerkes won their augmentation of a demi-ram—*i.e.*, the head and half the body of that animal, charged with a baton and placed under two fleur-de-lys of France, as shown in the right-hand corner of No. 18. Sir John Clerke, of Willoughby, co. Warwick, here took the Duke of Longueville prisoner, and for this important capture was awarded the above addition to his arms.



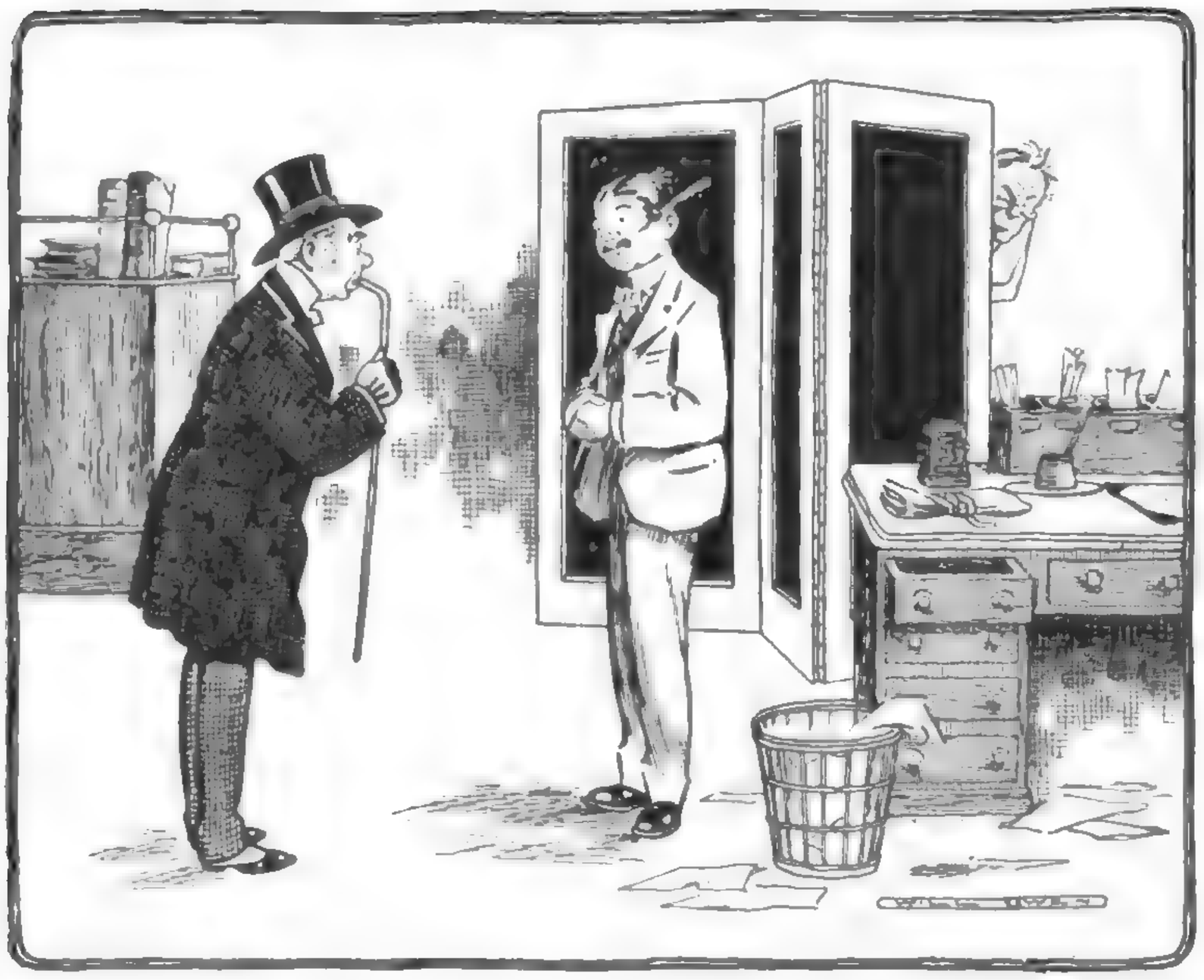
NO. 19.—THE CRAWFURD ARMS, COMMEMORATING THE MIRACLE OF THE STAG WITH THE CROSS BETWEEN ITS HORNS.

Personal bearings are not alone in sometimes having a curious origin. For example, those of the city of Glasgow are connected with a strange tale of the miraculous that relates to an action said to have been performed by St. Mungo, the patron saint of the city. The story goes that a certain lady accidentally dropped her ring into the Clyde, and, being endowed with an extremely jealous husband, was much afraid of his possible surmises as to its disappearance. In this strait she repaired to the worthy saint and begged his assistance in recovering it, and the holy man, it is stated, recognising the gravity of the case, by some means unknown caused a salmon to bring the ring to the shore in its mouth, which exploit is perpetuated in the city shield by a picture of the fish carrying the ring.

The miraculous appears to take a large part in Scottish heraldry. Another example is the arms that are carved on the ancient Abbey of Holyrood and also borne by the Crawfurd family — namely, a stag's head with a cross between its antlers (No. 19). It is said that King David I., called the saint, being hunting on Holy Rood Day near Edinburgh, was violently charged and dismounted by a stag bearing to all appearances a wooden cross on his head between the horns. The animal in its fury would undoubtedly have killed the King but for the interposition of Sir Gregan Crawfurd, who slew it at great bodily risk in close encounter. The King, who was naturally of a very pious disposition, took this adventure as a Divine reproof for hunting upon a holy day, and in penitence built and endowed the Abbey of Holyrood, giving it very rightly the above arms to perpetuate the story of its origin, and also awarding them to Sir Gregan to commemorate his plucky deed.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DIALSTONE LANE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

CHAPTER XI.

MR. CHALK'S anxiety during the negotiations for the purchase of the *Fair Emily* kept him oscillating between Tredgold and Stobell until those gentlemen fled at his approach and caused their retainers to make untruthful statements as to their whereabouts. Daily letters from Captain Brisket stated that he was still haggling with Mr. Todd over the price, and Mr. Chalk quailed as he tried to picture the scene with that doughty champion.

Three times at the earnest instigation of his friends, who pointed out the necessity of keeping up appearances, had he set out to pay a visit to Dialstone Lane, and three times had he turned back half-way as he realized the difficult nature of his task. As well ask a poacher to call on a gamekeeper the morning after a raid.

Captain Bowers, anxious to see him and sound him with a few carefully-prepared questions, noted his continued absence with regret. Despairing at last of a visit from Mr. Chalk, he resolved to pay one himself.

Mr. Chalk, who was listening to his wife, rose hastily at his entrance, and in great confusion invited him to a chair which was already occupied by Mrs. Chalk's work-basket. The captain took another and, after listening to an incoherent statement about the weather, shook his head reproachfully at Mr. Chalk.

"I thought something must have happened to you," he said. "Why, it must be weeks since I've seen you."

"Weeks?" said Mrs. Chalk, suddenly alert. "Why, he went out the day before yesterday to call on you."

"Yes," said Mr. Chalk, with an effort, "so I did, but half-way to yours I got a nail in my shoe and had to come home."

"*Home!*" exclaimed his wife. "Why, you were gone two hours and thirty-five minutes."

"It was very painful," said Mr. Chalk, as the captain stared in open-eyed astonishment

Copyright, 1904, by W. W. Jacobs, in the United States of America.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

at this exact time-keeping. "One time I thought that I should hardly have got back."

"But you didn't say anything about it," persisted his wife.

"I didn't want to alarm you, my dear," said Mr. Chalk.

Mrs. Chalk looked at him, but, except for a long, shivering sigh which the visitor took for sympathy, made no comment.

"I often think that I must have missed a great deal by keeping single," said the latter. "It must be very pleasant when you're away to know that there is somebody at home counting the minutes until your return."

Mr. Chalk permitted himself one brief wondering glance in the speaker's direction, and then gazed out of window.

"There's no companion like a wife," continued the captain. "Nobody else can quite share your joys and sorrows as she can. I've often thought how pleasant it must be to come home from a journey and tell your wife all about it: where you've been, what you've done, and what you're going to do."

Mr. Chalk stole another look at him; Mrs. Chalk, somewhat suspicious, followed his example.

"It's a pity you never married, Captain Bowers," she said, at length; "most men seem to do all they can to keep things *from* their wives. But one of these days——"

She finished the sentence by an expressive glance at her husband. Captain Bowers, enlightened, hastened to change the subject.

"I haven't seen Tredgold or Stobell either," he said, gazing fixedly at Mr. Chalk.

"They—they were talking about you only the other day," said that gentleman, nervously. "Is Miss Drewitt well?"

"Quite well," said the captain, briefly. "I was beginning to think you had all left Binchester," he continued; "gone for a sea voyage or something."

Mr. Chalk laughed uneasily. "I thought that Joseph wasn't looking very well the last time I saw you," he said, with an imploring glance at the captain to remind him of the presence of Mrs. Chalk.

"Joseph's all right," replied the other, "so is the parrot."

Mr. Chalk started and said that he was glad to hear it, and sat trying to think of a safe subject for conversation.

"Joseph's a nice parrot," he said at last. "The parrot's a nice lad, I mean."

"Thomas!" said Mrs. Chalk.

"Joseph—is—a—nice—lad," said Mr. Chalk, recovering himself. "I have often thought——"

The sentence was never completed, being interrupted by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the front door, followed by a pealing at the bell, which indicated that the visitor was manfully following the printed injunction to "Ring also." The door was opened and a man's voice was heard in the hall—a loud, confident voice, at the sound of which Mr. Chalk, with one horrified glance in the direction of Captain Bowers, sank back in his chair and held his breath.

"Captain Brisket," said the maid, opening the door.

The captain came in with a light, bustling step, and, having shaken Mr. Chalk's hand with great fervour and acknowledged the presence of Captain Bowers and Mrs. Chalk by two spasmodic jerks of the head, sat bolt-upright on the edge of a chair and beamed brightly upon the horrified Chalk.

"I've got news," he said, hoarsely.

"News?" said the unfortunate Mr. Chalk, faintly.

"Ah!" said Brisket, nodding. "News! I've got her at last."

Mrs. Chalk started.

"I've got her," continued Captain Brisket, with an air of great enjoyment; "and a fine job I had of it, I can tell you. Old Todd said he couldn't bear parting with her. Once or twice I thought he meant it."

Mr. Chalk made a desperate effort to catch his eye, but in vain. It was fixed in reminiscent joy on the ceiling.

"We haggled about her for days," continued Brisket; "but at last I won. The *Fair Emily* is yours, sir."

"The fair *who?*" cried Mrs. Chalk, in a terrible voice. "Emily *who?* Emily *what?*"

Captain Brisket turned and regarded her in amazement.

"Emily *who?*" repeated Mrs. Chalk.

"Why, it's——" began Brisket.

"*H'sh!*" said Mr. Chalk, desperately. "It's a secret."

"It's a secret," said Captain Brisket, nodding calmly at Mrs. Chalk.

Wrath and astonishment held her for the moment breathless. Mr. Chalk, caught between his wife and Captain Bowers, fortified himself with memories of the early martyrs and gave another warning glance at Brisket. For nearly two minutes that undaunted mariner met the gaze of Mrs. Chalk without flinching.

"A—a secret?" gasped the indignant woman at last, as she turned to her husband. "You sit there and dare to tell me that?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"It isn't my secret," said Mr. Chalk, "else I should tell you at once."

"It isn't his secret," said the complaisant Brisket.

Mrs. Chalk controlled herself by a great effort and, turning to Captain Brisket, addressed him almost calmly. "Was it Emily that came whistling over the garden-wall the other night?" she inquired.

"*Whis——?*" said the hapless Brisket, making a noble effort. He finished the word with a cough and gazed with protruding eyes at Mr. Chalk. The appearance of that gentleman sobered him at once.

"No," he said, slowly.

"How do you know?" inquired Mrs. Chalk.

"Because she can't whistle," replied Captain Brisket, feeling his way carefully. "And what's more, she wouldn't if she could. She's been too well brought up for that."

He gave a cunning smile at Mr. Chalk, to which that gentleman, having decided at all hazards to keep the secret from Captain Bowers, made a ghastly response, and nodded to him to proceed.

"What's she got to do with my husband?" demanded Mrs. Chalk, her voice rising despite herself.

"I'm coming to that," said Brisket, thoughtfully, as he gazed at the floor in all the agonies of composition; "Mr. Chalk is trying to get her a new place."

"New place?" said Mrs. Chalk, in a choking voice.

Captain Brisket nodded. "She ain't happy where she is," he explained, "and Mr. Chalk—out o' pure good-nature and kindness of heart—is trying to get her another, and I honour him for it."

He looked round triumphantly. Mr. Chalk, sitting open-mouthed, was regarding him with the fascinated gaze of a rabbit before a boa-constrictor. Captain Bowers was listening with an appearance of interest which in more favourable circumstances would have been very flattering.

"You said," cried Mrs. Chalk—"you said to my husband: 'The fair Emily is yours.'"



"YOU SAID TO MY HUSBAND: 'THE FAIR EMILY IS YOURS.'"

"So I did," said Brisket, anxiously—"so I did. And what I say I stick to. When I said that the—that Emily was his, I meant it. I don't say things I don't mean. That isn't Bill Brisket's way."

"And you said just now that he was getting her a place," Mrs. Chalk reminded him, grimly.

"Mr. Chalk understands what I mean," said Captain Brisket, with dignity. "When I said 'She is yours,' I meant that she is coming here."

"O-oh!" said Mrs. Chalk, breathlessly. "Oh, indeed! Oh, is she?"

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"That is, if her mother'll let her come," pursued the enterprising Brisket, with a look of great artfulness at Mr. Chalk, to call his attention to the bridge he was building for him; "but the old woman's been laid up lately and talks about not being able to spare her."

Mrs. Chalk sat back helplessly in her chair and gazed from her husband to Captain Brisket, and from Captain Brisket back to her husband. Captain Brisket, red-faced and confident, sat upright on the edge of his chair as though inviting inspection; Mr. Chalk plucked nervously at his fingers. Captain Bowers suddenly broke silence.

"What's her tonnage?" he inquired abruptly, turning to Brisket.

"Two hundred and for——"

Captain Brisket stopped dead and, rubbing his nose hard with his forefinger, gazed thoughtfully at Captain Bowers.

"The *Fair Emily* is a ship," said the latter to Mrs. Chalk.

"A *ship!*" cried the bewildered woman. "A ship living with her invalid mother and coming to my husband to get her a place! Are you trying to screen my husband too?"

"It's a ship," repeated Captain Bowers, sternly, as he sought in vain to meet the eye of Mr. Chalk; "a craft of two hundred and something tons. For some reason—*best known to himself*—Mr. Chalk wants the matter kept secret."

"It—it isn't my secret," faltered Mr. Chalk.

"Where's she lying?" said Captain Bowers.

Mr. Chalk hesitated. "Biddlecombe," he said, at last.

Captain Brisket laughed noisily and, smacking his leg with his open hand, smiled broadly upon the company. No response being forthcoming, he laughed again for his own edification, and sat good-humouredly waiting events.

"Is this true, Thomas?" demanded Mrs. Chalk.

"Yes, my dear," was the reply.

"Then why didn't you tell me, instead of sitting there listening to a string of falsehoods?"

"I—I wanted to give you a surprise—a pleasant little surprise," said Mr. Chalk, with a timid glance at Captain Bowers. "I have bought a share in a schooner, to go for a little cruise. Just a jaunt for pleasure."

"Tredgold, Stobell, and Chalk," said Captain Bowers, very distinctly.

"I wanted to keep it secret until it had been repainted and done up," continued Mr. Chalk, watching his wife's face anxiously, "and then Captain Brisket came in and spoilt it."

"That's me, ma'am," said the gentleman mentioned, shaking his head despairingly. "That's Bill Brisket all over. I come blundering in, and the first thing I do is to blurt out secrets; then, when I try to smooth it over——"

Mrs. Chalk paid no heed. Alluding to the schooner as "our yacht," she at once began to discuss the subject of the voyage, the dresses she would require, and the rival merits of shutting the house up or putting the servants on board wages. Under her skilful hands, aided by a few suggestions of Captain Brisket's, the *Fair Emily* was in the short space of twenty minutes transformed into one of the most luxurious yachts that ever sailed the seas. Mr. Chalk's heart failed him as he listened. His thoughts were with his partners in the enterprise, and he trembled as he thought of their comments.

"It will do Mrs. Stobell a lot of good," said his wife, suddenly.

Mr. Chalk, about to speak, checked himself and blew his nose instead. The romance of the affair was beginning to evaporate. He sat in a state of great dejection until Captain Bowers, having learned far more than he had anticipated, shook hands with impressive gravity and took his departure.

He walked home deep in thought, with a prolonged stare at the windows of Tredgold's office as he passed. The present whereabouts of the map was now quite clear, and at the top of Dialstone Lane he stopped and put his hand to his brow in consternation, as he thought of the elaborate expedition that was being fitted out for the recovery of the treasure.

Prudence, who was sitting in the window reading, looked up at his entrance and smiled.

"Edward Tredgold has been in to see you," she remarked.

The captain nodded. "Couldn't he stop?" he inquired.

"I don't know," said his niece; "I didn't see him. I was upstairs when he came."

Captain Bowers looked perturbed. "Didn't you come down?" he inquired.

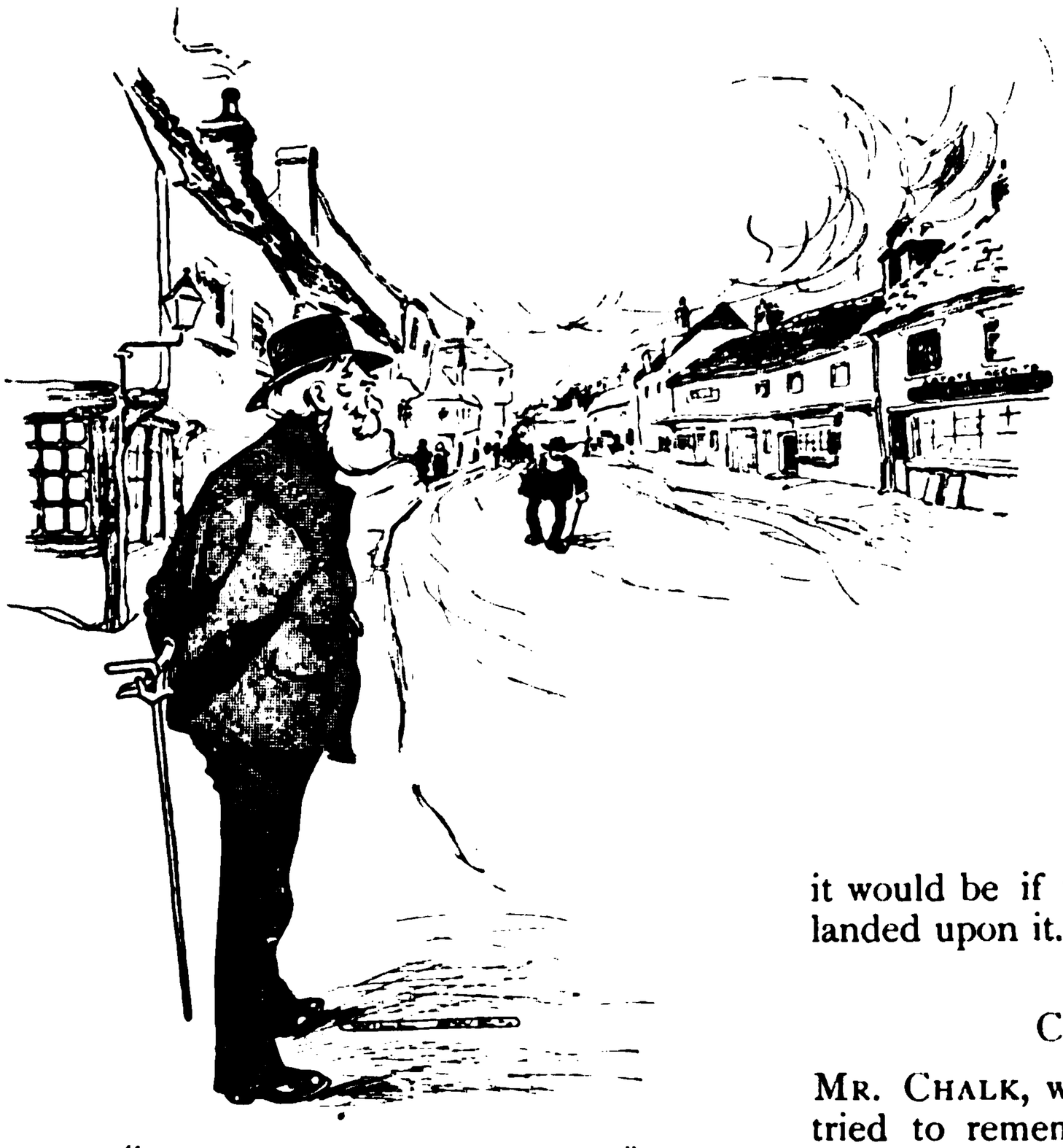
"I sent down word that I had a headache," said Miss Drewitt, carelessly.

Despite his sixty odd years the captain turned a little bit pink. "I hope you are better now," he said, at last.

"Oh, yes," said his niece; "it wasn't very bad. It's strange that I should have a head-

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE WALKED HOME DEEP IN THOUGHT."

ache so soon after you; looks as though they're in the family, doesn't it?"

Somewhat to the captain's relief she took up her book again without waiting for a reply, and sat reading until Mr. Tasker brought in the tea. The captain, who was in a very thoughtful mood, drank cup after cup in silence, and it was not until the meal was cleared away and he had had a few soothing whiffs at his pipe that he narrated the events of the afternoon!

"There!" said Prudence, her eyes sparkling with indignation. "What did I say? Didn't I tell you that those three people would be taking a holiday soon? The idea of Mr. Tredgold venturing to come round here this afternoon!"

"He knows nothing about it," protested the captain.

Miss Drewitt shook her head obstinately. "We shall see," she remarked. "The idea of those men going after your treasure after you had said it wasn't to be touched! Why, it's perfectly dishonest!"

The captain blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and watched it disperse. "Perhaps they won't find it," he murmured.

"They'll find it," said his niece, confidently. "Why shouldn't they? This Captain Brisket will find the island, and the rest will be easy."

"They might not find the island," said the captain, blowing a cloud so dense that his face was almost hidden. "Some of these little islands have been known to disappear quite suddenly. Volcanic action, you know. What are you smiling at?" he added, sharply.

"Thoughts," said Miss Drewitt, clasping her hands round her knee and smiling again. "I was thinking how odd it would be if the island sank just as they landed upon it."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CHALK, when half-awake next morning, tried to remember Mr. Stobell's remarks of the night before; fully awake, he tried to forget them. He remembered, too, with a pang that Tredgold had been content to enact the part of a listener, and had made no attempt to check the somewhat unusual fluency of the aggrieved Mr. Stobell. The latter's last instructions were that Mrs. Chalk was to be told, without loss of time, that her presence on the schooner was not to be thought of.

With all this on his mind Mr. Chalk made but a poor breakfast, and his appetite was not improved by his wife's enthusiastic remarks concerning the voyage. Breakfast over, she dispatched a note to Mrs. Stobell by the housemaid, with instructions to wait for a reply. Altogether six notes passed during the morning, and Mr. Chalk, who hazarded a fair notion as to their contents, became correspondingly gloomy.

"We're to go up there at five," said his wife, after reading the last note. "Mr. Stobell will be at tea at that time, and we're to drop in as though by accident."

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chalk, affecting surprise. "Go up where?"

"To talk to Mr. Stobell," said his wife, grimly. "Fancy, poor Mrs. Stobell says that she is sure he won't let her come. I wish he was my husband, that's all."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Chalk muttered something about "doing a little gardening."

"You can do that another time," said Mrs. Chalk, coldly. "I've noticed you've been very fond of gardening lately."

The allusion was too indirect to contest, but Mr. Chalk reddened despite himself, and his wife, after regarding his confusion with a questioning eye, left him to his own devices and his conscience.

Mr. Stobell and his wife had just sat down to tea when they arrived, and Mrs. Stobell, rising from behind a huge tea-pot, gave a little cry of surprise as her friend entered the room, and kissed her affectionately.

"Well, who would have thought of seeing you?" she cried. "Sit down."

Mrs. Chalk sat down at the large table opposite Mr. Stobell; Mr. Chalk, without glancing in his wife's direction, seated himself by that gentleman's side.

"Well, weren't you surprised?" inquired Mrs. Chalk, loudly, as her hostess passed her a cup of tea.

"Surprised?" said Mrs. Stobell, curiously.

"Why, hasn't Mr. Stobell told you?" exclaimed Mrs. Chalk.

"Told me?" repeated Mrs. Stobell, glancing indignantly at the wide-open eyes of Mr. Chalk. "Told me what?"

It was now Mrs. Chalk's turn to appear surprised, and she did it so well that Mr. Chalk choked in his tea-cup. "About the yachting trip," she said, with a glance at her husband that made his choking take on a ventriloquial effect of distance.

"He—he didn't say anything to me about it," said Mrs. Stobell, timidly.

She glanced at her husband, but Mr. Stobell, taking an enormous bite out of a slice of bread and butter, made no sign.

"It'll do you a world of good," said Mrs. Chalk, affectionately. "It'll put a little colour in your cheeks."

Mrs. Stobell flushed. She was a faded little woman; faded eyes, faded hair, faded cheeks. It was even whispered that her love for Mr. Stobell was beginning to fade.

"And I don't suppose you'll mind the sea-sickness after you get used to it," said the considerate Mr. Chalk, "and the storms, and the cyclones, and fogs, and collisions, and all that sort of thing."

"If you can stand it, she can," said his wife, angrily.

"But I don't understand," said Mrs. Stobell, appealingly. "What yachting trip?"

Mrs. Chalk began to explain; Mr. Stobell helped himself to another slice, and, except for a single glance under his heavy brows at Mr. Chalk, appeared to be oblivious of his surroundings.



"MRS. STOBELL."

"It sounds very nice," said Mrs. Stobell, after her friend had finished her explanation. "Perhaps it might do me good. I have tried a great many things."

"Mr. Stobell ought to have taken you for a voyage long before," said Mrs. Chalk, with conviction. "Still, better late than never."

"The only thing is," said Mr. Chalk, speaking with an air of great benevolence, "that if the sea *didn't* suit Mrs. Stobell, she would be unable to get away from it. And, of course, it *might* upset her very much."

Mr. Stobell wiped some crumbs from his moustache and looked up.

"No, it won't," he said, briefly.

"Is she a good sailor?" queried Mr. Chalk, somewhat astonished at such a remark from that quarter.

"Don't know," said Mr. Stobell, passing his cup up. "But this trip won't upset her—she ain't going."

Mrs. Chalk exclaimed loudly and exchanged glances of consternation with Mrs. Stobell; Mr. Stobell, having explained the position, took some more bread and butter and munched placidly.

"Don't you think it would do her good?" said Mrs. Chalk, at last.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Might," said Mr. Stobell, slowly, "and then, again, it mightn't."

"But there's no harm in trying," persisted Mrs. Chalk.

Mr. Stobell made no reply. Having reached his fifth slice he was now encouraging his appetite with apricot jam.

"And it's so cheap," continued Mrs. Chalk. "That's the way I look at it. If she shuts up the house and gets rid of the servants, same as I am going to do, it will save a lot of money."

She glanced at Mr. Stobell, whose slowly working jaws and knitted brows appeared to indicate deep thought, and then gave a slight triumphant nod at his wife.

"Servants are so expensive," she murmured. "Really, I shouldn't be surprised if we saved money on the whole affair. And then think of her health. She has never quite recovered from that attack of bronchitis. She has never looked the same woman since. Think of your feelings if anything happened to her. Nothing would bring her back to you if once she went."

"Went where?" inquired Mr. Stobell, who was not attending very much.

"If she died, I mean," said Mrs. Chalk, shortly.

"We've all got to die some day," said the philosophic Mr. Stobell. "She's forty-six."

Mrs. Stobell interposed. "Not till September, Robert," she said, almost firmly.

"It wouldn't be nice to be buried at sea," remarked Mr. Chalk, contributing his mite to the discussion. "Of course, it's very impressive; but to be left down there all alone while the ship sails on must be very hard."

Mrs. Stobell's eyes began to get large. "I'm feeling quite well," she gasped.



"'IT WOULDN'T BE NICE TO BE BURIED AT SEA,' REMARKED MR. CHALK."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Chalk, with a threatening glance at her husband. "Of course, we know that. But a voyage would do you good. You can't deny that."

Mrs. Stobell, fumbling for her handkerchief, said in a tremulous voice that she had no wish to deny it. Mr. Stobell, appealed to by the energetic Mrs. Chalk, admitted at once that it might do his wife good, but that it wouldn't him.

"We're going to be three jolly bachelors," he declared, and, first nudging Mr. Chalk to attract his attention, deliberately winked at him.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Chalk, drawing herself up; "but you forget that I am coming."

"Two jolly bachelors, then," said the undaunted Stobell.

"No," said Mrs. Chalk, shaking her head, "I am not going alone; if Mrs. Stobell can't come I would sooner stay at home."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Mr. Stobell's face cleared; his mouth relaxed and his dull eyes got almost kindly. With the idea of calling the attention of Mr. Chalk to the pleasing results of a little firmness he placed his foot upon that gentleman's toe and bore heavily.

"Best place for you," he said to Mrs. Chalk. "There's no place like home for ladies. You can have each other to tea every day if you like. In fact, there's no reason"—he paused and looked at his wife, half doubtful that he was conceding too much—"there's no reason why you shouldn't sleep at each other's sometimes."

He helped himself to some cake and, rendered polite by good-nature, offered some to Mrs. Chalk.

"Mind, I shall not go unless Mrs. Stobell goes," said the latter, waving the plate away impatiently; "that I am determined upon."

Mr. Chalk, feeling that appearances required it, ventured on a mild—a very mild—remonstrance.

"And he," continued Mrs. Chalk, sternly, indicating her husband with a nod, "doesn't go without me — not a single step, not an inch of the way."

Mr. Chalk collapsed and sat staring at her in dismay. Mr. Stobell, placing both hands on the table, pushed his chair back and eyed her disagreeably.

"It seems to me——" he began.

"I know," said Mrs. Chalk, speaking with some rapidity—"I know just how it seems to you. But that's how it is. If you want my husband to go you have got to have me too, and if you have me you have got to have your wife, and if——"

"What, is there any more of you coming?" demanded Mr. Stobell, with great bitterness.

Mrs. Chalk ignored the question. "*My* husband wouldn't be happy without *me*," she said, primly. "Would you, Thomas?"

"No," said Mr. Chalk, with a gulp.

"We—we're going a long way," said Mr. Stobell, after a long pause.

"Longer the better," retorted Mrs. Chalk.

"We're going among savages," continued Mr. Stobell, casting about for arguments; "cannibal savages."

"They won't eat her," said Mrs. Chalk, with a passing glance at the scanty proportions of her friend, "not while you're about."

"I don't like to take my wife into danger," said Mr. Stobell, with surly bashfulness; "I'm—I'm too fond of her for that. And she don't want to come. Do you, Alice?"

"No," said Mrs. Stobell, dutifully, "but I want to share your dangers, Robert."

"Say 'yes' or 'no' without any trimmings," commanded her husband, as he intercepted a look passing between her and Mrs. Chalk. "Do—you—want—to—come?"

Mrs. Stobell trembled. "I don't want to prevent Mr. Chalk from going," she murmured.

"Never mind about him," said Mr. Stobell. "*Do—you—want—to—come?*"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stobell.

Her husband, hardly able to believe his ears, gazed at her in bewilderment. "Very well, then," he said, in a voice that made the tea-cups rattle. "COME!"

He sat with bent brows gazing at the table as Mrs. Chalk, her face wreathed in triumphant smiles, began to discuss yachting costumes and other necessities of ocean travel with the quivering Mrs. Stobell. Unable to endure it any longer he rose and, in a voice by no means alluring, invited Mr. Chalk into the garden to smoke a pipe; Mr. Chalk, helping himself to two pieces of cake as evidence, said that he had not yet finished his tea. Owing partly to lack of appetite and partly to the face which Mr. Stobell pressed to the window every other minute to entice him out, he made but slow progress.

The matter was discussed next day as they journeyed down to Biddlecombe with Mr. Tredgold to complete the purchase of the schooner, the views of the latter gentleman coinciding so exactly with those of Mr. Stobell that Mr. Chalk was compelled to listen to the same lecture twice.

Under this infliction the spirits of Mr. Chalk began to droop, nor did they revive until, from the ferry-boat, his eyes fell upon the masts of the *Fair Emily*, and the trim figure of Captain Brisket standing at the foot of the steps awaiting their arrival.

"We've had a stroke of good luck, gentlemen," said Brisket, in a husky whisper, as they followed him up the steps. "See that man?"

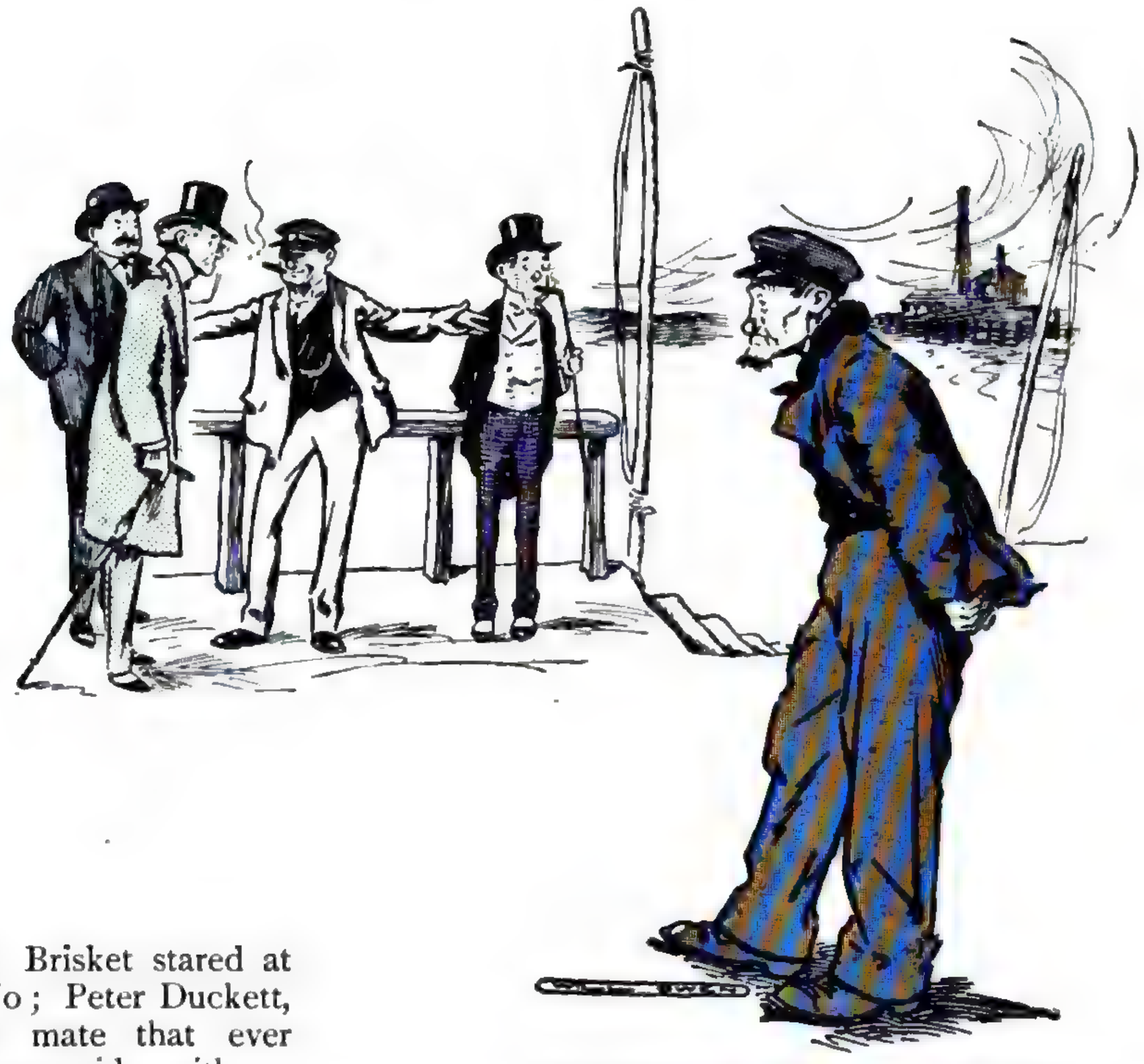
He pointed to a thin, dismal-looking man, standing a yard or two away, who was trying to appear unconscious of their scrutiny.

"Peter Duckett," said Brisket, in the same satisfied whisper.

Mr. Stobell, ever willing for a free show, stared at the dismal man and groped in the recesses of his memory. The name seemed familiar.

"The man who ate three dozen hard-boiled eggs in seven minutes?" he asked, with a little excitement natural in the circumstances.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"HE POINTED TO A THIN, DISMAL-LOOKING MAN."

Captain Brisket stared at him. "No; Peter Duckett, the finest mate that ever sailed," he said, with a flourish. "We're lucky to have the chance of getting him, I can tell you. To see him handle sailormen is a revelation; to see him handle a ship——"

He broke off and shook his head with the air of a man who despaired of doing justice to his subject. "These are the gentlemen, Peter," he said, introducing them with a wave of his hand.

Mr. Duckett raised his cap, and tugging at a small patch of reddish-brown hair strangely resembling a door-mat in texture, which grew at the base of his chin, cleared his throat and said it was a fine morning.

"Not much of a talker, is Peter," said the genial Brisket. "He's a doer; that's what he is—a doer. Now, if you're willing—and I hope you are—he'll come aboard with us and talk the matter over."

This proposition being assented to after a little delay on the part of Mr. Stobell, who appeared to think Mr. Duckett's lack of connection with the hard-boiled eggs somewhat suspicious, they proceeded to Todd's Wharf and made a thorough inspection of the schooner. Mr. Chalk's eyes grew bright and his step elastic. He roamed from forecastle to cabin and from cabin to galley, and, his practice with the crow's-nest in Dialstone Lane standing him in good stead, wound up by ascending to the masthead and waving to his astonished friends below.

Mr. Todd came on board as he regained the deck, and, stroking his white beard, regarded him with an air of benevolent interest.

"There's no ill-feeling," he said, as Mr. Chalk eyed his outstretched hand somewhat dubiously. "You're a hard nut, that's what you are, and I pity anybody that has the cracking of you. A man that could come and offer me seventy pounds for a craft like this—seventy pounds, mind you," he added, with a rising colour, as he turned to the others—"seventy pounds, and a face like a baby. Why, when I think of it, HANG ME IF I DON'T——"

Captain Brisket laid his hand on his arm and with soothing words led him below. His voice was heard booming in the cabin until at length it ended in a shout of laughter, and Captain Brisket, appearing at the companion, beckoned them below, with a whispered injunction to Mr. Chalk to keep as much in the background as possible.

The business was soon concluded, and Mr. Chalk's eye brightened again as he looked on his new property. Captain Brisket, in high good-humour, began to talk of accommoda-

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

tion, and, among other things, suggested a scheme of cutting through the bulkhead at the foot of the companion-ladder and building a commodious cabin with three berths in the hold.

"There are two ladies coming," said Mr. Chalk.

Captain Brisket rubbed his chin. "I'd forgotten that," he said, slowly. "Two, did you say?"

"It doesn't matter," said Mr. Stobell, fixing him with his left eye and slowly veiling the right. "You go on with them alterations. One of the ladies can have your state-room and the other the mate's bunk."

"Where are Captain Brisket and the mate to sleep?" inquired Mr. Chalk.

"Anywhere," replied Mr. Stobell. "With the crew if they like."

Captain Brisket, looking suddenly very solemn, shook his head and said that it was impossible. He spoke in moving terms of the danger to discipline, and called upon Mr. Duckett to confirm his fears. Meantime, Mr. Stobell, opening his right eye slowly, winked with the left.

"You go on with them alterations," he repeated.

Captain Brisket started and reflected. A nod from Mr. Tredgold and a significant gesture in the direction of the unconscious Mr. Chalk decided him. "Very good, gentlemen," he said, cheerfully. "I'm in your hands, and Peter Duckett'll do what I do. It's settled he's coming, I suppose?"

Mr. Tredgold, after a long look at the anxious face of Mr. Duckett, said "Yes," and then at Captain Brisket's suggestion the party adjourned to the Jack Ashore, where in a little room upstairs, not much larger than the schooner's cabin, the preparations for the voyage were discussed in detail.

"And mind, Peter," said Captain Brisket to his friend, as the pair strolled along by the harbour after their principals had departed, "the less you say about this the better. We don't want any Biddlecombe men in it."

"Why not?" inquired the other.

"Because," replied Brisket, lowering his voice, "there's more in this than meets the eye. They're not the sort to go on a cruise to the islands for pleasure—except Chalk, that is. I've been keeping my ears open, and there's something afoot. D'ye take me?"

Mr. Duckett nodded shrewdly.

"I'll pick a crew for 'em," said Brisket. "A man here and a man there. Biddlecombe men ain't tough enough. And now, what about that whisky you've been talking so much about?"



"THERE'S MORE IN THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE."

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Vicissitudes of Pictures.

THE adventures which have befallen some of the most noted art treasures are both curious and interesting. Foremost among them is the well-known instance of the famous picture by Gainsborough of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Everyone will remember the circumstances which attended the sale and subsequent loss of this fine picture —how, while being exhibited by Messrs. Agnew, the mutilation and theft of it took place. The canvas was cut from the frame with a sharp knife, brown paper was fastened on the face of it to prevent cracking when rolled up, and the thief or thieves, notwithstanding the fact that the operation must have occupied some considerable time, escaped unseen, and all trace of the picture was, for the time being, completely lost.

The beautiful picture of "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, here reproduced, which now hangs in the Louvre, is remarkable from the fact that it was at one time the means of saving the lives of two men who were about to be shot. It formerly belonged to Marshal Soult, and was acquired by him while following the retreating army of Sir John Moore. Two monks were taken prisoners by a party of his soldiers, and instead of ordering them to be shot forthwith (the usual method of dealing with this class of prisoner, who were particularly hostile to the French) he commanded them to show the way to their monastery. Here he saw this picture and wanted to purchase it, but the prior refused, informing him that one hundred thousand francs had been offered for it. This sum the Marshal said he would double, and the prior, thinking he saw a way of rescuing his unfortunate brethren by the transaction, agreed to accept it, providing the Marshal would hand over his prisoners as part of the bargain. Soult, not to be outdone, replied that their lives were valued at two hundred thousand francs, and for this sum he would be pleased to release them. To this the prior was compelled to agree, the Marshal accordingly gaining the painting without parting with a penny. At the Soult



A PICTURE WHICH SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO MEN—"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION," BY MURILLO.

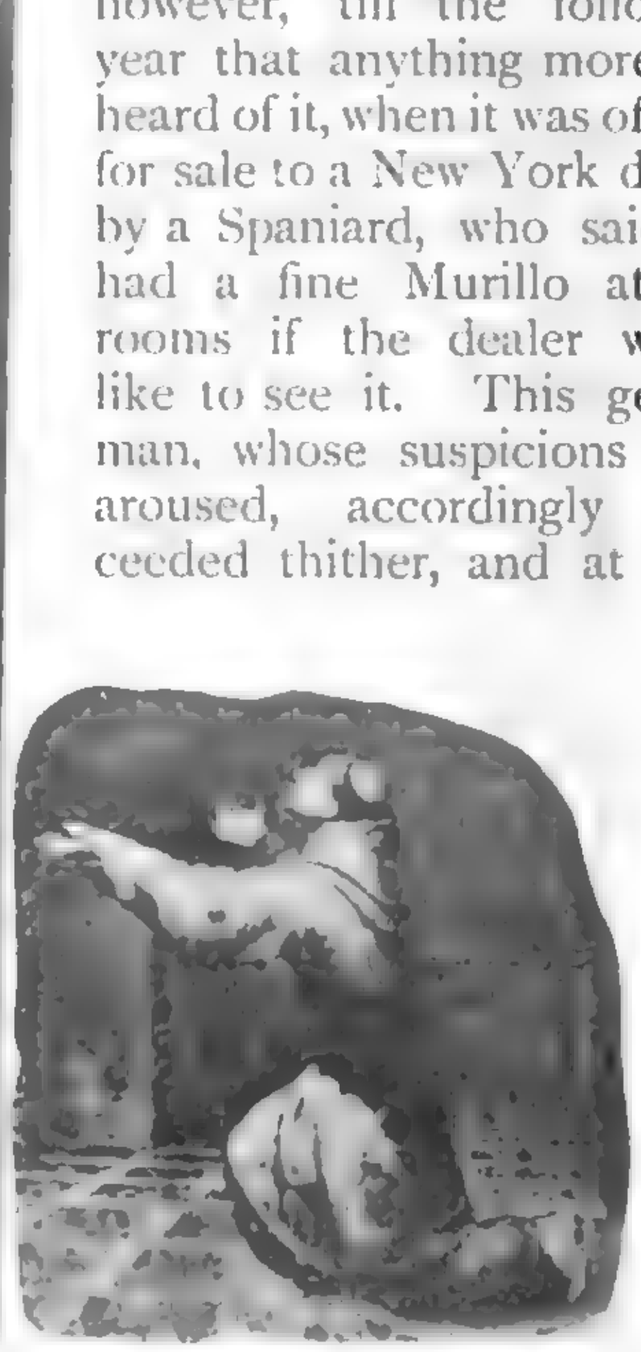
Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

sale at Christie's in 1852 this picture was competed for by all the crowned heads in Europe, and was finally knocked down to the French Government for five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs.

Another picture which was subjected to treatment similar to that of the Gainsborough





"ST. ANTONY," BY MURILLO, SHOWING THE PICTURE AFTER MUTILATION, TOGETHER WITH THE PART CUT OUT.
From a Photo. by J. Laurent & Co., Madrid.

is the superb painting of St. Antony, also by Murillo, in the cathedral at Seville. It is the largest work of the master, and so finely painted that it is said that birds have been seen trying to alight upon the table in the picture and peck at the flowers. The Duke of Wellington offered to buy it, covering it with gold ounces, a price equal to thirty-six thousand pounds. On the 5th of November, 1874, it was discovered that the figure of St. Antony had been cut from the picture, the remainder being uninjured, and this in spite of the fact that the watch had been doubled, and also augmented by two mastiffs, on account of two preceding robberies of cathedral property. The portion taken away was sufficient to form a complete picture in itself—as will easily be understood by an inspection of the accompanying reproduction — and it was no doubt with this idea in his mind that the sacrilegious thief went to work. No trace of the perpetrator of this outrage could be found, but the Spanish Government, with commendable promptitude, acquainted their representatives abroad with the facts, and had photographs of the picture forwarded to them. It was not, however, till the following year that anything more was heard of it, when it was offered for sale to a New York dealer by a Spaniard, who said he had a fine Murillo at his rooms if the dealer would like to see it. This gentleman, whose suspicions were aroused, accordingly proceeded thither, and at once recognised the picture as the missing portion of the Seville Murillo. He secretly gave notice to the Spanish Consul, for whom the picture was purchased for two hundred and fifty dollars, the man Garcia, who sold the picture and was the actual thief, being shortly afterwards arrested. It was subsequently returned to Seville, the damaged parts were skilfully restored, and it was finally reinstated in its former position amid imposing religious and secular festivities.

"The Reading Magdalene," by Correggio, so familiar to all from the many fine prints of

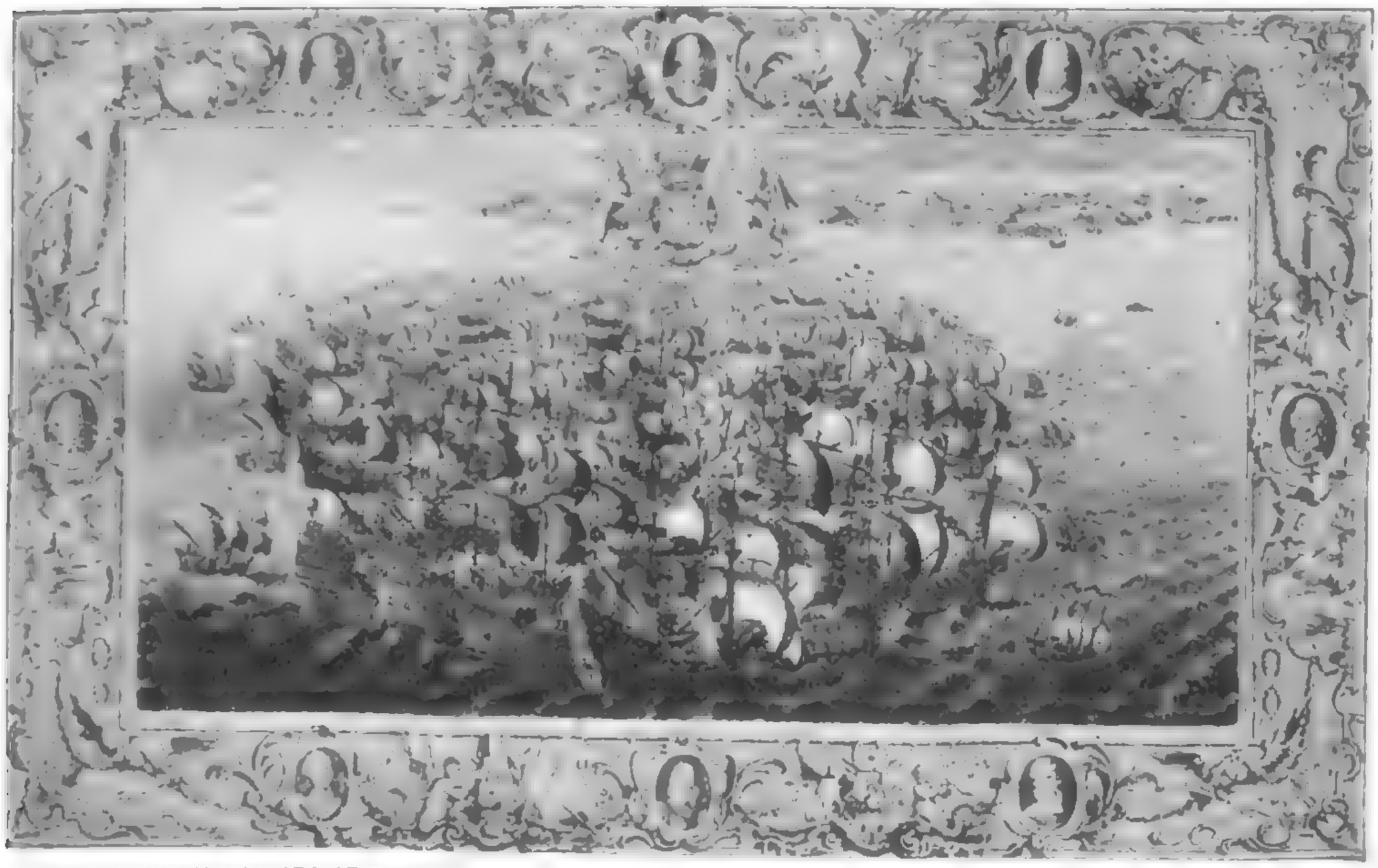
Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



CORREGGIO'S "READING MAGDALENE," STOLEN FROM THE DRESDEN GALLERY AND DISCOVERED IN A HAYLOFT.

it which exist, has not been without its experiences in the ups and downs of life and the dangers to which such things of beauty and world-wide fame are unfortunately liable. In 1747 this picture and two others with it suddenly disappeared from the walls of the Dresden Gallery and for some time could not be heard of. "The Judgment of Paris," by Van der Werff, one of the missing pictures, was subsequently discovered in a box near the Zwinger, and the Correggio soon afterwards under the floor of a hayloft, in a frameless condition, this having been removed for the sake of the precious stones with which it was adorned.

A similar place of concealment, by the way, was one selected for a stolen picture by Raphael of a "Holy Family," which was found by a peasant in Italy in 1876, and used by him to stop a broken window, until



ONE OF THE SUPERB SET OF TAPESTRIES OF THE ARMADA, DESTROYED BY FIRE AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1834.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

it was seen by a gentleman who happened to pass by, and who, being attracted by so singular a phenomenon, asked to be allowed to inspect it. Upon examining it closely he identified it as a missing picture of great value by Raphael, which had disappeared many years before from the collection of the Rovere family, for whom it was painted by the great master, and whose arms were discovered on the back of the picture.

Thieves are but one of the many dangers, however, to which pictures and such-like articles are exposed; many have suffered from fire, more from neglect, and not a few have been wantonly destroyed by wilful or malicious persons unable to appreciate what others would give all they possess to call their own. A fine series of important historical records of one of the most famous incidents in English history were the victims of the first-named of these elements of destruction, when the Houses of Parliament were burnt down in 1834. They were a fine set of tapestries representing the different positions and attacks of the English Fleet upon the Spanish Armada as it sailed up the English Channel in 1588. These tapestries—one of which is reproduced on the preceding page — were bespoken by Lord Howard of Effingham, the English admiral, of Cornelius Vroom, a clever Dutch artist, and were sold by him to James I. They were afterwards used to decorate the interior of the House of Lords, where they hung in separate panels to the number of ten, each being surrounded by a wrought border in which were woven the portraits of the English commanders. Their loss is much to be deplored, as they were the only authentic and contemporary representations of that memorable event.



ONE OF A SET OF DRAWINGS, BY HOLBEIN, FOUND IN AN OLD BUREAU AT KENSINGTON PALACE BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

Our next two illustrations are representative examples of two famous works which have been rescued from oblivion by mere chance, and now grace, the one the Royal collection and the other that of the nation at South Kensington. The first is a speaking portrait of a lady, from a series of similar drawings by Hans Holbein in the King's collection at Windsor, consisting of portraits of ladies and gentlemen of the Court of Henry VIII., which were discovered by Queen Caroline, in the reign of George II., stowed away in an old bureau at Kensington Palace, together with a volume of valuable drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. The career of these drawings was a strange one, for many years after Holbein's death they turned up in France, whence they were procured by Charles I. through the instrumentality of the French Ambassador. The King afterwards gave them to Lord Pembroke, and from him they passed to the Earl of Arundel. Nothing more was heard of them until they were accidentally discovered by Queen Caroline, as before stated. They are of immense value, and the portraits include those of Edward VI. when a boy, Queen Jane Seymour, Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, Howard Earl of Surrey, and many other equally distinguished and well-known historical personages.

The vicissitudes of the celebrated Raphael cartoons are many and various. Originally they

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

were intended as patterns for the Flemish weavers in the manufacture of a series of tapestries representing subjects from the New Testament, designed by Raphael for Pope Leo X. Having served this purpose they were thrown aside as useless; in fact, the weavers had already cut several of them into strips for working purposes when Rubens happened to see them. Soon afterwards he came to England, where he mentioned what he had seen to King Charles, and this ill-fated monarch, whose taste for the fine arts is well known, immediately ordered them to be procured for the Royal collection, but, unfortunately, it was too late to save them all. Seven perfect ones only remained, the others having been thrown away or destroyed, excepting a few fragments, which lay in a confused heap upon the floor of the workshop. After the death of the King the cartoons, but for Cromwell's intervention, would have left the country; but at the sale of the Royal collection he ordered them to be purchased, and, though Charles II. nearly disposed of them to France, they have remained here ever since, and now hang in a gallery set apart for the purpose in South Kensington Museum.

The tapestries which were wrought in gold and silver from these cartoons cost Pope Leo X. sixty thousand dollars, and were hung in the Vatican. Here they remained undisturbed till they were carried off by the French troops under Napoleon in 1798. Some years afterwards they were discovered in the hands of a Jew in Paris, who had already burnt two of the pieces for the purpose of extracting the gold and silver contained in the texture. They were purchased for the Pope, and once more hung in the Vatican.



ONE OF RAPHAEL'S CELEBRATED CARTOONS, AFTER BEING PIECED TOGETHER.

When Wordsworth, as a little boy, in childish ignorance and simple bravado struck his whip through a fine picture, and the children of a well-known nobleman destroyed another in wanton mischief by riddling it with arrows, they did but add two others to the long list of the many works of art which have been damaged or destroyed by other children equally ignorant of the crime they were committing. Had these youthful depredators confined their attentions to a few of the multitude of second-rate productions which exist, there would perhaps be less cause for regret; but, unfortunately, if mischief is to be done, it is usually the best and

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF DERBY, BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, DESTROYED BY HER HUSBAND IN A FIT OF RAGE.

most valuable that suffers, be it picture or any other article that happens to be the victim. This form of destruction, though much to be deplored, is, however, comparatively innocent when contrasted with the malicious treatment meted out to the beautiful picture which forms our next illustration. This fine work of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a portrait of Elizabeth Countess of Derby, a daughter of one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, and one of the bright particular stars of society in the reign of George III. This picture was destroyed by her husband, the twelfth Earl of Derby, in a fit of rage after her divorce. Its loss to posterity can be better appreciated when one realizes it by the side of the same painter's beautiful portrait of Mrs. Carnac in the Wallace collection, with which it compared very favourably.

Another picture of Sir Joshua's which has also been in trouble—that is to say, has been in the hands of the lawyers—is the "Lady Cockburn and Her Children." This picture for a few years belonged, or was supposed to belong, to the nation, and hung in the National Gallery, where thousands of people saw and admired it. It was bequeathed to this institution by the late Lady Hamilton in 1892. In 1899 the family happened to discover that Lady Hamilton's interest in the picture was restricted to her life, and that she had no right to dispose of it by will or otherwise. They therefore claimed the picture, and the trustees, after testing the case, were compelled to relinquish their claim. It was sold by the family to Mr. Beit, the South African millionaire, for twenty-two thousand pounds.



"LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, A PICTURE WHICH COST THE NATIONAL GALLERY A LAWSUIT.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Inadvertent Highwayman.

By Edwin Pugh.

A DENSE fog had descended upon London. At the heart of the great city it was thickly, murkily brown. In the suburbs it was as rolling white smoke, damp and choking and chill.

Little Mr. Augustus Pimm groped his way through the frost-bound lanes of Podisham, considerably at a loss, for the neighbourhood was comparatively unknown to him. He shivered and shuddered as he stumbled along the rutty road, and heartily wished himself at his destination. Yet he was by no means unhappy, despite his miserable plight. Indeed, he stopped every now and then to utter a chuckle of supreme self-satisfaction. For was he not about to become the accepted lover of the best and prettiest girl in the world? He planned the manner of his proposal as he blundered on, rehearsing the perfervid speech in which he meant to avow his passion and win his dear one's timidly joyous acceptance. No thought of rejection entered his mind, for she was poor—a mere typist, and he was rich—a banker's only son. It was a pity, he reflected, that her people were so impossible; but he could take her away from them, and no one need know her origin. Yes, she was quite worthy of him, quite worthy. So ran his thoughts, and so absorbing were they that he wandered on, paying but little regard to the path he was following.



"HE STOPPED ABRUPTLY."

At last he roused himself from meditation to consider his bearings. But the mist was so dense he could see only a very few yards ahead. Beyond that he was walking down a narrow lane between two high, thick hedges, he knew nothing whatever of his whereabouts. And there was no one to whom he could appeal for guidance. Stillness and that white darkness brooded over all the semi-rural landscape.

But suddenly the stillness was disturbed. He heard a sound of hasty footsteps coming after him. He stopped abruptly, feeling as if he had been stabbed in the pit of the stomach with an ice-cold knife. There was something incredibly menacing in the sound of those footsteps. What sort of man could it be who ran thus recklessly in that impenetrable gloom? Augustus asked himself. And he was filled with a vague fear. He listened intently. The patter of the flying feet was drawing rapidly nearer and nearer. Then he was seized with panic, and he, too, began to run.

A voice called out, "Stop! Stop, you villain, or I fire!"

But Augustus pounded on, unheeding. He found, however, that, handicapped as he was by his heavy overcoat, to say nothing of his meagre physical proportions and his lack of condition, he was no match for his pursuer. The chase was soon over. A strong hand clutched him by the collar; his hat fell off and rolled on the hard, glistening road; and he himself was jerked back with such violence that he almost lost his balance. Indeed, if his assailant had not held him in such a tight grip he must assuredly have fallen.

"W-what?" he gasped.

"You scoundrel!" thundered the Unknown, fiercely. It was very, very dark; but Mr. Pimm made out dimly that he seemed to be a well-dressed, clean-shaven young man of a pleasing countenance. "Give me that watch," said he.

He looked so fierce and formidable that Mr. Augustus Pimm did not hesitate for an instant to comply with his demand.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Certainly, certainly," he quavered. "It's a little hard, but——"

"The watch," said the Unknown, sternly.

Augustus unbuttoned his thick, heavy overcoat, drew the watch from his pocket, and handed it over.

"And thank your lucky stars," said this extraordinary footpad, "that I let you off so lightly."

He took the watch without looking at it—indeed, his angry blue eyes never once flinched from their steady regard of the terrified Mr. Pimm's face—and slipped it nonchalantly into his own pocket.

"Now, get out with you," said he.

And as he spoke he aimed a well-directed kick at Mr. Pimm that sent him sprawling on his hands and knees. Then, with a laugh, the robber strolled away.

Poor little Augustus, with tears of anguish in his eyes, mortification and rage in his heart, gathered himself up, recovered his hat, brushed his knees and elbows, and buttoned up his coat again. He had had enough of that dark lane. He would proceed no farther, but retrace his steps to the warmly-lighted streets he had lately quitted. Then he could make inquiries at some shop and perhaps secure a guide. For he had by no means abandoned his intention of calling on his loved one on that night and declaring his passion.



"'THE WATCH,' SAID THE UNKNOWN, STERNLY."

He felt so shaken and sore that he went into a public-house and called for a glass of brandy to steady his nerves. He told the landlord what had befallen him.

"Ah," said the landlord, "there's a lot of rough customers about here. You're not the first one to be waylaid, not by a long chalk. Police are always having complaints about it."

"Could you direct me to Caversham Terrace?" asked Augustus. "Or perhaps there is someone on the premises who wouldn't mind acting as guide to me?"

"Certainly, sir. Bill, my pot-boy, will take you for a copper or two. It's only a matter of a few hundred yards."

So Bill was fetched from the cellar, and conducted Mr. Pimm to his destination.

"Mr. Lotter at home?" asked Augustus, when the door of the trim little villa was opened in answer to his knock.

"Yes, sir. Will you step in, sir, please?"

He stepped in, and waited in the hall whilst the maid went upstairs to announce him. There were a hat and a coat hanging on the rack, of a jaunty, ultra-fashionable cut that he did not like the look of. He knew they could not possibly belong to staid old Mr. Lotter, and Minnie, Miss Lotter, his adored, had no brothers—was, indeed, an only child. Was it possible that he had a rival? he asked himself. He had never entertained any such fear before, and the thought troubled him.

But Mr. Lotter, bustling out into the hall to welcome him, put reflection to rout.

"Come in, my dear boy, come in," he cried, heartily. "You're just in time for a bit of something to eat."

He led him into the little drawing-room, where the table was already spread and the diners seated. There were Mrs. Lotter, a sweet-faced matron who, in her girlhood, must have been wondrously like Minnie; Minnie herself, ravishing in a white serge dress tricked out with clusters of blue ribbon; and a broad-shouldered young man with fair hair whose face Augustus could not see, as the young man sat with his back to the door. But he guessed that this was the owner of the jaunty hat and coat, and he hated him.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Having shaken hands deferentially with Mrs. Lotter and a little shyly with Miss Lotter, he turned to the young man, awaiting an introduction. That detestable person still sat with only his broad shoulders visible, as if he reciprocated heartily Mr. Pimm's own rancorous feelings.

"Ah, I forgot," cried Mr. Lotter. "You have not met Mr. Windsor—Jack Windsor—before. Jack, this is Mr. Pimm."

The young man rose and confronted Augustus at last. "Glad to have the pleasure——" he was beginning; and then he paused abruptly.

As for Augustus, he felt as if he had been dealt a heavy blow on the head. For in this Mr. Jack Windsor, this privileged guest at the Lotter table, he recognised the footpad who had despoiled him of his watch. He stood gasping like a stranded fish, his pale eyes widely distended.

"What's the matter?" cried Mr. Lotter, alarmed by the extraordinary demeanour of Augustus.

"It's all right," said Jack Windsor. "We *have* met before. Old friends, in fact. Bit of a shock to both of us. How do you do, old boy?" And he gripped the limp hand of Augustus and clapped him on the shoulder. As he did this he winked meaningly half-a-dozen times.

Augustus Pimm took his seat, feeling utterly dazed, almost as if he were under some hypnotic spell. He saw the footpad as through a mist, eating and drinking with a good appetite. He heard him talking and laughing with Minnie, thoroughly at his ease and altogether enjoying himself. He watched the pair as if fascinated. In vain Mrs. Lotter pressed delicacies upon him and, when he declined them all, expressed solicitude for his health. In vain Mr. Lotter tried to draw him out on various current topics of the day. He only sat there, silent and moody, with his gaze fixed steadily on the serene face of the footpad.

Dinner over they adjourned to the drawing-room.

Jack Windsor at once installed himself near Minnie, whilst poor Augustus sat on a chair by the door, looking utterly lonely and forlorn. Mr. and Mrs. Lotter occupied two arm-chairs, facing one another across the hearthrug. Very soon Mr. Lotter fell fast asleep, and then Mrs. Lotter, speaking in a piercing whisper, said:—

"Oh, I declare I had almost forgotten. I want to ask your advice, my dear Mr. Windsor, about some old prints Mr. Lotter picked up in Wardour Street the other day. Would you mind coming downstairs with me and looking through them?"

It was not with the best grace in the world that Mr. Jack Windsor complied with this request. He got up with an affectation of pleased alacrity, however, and accompanied her out of the room.

Then Mr. Augustus Pimm pulled himself together. This was plainly his opportunity, one specially made for him by Mrs. Lotter, who (he knew) strongly favoured his suit. He must not miss it. Something of his natural confidence returned to him. He left his lonely seat, crossed the room, and took the seat near Minnie that Jack Windsor had just vacated.

Minnie looked at him with a shadow of trouble clouding the brightness of her eyes. Augustus knew that his time was short, and at once plunged into the subject nearest his heart.

"Miss Lotter," he said, "I have been longing for this chance for weeks."

"Indeed!" said she, with downcast eyes.

"This is the supreme moment of my life. In a very little while I shall be either the most happy or the most miserable man on earth."

She stole a side glance at him.

"Minnie, I love you."

"No, no," she cried, in a strained whisper; and she shrank away from him.

"I love you with all my heart and soul. I love you more than anything else in the world—riches, honours, fame, anything. Don't you love me a little, too—only just a little?"

"I—I like you, Mr. Pimm."

"That is not enough. That is not what I want."

"I can give you no more than that."

"Can't you even give me hope?"

"No."

"No hope?"

"None."

"Oh, but why?—why?"

"Please don't press me further, Mr. Pimm. I am very sorry, but what I say is quite true and unalterable. And you are only distressing not merely yourself, but me also, by going on like this."

"Perhaps," he said—and his voice and the expression of his face were alike unpleasant—"perhaps you prefer someone else?"

She did not answer.

"Is that it?" he asked, harshly.

"You have no right to cross-examine me in this way," she protested. "But since you

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"OH, BUT WHY?—WHY?"

persist I will tell you. I *do* prefer someone else. And I am engaged to be married to him. Mamma does not know of the engagement yet; but papa does—and approves."

"And who is the lucky man?"

"What can that matter to you, Mr. Pimm?"

His face lowered.

"Is it this Mr. Jack Windsor?"

The glance she gave him expressed her resentment at the tone he was adopting. She half rose.

"No," said he, clutching her wrist. "Listen to me for just one minute longer," and he pulled her down beside him. "Do you know what this Mr. Jack Windsor is?"

"He is all that is manly and——"

"Yes, I know. But do you know what he does for a living?"

"Of course I do. He is an artist—a painter."

"A prosperous one?"

"He will get on. But really, Mr. Pimm, I fail to see what right——"

"I have every right. He is a poor artist; and to supplement his meagre and uncertain income, what do you think he does?"

"I was not aware——"

"He plunders honest men, Miss Lotter. He waylays them on the King's high-road and robs them. He is a common footpad."

Minnie leaned back among the cushions and laughed merrily.

"I never in all my life heard anything so ridiculous," she cried. "You must be mad."

"Mad or sane," exclaimed Augustus, heatedly, "I will vouch for the truth of what I say. He robbed *me* on my way here. Took my watch from me, and subjected me to brutal violence afterwards—big coward that he is." He became greatly excited. "If you don't believe me, tax him with the theft in my presence. If you won't, then I will—before you all."

Minnie stared at him, the citadel of her incredulity tottering before the onslaught of Mr. Pimm's unmistakable sincerity. She knew not what to make of it all. Her belief in her lover's integrity was, of course, unshaken; even to suspect him of such a crime as Mr. Pimm imputed to him was in itself absurd; yet she felt that what she had heard was in substance true—there was no doubting the good faith of the crestfallen little man at her side; and she had all a woman's inherent curiosity to get to the bottom of the mystery. So she held Augustus to his word, and said she would be very glad if he would tax her lover with the robbery before them all as soon as he reappeared.

Even as she spoke the door opened and Mrs. Lotter entered, attended by Mr. Jack Windsor, looking intensely bored.

Augustus, fearing that if he hesitated all his courage would ooze away, bounced up from his seat at once and strode toward his successful rival.

"Mr. Windsor," he said, putting his arms akimbo and speaking very loudly, though in

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

a shaking voice, "what have you done with my watch?"

"I have it in my pocket," was the calm reply; and this imperturbable young man, without a smile, produced the watch and handed it to Augustus. "I apologize most sincerely for taking it," said he.

Augustus restored the watch to his own pocket, too greatly overcome by the other's display of sublime self-composure to utter a single word. But a cry of wild astonishment broke from Minnie. Mrs. Lotter, not understanding, looked exceedingly puzzled. Mr. Lotter, awaking with a start from his heavy slumber, requested to know what was the matter.

"Well, it's rather a quaint story," said Jack Windsor, laughing. "If you will all sit down I'll tell it you."

They sat down, Mr. and Mrs. Lotter in a state of great bewilderment, Minnie aglow with curiosity, Augustus scornful.

"It was like this," began Jack Windsor, still smiling. "I was on my way here, getting along as best I could in the fog, when a tobacconist's brilliantly lighted window drew my attention and at the same time reminded me that I was out of cigarettes. I unbuttoned my overcoat and jacket and felt in my inner breast-pocket for my case. I had my gloves on and was fumbling awkwardly to get the case out when I felt a tug at my watch-chain. I looked down sharply, and was just in time to see my silver lever in a very grimy hand that instantly disappeared even as I grabbed at it. I started at once to give chase. I had not caught sight of the thief's face, nor have I ever seen it; but I could perceive dimly through the gas-lit fog that he was a small man. I went after him for all I was worth, but though I managed to keep him just in view I could not catch him. However, I stuck to him as well as I could all along the High Street as far as Strawberry Lane, up which he turned. I still followed on as hard as I could go, but on entering the lane I confess that I began to give up hope—it was so frightfully dark. I had found it sufficiently difficult to keep my quarry in sight in the brilliantly-lighted High Street. Here the only illumination consisted of miserable little gas-jets, set up at a distance of some hundred and fifty yards apart. Of course, I lost sight of the thief at once, and I could not hear the sound of his footsteps because of the noise of my own; but I argued that he could hardly keep up a great pace in that impenetrable gloom, and so I went on running doggedly, though I was feeling more and more sure every moment that I had seen the last of my property. And then, just as I was considering the advisability of giving up the pursuit and resigning myself to the inevitable, I drew near



"'MR. WINDSOR,' HE SAID, 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WATCH?'"

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

to one of those wretched gas-lamps I have already mentioned. It was only dimly visible at ten yards as a sort of pale blur in the mist; but still it enabled me to catch a faint glimpse of a man's figure outlined vaguely in the rolling darkness. I put on the pace at once, and then the figure started off again. I shouted out, 'Stop, or I fire!' though I hadn't any sort of pistol or revolver in my possession, of course. This only made him run the faster. However, he seemed to be pretty well exhausted by now, and I soon overhauled him."

Mr. Jack Windsor then proceeded to describe his brief interview with poor little Mr. Pimm, discreetly omitting any allusion to the kick.

"I confess I was rather astonished to find in the supposed thief a man of Mr. Pimm's stamp. It was in my mind at first to collar him and give him into custody; but he looked so frightened and altogether at sea that I simply hadn't the heart to do it. But I had a jolly good look at him, so that I should know him again, and so I hardly looked at the watch at all, but slipped it into my pocket straightway. In addition, I daresay if I hadn't had thick woollen gloves on I should have known by the feel of it that it wasn't mine. I then returned to the High Street again.

"Mechanically I drew the watch out to see how much time I had lost by my adventure." He paused and laughed. "Picture to yourselves, if you can, my horror when I discovered that the watch was not the one I had lost, after all. I could not understand it. Then I thought that probably the thief had several watches in his possession and had given me the wrong one by mistake. 'Well, old boy,' said I to myself, 'it's a costly error for you, anyway, for this watch is worth quite three times as much as my old turnip is.' And I resolved to stick to it—at any rate, for a while. . . . And that is the whole story."

"But what became of the real thief, I wonder?" asked Minnie.

"I can only surmise," said Jack Windsor, "that he either scrambled through the hedge somehow or flung himself down in the ditch, and when I had passed doubled back on his tracks. He could have done either quite easily in the fog.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "it only remains for me once more to tender from my heart my most sincere apologies to you, Mr. Pimm, for my unconsciously outrageous treatment of you. Mr. Pimm, I beg your pardon. I hope, in the circumstances, that you will forgive me."

He held out his hand. For a moment Augustus hesitated. He did not in the least doubt the truth of Mr. Jack Windsor's explanation; but he could not forget that this buoyant, broad-shouldered young artist had supplanted him in the affections of the best and prettiest girl in the world; and he could not forget the kick either. However, being a sterling little man at bottom, he did not hesitate for more than a moment or two, but grasped his rival's outstretched hand and gripped it cordially.

Mr. Jack Windsor recovered his watch. The wretched thief endeavoured to pawn it a day or two later; and its description having been lodged at Scotland Yard and circulated by the police, he was promptly given into custody and convicted. Mr. Augustus Pimm, of course, found another best girl in the world, and married her on the same day and in the same church that witnessed the union between Mr. Jack Windsor and Miss Minnie Lotter.



"THE WRETCHED THIEF ENDEAVOURED TO PAWN IT."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

A Model Baby-Farm.

By Herbert Vivian.

THE crèche is a useful institution, which has probably been adopted in every country. But nowhere is it more useful or more admirably organized than in France. One reason for this may be found in the fact that, in France more than elsewhere, married women of the lower middle class are in the habit of going out to work during the day. French frugality inspires every family to neglect no opportunity of money-making, and the young wife must do her full share of hard labour to increase the family savings.

A visit to a French crèche is therefore full of instruction for those who desire to improve such institutions elsewhere, and is not without interest and even amusement for all who delight in small children. It may be as well to begin by explaining that a crèche is an institution for taking care of the little ones while their mothers are at work during the day. Instead of paying some careless and ignorant wench to mind the babies, a French mother takes them to a crèche on the way to her factory or dressmaking establishment. She is received with smiles by the young matron in charge, and she can pass on to her daily task with every confidence that the little one will receive all, and more than all, the cares of home.

A visit to a crèche means getting up early, as one of the most pleasing and characteristic sights is the arrival of the children, and the mothers must be at work betimes. You may see a long string of them in the street outside the establishment, waiting patiently, each with her precious burden. They are admitted two or three at a time into the parlour, and a pleasant conversation takes place between them and the fresh young matron, who has all the appearance of a nurse in a rich family. The parlour, too, though not richly furnished, affords full evidence of prosperity, and, like every other part of the place, is scrupulously clean. You observe in most cases that, while the mothers may look poor and shabby, expense has not been spared in dressing the little ones as smartly as possible. The matron takes as much pride and interest in each of her charges as though it were her own. "How has Julie slept?" "Are Nini's teeth still troublesome?"—there is no end to the affectionate catechism. Note the mother's pride in the picture as she hands over a particularly chubby infant, with perhaps a slight pang at parting with her treasure for the whole day. But the treasure, with all the fickleness of its age, seems quite content to lose mamma and pass over to the arms of its kind friend.



From a Photo. by] ARRIVING FOR THE DAY. *[Paul Géniaux.*

The first duty after baby's arrival is to make his toilet, and we pass on to the airy, comfortable bath-room. We are struck at once by the order and method which reign everywhere supreme. Observe in the background all

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the little numbered cases for holding each small brush and comb. It is not in many public institutions, even of the richer kind, that so much trouble would be taken to separate the possessions of individual infants. Why, even in the best London clubs men do not shrink from using hair-brushes that have been in contact with all kinds of unknown heads; and I remember once, in a big Servian hotel, being offered not only a public pair of slippers and a public comb, but even a public tooth-brush!

There is an array of delightful little tubs all round the walls, and a vast hubbub of splashing, crowing, and giggling accosts our ears. A few of the new-comers are inclined to shrink from their ablutions, as children will all the world over; but they are soon reassured by the manifest delight of the older hands, who are revelling in the warm water and the wholesome scent of soap. The chubby little fellow to the left of the picture is taking quite a sybaritic delight in the sensations of his bath, and clasps his tiny sponge to his face with sighs of satisfaction. His neighbour is evidently eaten up with curiosity over the unwonted presence of strangers, and particularly over the mysterious camera, which he mistakes for some strange, though quite friendly, animal. The nurse is laboriously assuring him that there is nothing to fear, but the assurance is unnecessary, for fear seems quite unknown at the crèche: a fact that speaks volumes for the unvarying tact and kindness of the whole staff.



From a Photo. by] THE BATH-ROOM. *[Paul Géniaux.*

Another little boy whom I saw in his bath has had a romantic history already, though he does look so happy and well-liking. He was found one morning on the doorstep of an apothecary's shop in the Montrouge Quarter, half-starved and almost inanimate. The apothecary administered restoratives and was about to take the child to the poor-house, when a friend of his *concierge* intervened and adopted it, though she had already four children of her own, and that is a large number for France. Hitherto she had not gone out to work, but an extra mouth to feed decided her, and now she makes her way every day to slave at dressmaking in order to enable her to carry through this act of charity. Thus does kindness crop up in unexpected quarters.

Another bather is the son of a well-to-do tradesman, whose wife is so anxious about the success of her shop that she is glad to divest herself of family cares during the day.

After the bath the little ones are generally put to bed. Their cradles look like tubs or miniature lifeboats, and are arranged to swing easily on iron trestles. Behind each we see a great poster with elaborate rules for the treatment of common ailments and various emergencies; there is also a form to be filled up with all those minute particulars which a bureaucratic people loves. Every symptom, every unimportant incident is chronicled with surprising accuracy. Even the doings of an infant prince could not command more patient attention. Week by week all the facts are carefully entered in big ledgers, affording an ample defence in the case of any possible charges of neglect. Such charges are, however, very rare, for, whatever accidents may happen, no one would dream of accusing such superlatively careful nurses.

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] THE CRADLE-ROOM. *[Paul Geniaux.*

One of the most important entries concerns the children's weight, which is watched as diligently as though they were prize oxen, jockeys, or professional pugilists. In the next photograph we have a child poised in the special baby-scales, which are provided with an attachment of basket-work in the form of an arm-chair. The child is so well accustomed to the ceremony of being weighed that it assumes an air of great importance, and seems to be contemplating the weights with an air of haughty concern as to its own recent development.

After sleep comes play, which for the youngest means little more than lolling about on the floor so securely swaddled that mischief may not be thought of. Such distractions as they may require are afforded by rag-dolls, rattles, and other indestructible toys. The exigencies of photography have produced a strange Japanese perspective, which really conveys the best possible impression of the strange figures we saw wallowing on the drugget.

All the infants seem to possess a precocious sense of their surroundings. The whole routine of the day has impressed itself so deeply on their minds that they accommodate themselves with unusual facility to everything. Indeed, one of the nurses assured



From a Photo. by] BEING WEIGHED. *[Paul Géniaux.*

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



From a Photo. by] PLAY. [*Paul Géniaux.*

me that a very tiny baby, whose ideas of speech were still quite rudimentary, had started whimpering the other day because she was putting him to bed without weighing him. She did not perceive her omission until he was actually in his cot, when the card that hung above it reminded her. She took him out, still whimpering, but naturally she had no idea of the cause of his trouble. Directly he saw the scales he stretched out his hand towards them and stopped his lamentations; once in the basket he was chuckling with triumphant delight. Of course, this may have been a coincidence, but who shall fathom the secrets of a baby's mind?

Most of the children, she told me, exhibit the utmost pride when they are promoted from rolling about the floor to sitting up in little chairs protected by a wooden bar. This bar has an ingenious saucer in the middle to hold their toys, but when they are new to the arrangement they often drop a woolly lamb or an indiarubber ball among the juniors at their feet.

Naturally, the keenest sense of all is for their feeding-time. Many mothers make a point of coming round during luncheon-time to satisfy the appetites of their offspring. These are the most popular parents, and there is never a murmur when the time comes to go away with them in the evening. But in the case of the others we find a very general distaste to exchange the comfort and attentions of the crèche for a home that is probably rough and unsavoury. Those mothers who do not come are not always to be blamed, however. Some are at work too far away, and others are obliged to husband their strength. For delicate infants a staff of wet-nurses is kept on the premises, but the majority have to content themselves with the bottle.

For the elder children more elaborate arrangements are necessary. They do not need so much sleep, but they are generally packed off to bed for an hour or so after the midday meal. For this purpose there is an airy, lofty room provided with rows of comfortable cots.

It is, of course, very sad that poverty or ambition should separate mothers from their children during the greater part of the day; that many children should learn, at the outset of life, to prefer their temporary custodians to their own parents. But, as the separation is unavoidable, at least some mitigation is to be found in the possibility of securing proper care and kindness and good influences at an age when the mind and character are more susceptible than many grown-up persons imagine.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The Phoenix and the Carpet

by E. Nesbit



XII.—THE END OF THE END.

"EGG, toast, tea, milk, tea-cup and saucer, egg-spoon, knife, butter—that's all, I think," remarked Anthea, as she put the last touches to mother's breakfast-tray, and went very carefully up the stairs feeling for every step with her toes, and holding on to the tray with all her fingers. She crept into mother's room and set the tray on a chair. Then she pulled one of the blinds up very softly.

"Is your head better, mammy dear?" she asked, in the soft little voice that she kept expressly for mother's headaches. "I've brought your brekkie, and I've put the little cloth with clover-leaves on it, the one I made you."

"That's very nice," said mother, sleepily.

Anthea knew exactly what to do for mothers with headaches who had breakfast in bed. She fetched warm water, and put just enough eau de Cologne in it, and bathed mother's face and hands with the sweet-scented water. Then mother was able to think about breakfast.

"But what's the matter with my girl?" she asked, when her eyes got used to the light.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you're ill," Anthea said. "It's that horrible fire and you being so frightened. Father said so. And we all feel as if it was our faults. I can't explain, but——"

"It wasn't your fault a bit, you darling goosie," mother said. "How could it be?"

"That's just what I can't tell you," said Anthea. "I haven't got a futile brain like you and father, to think of ways of explaining everything."

Mother laughed.

"My futile brain—or did you mean fertile?—anyway, it feels very stiff and sore this morning—but I shall be quite all right by-and-by. And don't be a silly little pet girl. The fire wasn't your faults. No; I don't want the egg, dear. I'll go to sleep again, I think. Don't you worry. And tell cook not to bother me about meals. You can order what you like for lunch."

Anthea closed the door very mousily and instantly went downstairs and ordered what she liked for lunch. She ordered a pair of turkeys, a large plum-pudding, cheese-cakes, and almonds and raisins.

Cook told her to go along, do. And she might as well not have ordered anything, for when lunch came it was just hashed mutton and semolina pudding, and cook had forgotten the sippets for the mutton hash, and the semolina pudding was burnt.

When Anthea rejoined the others she found them all plunged in the gloom where

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

she was herself. For everyone knew that the days of the carpet were now numbered. Indeed, so worn was it that you could almost have numbered its threads.

So that now, after nearly a month of magic happenings, the time was at hand when life would have to go on in the dull, ordinary way, and Jane, Robert, Anthea, and Cyril would be just in the same position as the other children who live in Camden Town, the children whom these four had so often pitied, and perhaps a little despised.

"We shall be just like them," Cyril said.

"Except," said Robert, "that we shall have more things to remember and be sorry we haven't got."

"Mother's going to send away the carpet as soon as she's well enough to see about that cocoanut matting. Fancy *us* with cocoanut matting—us! And we've walked under live cocoanut trees on the island where you can't have whooping-cough."

"Pretty island," said the Lamb; "paint-box sands and sea all shiny sparkly."

His brothers and sisters had often wondered whether he remembered that island. Now they knew that he did.

"Yes," said Cyril; "no more cheap return trips by carpet for us—that's a dead cert!"

They were all talking about the carpet, but what they were all thinking about was the Phœnix.

The golden bird had been so kind, so friendly, so polite, so instructive—and now it had set fire to a theatre and made mother ill.

Nobody blamed the bird. It had acted in a perfectly natural manner. But everyone saw that it must not be asked to prolong its visit. Indeed, in plain English, it must be asked to go!

The four children felt like base spies and treacherous friends; and each in its mind was saying who ought not to be the one to tell the Phœnix that there could no longer be a place for it in that happy home in Camden Town. Each child was quite sure that one of them ought to speak out in a fair and manly way, but nobody wanted to be the one.

They could not talk the whole thing over as they would have liked to do, because the Phœnix itself was in the cupboard, among the black-beetles and the odd shoes and the broken chessmen.

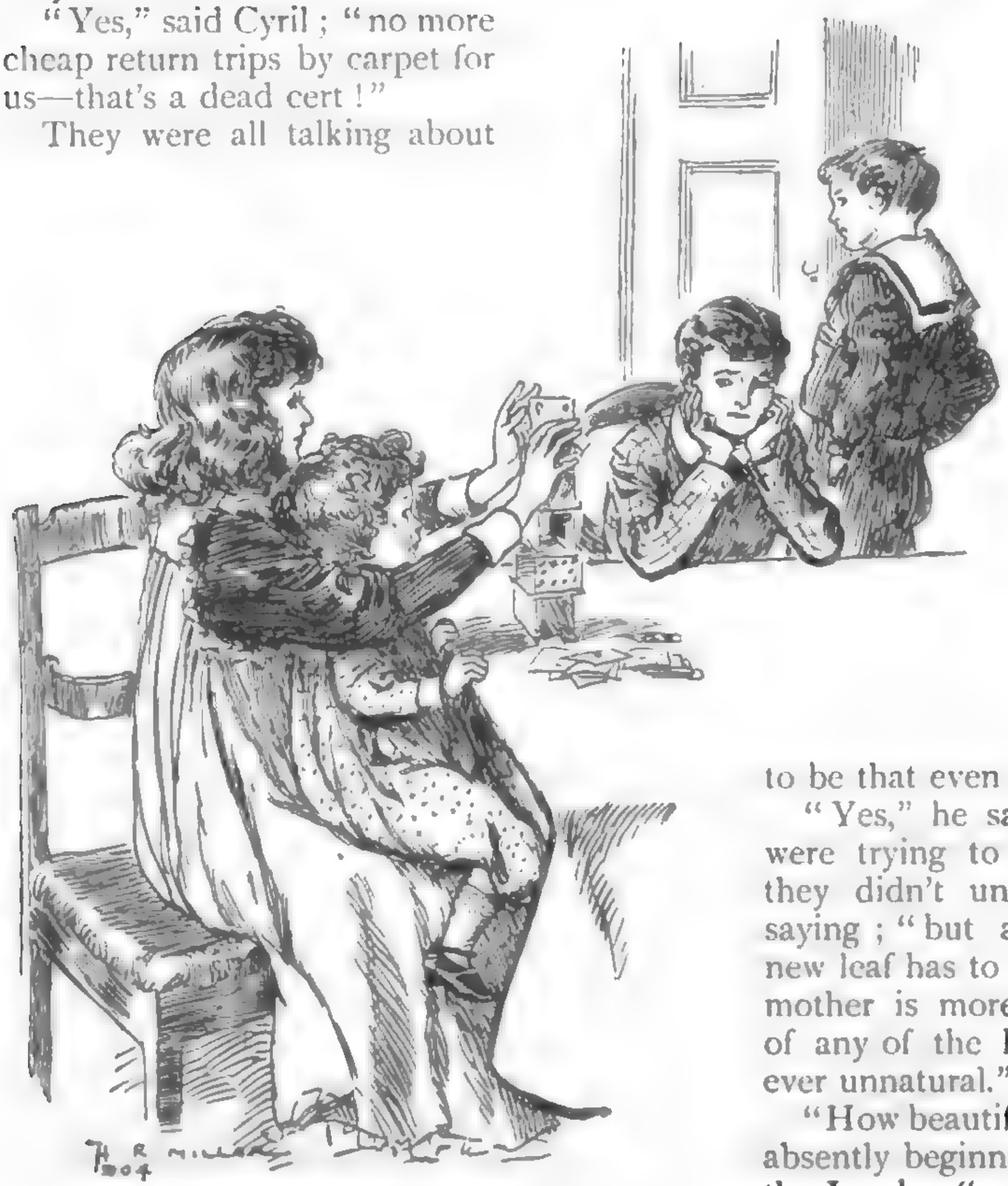
But Anthea tried.

"It's very horrid. I do hate thinking things about people, and not being able to say the things you're thinking because of the way they would feel when they thought what things you were thinking, and wondered what they'd done to make you think things like that, and why you were thinking them."

Anthea was so anxious that the Phœnix should not understand what she said that she made a speech completely baffling to all. It was not till she pointed to the cupboard in which all believed the Phœnix to be that even Cyril understood.

"Yes," he said, while Jane and Robert were trying to tell each other how deeply they didn't understand what Anthea was saying; "but after recent eventfulnesses a new leaf has to be turned over, and, after all, mother is more important than the feelings of any of the lower forms of creation, however unnatural."

"How beautifully you do do it," said Anthea, absently beginning to build a card-house for the Lamb—"mixing up what you're saying,



"'HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU DO DO IT,' SAID ANTHEA."

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I mean. We ought to practise doing it so as to be ready for mysterious occasions. We're talking about *that*," she said to Jane and Robert, frowning, and nodding towards the cupboard where the Phœnix was. Then Robert and Jane understood, and each opened its mouth to speak.

"Wait a minute," said Anthea, quickly; "the game is to twist up what you want to say so that no one can understand what you're saying except the people you want to understand it, and sometimes not them."

"The ancient philosophers," said a golden voice, "well understood the art of which you speak."

Of course it was the Phœnix, who had not been in the cupboard at all, but had been cocking a golden eye at them from the cornice during the whole conversation.

"Pretty dickie!" remarked the Lamb. "*Canary* dickie!"

"Poor, misguided infant," said the Phœnix.

There was a painful pause; the four could not but think it likely that the Phœnix had understood their very veiled allusions, accompanied as they had been by gestures indicating the cupboard. For the Phœnix was not wanting in intelligence.

"We were just saying——" Cyril began, and I hope he was not going to say anything but the truth. Whatever it was he did not say it, for the Phœnix interrupted him, and all breathed more freely as it spoke.

"I gather," it said, "that you have some tidings of a fatal nature to communicate to our degraded black brothers who run to and fro for ever yonder."

It pointed a claw at the cupboard, where the black-beetles lived.

"Canary *talk*," said the Lamb, joyously; "go and show mammy."

He wriggled off Anthea's lap.

"Mammy's asleep," said Jane, hastily. "Come and be wild beasts in a cage under the table."

But the Lamb caught his feet and hands, and even his head, so often and so deeply in the holes of the carpet that the cage, or table, had to be moved on to the linoleum, and the carpet lay bare to sight with all its horrid holes.

"Ah," said the bird, "it isn't long for this world."

"No," said Robert; "everything comes to an end. It's awful."

"Sometimes the end is peace," remarked the Phœnix. "I imagine that unless it comes soon the end of your carpet will be pieces."

"Yes," said Cyril, respectfully kicking what was left of the carpet. The movement of its bright colours caught the eye of the Lamb, who went down on all fours instantly and began to pull at the red and blue threads.

"Aggedydaggedygaggedy," murmured the Lamb; "daggedy ag ag ag!"

And before anyone could have winked (even if they had wanted to, and it would not have been of the slightest use) the middle of the floor showed bare an island of boards surrounded by a sea of linoleum. The magic carpet was gone, *and so was the Lamb!*

There was a horrible silence. The Lamb—the baby, all alone—had been wafted away on that untrustworthy carpet, so full of holes and magic. And no one could know where he was. And no one could follow him because there was now no carpet to follow on.

Jane burst into tears, but Anthea, though pale and frantic, was dry-eyed.

"It *must* be a dream," she said.

"That's what the clergyman said," remarked Robert, forlornly; "but it wasn't, and it isn't."

"But the Lamb never wished," said Cyril; "he was only talking Bosh."

"The carpet understands all speech," said the Phœnix, "even Bosh. I know not this Bosh-land, but be assured that its tongue is not unknown to the carpet."

"Do you mean, then," said Anthea, in white terror, "that when he was saying 'Agglety dag,' or whatever it was, that he meant something by it?"

"All speech has meaning," said the Phœnix.

"There I think you're wrong," said Cyril; "even people who talk English sometimes say things that don't mean anything in particular."

"Oh, never mind that now," moaned Anthea; "you think 'Aggety dag' meant something to him and the carpet?"

"Beyond doubt it held the same meaning to the carpet as to the luckless infant," the Phœnix said, calmly.

"And *what* did it mean? Oh, *what?*"

"Unfortunately," the bird rejoined, "I never studied Bosh."

Jane sobbed noisily, but the others were calm with what is sometimes called the calmness of despair. The Lamb was gone—the Lamb, their own precious baby brother—who had never in his happy little life been for a moment out of the sight of eyes that loved him—he was gone. He had gone alone into

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

the great world with no other companion and protector than a carpet with holes in it. The children had never really understood before what an enormously big place the world is. And the Lamb might be anywhere in it!

"And it's no use going to look for him." Cyril, in flat and wretched tones, only said what the others were thinking.

"Do you wish him to return?" the Phœnix asked; it seemed to speak with some surprise.



"'HIT MY HAND HARD,' SHE SAID."

"Of course we do," cried everybody.

"Isn't he more trouble than he's worth?" asked the bird, doubtfully.

"No, *no*. Oh, we do want him back! We do!"

"Then," said the wearer of gold plumage, "if you'll excuse me, I'll just pop out and see what I can do."

Cyril flung open the window, and the Phœnix popped out.

"Oh, if only mother goes on sleeping! Oh, suppose she wakes up and wants the Lamb! Oh, suppose the servants come in! Stop crying, Jane. It's no earthly good. No, I'm not crying myself—at least, I wasn't till you said so, and I shouldn't anyway if—if there was any mortal thing we could do. Oh, oh, oh!"

Cyril and Robert were boys, and boys never cry, of course. Still, the position was a terrible one, and I do not wonder that they made faces in their efforts to behave in a really manly way.

And at this awful moment mother's bell rang.

A breathless stillness held the children. Then Anthea dried her eyes. She looked round her and caught up the poker. She held it out to Cyril.

"Hit my hand hard," she said; "I must show mother some reason for my eyes being like they are. Harder," she cried, as Cyril gently tapped her with the iron handle. And Cyril, agitated and trembling, nerved himself to hit harder, and hit very much harder than he intended.

Anthea screamed.

"Oh, Panther, I didn't mean to hurt, really," cried Cyril, clattering the poker back into the fender.

"It's—all—right," said Anthea, breathlessly, clasping the hurt hand with the one that wasn't hurt; "it's—getting—red."

It was—a round red and blue bump was rising on the back of it.

"Now, Robert," she said, trying to breathe more evenly, "you go out—oh, I don't know where—on to the dustbin—anywhere—and I shall tell mother you and the Lamb are out."

Anthea was now ready to deceive her

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

mother for as long as ever she could. Deceit is very wrong, we know, but it seemed to Anthea that it was her plain duty to keep her mother from being frightened about the Lamb as long as possible. And the Phœnix *might* help.

"It always has helped," Robert said; "it got us out of the tower, and even when it made the fire in the theatre it got us out all right. I'm certain it will manage somehow."

Mother's bell rang again.

"Oh, Jane's never answered it," cried Anthea; "she never does. Oh, I must go."

And she went.

Her heart beat bumpingly as she climbed the stairs. Mother would be certain to notice her eyes—well, her hand would account for that. But the Lamb——

"No, I must *not* think of the Lamb," she said to herself, and bit her tongue till her eyes watered again, so as to give herself something else to think of. Her arms and legs and back, and even her tear-reddened face, felt stiff with her resolution not to let mother be worried if she could help it.

She opened the door softly.

"Yes, mother?" she said.

"Dearest," said mother, "the Lamb——"

Anthea tried to be brave. She tried to say that the Lamb and Robert were out. Perhaps she tried too hard. Anyway, when she opened her mouth no words came. So she stood with it open. It seemed easier to keep from crying with one's mouth in that unusual position.

"The Lamb," mother went on; "he was very good at first, but he's pulled the toilet-cover off the dressing-table with all the brushes and pots and things, and now he's so quiet I'm sure he's in some dreadful mischief. And I can't see him from here, and if I'd got out of bed to see I'm sure I should have fainted."

"Do you mean he's *here*?" said Anthea.

"Of course he's here," said mother, a little impatiently. "Where did you think he was?"

Anthea went round the foot of the big mahogany bed. There was a pause.

"He's not here *now*," she said.

That he had been there was plain, from the toilet-cover on the floor, the scattered pots and bottles, the wandering brushes and combs, all involved in the tangle of ribbons and laces which an open drawer had yielded to the baby's inquisitive fingers.

"He must have crept out then," said mother; "do keep him with you, there's a darling. If I don't get some sleep I shall be a wreck when father comes home."

Anthea closed the door softly. Then she tore downstairs and burst into the nursery, crying:—

"He must have wished he was with mother. He's been there all the time, 'Aggely dag'——"



"ON THE CARPET, SURROUNDED BY HIS BROTHERS AND BY JANE, SAT THE LAMB."

The unusual word was frozen on her lip, as people say in books.

For there, on the floor, lay the carpet, and on the carpet, surrounded by his brothers and by Jane, sat the Lamb. He had covered

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

his face and clothes with vaseline and violet powder, but he was easily recognisable in spite of this disguise.

"You are right," said the Phœnix, who was also present; "it is evident that, as you say, 'Aggely dag' is Bosh for 'I want to be where my mother is,' and so the faithful carpet understood it."

"But how," said Anthea, catching up the Lamb and hugging him—"how did he get back here?"

"Oh," said the Phœnix, "I flew to the Psammead and wished that your infant brother were restored to your midst. And immediately it was so."

"Oh, I am glad, I am glad," cried Anthea, still hugging the baby. "Oh, you darling! Shut up, Jane! I don't care *how* much he comes off on me! Cyril! You and Robert roll that carpet up and put it in the beetle-cupboard. He might say 'Aggety dag' again, and it might mean something quite different next time. Now, my Lamb, Panther'll clean you a little. Come on."

"I hope the beetles won't go wishing," said Cyril, as they rolled up the carpet.

Two days later mother was well enough to go out, and that evening the cocoanut matting came home. The children had talked and talked, and thought and thought, but they had not found any polite way of telling the Phœnix that they did not want it to stay any longer.

The days had been days spent by the children in embarrassment, and by the Phœnix in sleep.

And, now the matting was laid down, the Phœnix awoke and fluttered down on to it.

It shook its crested head.

"I like not this carpet," it said; "it is harsh and unyielding, and it hurts my golden feet."

"We've jolly well got to get used to its hurting *our* golden feet," said Cyril.

"This, then," said the bird, "supersedes the Wishing Carpet?"

"Yes," said Robert, "if you mean that it's instead of it."

"And the magic web?" inquired the Phœnix, with sudden eagerness.

"It's the rag-and-bottle man's day to-morrow," said Anthea, in a low voice; "he will take it away."

The Phœnix fluttered up to its favourite perch on the chair-back.

"Hear me!" it cried, "oh, youthful children of men, and restrain your tears of misery and despair, for what must be must be, and I would not remember you, thousands of years hence, as base ingrates and crawling worms compact of low selfishness."

"I should hope not indeed," said Cyril.

"Weep not," the bird went on; "I really do beg that you won't weep. I will not seek to break the news to you gently. Let the blow fall at once. The time has come when I must leave you."

All four children breathed forth a long sigh of relief.

"We needn't have bothered so about how to break the news to it," whispered Cyril.

"Ah, sigh not so," said the bird, gently. "All meetings end in partings. I must leave you. I have sought to prepare you for this. Ah, do not give way!"

"Must you really go—so soon?" murmured Anthea. It was what she had often heard her mother say to calling ladies in the afternoon.

"I must, really; thank you so much, dear," replied the bird, just as though it had been one of the ladies.

"I am weary," it went on. "I desire to rest—after all the happenings of this last moon I do desire greatly to rest, and I ask of you one last boon."

"Any little thing we can do," said Robert. Now that it had really come to parting with the Phœnix, whose favourite he had always been, Robert did feel almost as miserable as the Phœnix thought they all did.

"I ask but the relic designed for the rag-and-bottle man. Give me what is left of the carpet and let me go."

"Dare we?" said Anthea. "Would mother mind?"

"I have dared greatly for your sakes," remarked the bird.

"Well, then, we will," said Robert.

The Phœnix fluffed out its feathers joyously.

"Nor shall you regret it, children of golden hearts," it said. "Quick—spread the carpet and leave me alone; but first pile high the fire. Then, while I am immersed in the sacred preliminary rites, do ye prepare sweet-smelling woods and spices for the last act of parting."

The children spread out what was left of the carpet. And, after all, though this was just what they would have wished to have happen, all hearts were sad. Then they put half a scuttle of coal on the fire and went out, closing the door on the Phœnix—left, at last, alone with the carpet.

"One of us must keep watch," said Robert, excitedly, as soon as they were all out of the room, "and the others can go and buy sweet

Digitized by Google Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



"THE CHILDREN SPREAD OUT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CARPET."

woods and spices. Get the very best that money can buy, and plenty of them. Don't let's stand to a threepence or so. I want it to have a jolly good send-off. It's the only thing that'll make us feel less horrid inside."

It was felt that Robert, as the pet of the Phœnix, ought to have the last melancholy pleasure of choosing the materials for its funeral pyre.

"I'll keep watch if you like," said Cyril. "I don't mind. And, besides, it's raining hard, and my boots let in the wet. You might call and see if my other ones are 'really reliable' again yet."

So they left Cyril, standing like a Roman sentinel outside the door inside which the Phœnix was getting ready for the great change, and they all went out to buy the precious things for the last sad rites.

"Robert is right," Anthea said; "this is no time for being careful about our money. Let's go to the stationer's first, and buy a whole packet of lead-pencils. They're cheaper if you buy them by the packet."

This was a thing that they had always wanted to do, but it needed the great excitement of a funeral pyre and a parting from a beloved Phœnix to screw them up to the extravagance.

The people at the stationer's said that the pencils were real cedar-wood, so I hope they were, for stationers should always speak the truth. At any rate, they cost one-and-fourpence. Also they spent sevenpence three farthings on a little sandal-wood box inlaid with ivory.

"Because," said Anthea, "I know sandal-wood smells sweet, and when it's burned I expect it smells very sweet indeed."

"Ivory doesn't smell at all," said Robert, "but I expect when you burn it it smells most awful vile, like bones."

At the grocer's they bought all the spices they could remember the names of—shell-like mace, cloves like blunt nails, peppercorns, the long and the round kind; ginger, the dry sort, of course; and beautiful bloom-covered shells of fragrant cinnamon. All-spice too, and caraway seeds (caraway seeds smelt most deadly when the time came for burning them).

Camphor and oil of lavender were bought at the chemist's, and also a little scent sachet labelled "Violettes de Parme."

They took the things home and found Cyril still on guard. When they had knocked and the golden voice of the Phœnix had said "Come in," they went in.

There lay the carpet—or what was left of it—and on it lay an egg, exactly like the

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

one out of which the Phœnix had been hatched.

The Phœnix was walking round and round the egg, clucking with joy and pride.

"I've laid it, you see," it said, "and as fine an egg as ever I laid in all my born days."

Everyone said yes, it was indeed a beauty.

The things which the children had bought were now taken out of their papers and arranged on the table, and when the Phœnix had been persuaded to leave its egg for a moment and look at the materials for its last fire it was quite overcome.

"Never, never have I had a finer pyre than this will be. You shall not regret it," it said, wiping away a golden tear. "Write quickly: 'Go and tell the Psammead to fulfil the last wish of the Phœnix, and return instantly.'"

But Robert wished to be polite, and he wrote:—

"Please go and ask the Psammead to be so kind as to fulfil the Phœnix's last wish, and come straight back, if you please."

The paper was pinned to the carpet, which vanished and returned in the flash of an eye.

Then another paper was written ordering the carpet to take the egg somewhere where it wouldn't be hatched for another thousand years. The Phœnix tore itself away from its cherished egg, which it watched with yearning tenderness till, the paper being pinned on, the carpet hastily rolled itself up round the egg, and both vanished for ever from the nursery of the house in Camden Town.



"THE PHŒNIX WAS WALKING ROUND AND ROUND THE EGG."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" said everybody.

"Bear up," said the bird; "do you think *I* don't suffer, being parted from my precious new-laid egg like this? Come, conquer your emotions and build my fire."

"*Oh!*" cried Robert, suddenly, and wholly breaking down, "I can't *bear* you to go!"

The Phœnix perched on his shoulder and rubbed its beak softly against his ear.

"The sorrows of youth soon appear but as dreams," it said. "Farewell, Robert of my heart. I have loved you well."

The fire had burnt to a red glow. One by one the spices and sweet woods were laid on it. Some smelt nice and some—the caraway seeds and the Violettes de Parme sachet among them—smelt worse than you would think possible.

"Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell!" said the Phœnix, in a far-away voice.

"Oh, *good-bye*," said everyone, and now all were in tears.

The bright bird fluttered seven times round the room and settled in the hot heart of the fire. The sweet gums and spices and woods flared and flickered around it, but its golden feathers did not burn. It seemed to grow red-hot to the very inside heart of it—and then before the eight eyes of its friends it fell together, a heap of white ashes, and the flames of the cedar pencils and the sandal-wood box met and joined above it. . . .

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"Whatever have you done with the carpet?" asked mother next day.

"We gave it to someone who wanted it very much. The name began with a P," said Jane. The others instantly hushed her.

"Oh, well, it wasn't worth twopence," said mother.

"The person who began with P said we shouldn't lose by it," Jane went on before she could be stopped.

"I daresay!" said mother, laughing.

But that very night a great box came, addressed to the children by all their names. Eliza never could remember the name of the carrier who brought it. It wasn't Carter Paterson or the Parcels Delivery.

It was instantly opened. It was a big wooden box, and it had to be opened with a hammer and the kitchen poker; the long nails came squeaking out, and the boards scrunched as they were wrenched off. Inside the box was soft paper, with beautiful Chinese patterns on it—blue and green and red and violet. And under the paper—well, almost everything lovely that you can think of. Everything of reasonable size, I mean, for, of course, there were no motor-cars or flying-machines or thoroughbred chargers. But there really was almost everything else. Everything that the children had always wanted—toys and games and books, and chocolate and candied cherries and paint-boxes and photographic cameras, and all the presents they had always wanted to give to father and mother and the Lamb, only they had never had the money for. At the very bottom of the box was a tiny golden feather. No one saw it but Robert, and he picked it up and hid it in the breast of his jacket, which had been so often the nestling-place of the golden bird. When he went to bed the feather was gone. It was the last he ever saw of the Phœnix.

Pinned to the lovely fur cloak that mother had always wanted was a paper, and it said:—

"In return for the carpet. With gratitude.—P."

You may guess how father and mother talked it over. They decided at last that the person who had had the carpet, and whom, curiously enough, the children were quite unable to describe, must be an insane millionaire who amused himself by playing at being a rag-and-bone man. But the children knew better.

They knew that this was the fulfilment, by the powerful Psammead, of the last wish of the Phœnix, and that this glorious and delightful boxful of treasures was really the very, very, very end of the Phœnix and the Carpet.



"IT WAS INSTANTLY OPENED."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

"The Merry Men of Japan."

By Ernest C. Fincham.

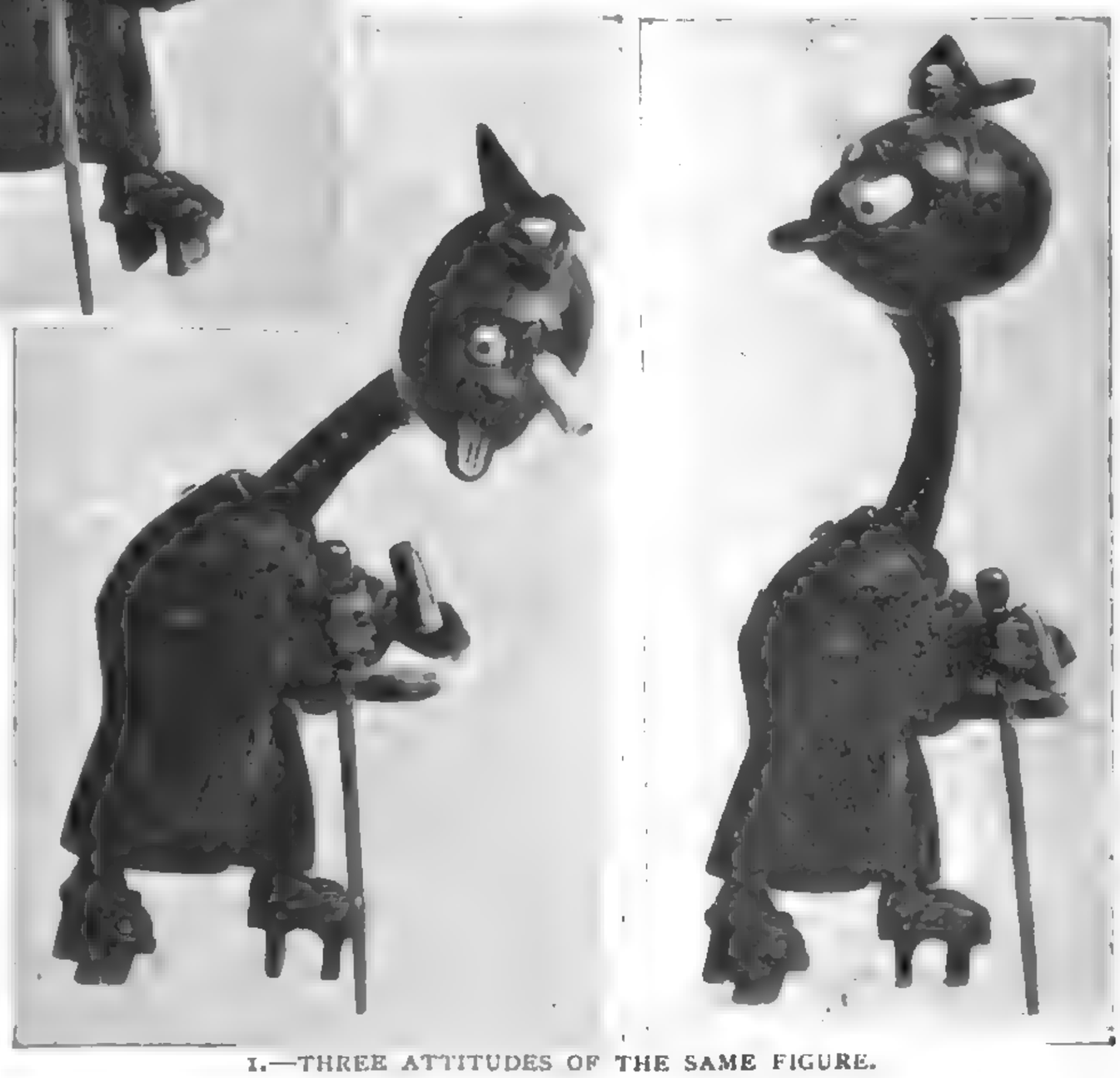
THE title of this article has been chosen on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle. No one who for a moment regarded the saddened, chastened features of these lugubrious little figures would doubt that they were nearly related to the "merry man moping mum" immortalized by Gilbert and Sullivan. Whether, like the love-sick jester, their advances were rejected or whether their lined faces are the effect of matrimonial responsibilities, it boots not to inquire.



"Good wine needs no bush," nor does the Japanese wood-carver need any praise from my pen, but the different and characteristic expressions on the faces of these little figures proclaim that an artist in carving created them.

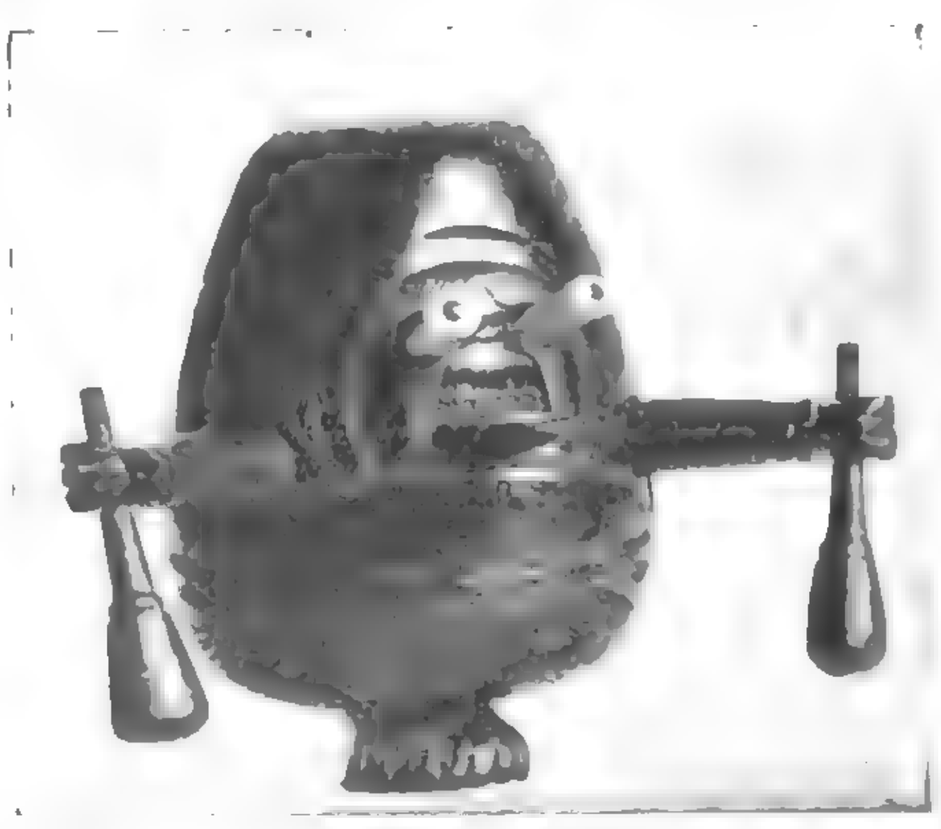
Whether No. 1 is a wandering minstrel or a Japanese "Sherlock Holmes" in disguise is a moot point. Circumstantial evidence inclines one to the latter view for two reasons. Firstly, he can extend his neck so that his height is doubled, and his head will rotate through a complete circle. Secondly, he possesses a telescopic eye, the terror of evil-doers, for he can detect their wickedness at a distance.

There is no doubt that the Eastern prototype of Humpty Dumpty is portrayed in No. 2. The harrowing accident that befell this nursery hero is still fresh in our memories. The education of the prototype was sadly deficient in matters of etiquette; a smart tap on the back of the head invariably provokes him to an act of unforgivable rudeness. He puts out his tongue! In addition to this he shoots his eyes forwards, lobster-fashion. By profession he is a drum-major or an



1.—THREE ATTITUDES OF THE SAME FIGURE.

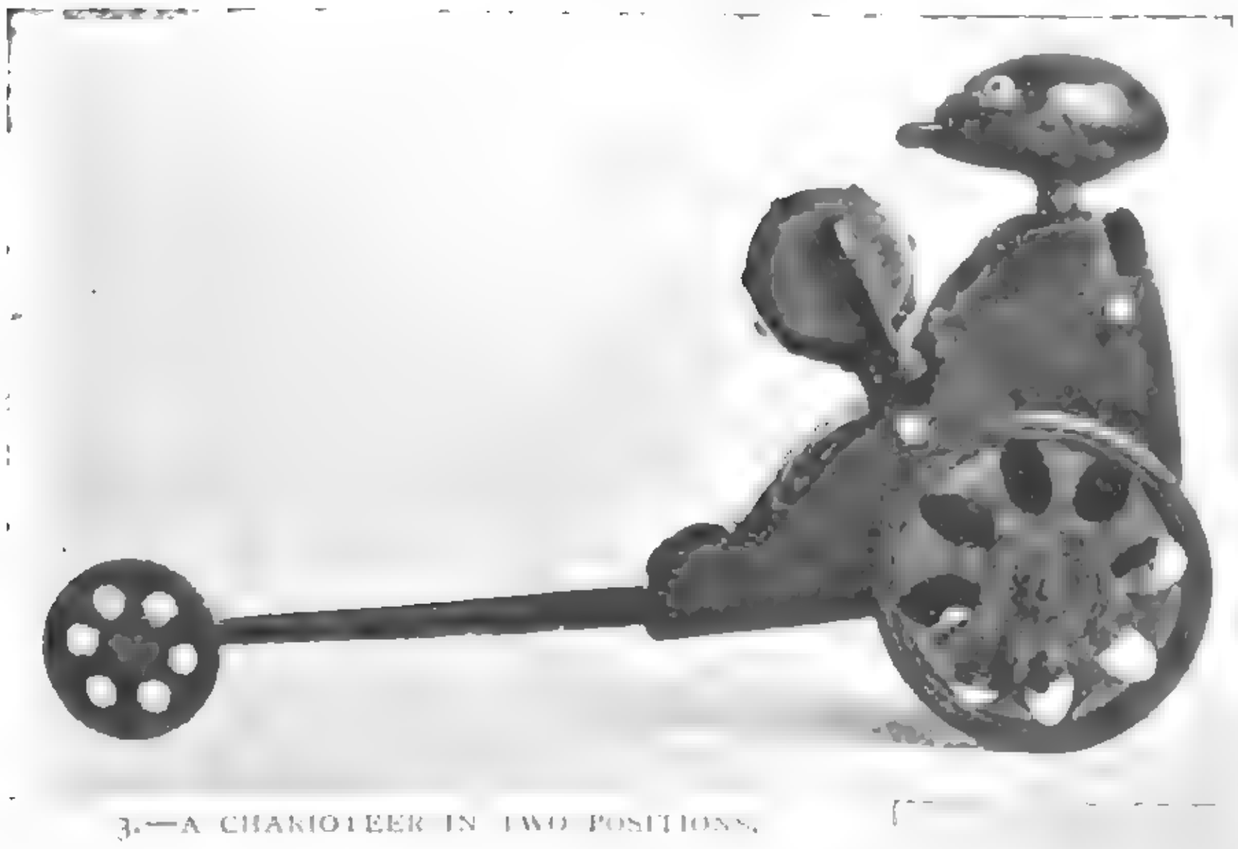




2.—A JAPANESE HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



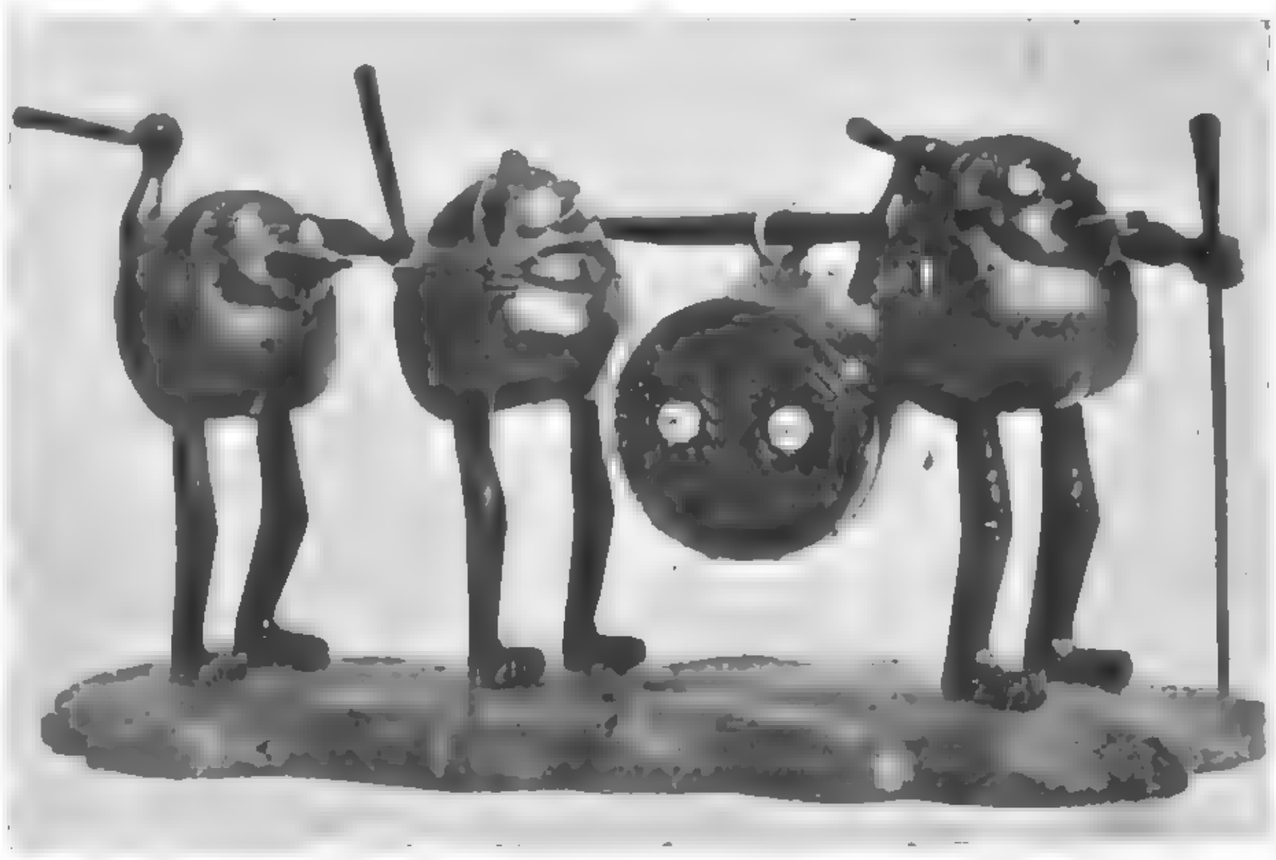
3.—A CHARIOTEER IN TWO POSITIONS.

apothecary. Various theories, all equally fallacious, have been propounded to prove that the weapons in his hands are drumsticks and also that they are pestles.

To define the period to which the vehicle shown in No. 3 belongs would be a matter of consummate difficulty. To describe it briefly is not an easy task. Seated in this strange conveyance is a gnome whose gruesome features recall some monster of prehistoric fame. As the chariot is propelled his neck elongates, and he beats a gong with a fretful persistency. In his right hand he holds a fan, either as a sign of office or as a weapon to drive away any flies that may stroll over his head, which is devoid of even a vestige of hair. This figure must surely have been evolved by the wood-carver after a bad attack of nightmare. No other solution seems possible.

Two neckless dwarfs carrying a drum suspended from a bamboo pole are shown in No. 4; a third, in a transport of rage, brandishing a pair of drumsticks, walks behind. What does this symbolize? Is it not that the human face was once a gnome who has fallen under the displeasure of the gnome-king and has been changed into a drum? For the rest of his existence he will be beaten; by day, by night, winter or summer, rain or shine, he will expiate his offences, the punishment being made to fit the crime.





4.—A HUMAN DRUM.



5.—"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

The repulsive, rickety dwarf with an additional eye in the centre of his forehead, depicted in No. 5, places evident reliance on the worn aphorism that "Music hath charms." In spite of the presumptive evidence that he is a Japanese Orpheus, one cannot but feel that he would be an unwelcome guest in most households. He seems to be a man with a grievance. His features resemble a pantomime mask. A small ivory peg is inserted in the right elbow-joint, and by this simple form of lever he is made to "touch the harp gently."

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Curiosities.

Copyright, 1904, by George Newnes, Limited.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

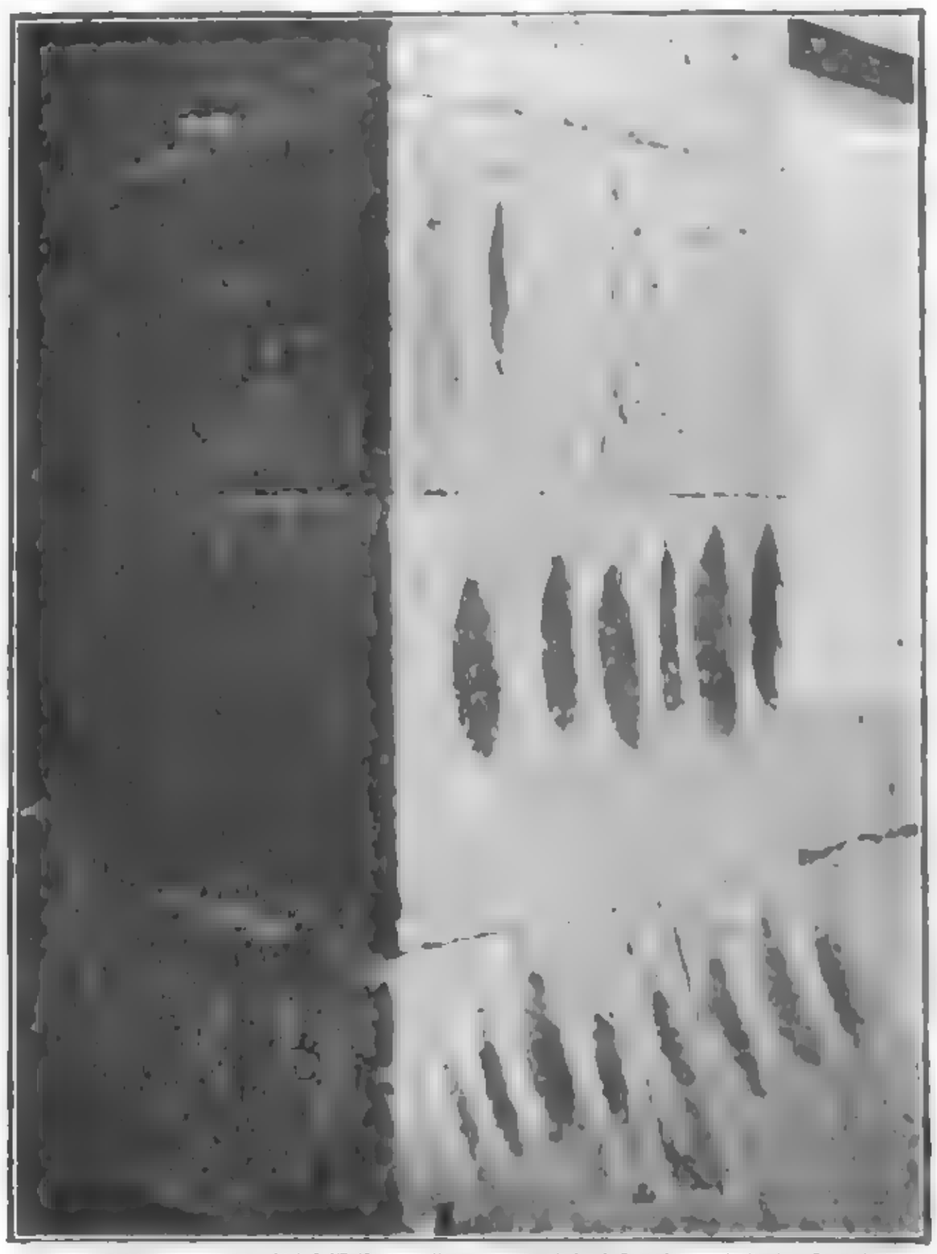


A CIGAR-BOX CAMERA.

"If you turn my picture upside down, the figure on the bank will be seen comfortably seated in the model boat. The photo. was taken with a camera made by myself out of cigar-boxes and without a 'finder.'"—Mr. H. P. Thomas, 1, Prospect Road, St. Albans, Herts.

A CAHIR CUSTOM.

"On St. Stephen's Day every year it is the custom for some boys to dress up in garments made entirely of straw, and in this novel costume to parade the streets of Cahir for the amusement of the inhabitants. Each boy carries a pole, suspended from which by a long string is a fully-blown bladder, with which he defends himself from the too close attentions of the youthful and highly-amused crowd which usually accompanies the boys. The leader of the show is not dressed in straw, but in some other novel way, and takes pride in a blackened face and tall hat. He carries a holly-bush gaily decorated with ribbons, and receives voluntary contributions. This curious custom has been in vogue in this town for hundreds of years, but no one seems to know what gave rise to it."—Mr. Jas. Gogarty, Cahir, Ireland.



WHERE ARCHERS SHARPENED ARROWS.

"Seeing among the 'Curiosities' in the June (1902) number of THE STRAND a photograph of the marks on Chedzoy Church made by sharpening weapons, I enclose a photograph I took of part of a buttress of Checkley Church, Staffordshire, which shows somewhat similar but older marks. They are said to have been made by the archers of the district sharpening their arrows when Checkley was the mustering place. The arrow marks extend, though not in such numbers as seen in the photograph, all round the church, which is built of a very hard kind of stone found in the neighbourhood. The marks vary from five to nine inches in length and from two to three inches in breadth. The highest one shown in the photograph is four feet six inches from the ground."—Mr. John B. Carlos, 42, Foxley Road, N. Brixton, S.W.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

REDSKIN SUPERSTITION.



"This is a photo. of the Devil's Head, Lake of the Woods, near the entrance to the Devil's Gap, one of the narrowest passages traversed by steamers. It bears a wonderful resemblance to a human head, the ears, eyes, and mouth being plainly visible—the latter appearing in the form of a cave. The stone is held in deep reverence by the Indians, who have a legend that this 'Rock of the Skull' is the petrified head of a great warrior who came back from the happy hunting-grounds to protect the red tribes against extermination by the whites. The photo. was taken by myself off the deck of a steamer going through the Devil's Gap."—Mr. Hector J. Davis, Box 245, Rat Portage, Ontario.

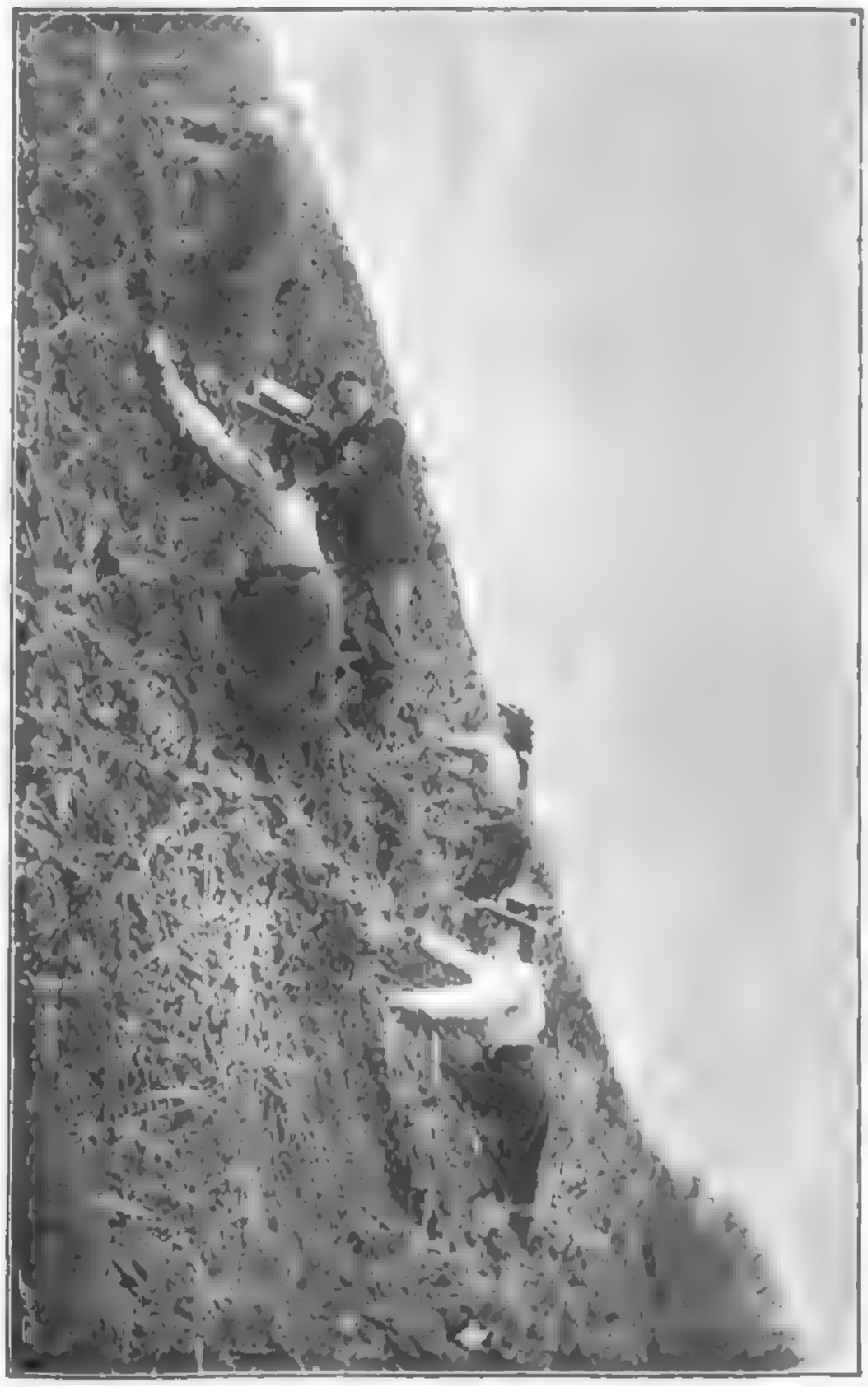


THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS.

"Some very curious effects may be produced by holding a large magnifying glass before anything handy and taking a photograph of the object behind. The other day I held such a magnifying glass before one of my eyes, and the result is, as you will observe, rather peculiar."—Mr. Wm. L. Bedell, 219, Market Street, Newark, N.J.

NOT SO DANGEROUS AS IT LOOKS.

"The peculiarity about this striking photo. of a party of friends going up a Welsh mountain is the immense steepness of such a small incline, and that the party were able to climb it without mishap. This mountain, as you may guess, is not so steep as the photo. shows it to be. I was only able to get such a striking picture by tilting the camera sideways with the slope of the mountain. To add interest to this photograph I may mention that my camera-case, containing the camera, dark slides, etc., including this photo., rolled down this slope some six or seven hundred feet, damaging the camera and dark slides to some extent, but, strangely enough, never even cracking the negatives."—Mr. Tom Miles Thatcher, Bristol Brewery, Alma Street, Newport, Mon.



Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



THIS TREE OWNS ITS OWN LAND!

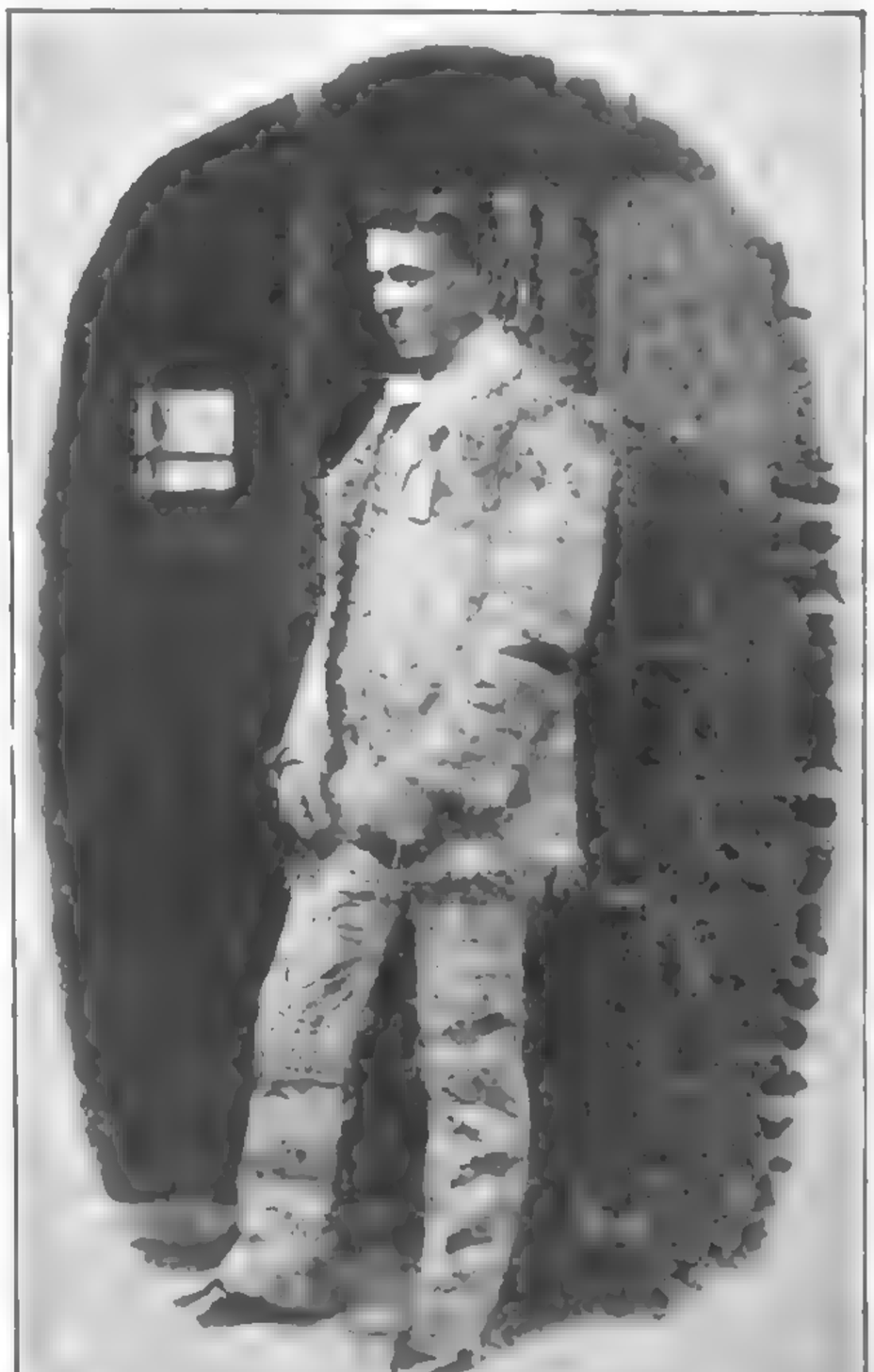
"The only tree in the world that owns its own land! Such is the unique distinction borne by a magnificent old oak in the little city of Athens, Georgia. On account of a deep attachment to this tree, the owner before his death executed a deed whereby he gave the tree four feet of ground on each side, thus preventing it from ever being cut down. Although this deed has no binding force in law, and is valueless except as a curiosity, the old oak has stood undisturbed for more than half a century, for sentiment has proved more far-reaching than the long arm of the law and has preserved the grand old tree in all its original symmetry and matchless beauty."—Miss Jessie Hopkins, 209, Lumpkin Street, Athens, Georgia.

"WILL READERS HELP?"—AN ANSWER.

In our issue for February, 1904, we published a curiosity sent to us by Mrs. Anne W. Newton, consisting of a mysterious design in the form of a badge, which is reproduced here once more. Our paragraph has elicited a most interesting reply from Miss Ora J. Parker, of Le Sueur, Le Sueur County, Minn., which we print herewith. Miss Parker says: "The badge is that of a secret society, formed in the year A.D 1789.



in the northern part of Kilkenny County, by one Daniel O'Neill, a relative of the great General Owen Roe O'Neill, aided by a painfully small number of loyal hearts whose dreams of liberty were always clouded with impracticable schemes. They never attained to much strength or influence, and in a few years were broken up and scattered to the four winds; but, despite their want of military and political influence, their existence as a social organization continued far into the following century. Catholic as they were, yet they, or rather the leader O'Neill, gained most of their inspiration from one Molyneux, a Protestant, but the author of 'Case of Ireland Stated,' a work in behalf of the general interests of Ireland, and Molyneux's initial 'M' is the first of the four set out on your ribbon, the high-sounding title in full being '(The) Molyneux Association (of) Fenian Revolutionists.' So far as I know this use of the word 'Fenian' (probably originally from the 'Fingal of Ossian') did not come into use again till the organization of the 'Fenian Brotherhood,' in New York, in 1857. The original sign or badge of the society was merely a common-looking key, with a loop of cord tied into the ring by which it could be hung on to one's coat button, thus forming an unostentatious sign by which members might be able to know one another. Your handsomely embroidered ribbon is one of the social *éditions de luxe* that appeared in later years, when the warlike nature of the organization was but little more than a memory."



DRESSED IN "TIT-BITS."

"One of the cheapest, yet most effective, suits ever worn by a human being was that exhibited by my brother at a fancy dress ball held at Cromer on April 13th last. On looking at the picture you will see that this novel costume was made entirely of paper—namely, the green covers from *Tit-Bits* sewn together and ingeniously arranged. I am pleased to say that this effective costume obtained first prize for originality at the above-mentioned ball."—Mr. C. Munday, Jun., Strand House, Cromer.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY



A TEAM OF SHARKS.

"One of the most exciting amusements among tourists at the numerous winter resorts on the Gulf side of Florida is that of shark-catching, which is indulged in for amusement alone, as, of course, the carcass is of no use whatever, with the exception of the backbone, which is often removed to be exhibited in the form of a walking-stick to admiring, and oftentimes incredulous, friends in the North. The accompanying illustration, from a photograph, will give some idea of the novel thought which occurred to the two gentlemen in the boat, who caught these four sharks within a few hours' time off the dock at St. Petersburg, Florida, the aggregate weight of the fish being one thousand five hundred pounds. Hundreds of interested people witnessed the unusual sight of this curious team of four large sharks harnessed with gay pink ribbons to a rowing-boat, and driven by a little lady of only ten years, while on shore a large sign, reading 'Off for Cuba,' had been erected for the occasion. The brilliant sunlight, the gleaming white sand, with the blue waters of Tampa Bay as a background, made it a scene never to be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present."—Miss Ella M. Hamilton, Coloma, Berrien County, Mich.

BABY IN AN ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

"My baby is by no means small or thin; it is, on the contrary, a very healthy and vigorous young body, yet it can sit with ease within an elephant's foot, as will be seen by the photograph which I send you."—Mr. E. Forbes, Badulipar Tea Estate, Badulipar P. and T.O., Assam.





THE POWER OF A TORNADO.

This remarkable photograph illustrates the tremendous force of a tornado. The power of the wind carried the old musket for hundreds of yards and finally stuck it barrel foremost into the tree. The musket can be seen, as shown in the photograph, near Prague, Minn. Much damage was done by the tornado, and a farmer was carried over a hundred feet through the air, landing happily, however, among a network of wires, whereby his life was saved.

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

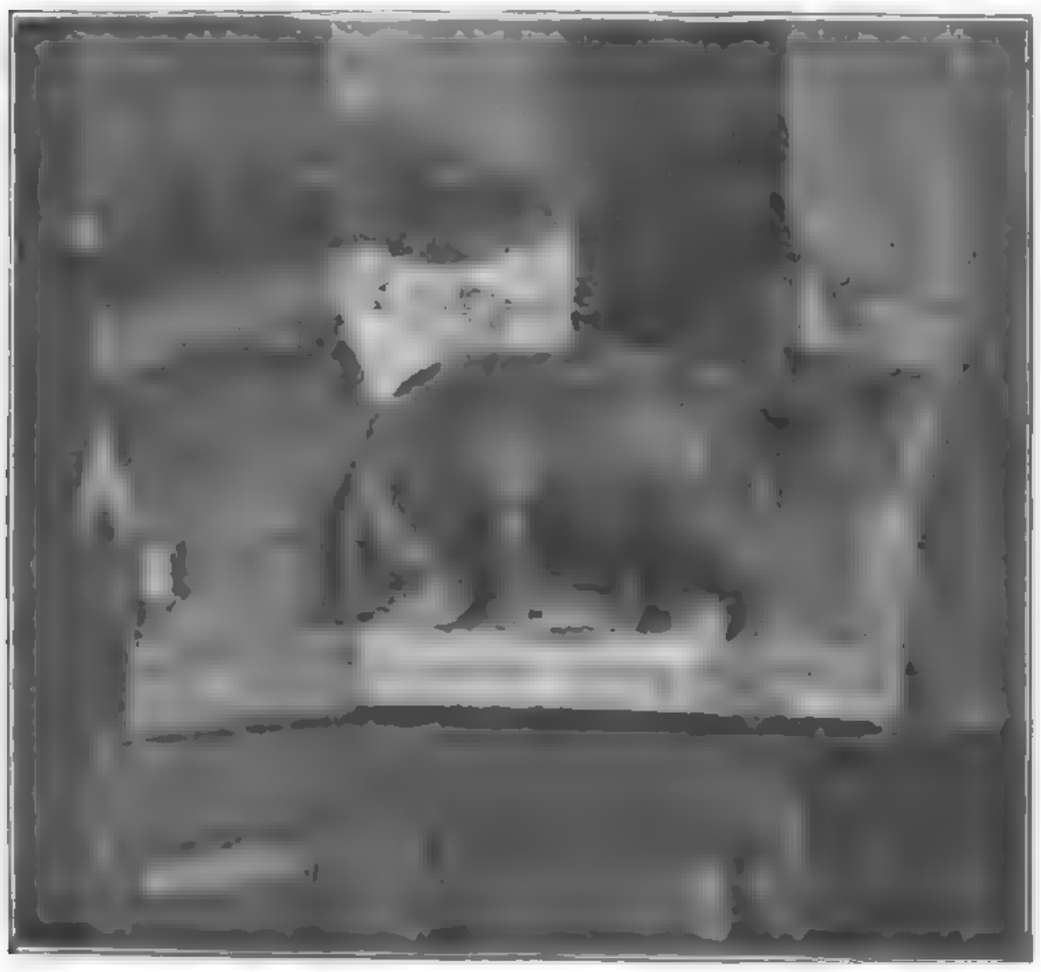


A DOUBTFUL ADVERTISEMENT!

"The accompanying photograph is of a cigar and candy store owned by a Mr. Burns, at Holly, Mich. One evening a short time ago some practical joker experimented on the sign, which formerly read: 'Iroquois 5 cent cigar. The choicest tobaccos. Free from artificial flavor. Name on each cigar.' By the aid of a little paint, discriminatingly applied, he made it read as follows: 'I O U 5 cigar. The Ice Co.'s artificial flavor on each.'"—Mr. B. Lyle Eisenbrey, Holly, Mich.

CARVED ANIMALS IN A CHURCH.

"This photo. was taken in the church at Ingleby Greenhow, North Yorkshire, and shows the figure of a pig carved in stone at the base of one of the arches, while a more or less correct representation of a sheep is peering round the corner. Each pillar supporting the arches in this church has several figures carved on it in the same manner. One explanation is that the church, which is about eight hundred years old, was built to commemorate the deliverance from a murrain. If so, it must have been a plague attacking man as well as beast, and the snake must have been a domestic animal at that time, since figures of both human heads and snakes appear on some of the pillars. The length of each carving varies from two to three feet."—Mr. C. Brightwen Rowntree, Havelock Square, Sheffield.



THE KING OF HARTS.

"The figure shown in this print was used in a mercantile parade by Geo. O. Hart and Son, of Paducah, Ky. The image was placed upon a large throne covered with red calico, in a sitting position, was ten feet high, and was built as nearly to proper proportions as possible. It was made up of the following articles: The shoes were of grocers' scoops and stovepans, the legs of stove-pipe, and the knees of 'elbows.' The body was constructed of two galvanized wash-tubs, the belt of stove-pipe flanges, the coat-front of wash-boards, and the buttons of biscuit-cutters. The shoulders consisted of dish-pans, wash-



pans, and milk-pans, with a necklace of pint cups. The neck was a six-quart bucket, while the head was made of pie-pans and milk-pans. The mouth was made of pie-pans, moustache of basting-spoons, cheeks of small wash-pans, and eyebrows of patty-pans. The ears were half pie-pans, the nose was a thumb-scoop, and the eyes table-spoons. The shoulders were grocers' scoops, the upper arm a bucket, the lower arm a coffee-pot, and the hands were small grocers' scoops."—Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

INDEX.

PAGE.

ADVERTISEMENT? WHAT IS A GOOD 231
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

AFGHAN BEAST FABLES 204
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

ARTISTS AND MUSICIANS. By S. K. LUDOVIC 424
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

ARTISTS' TYPES OF BEAUTY 291
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and Sketches.)

ATLANTIC RIVER, THE. By JULIAN DRAKE 457
(*Illustrations* by A. TWIDLE and from Photographs.)

BABIES, VENERABLE. By MARIE CORELLI 276
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

BABY-FARM, A MODEL. By HERBERT VIVIAN 701
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BALLADS, OLD... 299
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

BANQUETS, SOME NOVEL. By THEODORE ADAMS 524
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BATTLES WITH BERGS. By P. T. MCGRATH 314
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BEAST BOOK, PRINCE HENRY'S 49
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

BEAST FABLES, AFGHAN 204
(*Illustrations* by J. A. SHEPHERD.)

BEAUTY, ARTISTS' TYPES OF 291
(*Illustrations* from Paintings and Sketches.)

BERGS, BATTLES WITH. By P. T. MCGRATH 314
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

BERNHARDT, SARAH, THE MEMOIRS OF.

I.—CHILDHOOD 363

II.—HOW I BECAME DESTINED FOR THE STAGE 496

III.—AT THE CONSERVATOIRE 614
(*Illustrations* from Drawings, Photographs, Sketches, and Facsimiles.)

"BRADSHAW," THE STORY OF. By NEWTON DEANE 156
(*Illustrations* from Sketches, Facsimiles, and a Drawing.)

BRONZE DUKE, THE ROMANCE OF THE 384
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Sketches.)

CHILDHOOD IN PICTURES. By S. K. LUDOVIC 185
(*Illustrations* from Paintings. *Borders* by CAREW HUNT.)

"CHRISTIE'S." By E. S. VALENTINE 641
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I., and from Old Prints and Photographs.)

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPH IS PRINTED, HOW A. By L. GRAY-GOWER 33
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

CITIES, THE SIZE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT. By ARTHUR T. DOLLING... 517
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PAGE.

COILS OF FATE, THE. By L. J. BEESTON 81
(*Illustrations* by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

COMIC PICTURES, THE BEST. THE OPINION OF HUMOROUS ARTISTS 395
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

CONVERSION OF AUNT SARAH, THE. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL 24
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

COUNTRY OF THE BLIND, THE. By H. G. WELLS 401
(*Illustrations* by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, R.I.)

CURIOSITIES 116, 236, 356, 476, 596, 716
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DETECTIVES AT SCHOOL. By ALDER ANDERSON 443
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

DIALSTONE LANE. By W. W. JACOBS 55, 193, 322, 448, 552, 679
(*Illustrations* by WILL OWEN.)

DOUBTFUL CASE, A. By MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK (PLEYDELL NORTH) 529
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

ECHO. A STORY BY MAX PEMBERTON 281
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

EQUILIBRIUM, ECCENTRICITIES OF. By LOUIS NIKOLA 91
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

EUGENE HUNT. By MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK 304
(*Illustrations* by J. FINNEMORE, R.I.)

FASHION PLATES, OUR GRANDMOTHERS'. By ARABELLA DRYSDALE-DAVIS 170
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints and Sketches.)

FOOTBALLER, THE HEART OF THE. By C. B. FRY 338
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GAMES, NOVEL OUTDOOR. By RAYMOND WHYTE... 650
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

GOLDEN BARS: A STORY OF THE AFRICAN TREASURE. By MAX PEMBERTON... 161
(*Illustrations* by E. S. HODGSON.)

GRAND DUKE'S LOVE AFFAIR, THE. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS (G. M. ROBINS) ... 656
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

"HAPPY EVENINGS" 15
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

HERALDRY, THE ROMANCE OF. By FRANCIS H. DAVIS 673
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles.)

ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.

LXXX.—M. CURIE, THE DISCOVERER OF RADIUM. By CLEVELAND MOFFETT 65
(*Illustrations* by ANDRE CASTAIGNE.)

LXXXI.—DR. EDWARD ELGAR. By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA 537
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Facsimiles.)

INADVERTENT HIGHWAYMAN, THE. By EDWIN PUGH 695
(*Illustrations* by A. WALLIS MILLS.)

IN THE DARK. From the French of CHARLES FOLEY. By ALYS HALLARD 637
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

"JAPAN, THE MERRY MEN OF." By ERNEST C. FINCHAM 714
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

JOURNALISM, WILD WESTERN. By AN EX-EDITOR 562
(*Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM and from Facsimiles.)

KEEPER OF THE KING'S GIFT, THE. By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS (G. M. ROBINS) ... 265
(*Illustrations* by PAUL HARDY.)

KING COAL. By LESLIE P. SMITH 624
(*Illustrations* by HARRY ROWNTREE.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PAGE.

LHASSA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF. By G. T. TSYBIKOV 217
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LILY, THE MAKING OF A. By F. MARTIN DUNCAN 473
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

LONDON, OFF THE TRACK IN. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
I.—IN ALIEN-LAND 416
II.—IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON 545
III.—IN HIDDEN CAMBERWELL 666
(*Illustrations* by T. H. ROBINSON.)

MISS CAIRN'S COUGH-DROPS. By WINIFRED GRAHAM 97
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

MR. DONAH. By TOM GALLON 149
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

MUSICIANS, ARTISTS AND. By S. K. LUDOVIC 424
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

MUTINOUS CONDUCT OF MRS. RYDER, THE. By MORLEY ROBERTS 505
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

NAVAL WAR GAME AND HOW IT IS PLAYED, THE. By ANGUS SHERLOCK 577
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Sketches.)

NIAGARA, WALKING ON THE BRINK OF. By ORRIN E. DUNLAP 593
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

NOVEL BANQUETS, SOME. By THEODORE ADAMS 524
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

OFF THE TRACK IN LONDON. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
I.—IN ALIEN-LAND 416
II.—IN THE ROYAL BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON 545
III.—IN HIDDEN CAMBERWELL 666
(*Illustrations* by T. H. ROBINSON.)

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' FASHION PLATES. By ARABELLA DRYSDALE-DAVIS 170
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints and Sketches.)

OWNER OF THE "PATRIARCH," THE. By MORLEY ROBERTS 433
(*Illustrations* by W. S. STACEY.)

PARLIAMENT, VOICES IN. By ALEX. GRANT 141
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

PHŒNIX AND THE CARPET, THE. By E. NESBIT.
VII.—CATS AND RATS 108
VIII.—THE CATS, THE COW, AND THE BURGLAR 223
IX.—THE BURGLAR'S BRIDE 348
X.—THE HOLE IN THE CARPET 464
XI.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END 585
XII.—THE END OF THE END 705
(*Illustrations* by H. R. MILLAR.)

PICTURE-PUZZLE TRAIN, A. By EMORY JAMES 345
(*Illustrations* from Sketches.)

PICTURES, THE VICISSITUDES OF 689
(*Illustrations* from Paintings.)

PRINCE HENRY'S BEAST BOOK 49
(*Illustrations* from Old Prints.)

PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER, SOLUTIONS TO THE 104
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Diagrams.)

RED COUNTER, THE. By L. J. BEESTON 568
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

ROMANCE OF THE BRONZE DUKE, THE 384
(*Illustrations* from Photographs and Sketches.)

Digitized by Google

Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PAGE.

SADI THE FIDDLER: AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE OF STRASBURG. By MAX PEMBERTON... 40
(*Illustrations* by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE RETURN OF. By A. CONAN DOYLE.
IV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SOLITARY CYCLIST... 3
V.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE PRIORY SCHOOL 123
VI.—THE ADVENTURE OF BLACK PETER 243
VII.—THE ADVENTURE OF CHARLES AUGUSTUS MILVERTON 373
VIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIX NAPOLEONS 483
IX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE STUDENTS 603
(*Illustrations* by SIDNEY PAGET.)

"SLAVES OF THE LAMP." By F. D. GODWYN 256
(*Illustrations* by ALFRED PEARSE.)

SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER 104
(*Illustrations* from Facsimiles and Diagrams.)

TRAIN, A PICTURE-PUZZLE. By EMORY JAMES 345
(*Illustrations* from Sketches.)

TROUSERS IN SCULPTURE. By RONALD GRAHAM 74
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

TWO AND A TIGER. By R. E. VERNÈDE 390
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

VENERABLE BABIES. By MARIE CORELLI 276
(*Illustrations* by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)

VOICES IN PARLIAMENT. By ALEX. GRANT 141
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

WILD WESTERN JOURNALISM. By AN EX-EDITOR 562
(*Illustrations* by H. SANDHAM and from Facsimiles.)

WILLING SCAPE-GOAT, A. By S. B. ROBINSON 178
(*Illustrations* by W. D. ALMOND, R.I.)

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
LXIX.—A NEW "LOOPING THE LOOP" 211
LXX.—A BONFIRE OF GAMBLING APPARATUS 212
LXXI.—A BANQUET IN A WATER-PIPE 214
LXXII.—AN ANTI-COLLISION TRAIN 216
LXXIII.—A VINERY OF MELONS 332
LXXIV.—THE ROMANCE OF A RUG. By G. LYNCH 334
LXXV.—A BURNING SHIP. By ARTHUR E. FRASER 336
(*Illustrations* from Photographs.)

WORLD'S GREAT CITIES, THE SIZE OF THE. By ARTHUR T. DOLLING... 517
(*Illustrations* from Diagrams.)

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, AND 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Digitized by Google
Original from CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

Digitized by Google

Original from
CORNELL UNIVERSITY